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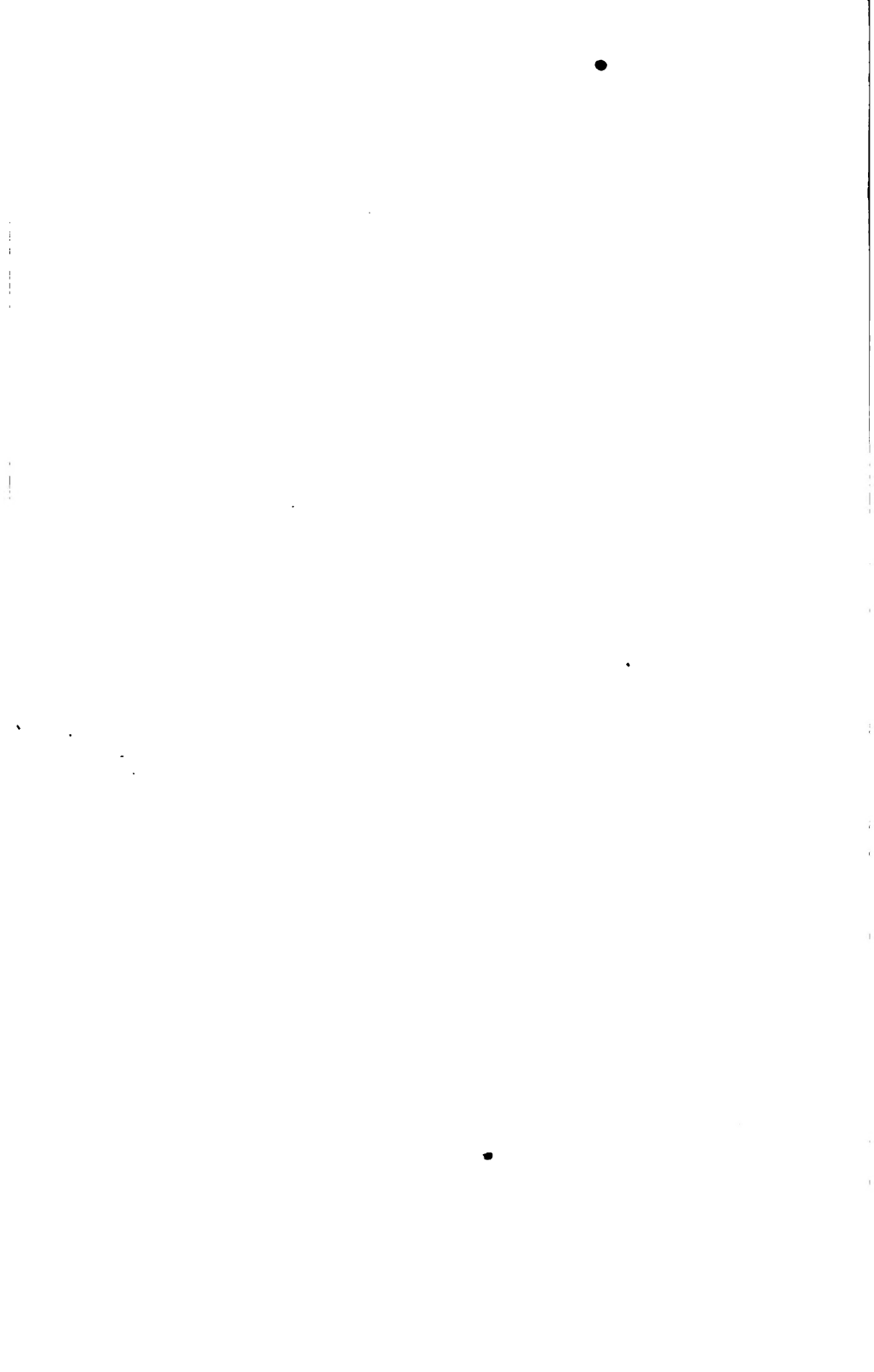
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INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
A		H	
An Epistle to 'Old Knick.' By GEORGE... 26		HARFANG on Birds..... 30	
An Anti-Prohibition Epigram..... 61		Home and its Music. By JAMES MORRIS... 506	
A Short Chapter on Water. By Professor JAMES J. MAPES..... 61		Home..... 568	
An Unknown Grave in Trinity Church-Yard, New-York..... 160		Harfang on Birds. Second paper..... 831	
A Mother's Lament. By THE PLEASANT BARD..... 240		History of Captain Sampson Strongbow..... 255	
A Children's Story..... 284		Hudson River, (The)..... 269	
Autumn Days. By W. W. MORLAND..... 449			
A Day's Wandering in London. By JAMES W. WALL..... 486		I	
American Flag, (The.) By ISAAC MCLELLAN..... 456		ISHAM'S Wife. By CAROLINE CHESEBRO', 1	
		Independence Ode. By W. H. C. HOMER, 150	
B		'In the Land o' the Leal'..... 606	
BURNED Treasure. By CHARLES M. DENIE..... 375			
Birth of Florence Krüger, (The.) By CAROLINE CHESEBRO'..... 457, 513		K	
Beach Stones..... 585		KISSING Betty Scudder: A Long-Island Sketch..... 449	
Burnett House, Cincinnati, O. (Engraving,) 523			
E		L	
ETIQUETTE of Visiting. By THOMAS BIRCH BRADLEY..... 181		LINEER. By A NEW CONTRIBUTOR..... 36	
Empty Church, (The.)..... 187		Woman's Glory..... 51	
EDITOR'S TABLE: Leaves from our Camp-Comfort and Green Mountain Contributor, 82; Reminiscences of Childhood, a Graphic Sketch, 87; Extracts from a Manuscript Volume of Poems, 202; A Day's Angling among the Mountains, 304; A Necessary Word to New Correspondents, 310; Seeing through a Glass Darkly, 417; Rail-way Smoking Cars, a Public Want, 419; Phoenixiana; or, Burlesques and Sketches; John Phoenix, 518; Tennyson's Mand, and Other Poems; 525; The Triumph of Big Words and Virtue, 526; A Glance at Hundred Years Ahead, 638; Interesting and Peppery Correspondence, 635; Patience: a Short 'Dog's Tale', 637; The Murderers of Richard Downie, 639; Presentation of Plate to Mr. James Grant, 641.		Death of the GREAT..... 58	
		On my Thirty-ninth Birth-Day. By JOHN G. SAGE..... 130	
F		Letters to Ella. Number One..... 139	
FANTASIA; from Russian Themes. By WM. PITT PALMER..... 505		Ellasland..... 240	
		" " Father Green..... 441	
G		" " " " 608	
Gossip with Readers and Correspondents, 69, 205, 311, 421, 527, 642		Lines to a Mother on the Death of Her First-Born..... 159	
Gaiter Boots. By ROBIN RATTLEBRAIN, A.M.,..... 361		The Dying Girl..... 261	
		To MYRA. By LAWRENCE LARREK..... 287	
		Remembrance. By RACHEL A. ACKERMAN..... 345	
		To the Wabash. By HENRY A. CLARK..... 394	
		To my Mother..... 447	
		Soft and Softer. By WILLIAM PITT PALMER..... 471	
		To a New Bottle of Ink. By KARL KUBA..... 504	
		Glimpses..... 564	
		November..... 619	
		Legend of Margretha. By C. F. M. RAYMOND..... 423	
		LITERARY NOTICES: Life of George Washington, by Washington Irving, 74; Peeps from a Belfry, (second notice,) 76; Sander's Young Ladies' Reader, 78; Homes for the People, in Suburb and Country, 79; The Star Papers of Henry Ward Beecher, 80; Virginia Medical and Surgical Journal, 81; The Odoberly Papers of the late William Maginn, LL.D., 188; The History of Napoleon Bonaparte, by J. S. C. Abbott, 191; Peg Woffington, a	

	PAGE		PAGE
novel, by Charles Reade, 198; The Diamond Cross and Other Tales, by Clara Morton, 194; Corzans' Wine-Press, first volume, 196; Country Margins and Rambles of a Journalist, 199; My Confession: The Story of a Woman's Life, and Other Tales, 201; Poems, by Erasmus W. Ellsworth, 299; Christie Johnstone: a Novel, by Chas. Reade, 295; A Visit to the Camp before Sevastopol, 298; Smith's Speller and Defin'r's Manual, 300; Lays from the Glen: Musings of Leisure Hours, 301; Ariel, and Other Poems, by W. W. Foedick, 303; Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America, Sixteenth Edition, 397; Heine's Pictures of Travel, by Charles G. Leland, 405; The Iroquois, by Minnie Myrtle, 408; Memoirs of James Gordon Bennett, 410; The Six Days of Creation, by W. G. Rhind, 411; A Memoir of Rev. Sidney Smith, 412; Howitt's Land, Labor, and Gold, 418; The Annals of San-Francisco, by Frank Soule, etc., 414; The Newcomes, by W. M. Thackeray, 415; The Poetry and Mystery of Dreams, by Charles G. Leland, 510; North American Review, for the October Quarter, 512; Oration and Poem before the Delta Phi Convention, 515; A Basket of Chips, by John Brougham, 517; A Voice to America: or, The Model Republic, 517; The Red Eagle: a Poem of the South, by A. B. Meek, 621; The Old Homestead, by Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, 626; Scenes in the Practice of a New-York Surgeon, by Edward H. Dixon, M.D., 627; The Progress of Religious Ideas, through Successive Ages, by L. Maria Child, 623; The Song of Hiawatha, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 630.		RECOLLECTIONS of Newport. By LLWYNN, 148	
		8	
		STANZAS: Sebastopol. By ISAAC McLELLAN, 44	
		LAN, 44	
		To Myra. By LAWRENCE LARREN, 155	
		Dawning, 227	
		Music, 254	
		The Little Garden, 268	
		By H. W. ROCKWELL, Esq., 274	
		What Would I Be? By W. H. C. HOSEMER, 287	
		The Two Keys, 274	
		War. By CHARLES M. DENIE, 282	
		Moss-Rose Buds, 455	
		A Summer Day, 503	
		616	
		Song of the Mechanic, 130	
		Spirit-Love. By HENRY P. LELAND, 142	
		Sonnet, 161	
		Sketches from the Country. By W. L. TIPPANY, 271, 497	
		Story of Hemlock Hill, 376	
		Summer Recreations; The Great Saguenay, etc., 474	
		Sandwich Islands, (The.) By ONE OF THE SMITH FAMILY, 151	
		T	
		THE Press. From a Poem on the Stocks, 17	
		The Complete Susquehannah Angler, 28	
		The Lost Hope. By Miss LOUISE E. VICKROY, 43	
		Thoughts Out of Doors. By EDOUARD DE RAMOND, Esq., 55	
		The Magellanic Clouds. By J. SWETT, 64	
		The Two Sisters; or, Love and Pride, 65, 123	
		The Dead Boy. By HENRY A. CLARK, 121	
		The Glory on the Grave. By Mrs. JULIA McMASTER, 156	
		Tale of my Grand-father, 161	
		The Lover's Leap: a Seneca Legend, 222	
		Tip-Top Ballads. In the Modern Style. By MCKESTER KARR, 238	
		The Complete Susquehannah Angler. Fishing the Second, 346	
		The Wind-Swept Blossom, 331	
		The Old Fort. By ISAAC McLELLAN, 396	
		The Change of the Seasons. By MINNIE MYRTLE, 494	
		The Last Siege, 565	
		The Indian Summer, 579	
		The Old Man's Musings, 584	
		The Fairies' Frolic, 587	
		The Last Trip, 592	
		The Old Man's Wish, 607	
		The Olden Time, 615	
		The Observations of Mace Sloper, Esq., 619	
		The Blind Boy's Love, 630	
		U	
		Upper Tendon: a Picture in a Gilt Frame, 59	
Mr Campaign Reminiscences, 276, 553			
Memories. By SURREY KERR, 283			
My Friend's Wife, 263			
My Other Me. By JENNY MARSH, 509			
N			
NIGHT-PIECE to Julia, 239			
New Publications, Art Notices, etc., 429, 550			
O			
Our Young Ladies. By AN AMERICAN LADY, 39			
Our Little Man: A Sketch. By Rev. F. W. SHELTON, 45			
P			
PLEASANT Memories of the Old World. By JAMES W. WALL, 111, 262			
Paul le Burg's Magic, 157			
Pride of Our Village, (The.) A Tale, 234			
Portrait, (The.) By L. A. RANDALL, 341			

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'Those familiar with the Editor's monthly 'Gossip with his readers, have doubtless, with ourselves, admired the perennial source of its pleasant wit and joyousness. In this number 'The Gossip' holds on its way like some fair rivulet glancing and dancing in the sunshine of a May morning. We need to wonder how Mr. CLARK held out, expecting he must certainly 'snow brown' in the coming number; but this number gives no sign of exhaustion.—*National Intelligencer, Washington.*

'Pleasant, genial, delightful 'Old Knick.' Thy name is a suggestion of all things delectable; tee sight of thy modest, fresh cover, a balm to spiritual sore eyes; a glance within thee, best antidote for the blues. Thou hast given to kindly humor, to piquant delineation, and to side-splitting fun, a 'local habitation,' without which they might go wandering over the domain of letters, calling now and then where a friendly door opened to them but refusing to be comforted for the loss of their old dear home.—*Courier, Burlington Vt.*

'The great care evinced in the selection of articles that adorn its pages, is a sufficient guaranty that no contribution meets the eye of the reader but those which are known to be worthy of his perusal. When storms and wild tempests are sweeping o'er our hill-side village in these chill winter hours, and all is drear and desolate without, we ask for no more agreeable companion than the 'KNICKERBOCKER,' for while its contents impart valuable information, its sallies of genuine wit are a sovereign specific for all fits of the blues or attacks of the horrors, and time passes merrily on.'—*Democrat, Doylestown, Pa.*

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The contents of the Knickerbocker are so varied, that almost every one will find something in its pages to please him—to instruct and amuse. The articles are marked by the highest order of merit, and in a long series of years we have found nothing in this work to which the most fastidious could object. It is a work which should be on the centre table of every family.—*Knoxville Times.*

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ART. I.	ISHAM'S WIFE: AN AUTHENTIC SKETCH,	1
II.	THE PRESS. FROM A POEM 'ON THE STOCKS,'	17
III.	HARFANG ON BIRDS,	20
IV.	AN EPISTLE TO 'OLD KNICK.' By 'GEORGE,'	26
V.	THE COMPLETE SUSQUEHANNA ANGLER. PART TWO,	28
VI.	LINES BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR,	26
VII.	OUR YOUNG LADIES. By AN AMERICAN LADY,	39
VIII.	THE LOST HOPE. By MRS LOUISE E. VICKROY,	43
IX.	STANZAS: SEBASTOPOL. By ISAAC MACLELLAN,	44
X.	OUR LITTLE MAN: A SKETCH. By REV. F. W. SHELTON,	45
XI.	LINES: 'WOMAN'S GLORY,'	51
XII.	UPPER TENDON: A PICTURE IN A GILT-FRAME,	52
XIII.	THOUGHTS OUT-OF-DOORS. By EDOUARD DE RAMBOD, ESQ.,	55
XIV.	LINES: DEATH OF THE CZAR,	58
XV.	AN ANTI-PROHIBITION EPIGRAM,	61
XVI.	A SHORT CHAPTER ON WATER. By PROFESSOR JAMES J. MAPES,	61
XVII.	THE MAGELLANIC CLOUDS. By J. SWETT,	64
XVIII.	THE TWO SISTERS: OR LOVE AND PRIDE,	65

LITERARY NOTICES:

1.	LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By WASHINGTON IRVING,	74
2.	PEEPS FROM A BELFREY. SECOND NOTICE,	76
3.	SANDERS' 'YOUNG LADIES' READER,'	78
4.	HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE, IN SUBURB AND COUNTRY	79
5.	THE STAB-PAPERS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER,	80
6.	THE VIRGINIA MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL,	81

EDITOR'S TABLE:

1.	LEAVES FROM OUR 'CAMP-COMFORT' AND GREEN-MOUNTAIN CONTRI- BUTOR,	82
2.	REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD: A GRAPHIC SKETCH,	87
3.	GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS,	89

1. 'CONVERSATIONS ON VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY: 'WAR IN THE WINE CELLAR.'
2. 'BISHOP STEVENSON,' THE RELIGIOUS WHEAT-RAT OF PITTSBURGH: REMONSTRANCE WITH A RAIL-ROAD COMPANY: SCANDALOUS WANT OF POLITENESS IN A CONDUCTOR.
3. DUELING AGENCY: MAJOR GOLIAR O'GRADY GAHAGAN'S CARD TO THE CALIFORNIA PUBLIC.
4. A COOL REMINDER TO A LETTER OF REMONSTRANCE AND DISMISSAL.
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6. HOW CORPORATE COMPANIES ELECT THEIR OFFICERS: 'SHARP PRACTICE' IN OHIO.
7. A MIS-SENT 'LETTER TO THE PEOPLE,' ADDRESSED TO MR. GREELEY OF THE NEW-YORK 'TRIBUNE' DAILY JOURNAL.
8. NEW MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS, IN ANTICIPATION OF THE OPERATION OF THE PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW.
9. 'WHEAT CONSTITUTES RICHES: 'AN AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE OF HON. SECRETARY MARCY AND 'JACK SMITH,' A VERMONT BACKWOODSMAN.
10. THE RECORDING ANGELS: AN EASTERN ALLEGORY: BY MRS. JARED SPARKS.
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12. AN AMATEUR PHRENOLOGIST: A SINGULAR 'BALANCE OF INTELLECT.'
13. INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE WITH 'MR. K. N. PEPPER, ESQ.: HIS 'VIEWS' IN RELATION TO LITERARY 'STILE.'
14. LADIES' STOCKINGS: A DAY-DREAM: BY HENRY P. LELAND.
15. JUVENILE GOSSIP: 'A FEW MORE OF THE NAME SORT.'
16. PRESENTATION OF A SPLENDID BANNER TO THE 'PIERMONT GUARDS,' CAPTAIN JOHNSON'S 'CRACK COMPANY.'
17. SAGE'S NEW POEM, 'THE PRESS: 'TRIBUTARY LINES TO THE POET: 'I'M GROWING OLD: 'THE KNICKER-BOCKER GALLERY: 'ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT FRANKLIN PIERCE.
18. AN AMUSING SPECIMEN OF AN 'ENGLISH' NEW-ORLEANS ADVERTISEMENT.
19. 'MANY A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP: 'OR, THE STORY OF THE MOBILE LOTTERY SPECULATION.
20. 'NEW SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL: 'IN TWO PARTS.
21. NEW BOOKS, ETC., AWAITING NOTICE.
22. THE NEW-YORK 'GRAMMERCY PARK HOUSE.'
23. A RARE ANECDOTE OF LAWRENCE STEENE AND MRS. F—, OF PENNSYLVANIA.
24. DODGE'S 'ANTI-CHOKING ARCH-VALVE PUMP.'
25. LINES TO THE PARK FOUNTAIN: BY H. P. LELAND.
26. A KNotty LEGAL CASE: A 'SOLUTION REQUESTED.'
27. BEAUTIFUL LAKE GEORGE, AND ITS HOTELS, OLD AND NEW.
28. ART, LITERARY, AND TOWN ITEMS: 'COSMOPOLITAN ART AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION: 'MR. AUGUSTUS BLESSING, THE 'TONGUEUT FRIZUR' OF ANN-STREET: ARCHIE GRIEVE AND THE 'ROARING LION' IN HIS CELLAR: ADOBIT ADVERTISING: 'MY CONFESSIONS: 'A NEW WORK IN PRESS: 'WHICH IS ALL AT THIS PRESENT' FROM YOURS, VERY RESPECTFULLY, 'OLD KNICK.'

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JULY, 1855.

NO. 1.

ISHAM'S WIFE.

IN the fine old gubernatorial mansion that gave dignity and beauty to a street which, but for its presence, would have been beyond the verge of the fashionable world, lived the Isham family.

The ancient house had been in the possession of the first governor of the State, a man of mind and will, who dignified his station quite as much as it honored him; a man of intellectual cultivation, pure purpose, and sterling courage, whom the office had sought and compelled and entreated to occupancy, on account of his unrivalled qualifications for filling it to its utmost capacity.

Some time after his death — he died in office — the governor's house was offered for sale; his widow choosing to remove into more retirement than could readily be commanded in the place where such royal hospitalities as marked her husband's time had been dispensed, and Mr. Isham, a man of great fortune, became the purchaser. His grand-son was now in possession of this mansion, and was the father of half-a-dozen children. His eldest daughters, Lucretia and Ada, were already in society. George, the oldest son, had finished his collegiate course, and gone abroad. Everett was still under governors and tutors, and there were two young daughters yet in the nursery.

The family presented the appearance usually presented where children have been carefully trained for a high station, which is their birth-right. They came of a tranquil race, and an even prospect was before them; no mountain-climbing, no depth-descending for them; no turbulences arising from unmanageable propensities, either for good or evil, might be traced to their door.

George Isham was an unexceptionable youth, whose person, prospects, and attainments gave him unmitigated satisfaction. His character had no marked traits to distinguish him. He had no exuberant animal life, and his taste led him to shun convivial sports and company. He was faultlessly correct in conduct. His temper was as smooth as his long black hair; his character as reproachless as his dress; he would have endured a suspicion of the one with as much equanimity as of the other, and for an equally elevated reason. He went abroad unpossessed of the spirit of enterprise, and would return, if ever he returned,

without enthusiasm. 'A love of a man was he;' a great many young ladies, who walked in the public places in their newest 'love of a bonnet,' rendered this favorable judgment; but Tom, the tinker's son, soiled and grim, who brushed his carrotty locks, pulled down his shirt-sleeves, and made himself decent to chat an hour with the house-maid in the basement over the way, was a prince compared with him. His position and his life were nobler, for his occupancy of them made them so.

There was no material difference between Lucretia and Ada Isham and their brother; but they made more of a sensation in the world, because their training, essentially the same as his, had, though essentially the same result, a different manifestation.

They were women, and we are content — are we not? — that women should fulfil their destiny, as these young girls had been prepared to do, in adding to the glitter of our rooms on state occasions and other, and smile upon us when we ask them, as lonely Adam in his heart asked of the LORD GOD in the garden a help-mate. Are we not content? — then why have we preferred to make wooden troughs to feed from, when it was expected of us that we should fashion costly golden vessels for the altar and the temple of love?

They were tall and handsome ladies. Lucretia had more kindly and considerate ways than her sister, and was more likely to win friends and favor, but there was a pride in her heart which would make of her a quite different being from that of which her young maidenhood was beautifully prophetic, if it were once allowed full sweep. Ada laughed at the ways of the world and surrendered to them, ridiculed society and sought its admiration, satirized her acquaintances but compelled them to troop in her train, and would have died of *ennui* had the world been a whit less wicked and less foolish than it was. These girls were not vulgar and grossly calculating members of society, but they knew how to deliberate in act with something less than the righteousness of true souls.

What their advantages were to them was indicated in their manner of receiving them. To Everett, their younger brother, these same privileges, meeting with a somewhat different reception, had a very different proving. His domestic relations, if the same in one respect, were in another more happy, more honorable than theirs. He had been subject to those evils which a renowned author well portrays as falling with peculiar force on the eldest and youngest members of a house. He had not grown over-bearing and presumptuous on the strength of his actual importance in the family, nor riotous and unmanageable in disposition and in will from the excessive indulgence of tenderness, which is so frequently the lamentable fate of the youngest born of the family. He had been left to himself more than the others; in his case it was a salutary neglect, if neglect it could be called. He was sent to school, clothed and fed as became his station, remembered on the holidays, but for the rest allowed to follow the bent of his own inclinations, inasmuch as they interfered in no respect with the comfort of the house, and required no control.

He was of a studious turn of mind, and mature beyond his years; he

was a young fellow of promise, not of brilliant but reliable capacities and powers ; he never astonished his class or his companions, but the unweariedness of his application, the quickness of his perception, the depth of his insight gave a good promise which the future was almost certain to redeem. His capacities admitted of a large degree of culture, and his taste implied a necessity of cultivation ; he was equal to a sterling pride, but incapable of vanity ; and in this was like and unlike his sister Lucretia. He saw the world through the same medium with Ada, but he could not laugh at and scorn it as she did ; for he had a wider vision, saw farther into the depths, and knew that tears rather than railing were the world's due. There was in him the sterling merit of a fixed and independent purpose of doing for himself the best he might.

By the force and purity of his character, he was attracted irresistibly toward the worthiest men and women of those among whom he was thrown. He had a rare faculty, young though he was, for discerning their positive points. Mendacity met with no mercy at his hands when it put itself upon him for a treatment, and would not be avoided. He had the most austere, and yet, I think, not rare perception of justice ; men err too frequently in the weakness of their commiseration for those with whom they have to deal. I say this in the face of all the carping criticism uttered with intent to kill, reckless denunciation, ignorant and evil-minded judgments men pass on one another. Hasty and violent denunciation is one thing, deliberate and earnest disapproval is another. God tempers his justice with mercy ; and man abrogates himself when he refuses a like merciful and strict administration. The loving justice of the HEAVENLY FATHER, though it be tempered, is never temporizing. His strict conduct and exposition of His own unapproachable and indefeasible rights is what brings into light and establishes the virtue of His creation. He chargeth His angels with folly, *but endureth them evermore about His Throne !* I trust the reader will perceive a reason for this digression, and so pardon it.

Everett Isham had a virtuous perception of justice ; for with a pure heart and clean hands, not ignorantly, not vaguely, he sought to learn her ways ; he never stooped to temporize with her adversaries, nor made an effort to persuade or reclaim them, for his time had not yet come. He could not yet speak as one having authority. He was yet but a beholder of the splendors of the camp, and had not sought a commission to fight the battles of his race.

If thou knowest such a youth, treat him with reverence, nor attempt to laugh down his convictions ; that thou canst no more do than could the scoffing people allay the flood that drowned the world ; for his convictions are as real and prophetic as the Being and Providence of God. For thine own sake, not for his — his victory is sure — greet him with gladness and encouragement ; the world has vital need of such, and cries aloud for them. The chivalrous of virtue demand the heartiest, most solemn benison thou canst give ; defraud them of it, all the loss is thine own.

This was Everett Isham's character. His justice and his virtue formed its underlying and impregnable basis. The character did not

stand out formidable in its proportions, as might be supposed. The severity of judgment, the undeceivable clear-sightedness, the lofty scorn of the cringing and temporizing spirit that distinguished his time, much of this appeared in the daily man.

Not from design, not from any hidden motive, did he veil himself from others. The easy grace and dignity of his intercourse with those around him was the natural garb of the man. His sense of superiority was as innocent of vanity as Job's assertion of integrity was free of presumption. His righteous judgment, not haughty depreciation, never showed itself in rude utterances and actions; his refinement of spirit and association was too real for that. Such manifestation would not have been according to his natural method of expression. He might have grown into that misfortune under certain methods of treatment, if the cruelty of wilful misapprehension, or wilful neglect, or rough thwarting, instead of kindly training, had found any thing to do with his management. The method of his education had probably been the very best for him, and he approached his manhood firm in the acceptance of his responsibilities, gazing upon the various forms in which they had found demonstration, with the brave intent of a thoroughly furnished being.

His sisters, yet unmarried, were on the verge of matrimony when he had arrived at an age that, in accordance with his mental habits, required of him a seeking in every phenomenon the cause of its special expression. It was inevitable that he should turn his thoughts with some scrutiny to the form of this new relation, whose occupancy they anticipated, and to their provision for entering into it.

Before she put on long skirts and dressed for company, Ada had been his play-fellow; but since that time they had seen as little of each other as was possible for them, living under the same roof. The avoidance was not of course a deliberate one; but a woman entering on the full tide of fashionable life, having once submitted to the current, finds herself borne irresistibly along with it. She may strike out for life against this current, and breast the waves, and reach the shore, and return like the prodigal, but such a course requires the vigorous exercise of a spirit that is rarely found in operation among women who have been educated from their birth to float gracefully along the tide; the home-sickness does not often demand an escape so fraught with danger as that: it is commonly allowed to run its course, and has no breaking; and the manifold inevitable misgivings as to what the end shall be, are lived down, are, for a time at least, got rid of. All this is true enough to make a parent shudder who is looking forward to the 'success' of young daughters in the world.

Everett was of course admitted into none of the fine lady councils of the house; if it occurred to any of them in a moment of vexation which demanded a decision to look to his clear and cool judgment for an opinion, it was to Ada; and there was always something lying remotely among her convictions, of which she obtained some dim perception, that kept her from the confidence when she came in sight of his quiet, thoughtful face, and magnified, in the contrast with his youth, the severity of his expression. In these matters therefore he

was a cipher in the house. The young men who visited there never thought the boy's friendship or favor any thing important, worth the trouble of drawing him from his retirement, and so he was left alone to observe and reflect, and this with all diligence he continued to do.

Louise Raymond was a cousin of the Ishams. They always called her cousin, but the relationship was in reality more distant. She was of the same age as Ada, one-and-twenty, but in person and spirit she was four or five years younger.

As she was poor, and had no particular claim on her relations, Louise taught music in a school through the week, and on Saturdays usually went to visit at her uncle's house. They were unceremonious visits — made sometimes in the nursery, or in the garden with the children, who loved her, or reading in the library, or chatting with her uncle or aunt, or Everett, wherever they might be, but rarely sitting up in state in the drawing-room.

They all liked her, she had such freshness of enjoyment in every thing that was agreeable, was so unassuming, unpretentious, which characteristics, to assuming and pretentious people, have an especial charm. Even Lucretia and Ada liked Louise, and never found her in the way, because her self-respect served her like an instinct, and taught her to keep out of it. She was not a politic but a wise woman, and I fancy she went to her uncle's house to visit on these Saturdays with something of the feeling with which an intelligent body goes to a menagerie and pays the keeper for his exhibition, and gets what good he can from the show, confident of his safety in the tacit understanding that the owner of the caravan shall keep his wild animals safe locked within their cages.

Louise had an uncommon musical talent, and without much culture or critical exactness had attained to a very certain position of her own as a teacher, which she held securely. She loved music, though she made no pretensions as professor; but she could sing ballads to perfection. Sometimes, but rarely, she had been persuaded to appear at some of her cousins' gay parties, and on such occasions she had sung to please the company; but never those songs which haunt the ear of Everett when he brings the guitar from the drawing-room to the library, and his younger sisters make with him the little audience. She would as soon think of sitting down in the market-place to tell the sacred secrets of her heart, the loves and griefs, to whatever idler strolling by should chance to pause and gape at her, as sing those songs she loves to an indiscriminate throng. For this sweet gift of hers she has been sought sometimes outside the circle of relationship. A guest of the Ishams' might surely find admittance anywhere. Once or twice she has been persuaded, to her own subsequent regret, to accept these invitations, but vulgar people know so ill how to manage such things that they have disgusted her; and so when she goes into society at all, it is among unostentatious people, who do not distinguish between her and her gifts.

Louise has a lover, to whom she is nearly betrothed. It is this fact probably that has tended somewhat to unequalize her temperament, and induce the more than ordinary thoughtfulness and anxiety with which

she has of late contemplated the future. If she were not an orphan, and under the necessity of doing something for her own maintenance, she would not now be thinking of the offer of the wealthy widower, an offer which she has contrived to avert and delay whenever she has felt it immediately impending. She does not investigate the reason of this shrinking from him, while at the same time that she hinders herself from so doing, she looks upon him as the unfold of her future destiny. She dare not. They have congratulated her on her prospect at the mansion, not Everett, but his sisters, and her aunt and uncle Isham. Strange as it may seem, slight as is the value attached to his judgment by the rest of the family, if Everett would but join with them in these gratulations, she would feel a lighter heart and greater confidence about it; and because she knew that he would not speak in the same strain with them, she had sought and succeeded in avoidance of his comments on the subject. The reason of this he did not discover, but he felt the fact, and it imposed silence upon him for a time; but after he had learned that his sisters' engagements were fixed facts, and had perplexed himself with endeavoring to discern the facts, and had silently passed a really true but most severe judgment on their proceedings, he began to suspect himself of indulging a belief in a power he did not actually possess, a discernment of things quite beyond his ken, and he turned hopefully for relief of his perplexity to Louise, bethought him of the state of her affairs; remembering, that according to report, she also was betrothed, and that she appeared to be in no such disturbed, excited state of being as his sisters, he waited impatiently till she should come up to spend another Saturday at the house, determined that she should help him to the opinion and feeling which he ought to have in regard to the developing family affairs.

When Louise came, it happened that his sisters had gone out for the day, and there was no one in the house to receive her but himself, nor even he; for though he saw her as she came up the street, and heard her as she entered the gate and pulled the door-bell, though he knew there was no one there but servants to welcome her, he kept his place. The only thing for which he cared to see her just now was to question her on this point, that had absorbed his contemplations during the past week; and now that the time had come when he might question, in the certainty of frank replies, he was loth to go and use the opportunity. It was not a pleasant thought to him that he might hear from a woman's lips or read in a woman's eyes a confirmation of the truths he guessed at, or suspected; for as yet, wanting as he was in confidence in the imaginings of his heart, he had not arrived at the entire and beautiful truth that would free him from all fear.

Nevertheless, in the course of the half-hour succeeding her arrival, he went out from his room and entered the library, and rested his course on the event. If Louise should come into the library that afternoon, he would question her as he had designed. She came.

Very little really idle talk ever passed between them: when they were together, there was a directness in their mode of speech that spoke well for their sincerity and earnestness. When Louise came into the room, he arose and approached her, taking from the reading-table a

bouquet of flowers he had gathered in anticipation of her arrival ; and his admiration shone from his eyes as he looked at her, she received the gift with so much grace.

' Louise,' he said presently, throwing himself into a chair opposite that which she had taken, ' Louise, I can understand some things better when you have expressed your opinion about them. What do you think of these marriages we are going to have in the house ? '

Louise was taken aback by the suddenness and strangeness of the question, and she was slow to answer — not that she was without the requisite confidence in Everett to express with freedom her opinion on whatever subject he proposed, but because she felt what she did at length express. ' I do not think it right to discuss the subject, cousin ; it is none of our business.'

' We won't quarrel about that ; but do you think Lucretia and Ada well matched, either of them, Louise ? '

' They have not asked my opinion. It makes no difference what I think. I'm not a fit judge, in the first place, nor a competent one.'

' You say so. I don't agree with you. I would like to have an honest woman's opinion. You will not speak ; then I will. Now note if I make a mistake in any of my conclusions.'

' Do not, Everett,' said Louise hastily, as if in alarm. ' I don't like this sort of thing ; it looks like treachery.'

' Treachery : why, no ; I do n't think so. I have had no confidence reposed in me. I only speak of what has been announced to all the world. All the world will judge of it, or has a right to do so ; for the thing speaks for itself. What I want to do is just to look at the facts, and forget my own position in regard to them ; and I want you to help me. Call the girls by any other names than Lucretia and Ada, if that is what you do n't like about it. Just think of a handsome and proud woman who has no occasion to be married, except for the sake of her heart, to get it back again if she happens to lose it, just in the way that all folks who find their lives must first lose them, according to the Scriptures. Think of her contracting a relation for life which do n't call one of the noblest affections into operation ! This lady has lived on flattery so long, and this man flatters her so egregiously and so acceptably, the just conclusion seems to be that it's about as substantial food as she can endure ; but that's not so. Look at her, and you'll see it is not. Why should she marry an obsequious politician ? If his temporizing, not that any good may come either, but his own aggrandizement, has made him notorious among the virtuous few, and famous among the unvirtuous many, and he carries this same spirit into the drawing-room, and talks in the same spirit, though in another vein, to a lady, is this sufficient to win a lady's heart ? She has some natural high-mindedness, but do n't believe it's that light, hid under a bushel, that he appreciates. He is a showy man of great pretensions, but I assure you nothing more.'

' I think your judgment is severe,' said Louise quickly, after a pause that followed his words. When she spoke, it seemed as if she were recovering from some deep abstraction, as if while her ear had taken in his words, and she had pondered them in surprise, as he sharply defined,

skillfully, in a few lines, the characters of Lucretia and La Marque, she had been thinking of her own possibly impending betrothal.

'Wherein?' asked Everett quietly, averting his eyes from Louise, as if fearful of reading a secret he would not have her betray.

'We cannot expect to know what is passing in the hearts of others,' and Louise looked at Everett as if she were questioning whether or not he had this power.

'There is no reason why we should not know, when we have lived for years in view of such things. We ought to be competent to understand the tokens and questionings when we see them.'

'But we cannot judge for each other what will satisfy each other. Lucretia sees a different man in La Marque from what you see.'

'I know it, because she chooses to do so; but you don't accuse a woman like her of such stupidity as inability to see him for what he is, would argue. You will see, if you will wait, to what a towering height her pride will grow when the years come on that will give people occasion for pitying her, if she would only let them. . . But it won't be so with Ada.' The voice of the speaker seemed to indicate that he felt a certain relief in turning his thoughts to this younger of the sisters, yet it was with a deepening sadness of tone that he continued: 'She has a great flow of spirits, you know, and so has Alexander. Perhaps you think they're well matched on that account. That's your mistake. Ada is refined and elegant with all her worldliness. She would have been in any condition. He is a handsome fellow, but vulgar and common. What do you say to this? I think it wretched.'

'The sketching?' asked Louise.

'No, the fact.'

'Your colors are too deep; put on too thickly.'

'Do you think so? The living heart is blood-red.'

Then Louise, to be rid of the subject, would have laughed off his seriousness.

'It would be a city of maiden ladies, Everett, if you were allowed full sway.'

But his earnestness deepened.

'No, there should be such a dispensation of marriages as never was heard of before; but people should n't be united helter-skelter, as they are now. The heart should have something to do with the matter. You, Louise, are an honest girl; would you marry a man for the sake of being married?'

Louise hesitated, even for a moment seemed capable of receiving this from Everett as a home-thrust, and of growing indignant over it; but she was wiser, nobler than to do this. Before she answered, she had formed a momentous and an unchangeable resolution. Looking steadily upon him, she answered: 'No, Everett, I would not.'

The boy rose quickly from his chair when she replied; his cheek flushed, his movements betrayed his agitation; some intimation he seemed to have received of the greatness and weight of that moment, that reply.

'I was sure of it,' he said, with a not quite firm command of his voice; 'as sure as I am of myself. When you hear that I have a

wife, Louise, you may be sure that my heart knew what it was about when it asked her companionship and sympathy and aid. Do you think yet that I have judged harshly ?

'No matter what I think, Everett. I credit your sincerity, and that's enough. Probably when I reflect upon it, your words won't seem so strange.'

'Precisely what I expected you to say. I ventured to hint some of my thoughts to Ada ; it was a sad failure, that experiment. She only called me a foolish boy ; but she was displeased, and she has n't forgiven me for it yet. She will ; but it makes me sad to think of that. It will be a long time yet, and we shall all be so much changed before it happens. I should not expect Lucretia to forgive me if I said such things to her ; they'd grow on her memory. She is imperious enough to be the wife of a man like Julius Cæsar ; if she could be tempered by a spirit as strong as her own, that was living to a higher purpose, she would be a regal woman. But she's only a dreadfully proud one.'

'I do n't understand how you've contrived to make so cool a study of your friends,' said Louise, troubled and astonished, and expressing her feeling well in look and voice.

'They held me off at such a distance, that when I took an observation, I could but behold,' he said.

'You're not the happier for it, Everett. Upon my word, I'd rather see less of the man and more of the boy in you. You are too young to be troubling yourself with such thoughts. You are too grave, not nearly so happy as you might be — as I am — and I'm five years older than you.'

'May-be not. I never thought of that.' Here Everett paused, and for a moment seemed lost in reflection ; then he said quickly, looking up with sincere confidence, and fixing his eyes on his five years' senior : 'The more prepared for happiness, perhaps, you will allow, if it ever comes to me in a larger and better form than it does now, as I suppose it will. More happiness and more vexation. I shall know how to avoid toads and vampires. O Louise ! the earth is covered with creeping things !'

Painfully earnest the conversation had become. Louise broke away from it at this point with a gay tone, indulging him, however, so far as to keep to the subject, since it seemed so much to interest him ; but the lugubrious aspect it had assumed was enlivened by the playful and coaxing voice saying :

'Everett, just tell me now what sort of a paragon you are thinking of for your own wife. You seem to have come to some certain opinions on the subject.'

The boy entered into her spirit, caught her tone, and replied quickly :

'My wife, Louise ; you shall have a full-length portrait. She shall be a strong, happy, holy girl ; her eyes shall be to me at least the 'sweetest eyes were ever seen,' as Camões' lady's were. She shall have beautiful hair, dark or light ; she shall be tall or short, plump or thin, as it suits her, but she must have a forehead and a mouth that can be trusted. Her head may fall short of universal knowledge, but her heart shall be warm and true, a temperate zone. I shall love her

more and more every year of my life ; for every year shall prove her worth more and more. I shall grow mighty just thinking of her, and she shall never stop growing. When she dies, I shall have nothing more to live for. Do you see her, Louise ?'

Softly he had spoken ; it was a man's voice, though low-speaking, albeit it proceeded from that young slight figure.

'Do you see her, Louise ?' he repeated.

'Yes, I see her, and, cousin Everett, you will be sure to find her,' she replied, scarcely less moved by the hearing of his words than he had been in their utterance.

'Yes, I am sure of that,' he said ; 'more certain than of any thing else, because it is what I shall need most ; what we need most, that we always find.'

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of one of the younger children, and presently her little mate came following after, and then Everett went for the guitar, and in the lessening light of the departing day the sisters and brother listened to, or joined in with Louise, in her songs.

But before dinner, Louise took the opportunity to return to her lodgings ; and as she was accustomed to come and go at her own pleasure, her disappearance excited no surprise, only some disappointment among the younger members of the family when they met at table.

Louise went home because she was not equal to a show of cheerfulness or gayety that night. The question which Everett had proposed to her, and to which she had responded truthfully, had to do with her life ; she had not merely responded to a question. In the courage of the moment, when Everett's criticism on others had led her to see her own affairs in a little clearer light than before, she had been strong to say that nothing could tempt her into a marriage of expediency ; and she had now to reflect on herself as on the verge of such a marriage ; for there was no possibility of her mistaking the nature of the rich widower's attentions.

When she had returned to her room in the school where she taught, she sat down to a deliberate survey of her position. It did not seem to her quite the same thing it was a few hours before. Modifying circumstances were taken into consideration. Her position did not seem to admit of quite the same rendering that her cousins' did. A marriage of convenience was not the same thing with her it was with them. She was lonely ; she felt the constant want of home relations. She was an orphan, and poor, but she could imagine a fairer fortune than that prospect of unquestioned respectability which the widower had it in his power to confer upon her. Had Everett helped her in any way to this discovery ? and how ?

While she sat thinking of these things, the moment was hasting when she should speculate no longer, but take up the old decision and reiterate it in another hearing than her cousin's.

The widower in question, who lived on his handsome place a short distance from the town, had come to spend the Sabbath among the churches, or with Louise, as it might chance ; for he brought his heart

in his hand to her. She was called down from her unlighted chamber to the common reception-room of the house to see him.

And, as they were alone there, and the house was still, the pupils being in their several rooms, and the faculty in their departments, and there was nothing to deter his explicit expression of the object of his visit, he explained to Louise, more fully than he had done before, the extent of his fortune, the domestic arrangements of his place, his own peculiarities of taste and disposition, and frankly came to the point, which all these statements indicated, by placing all he had and was at her disposal. The quietness with which Louise instantly declined the gift, led him to suppose, that from some unaccountable reason, she had misunderstood him; for he had flattered himself into a state of certainty with regard to her, and naturally enough had done so, and therefore he repeated himself, with some very urgent pleading and ill-concealed surprise, and still the same answer was returned.

Then he waxed angry, for his disappointment was great, and he reproached her with trifling, and said that all her conduct had led him to believe that she not only understood the nature of his attentions, but that the attentions, on account of their nature, were agreeable to her.

The cheek of Louise Raymond flushed and paled as she listened to the half-angry, half-entreating words of the widower. She seemed struggling with herself, and nerving herself with an effort to speak, and to speech she came at length :

'You are right,' she said, 'your reproaches are just. I did encourage you; it was my fault, and I will not add to it by denying it; if it is any comfort for you to see me humiliated, look at me. I owe it to you to say that I did understand your attentions. They were very kind in their nature, and delicate in their offering. I could not fail to understand your meaning. I have had a struggle with myself on your account. You shall know it; for I will not have you think me capable of the vanity or wickedness of trifling with you. I know you thought that I would make you a good wife, and I said to myself that I'd do so. My conduct has led you to suppose that such was my intention; I own it. I made way with the objections that arose in my mind on account of the disparity of ages, and the habits of our minds, and it is not these, but a higher objection that now deters me from closing the bargain with you. It would be nothing better than a bargain. I thought, when I thought about it at all, and your attentions compelled me to think, that I respected you so thoroughly, and I was alone and unprotected, and had no prospect but to labor. Would you have been willing to take me, knowing this? — that I was considering myself a marketable thing, Sir!'

Surprised beyond measure at the nature of this rapidly-spoken confession, and not yet knowing how to take it, because of its strangeness, the widower was slow to make reply, and Louise went on :

'Within the last few hours, I have had this kind of iniquity shown up to me by one who knew not how closely his words hit, and nothing can induce me now, since I have been compelled or enabled to see the facts as they are, to do myself or you the injury to enter into an engagement. I have said all I should; as much as I owe to you and to my-

•

self. Do not argue with me about it ; my mind cannot be changed ; and for the rest, I am a reproach to myself for having misled you : forgive me for it.'

There the young girl stood, noble in her truthfulness, before the widower, waiting his forgiveness. Her words had succeeded by this time in bringing him up to a level with herself, and he was equal to her, and to the demand of the moment. He was but an ordinary man, but the exigencies of this occasion made him for the time, according to all his subsequent contemplations on the subject, a rather extraordinary character ; for he said, after a manner of speech that had never escaped him before :

'I can understand you, I think. I can appreciate you, if this admiration, and respect, and love in my heart, which is something different from any thing I have ever felt toward any one before, say any thing in favor of my appreciation ; and in view of these things, and of all that has passed, I say again, but it is as if for the first time, I love you. All things that I have are as trifles compared with the thought of you. I shall be a better and wiser man, and a happy man, if you will take me. Indeed you have made me better and wiser, yes, and happier, already. In many ways I have felt your influence. Think of what I ask again. You asked me if I would be willing to take you in consideration of the confession you made. Do you think I would stop to reflect about it ? I entreat you be kind to me. All that you have said but enhances your worth a thousand-fold in my eyes.'

'I will be kind to you. There, Sir, I give you my hand on it ; I will be too kind to sin against you ; for some day you would see that it was a sin if I gave myself to you with this feeling I have about it.'

She gave him her hand ; the widower took it cordially, in silence.

After that, Louise went back to her room, and lighted her lamp, and tuned her guitar, and read a little, and wrote a little, and went to bed.

And the widower walked away to the public reading-room of the town, and looked over the evening paper, and went to his hotel, and made some calculations. He was a shrewd man of business, cool, calm, and ready to make the best of opportunity, but impetuous where his affections were concerned. He reflected and calculated much that night, and he had all Sunday for deliberation, and therefore must be said to have known quite certainly what he was about. His mind was made up, and he had nothing to perplex him but a little arrangement of detail, and on Monday, when he went to his lawyer's office, that perplexity was over, and without outward fuss or any inward sense of folly, he dictated his will whereby one-half his fortune was settled on Louise Raymond.

After this matter of her conscience was settled, with the strength which results always from the doing of a righteous deed, Louise went on in her humble way of life, and forgot that it had ever entered her heart to imagine that she might some day stand on an equality with her cousins in the matter of worldly fortunes. When such a notion of what she had done as they were capable of receiving, reached her aunt and uncle, and her elder cousins, they were unanimous in the sentence

passed against her oddity and short-sightedness, and wondered in their hearts what sort of a great match Louise could be anticipating, that she should refuse such a capital chance as this. But Everett, when he heard of it, said not a word; he did not quite clearly understand, but he approved in his heart of what she had done — never dreaming that he had helped her soul to the possession of its right.

Young Isham at length entered on the study of the law. There was no necessity of haste in the conduct of his studies, so that his progress was marked by his customary thoroughness and deliberation, and his investigations were conducted in a manner worthy of his broad habits of thought. There was no cramping and no stint allowed. He chose the law because he liked the science of the profession, and had patience to submit to its details. He gave himself diligently to acquirement of mastership in it.

More broadly and deeply his noble character developed with unfolding years. He travelled and saw the world; his mind had continual enrichment. There was no slighting, no wasting of advantages; the same polish of manner and surpassing grace of address that had marked his youth, which was the polish of nature, characterized his manhood; but there was no effeminacy betokened by it. His searching into the things of life was as earnest as ever — as deep and as ungressed of the most of his companions. He formed few friendships, and these, for the most part, were among men of high and severe culture; he took his place among them in the attitude of a student, but was honored in turn by them as a friend.

Meanwhile his sisters had grown old in married life. Neither of them had in any respect varied in the progress of their career, from that which he had indicated as their probable course. But the fulfillments of sad prophecies are not occasions of proud rejoicing in prophetic hearts. It was far otherwise with Isham. In the drawing-room of his lofty and magnificent elder sister, in her circle, exclusive to a point, he felt that there was something like the crying hunger of great poverty; and his eyes saw that the disappointment had fallen and the pride had culminated. In the more gay and brilliantly-filled rooms of Ada, he found that reckless dissipation, that ignorance and absence of all quiet home-life enjoyments, which he had foretold — the whirl of the maze of fashion in its place. He was not often found in either of these places, yet Mrs. La Marque and Mrs. Alexander were proud of him, even while they laughed at what they called his prudery and preaching.

After he had opened his office, and entered on the practice of his profession, he planted himself on that ground, and toiled as became him, and his reputation for learning, eloquence, and wisdom extended year by year. Men of power and discernment knew what Isham's place was, and they always found him faithful in holding it.

There were some great changes in the family shortly after he began to take his position among men. His father and mother both died, while George from abroad had preceded them in the time of his departure.

While Everett was abroad, during the life-time of his parents, Louise Raymond had come to live with the family, to superintend the educa-

tion of the younger sisters ; and on the death of Mrs. Isham, she, in a great measure, filled the mother's place. She was living with them still in that fine old gubernatorial mansion, which preserved the street it stood on within the limits of the habitable world.

Jessie and Clarissa were the names of the young daughters of the house. In person they seemed reproductions of their elder sisters, so close was the resemblance they bore to them. But they had been differently trained ; for from the day of Lucretia's and Ada's marriage, Everett had kept them in his thought continually, and had labored with and for them in ways they would probably never know, or fully appreciate. There was no danger that their lives would be lost. With wise foresight and diligence, Isham had foreseen the dangers to which they would be subjected, and he had provided against the possibility of such a mistake as had befallen his elder sisters ; their sentiments had been purified, their taste and feeling cultivated rightly ; they were prepared to enjoy life, and to estimate it at its worth. The family, in its varied aspects, was one well worth the contemplation of the philosopher and economist ; those two older sisters, with whom the world had had over-much to do, and the two younger, whom the strong hand and unflinching purpose of a loving heart had directed ; so much there run to waste and wholly lost, so much here preserved and brought out again in its undiminished value, to fulfil its best purpose.

Now, when it became needful for Isham to think seriously of the entrance of the girls into society, when the subject pressed upon him, and would admit of no farther delay, in justice to them, for he saw that they were looking forward to the world with longing, and that the delay was but calculated to heighten their estimate of the advantages and delights to be derived therefrom, he considered within himself and began to examine the question once before considered by him — waived now these many years, until it was nearly forgotten — *a wife* ; and as he mused, he recalled his old ideal admiration, and found that now in his ripened manhood, laden with work and growing fame, and the dignities of his position, as he had been, almost to entire forgetfulness of these things, that now in his manhood he was true to the estimate formed in his youth of what his wife should be.

Then he began to look about him for one that should answer to his call ; and she who first responded to his seeking was Clarissa, his youngest sister, so like, yet so unlike the gay and dashing Ada. Point by point he went over this character, which was clear as though ' written with a sun-beam ' to his eyes. There was a hesitancy and a falling short of perfect satisfaction when he had finished tracing the resemblance between her and the ideal woman. She was his sister, and he could think of improvements on this style of being which she beautifully represented — improvements which were not in the work of education, but of the original work of Nature — an intellect of wider reach and firmer grasp, and more mental vivacity. Well, whither now ?

He started when he saw the image which, without an effort, of its own spontaneous impulse, rose from the midst of shadows, and stood before him ; started to see the unanticipated face that answered to his

summons ; started almost in consternation and with incredulity when he recognized the lineaments of Louise !

What ! Louise Raymond, his cousin ! whom he had been in the habit of consulting with such an off-hand confidence and familiarity in the emergencies of his intellectual and spiritual life ? Louise, who had become so near, dear, needful as a friend, that he had never thought of her in any other light ! Louise, who had been so sincere in all her disagreements with him, so cordial in her agreements ! Louise, who was so unpretending in her womanly ways, who found so much to enjoy in the world, but was so careless of its recognitions ! Louise, who was fanciful as a poet, enthusiastic as an artist, warm-hearted and fresh-feeling as a generous, romantic school-girl, yet so wise, so self-forgetful in the conduct of her lofty life, and so exact in the management of her concerns ! Yes, Louise, Louise, whom the girls clung to as she had been a mother, whom they loved, honored, and obeyed. Take her away from the house — he is now contrasting the views — remove her, this swift-thinking, swift-moving, energetic, noiseless, thorough-going woman, this delightful mixture of gayety and thoughtfulness, what would be left in that great mansion ? His sisters and himself. The prospect was wanting in all warm coloring and life-likeness. Was it possible that one being could make itself so felt, so needful, that its departure would work such a change as he saw in all this house if she were gone ? He did not tarry long to question about that. The effect on his mind as he estimated the result of this subtraction, set him rather hurriedly to calculating the chances of success in that which he immediately resolved to attempt.

As if he had been blind all his life, he now thought of Louise in a sort of astonishment. How exactly she corresponded to his ideal ! His imaginary seemed indeed to have drawn all the best features for the portrayal which in late times had been somewhat obscured by the joyous life her presence helped him to live, seemed to have drawn them all from the glory and the beauty of the human. Fancy was dull when compared with fact. His ideal was a bungle ; Nature's real was perfection.

And directly, with the generous enthusiasm of a true lover, he began to impute to her all the good that was within him, all the honor he had won. Unconsciously she had inspired him ; he had only carried out her noble sentiment into appropriate action. He looked at the past, and recollected that he had been wont to pride himself on his early insight and wisdom at a time when, in the nature of things, it was impossible that he should have had any experience of life ; now he was swift to assure his mistaken self that it was the impression derived from her noble character that had led him to place his standard so high. Indebted to her for the formation of his character and the joy of his life, he thought upon Louise.

And now what room, what occasion had he for hope ? He began to consider what the bearing of Louise was toward him — Louise, who was full five years older than he — Louise, the unpretending woman, who had suddenly become so formidable, if she should oppose herself to him ; but he desisted from the effort of calculating chances ; the

task was not an easy one. With an effort of his vigorous will, he arose above doubt and fear, and swung his hope around the truth of her character and the generosity of her heart ; and feeling that success in his suit involved greater and farther-reaching consequences than any ever before entrusted to his pleading, with something of the lofty spirit of the Christian, who commits his most darling hopes to God, and goes without a fear onward in the prosecution of his valorous enterprises, content if the HIGHEST WILL be done, so went Everett Isham from his study, searching for Louise.

And when he found her walking in the garden, he said to her, as he might have said an hour ago, when this purpose of his life-time, of which he had become suddenly intelligently aware, was lying hidden in his heart :

' Louise, why is this September day the sweetest of the year ? '

' It's not to me,' she answered, looking around her on the evidences of the completed summer, and pointing with her foot to the leaves that were fallen upon the walk.

' Why not to you, Louise ? ' asked Everett, looking not at her, but up to the branches of a tree which already was nearly bare of foliage.

' The promise of the spring is better, is n't it ? I am young enough to think so yet.'

' Young enough ! ' He looked at her ; she was really somewhat advanced ! She met his look and smiled without the blushing of a young girl in her teens, and said :

' Yes, young enough ; you believe it, don't you ? '

' Any thing you say I believe. That is giving you a large liberty ; don't abuse it when you have an opportunity. The idea, though, of your growing old ! You like all the stir and activity of spring ; but see the repose of a day like this. See what peace there is in it ! Just listen to those insects.'

' They all say, ' It is finished,' I know, but it makes me sad to hear it.'

' *It is finished* : yes, every thing says that ; the pain and struggle done ; and now the fruition, Louise. It seems to me we may draw an inference from this difference between us ; the relations which the seasons symbolize we may bear to each other. Does not this day say as much ? Think of me, Louise, as you never did before, for a moment. Do you find in me nothing that satisfies you ? — your heart, I mean ? Our task is in a great measure completed. The girls must go into society this winter ; we have something to think of now beside them ; we must have, for they will soon be beyond our responsibilities, though never beyond our love. They are the children of your loving care, as well as mine ; let them continue the children of our loving hearts. I would not have the guardianship suspended by you, and I am certain that while I live, it will not be by me. But, Louise, do not mistake me. Their need may have brought my heart to a knowledge of itself ; a little domestic perplexity may have hastened the exhibition of the whole thing ; but the fact is unaffected by the method of its discovery. I am not the man you would suspect of consulting expediency in this case. If you reject me, I shall never marry, and shall *chaperone* my

sisters as I best can. Whether you reject me or not, it is a proud thing for me to tell you my love. With my whole heart I love you: if there is any thing of this in your heart for me, it is not in you to trifle, Louise!

They were now standing, their slow steps having come to a full pause. He spoke her name at the conclusion of his declaration as it had been a call, and she responded to it — how! in turning from him and walking rapidly away.

And what did Isham do? He stood and watched her: spasmodically, certainly with no real intent to follow her, he started, and advanced a pace or two, and then stood still. As a statue, he stood motionless. He watched her as she went; he saw her going hurriedly down the walk, evidently not thinking whither, out-going her surprise or agitation, and which he could not tell; and he saw her when presently she paused, and turned, and looked at him, and began to retrace her steps, her face all glorious to his eyes with reflections of the workings of the soul within. Then he went to meet her; and, as you say, a complete life stood in the midst of the completed summer. c. c.

THE PRESS: FROM A POEM 'ON THE STOCKS.'

BY L. J. BATES

I.

How oft have scholars of the 'good old time,'
 When the Coliseum was in all its glory,
 Pored over many an antiquated rhyme,
 Legend of eld, romance, tradition hoary,
 Wasting long days deciphering the story
 From worn-out manuscript of worn-out lays,
 Till PLATO swore he 'would be shot' before he
 (Or the same thing in more exalted phrase)
 In scribbling like our school-boys, would consume his days.

II.

It was indeed a very difficult matter
 To write with sticks for pens, and reeds for paper,
 Which is the reason why a certain satire,
 Intended to extinguish HOMER's taper,
 And shroud great HORACE in oblivion's vapor,
 Like TUPPER's poems of more modern years,
 Was never put *intelligibly* in shape, nor
 A charming ode on CLEOPATRA'S ears,
 Of which three lines were really written, it appears.

III.

Beside, when written, there was but one copy
 Even of the labors of the 'bards sublime ;'
 (If 't were so now, where were LONGFELLOW's hobby?
 Or BOURNE's ungainly length of prosy rhyme?)
 And there were kept, an index of the time
 To after ages and more reverent eyes,
 The proudest relics of earth's proudest clime,
 The quenchless lights that fired the Grecian skies,
 And dared the toil of fame and Genius' high emprise !

IV.

Who has not heard how our immortal GLIDDON,
 On opening his forty-seventh mummy,
 Found in its shroud a written packet hidden,
 Purporting to be from an ancient dummy,
 Which was translated by a learned rummy,
 Stating that MOSES, who ne'er wrote amiss,
 What time he proved that magic was all flummy,
 Had just produced the book of Genesis,
 A chapter every month, and few could equal this?

V.

But now, alas for this degenerate age !
 Of rail-roads, telegraphs, and lightning presses,
 When writing verses is the general rage,
 And prosiest authors sport the gaudiest dresses ;
 When every daily boasts of new successes,
 And seedy editors can snub their betters ;
 Frown down the drama, ruin half the lessees,
 Poke musty wit at diplomatic letters,
 And bind the public mind in their own narrow fetters.

VI.

Even country papers ape a stride HOMERIC,
 Laugh at the courts, and thrust their brazen faces,
 With impudence undoubtedly generic,
 Into the very highest, holiest places :
 Crack jokes at kings, foretell how long their race is,
 Judge for the public when the heir apparent
 Will make his *début*, from their consorts' paces ;
 Denounce the spoils of office, seize a share in 't,
 Secure success and power, then wallow like a bear in 't.

VII.

'There is a tide in the affairs of' poets,
 Which happens just now to be 'at its flood,'
 And threatens, unless dyked, to soon o'erflow its
 Protective bounds, and drench the land with mud :
 For all past precedents that long have stood
 The very acme of poetic writers,
 Are under water, at the least a rood,
 And would be more so but for dull back-biters,
 Who stick to HOMER's yarns of old pugnacious fighters.

VIII.

No wonder FAUST was deemed a man of evil,
If sages in his day could read the future;
His art has lately raised the very devil,
Parisian lore delivered to the torture;
And now each printer in his time must nurture
At least a dozen, and perhaps a score,
Till even females, dead to ancient virtue,
Have seized some places, clamoring for more,
But we'll allow that lady devils are not such a bore.

IX.

But 'mid this evil, there is much of good,
A motley group, 't is true, for one to look on,
The press has made religion 'clear as mud,'
Without a doubt for infidels to hook on,
And pounced dark Superstition's ugliest spook on,
As cats do sometimes on a truant spider;
While the 'last legs' that despotism shook on,
Have hardly dared to take a single stride, or
Kick at the meanest democrat who ventures to deride her.

X.

Still this encouragement to authors is
A tax our patience cannot bear much longer:
Witness SMITH's latest, which is partly his,
And is of moon-light, star-light, and old ocean, wronger,
And partly stolen, which is vastly stronger:
Then think of more than fifty other new ones,
And wonder if the world has run to song, or
The press has been surrendered to the blue ones,
Who can't decide, amid so many, which are true ones.

XI.

But lest I tire your patience in beginning,
I only meant to mention how much better,
How free of public and of private sinning
The world has grown, since, like a golden fetter,
Printing has linked the spirit to the letter
Of Virtue's law, and urged the way to Heaven,
(Though these slight drawbacks certainly beset her,)
With such success, the earth to evil given,
From stormy morn descends to clear and starry even.

XII.

So, when the labors of the week are done,
Eve of the day of sweet and holy rest,
The cheerful circle gathers, one by one,
Happy and free, caressing and caressed;
For all these joys our fathers ne'er possessed,
Solemn and sweet thanksgiving songs arise,
Then when the Soul, with gratitude impressed,
Looks up to GOD with veiled and reverent eyes,
Thank HIM the Press is yours, *the best gift of the skies!*

H A R F A N G O N B I R D S .

We love birds. When the first soft days of spring come on in all their gentle sweetness, and woo us with their warmth, and soothe us with their smile, then come the birds. With us do they rejoice that Winter's reign (and snow) is ended. No one of the seasons that come 'to rule the varied year,' abdicates his throne more to his subjects' joy than Winter. While he rules, we lose all respect for the mercury in our thermometer. When we remember how high it stood in our estimation, only a few short months ago, we did not think that it could get so low. We resolve to have nothing more to do with it; for 'there is a point, beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue,' and we conceive that point to be thirty-two degrees above zero, at the very least.

And yet, perhaps, we look upon this season of the year too coldly. It has its joys. The cold without drives us to seek within the pleasant fire-side, social pipe, and jovial friend. And then the snow, so beautiful!—falling down so soft, and with soft down covering the face of earth. There is no more pleasant way of killing time than sleighing. Then, too, the perfect luxury in winter of lying late in bed. To be sure, Thomson indignantly exclaims, (and it is said he wrote this very line in bed):

'Falsely luxurious, will not man awake!'

Why, of course he will! But if he is a sensible man, he will lie awake awhile, and think the matter over, ere he rises. It is pleasant to lie and imagine how cold you will be when you do get up, and know how warm you are just now. There is much of pleasure also in lying looking at the wondrous pictures painted on the windows. There are clouds and castles, trees and towers, forms and features, most fanciful and beautiful. Formed from our breath, they seem our sleeping thoughts and dreams, breathed out and photographed. Certainly Jack Frost is a most pains-taking painter.

But surely enough, when spring and summer, with their greater joys, are come, then it will pay to rise right early. It will even do to take a long walk before breakfast. The air is pregnant with the perfect perfume of a thousand flowers, and leaves, and buds. And then, beside the pleasure of seeing jocund day go through that difficult gymnastic feat described by Shakespeare, of standing 'tip-toe on the misty mountain-tops,' we have a glorious morning concert, to which we have a season-ticket: for

'INNUMEROUS songsters in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves their modulations mix
Mellifluous.'

Such music! It seems the pure out-pourings of the greatest gratitude to Him who made the morn so beautiful, so full of joy and light. It is the expression of most perfect praise, in ecstasy of song. Yes, indeed: we love birds!

'Ah!' says Felix, 'so do I. Wood-cock broiled, on a toast, or deviled : snipe roasted, with a pork talma ; quail, or rail ; yes, we love them all.' And having propounded the original conundrum, 'When will dinner be ready?' he relapses once more to his book and meerschaum.

There is a deal of pleasure, as well as profit, and advantage with amusement, to be derived from studying the habits and the character of birds. Nor is the study burdensome. Of all the lower orders of creation, as they frequent most freely the haunts and homes of men, so they approach us nearest in intelligence. They have their labors and amusements, their conjugal relations, and like us, they build with taste and skill their houses : they have society, moreover, and the opera. In very many things they are our equals, and in some superiors : and what in other animals at best is only instinct, in birds is almost reason.

Among the first returning tourists from the South in spring, are those pleasant little people, the blue-bird, marten, and the wren. They appear to have particular confidence in man. Nor is their confidence misplaced ; for every body hails with joy these harbingers of spring. Their company is peculiarly agreeable, and they seem to know it ; for every year they come again to occupy the boxes, or perchance old hats, which were put up for them, and in them build their nests, and there they live rent-free : yet not exactly so, for they pay us with their notes. Sometimes these little people have a deal of difficulty among themselves about these habitations. The martens come, and find the blue-birds have taken all these places, and there is a fuss directly ; just as when the Browns go to Saratoga and find the Smiths have all the best rooms in the house ; or in town, the Smiths find the Browns occupying the choicest boxes at the opera. After some considerable scolding and twitting upon facts, the martens take possession of a certain portion of the pigeon-cote, and keep it too ; for not a pigeon dare go near them, while the smaller wrens content themselves with some spare corner of the portico, where they forthwith proceed to build their houses, with all the architectural skill derived from their great name-sake, the builder of St. Paul's. There is a spice of waggish deviltry about the wren, somewhat amusing. Often when the blue-bird has left his house, and gone to market, or down-town, the wren peeps in, and finding no one there, proceeds to amuse himself by pulling out the straws and feathers in the nest ; but should perchance the blue-bird come in sight, the wren remembers there is something very interesting going on around the corner of the barn, that demands his instant and immediate attention.

These birds — the blue-bird, marten, and the wren, together with the swallows, (barn and chimney,) and 'the honest robin,' who, as quaint old Walton has it, 'loves mankind, both alive and dead' — are half-domesticated. They love to live near man. The blue-bird and the robin are the only two among them who appear to have paid much attention to the cultivation of their vocal powers. They salute the morning with sweet songs. The wren and other small birds are in the garden, breakfasting on worms, or, as we sometimes express it, 'getting their grub.' The marten, meanwhile, listens to the concert, as a critic, or as one of the audience ; for he sits up in his private box, now and then uttering an approving note, as if of applause. Indeed the marten is

not very musical. Sometimes, in the bosom of his family, when he feels very social, he takes up his pipe, and then essays a song. But he never gets beyond the first few notes of 'Hi Betty Martin,' and then goes off on tip-toe.

But here we have a jolly little fellow, who makes up in sociability for what he lacks in song. The small house-sparrow, or, as he is generally known, the 'chippin'-bird,' comes to our very doors. He hops along the piazza, gathering 'crumbs of comfort' and of bread, and knows that not a soul within the house, not even that 'unfeeling school-boy,' would harm a feather of his tail. He keeps a careful eye, however, on the cat; for he is perfectly aware that she would consider him only a swallow, and he does not like to lose his identity. There is in history a single instance where this bird seems to have forgotten his character, and been a destroyer, rather than, as he is called by boys, a 'sparer.' Every juvenile of five years, who is at all read in the literature of his age, knows the tragic story of the death and burial of cock-robin. That interesting individual was found one morning lying on the ground, with a murderous weapon through his heart, as dead as Julius Cæsar. The horror-stricken birds assembled. A coroner's inquest was holden. The first inquiry was, of course, 'Who killed cock-robin?' There was a momentary silence, and then the sparrow, the last one in the crowd, perhaps, to be suspected, confessed the deed! He then proceeds to state how it was done, and owns he 'did it with his bow and arrow.' It is probably in imitation of the truthful candor of this noble little bird that, once upon a time, a child, afterward the father of his country, was induced to confess, with regard to a mutilated tree, that he 'did it with his little hatchet.'

'Felix! let us go and take a stroll. This is indeed a golden day, in which mere living is a perfect luxury. From the eagle perched upon the top-most cliff, nearest the sky, down to the smallest insect that floats upon the air, all the created world to-day rejoices in the sun. Oh! it is such days as these — so balmy, bright, and beautiful — that bring upon their wings strength to our weak and weary bodies, and to our souls sweet Hope!'

FELIX: 'Well, a — yes; I should think it was a good day to go a — a-fishing.'

By Apollo! Blessed is the man — and thrice blessed the woman — who never tries to be poetical. It is a dangerous experiment. Years ago, when we were but a small boy, we remember walking out one pleasant morning in the spring-time, in our school-boy suit of gray, and a fit of the blues. Returning to the paternal domicile, we put on a standing-collar, took a sheet of paper, and sticking a pen behind each ear, sat down and wrote some lines about the birds, and flowers, and spring, and so on. With modest hesitation, we sent them to the village newspaper. In an unguarded moment, the ill-fated editor of the '*Cockahoopia Gazette and Clarion Note of Freedom*,' published our lines as a — 'POEM!' The very next day, this unfortunate editor failed, ran away, and was never heard of, or from, again. From that time forward, we forswore the muse.

'Caw! caw! caw!' The watch-word and the signal of alarm or

caution among crows ; or else it is the 'dreadful note of preparation,' summoning the lawless legions from the depths of the pine-woods, from yonder hill, from the 'crowner's inquest, sitting on the body of a defunct steed, down by the river-side, from far-off forests, to come and help pull up a field of corn, just beginning to put forth its tender blades. 'All these and more come flocking,' for there's no one around : the scare-crow was blown down last night ; the gun is lent ; the boys have gone to school ; the farmer tumbled off the hay-mow yesterday and broke his leg : and so the crows proceed with the destruction :

——— 'unmoved
With dread of death to flight, or foul retreat.'

The crow and black-bird both are arrant scoundrels. The last indeed renders somewhat of service in the early part of spring ; for, following the furrows of the field, devouring countless worms and grubs, which would be most destructive to the coming crop of corn, all day long he gleans behind the plough, a perfect little Ruth. But when the corn comes, he devotes himself to its destruction with a perfect ruthlessness, and fills his own crop with the farmer's, in less than no time. Perchance, should any one appear upon the premises, he gets upon the fence and whistles very unconcernedly, just as if he had n't been doing any thing. As for that bean-pole, standing in the centre of the field, dressed in old clothes, and bearing some faint resemblance to a returned Californian, ha ! ha ! ha ! What fools men are to think that they can cheat the black-bird ! Why, there are five of them at this moment pulling corn for dear life, to see who shall get through his row the first, who were born, bred, and educated in the very hat of that identical old scare-crow. To be sure, when it was first set up, the birds eyed it with curiosity, perhaps mistrust, but it never entered into their heads that it was intended to resemble a man ; or if it did, it soon became a standing joke with them. And yet old Ginger, going home from the tavern one day, 'across lots,' stopped and asked the returned Californian if he knew 'what time o' da-da-day 't was !' Well, to tell the truth, the scare-crow was very well got up : in fact, while Ginger stood by, it was somewhat difficult to say which was which. They were two perfect Dromios.

Every farmer hates the crow, and, we must acknowledge, he is not a very lovely bird. He has neither beauty nor song ; for his eternal *caw ! caw !* is a note renewed so often as to be at a decided discount. Nor has he civility of manners ; and his ideas concerning private property are extremely vague. Yet, of all the bird-tribe, he is by far the most intelligent. Nor is he an hypocrite. He robs our fields and he 'acknowledges the corn.' Ah ! he is a cunning rascal ! There he sits, on that old tree by the road-side, clothed in a sable suit, and as you go by, looks as demure, as interesting, and melancholy, as a minister with the bronchitis, about to sail for Europe. But should there be a gun in the bottom of the wagon, though it is covered carefully with a bundle of straw, a blanket over that, and a large fat boy sitting on top of all, he knows it is there, and, trusty sentinel, alarms the whole community of crows in the region round about, and away they wing, 'over the

hills and far away.' Caw! caw! caw! You did n't catch him that time. He is very well aware that you intend to kill him — if you can. He just wants to see you do it, that's all!

We had some fun with them one day. It is an old joke. A quantity of corn was soaked in spirit and scattered in the field. By-and-by, a dozen vagrant crows came down, and stationing a 'look-out,' they began to feed. By the time their crops were full, their heads were also, and they were literally 'corned.' Such a spree! They reeled about, ran into and fell over one another, and exhibited a series of ground and lofty tumblings beautiful to behold. In vain did one old crow, the patriarch of the flock, an hundred years of age at least, attempt to reason with the rest. He was the worst one of them all: and afterward the old reprobate tried to sing a bacchanalian song. At last, by some mysterious evolutions, they made out to get up in a tree, and there they sat, cawing and cursing at the corn. There was an after-piece; for the Shanghais happened down that way, and what corn the crows had left, they speedily appropriated. There was a time then! The boys rushed down to drive away the Shanghais, but they were bound not to go home till morning, any how. Altogether, what with the incoherent cawing over-head, the inebriated crowing on the ground, occasionally a tumble-down from off the tree, the crows trying to roost above, and the roosters trying to crow below, there was 'confusion worse confounded.' The next day, our best Shanghai — cock of the walk — died of *delirium tremens*; and his successor,†

—— 'full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.'

We have said that early rising is a good thing, although, we candidly confess, we think late rising is a great deal better: but it is a sermon which has been preached to youth from the time when Solomon so soundly berates the sluggard, and advises him to take pattern from some others, particularly his aunt, and 'be wise,' down to the present day. We think it is 'poor Richard' who perpetrates the rhyming proverb, in which there is more poetry than truth, yet not very much of either:

'EARLY to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.'

How many times we have heard old women utter this proverb as an oracle, we should not like to say. If it be true, it accounts most satisfactorily for the immense quantity of health, wealth, and wisdom disseminated among butchers, milk-men, and market-men, who are notoriously early risers, and who get up in the morning, as the Ethiopian poet so touchingly expresses it, 'before de broke ob day.' It is easy enough to rise with the sun, but we must get up very early indeed if we would rise with the birds.

For long before the sun sees fit to show his face, when the first faint glimmerings of dawn make repetition of response to that ALMIGHTY fiat that first called light into the world, while 'incense-breathing Morn' is putting on her clothes, while we are still sleeping such sleep as the truly virtuous only know, and snoring sonorously, sheet-music by

the quire, the birds have left their nests, have dipped their wings in the refreshing dew, have breakfasted, and now are waiting for the day. And soon the crayon, India-inky landscape turns to a warm and glowing, living painting, and then the birds in every wood and field, and

— ‘on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs, and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.’

Their matin music ended, then begin the labors and amusements of the day. They have enough to do. Perchance they have their house to build, and fields, both far and near, are searched for straws and sticks, and they pick up, here a hair, and there a thread, to weave into the nest. Or else they have a family to cater for; or, if the young are fledged, they must be taught to fly, and learned to find their food: the vagrant boys, who rob bird’s-nests, are pointed out, and the old birds devote themselves to teach the young idea how to — avoid being shot. Then there are calls to make, gossip to interchange, rehearsals to attend, excursions to adjacent counties: and so time flies with birds.

And when the evening comes, they all return from their discursive flights, and seek their homes. Yes, homes! For they all have their ‘local habitation,’ and there are no beings more domestic or home-loving than the birds. Home from their wanderings come our blue-birds, wrens, and martens, and early in the evening every box is taken. The croaker crow, stuffed to repletion, flies to the forest, and, we prophecy, will before morning be obliged to call in the corn-doctor, or die of indigestion. The swallows come in countless crowds, a complete cloud, and after describing sundry circles, dive down in the chimney, a residence that seems to them most suitable. And here are more of them, who, if they neither sow nor reap, most certainly do ‘gather into barns,’ and in the most astounding quantities. The remainder of this tribe, for there are more of them, improbable as it may seem, live, an innumerable throng, up in that old church-tower that appears above the trees. There they dwell in safe security, shielded from the storm, and free from fear of man, or boy, or cat. Who ever saw a cat about a church? We have indeed heard of a church-mouse, and his extraordinary poverty; but a church-cat is unknown in our catechism. The bell alone, at times, disturbs the birds; the bell, now ringing solemnly on Sabbath days, summoning the people to the place of prayer, now tolling sad and sorrowfully for the dead, now making merry marriage-music, anon at midnight sounding out the terrible alarm of conflagration; and then the young alone tremble with fear, and nestle closer beneath the mother’s brooding wings. The old tower is a pleasant dwelling-place for birds. It is cool with shading trees, and all about the church is quiet, calm, and still. Truly there ‘the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young;’ for thus, ages ago, the poet-prophet painted a perfect picture of the peace, the rest, the sacred stillness, and the sweet serenity of the house of God.

‘Too-whit! too-whoo-hoo!’ Who? Why, that is our much-beloved tame owl, Doctor Samuel Johnson, most unmeritedly unnoticed: and now he is looking at us in a seriously solemn manner, yet ‘more in sor-

row than in anger.' To think that, in his very presence, we should write about a lot of confounded, cawing, carrion-crows, and paltry sparrows, and never mention him! Rest in peace on thy perch, O beloved Doctor! for we will yet write your biography.

T O ' K N I C K , '

OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

THAT month i' which we're apt to see
Auld Winter's dyin' struggles,
Is wi' us now to play his round
O' cantraps, tricks, an' juggles:
An' I by the ingle cosie sit,
Despite his fitfu' howlin',
To scratch my thanks to you, 'auld KNICK,'
Amang these lines o' rulin',
This vera day.

A bardie I wi'outen sweets
O' fickle public favor;
I fear my rough rhyme jinklin' thanks
May lack poetic flavor;
But may I ask i' humble lay
A pardon for my ailin' ?
While I acknowledge bashfulness
Has been my grievous failin'
This monie a day.

You puffed a sang o' which my pen
Was guilty o' the makin',
An' my puir heart wi' gratitude
Ga'ed flutterin' an' achin':
But like a cuif I kept my tongue
An' pen baith still thegither,
An' when guid conscience bad me write,
Said I, I'll write some ither
Expected day.

An' still anither compliment
To rhymes o' my invention,
Was passed i' childish silence o'er,
Wi'outen due attention;
An' now at this late hour I come,
Wi' my scant store o' meekness,
To crave forgiveness at your han',
An' shun the traps o' weakness
Each future day.

There're flowers i' Poesy's mazy walks
Distillin' precious ointment,
As weel as thorns o' sharp regret,
An' bitter disappointment:

An' he wha luckless meets a frown,
 His vera life distressin',
 Maun gird him up an' smile it down,
 An' think 't will a' be passin'
 Some ither day.

An' he wha gets a tithe o' praise
 Need na be muckle lifted,
 Nor boast himsel' wi' unco pride,
 Owre eloquent an' gifted:
 There lies a blessed middle road
 Atween extravagances,
 That guards a man frae Fortune's goad,
 An' peace-devourin' fancies,
 Maist every day.

That pride that lifts a man aboon
 Aristocratic classes,
 That gars him feel to wipe his shoon
 On tyrants, priests, an' asses,
 Is na' the feckless fietherin' show
 O' fools i' Fashion's feather;
 But right an' truth that haud him up,
 Through sorrow's bleakest weather,
 I' trouble's day.

To free the min' frae bigot's cant
 Is worth lang days o' strivin',
 An' be at length at common-sense
 An' honesty arrivin':
 A grovelin' warl' is harnessed down
 An' whipt by faction-mongers,
 Till monie a pair but noble soul
 For truth an' freedom hungers,
 Frae day to day.

An' poets wield i' monie a field
 The blades o' mental clamor,
 An' oft i' prate, for church or state,
 Gang murderin' sense an' graminar:
 Then let us pray God's power to stay
 Our gabs frae rants an' brawlin',
 Our hearts and han's frae folly's plans,
 Our pens frae simple scrawlin',
 By night or day.

I'ae thank ye owre an' owre again
 For speakin' unco kindly
 O' what my brain let idly slip,
 Not owre smooth an' finely:
 Sae gi'e's your han', if that ye can,
 By some hook, crook, or ither,
 An' let me here subscribe mysel'
 Your ain pen-stricken brither,
 Till life's last day.

The Complete Susquehanna Angler.

WHEREIN SCHOLIAST DISCOURSETH ON ANCIENT GASTRONOMY.

BY CHARLES A. MUNGER.

PART TWO.

PISCATOR : Marry, an I will see. 'Fore heaven that was a most lovely flash of lightning, blue and jagged; and there comes the big thunder tumbling at its heels. The shower sags to one side of us. I doubt if we get more than a sprinkle from one corner of it. We shall fish in quiet then, and thou shalt talk without fear of a soaking.

SCHOLIAST : Let it rain an it likes; 'tis an old saying that rain makes the hair grow. And now, as the breviary of Augustan manners and Customs was in many particulars a transcript of those of Greece, and as the former are more or less illustrative of the latter, I propose to follow through the *cena Trimalchionis*, as detailed by Petronius, stopping occasionally to explain and enlarge. Becker's Banquet in Gallus is but an abridgement of Petronius, even to the story of the wehr-wolf, and, he having relied upon that author, we may look upon him as a fair exponent. The ostentation of the Roman, however, is not fairly chargeable upon the more refined Greek. We will begin with the guests immediately on reclining. The shoes having been taken off, as was the custom, Egyptian boys poured snow-water on their hands, while others *picked their toe-nails*. Wine was then produced, and directly the first course of the banquet followed. The *promulsis*, *antecena*, or *gustatio*, as it was called by the Romans, consisted of all things deemed provocative of appetite; eggs being an indispensable portion of it. Petronius then says: 'On the promulsidary stood an ass in Corinthian metal, with two panniers containing *olives*, white on one side, black on the other. . . . There were also little salvers in the shape of bridges, on which were laid *dormice*, strewed over with honey and poppy-seed.' These same dormice are still in good repute among modern epicures. Hot *sausages*, on a silver gridiron, followed. Then, from under a wooden hen, *eggs* of the pea-fowl were brought and distributed, which were eaten with spoons of a *pound weight*. With this the first course was removed by a company of singers. Now it must be recollected that the ancients knew nothing of forks. To modern ingenuity are we indebted for that simple, useful, and graceful instrument. Therefore fingers were in constant requisition, and became from their office unctuous, rendering frequent ablutions necessary. The habits of the Orientals of our day are the same in this respect. The water (or in this case of extravagance—the wine) was poured upon the hands, some receptacle for it being placed upon the floor beneath. The ablutions being performed, wine was brought—'Opimian Falernian,' a hundred years old. The vintage under the consulate of Opimius was

much esteemed by the Romans, as it was singularly excellent both in quantity and quality. It is curious to see to what lengths the ancients carried the manufacture of wines. Xenophon says that the ten thousand, in their retreat through Carduchia, found wine in such plenty that it was contained in plastered cisterns. The brands were as numerous as the vineyards. Athenæus enumerates them, giving their peculiar qualities. There was the sweet Falernian, which was made when the *south wind blew through the vineyard*; there was the Rhegian, the Surrentine, Privernian, Formian, Tripoline, Sitine, Tiburnian, Labican, Gaurian, Prænestian, Mæsic, Ulban, Anconian, Buxentine, Veleternean, Calenian, Cæcuban, Fundan, Sabine, Signine, Nomentumian, Spolitumnian, Capuan, Barbine, Cancini, a noble wine resembling the Falernian. There was the Lesbian, of which Alexis sings :

•
‘ALL wise men think
The Lesbian is the nicest wine to drink.’

There was, also, according to Hermippus :

‘MENDRAN wine, such as the gods distil
And sweet Magnesian, cures for every ill;
And Thasian, redolent of mild perfume;
But of them all the most inviting bloom
Mantles above old HOMER’S Chian glass;
That wine doth all its rivals far surpass.
There is a wine which Laprian they call;
Soon as the seals from the rich hog’shead fall,
Violets and roses mix their lovely scent,
And hyacinth, in one rich fragrance blent.’

There was the Corinthian, Naxian, Bibline, Scia ——

PISCATOR : Grameroy, my dear Scholiast, such a raking fire of grape will force me to surrender to Morpheus. And now I bethink me that this morning I did put into my pocket a flask of medicine, which was sold by the ounce in the time of good Queen Bess, a spoonful being considered a dose by Physician, and from its efficacy called *eau de vie*, now better known as brandy, which hath a very strengthening property, and is marvellously good for lubricating the hinges of the tongue. Nay, I have lost it! ’Tis not about here. It hath dropped on my way — perchance when I fell — and that rascally Poeta and unsophisticated Venator shall find it and become inebriated. Alas! that it should be! Prithee speak no more concerning wine, for it maketh my mouth to water, which I hold not to be a good index.

SCHOLIAST : No more then of wine, which I conceive to be no better than a

‘MIXTURE rank of midnight weeds collected,
With HECATE’S ban thrice blasted, thrice infected.’

The wine having been disposed of, a large circular tray was brought in, with the twelve signs of the zodiac around it, upon every one of which the *structor*, whose business it was to arrange the dishes upon the *furculum* or tray, had placed an appropriate dish — on Aries, ram’s-head pies; on Taurus, a piece of roast-beef; on Gemini, kidneys and lamb’s-fry; on Cancer, a crown — the host having been born under that constellation; on Leo, African figs; on Virgo, a young sow’s haslet — a

great favorite among the ancients, consisting of the *vulva* and *sumen* of a young sow which had never given suck ; on Scorpio, a fish of that name ; on Capricorn, a lobster ; on Aquarius, a goose ; on Pisces, two mullets, which were a chief object of Roman epicurism ; on Libra, a pair of scales, in one of which were tarts, in the other *cheese-cakes* ; and in the middle was a green turf with a honey-comb thereon. The cheese-cake was an article of food highly esteemed in the olden time, and therefore deserves more than a passing notice. It was the subject of separate treatises by gastronomers, and was frequently called the '*divine cheese-cake*.' Athenæus, who treats tediously upon all things bearing upon gastronomy, is unusually prolix when he comes to speak of this. He enumerates over thirty different kinds. One he mentions as compounded of cheese, milk, and honey. Those called Upoturides were made thus : 'Put some honey into some milk, pound them, and put them into a vessel, and let them coagulate ; then, if you have some little sieves at hand, put what is in the vessel into them, and let the whey run off ; and when it appears to you to have coagulated thoroughly, then take up the vessel in which it is and transfer it to a silver dish, and the coat or crust will be uppermost.' It does not seem that cheese was a necessary constituent of the cake, as the name would indicate. It took its name, probably, from the fact that the first were compounded from cheese, and that those subsequently made bore a resemblance to the former. But to discuss this matter of cheese-cakes further were to lose the whole centripetal force of my discourse, and therefore I desist. To return. 'Meanwhile,' says Petronius, 'an Egyptian slave carried bread in a silver portable oven, singing at the same time, in a very delicate voice, a song in praise of wine flavored with *lasertium*.' Then 'four fellows came dancing in to the sound of music and took off the upper part of the tray, beneath which, on a second tray, were crammed fowls, a sow's paps, and a hare fitted with wings to resemble Pegasus. There were also four figures of Marsyas, standing at the several corners, spouting a highly-seasoned sauce on some fish, which swam in a very Euripus.' This sauce was probably *Garum*, an *exquisite* liquor, as Pliny calls it, extracted from the blood and the entrails of certain fish macerated in sea-water until putrefaction took place. During all this time musicians were in attendance, striking up at intervals dulcet strains in every mode : the simple Æolian, the varied Asian, the plaintive Lydian, the religious Phrygian, the warlike Dorian, and the convivial Ionic ; all of which may have pleased the ancients well enough, but which would have afforded no more gratification to modern ears than an accordeon and hurdy-gurdy playing different tunes together without any regard to time ; as harmony and time were both as yet unknown. Again the wine began to circle afresh. Acrobats were introduced ; jests and tales went round. A species of representation was performed. Rare and splendid presents were given the guests. These presentations were not infrequently very extravagant. We read that Cleopatra, having met Antony in Cilicia, prepared a royal entertainment for him, in which every dish was golden, inlaid with precious stones, wonderfully chased and embossed ; and the walls were hung with cloths embroidered in gold and purple, all of which she presented

to him, desiring him to sup with her the next day, and to bring his friends and captains with him. The banquet of the day succeeding was more splendid still. To the guests she gave every thing in the banquetting hall, even to the triclinia on which they lay, presenting, at their departure, to the highest palanquins, with slaves for bearers, and to the others horses with golden trappings, and Ethiopian boys to bear torches before them. The buffoneries of the boar and pastry pigs, and of the disembowelling of the second boar, I pass over as illustrative of nothing except ostentation. In consequence of the repeated draughts of wine, the guests became uproarious. A magnificent dessert was then laid, consisting of cakes and fruits, all of which were filled with a saffron liquid, which spirted over the guests upon the slightest touch. Then a course of delicacies was brought forward, followed by drunken buffoneries, which were put an end to by the arrival of thrushes in pastry, stuffed with raisins and nuts, quinces, scollops, and oysters, probably *ostrea cruda*, or, technically speaking, *raws*, closing with (O ye immortal gods! what a dish!) SNAILS. Here the feast breaks up amid dancing women, unruly servants, drunken guests, and stultified host.

The *cena Trimalchionis*, though not given by one of the patrician order, may yet be considered as a fair picture of Roman manners and gastronomy, and much that appears absurd and ostentatious in Trimalchio is confirmed by other authors not to have been uncommon. Their feasts were more notable for extravagance than good taste; and upon them they concentrated all the gastronomic genius and resources of the world. Dishes composed of the brains of five hundred peacocks, or the tongues of five thousand nightingales, could have possessed no other merit than costliness. Perhaps I cannot better sum up the matter than by quoting from the *Physiologie du Gout*, a portion of the chapter entitled *Résurrection de Lucullus*, designed to represent a modern banquet, conducted after the magnificence of the Romans, though the description is highly varnished with French exaggeration:

‘Let us suppose that a man of eminent station and wealth wished to celebrate by a feast, to be at once memorable for its splendor and profusion, some great political or financial event. He would place all the arts under contribution to ornament the banquet-hall, and exhaust all the resources and skill of his house and excellencies of its cellar. He would cause two plays to be represented during this solemn dinner by the best actors, and music to be executed by the most renowned artists, as well vocal as instrumental. He would prepare for *entr’actes*, between dinner and *café*, a ballet, to be danced by all that the opera could furnish of grace and beauty. He would see the evening terminate with a ball, in which two hundred ladies, chosen from among the most beautiful, and four hundred dancers selected from the most elegant, should join; that the side-board should be constantly furnished with the most delicious beverages, hot, fresh, and iced; that toward midnight a well-ordered collation should endue all with renewed vigor; that the servants should be handsome and well clothed, the illumination perfect, and, to forget nothing, that the host should charge himself with sending for and re-conducting of all his guests.’

Bless me! but how our worthy master doth snore! I have heard they do not dream who snore; and they that have quiet consciences and

good digestion do not dream. He is a very honest man, without doubt. Awake, master !

PISCATOR : By my troth ! 't is a most lovely fish ; see how he doth give out the separate colors like the dolphin, whereof you may read in — ha ! I did sleep. Give me thy hand, most learned Scholiast. What a blessed thing is sleep ! it falleth down upon us like blessings showered from the great white throne. Thank God for sleep. But I think, my dear Scholiast, thou wert speaking of feasts and feasting. I pray thee proceed, for thy discourse was delectable ; for he speaketh excellently well who, avoiding all startling ideas and expressions, putteth his auditors at ease, and with honeyed sentences and rounded periods composes their senses into delightful slumber.

SCHOLIAST : After all, we moderns are but little in advance of the ancients in gastronomy. They made it a science ; we, especially Americans, degrade it to a necessity. While we are apt to deride all advancement, they were quick to encourage. Among the Sybarites, if any confectioner or cook invented any peculiar and excellent dish, no other artist was allowed to make it for a year, and he alone was entitled to the profits derived from its manufacture. Such inducements were held out to encourage excellence ; and I doubt if we have an earlier example of a patent-right than this, dating back as it does to about B.C. 520. If we except coffee, tea, chocolate, sugar, potatoes, *maize*, and *pumpkin pies*, there is little to pride ourselves upon. The following lines of Anaxandrides, remarkable for their grace and beauty, throw also much light upon their edibles. Listen, therefore, Piscator, while I sing them :

‘There is a scent of Syrian myrrh,
There is incense, there is spice ;
There are delicate cakes and loaves,
Cakes of meal and polypi,
Tripe, and fat, and sausages,
Soup, and beet, and figs, and peas,
Garlic, various kinds of tunnies,
Pisan, pulse, and toast, and muffins,
Beans, and various kinds of vetches,
Honey, cheese, and cheese-cakes too,
Wheat, and nuts, and barley-groats,
Roasted crabs, and mullets boiled,
Roasted cuttle-fish, boiled turbot,
Frogs, and perch, and mussels too,
Sharks, and roach, and gudgeons too,
Fish from doves and cuckoos named,
Plaice and flounders, shrimps and rays.
Then, beside these dainty fish,
There is many another dish ;
Honey-combs and juicy grapes,
Figs and cheese-cakes, apples, pears,
Cornels, and the red pomegranate,
Poppies, creeping thyme, and parsley,
Peaches, olives, plums, and raisins,
Leeks and onions, cabbages,
Strong-smelling asafoetida,
Fennels, eggs, and lentils cool,
And well-roasted *grasshoppers*,
Cardamuns and sesame,
Ceryces, salt, and limpets firm,
The pinna, and the oyster bright,
The periwinkle and the whelk :

And beside this, a crowd of birds,
Doves, and ducks, and geese, and sparrows,
Thrushes, larks, and jays, and swans,
The pelican, the crane, and stork,
Wag-tails and ousels, tits and finches.' — *Athen. IV.*, 9.

Owls and puppies were also in the *mouaths* of every people. We can easily imagine that from grasshoppers, young sows' haalets, puppies, owls, and assofetida some rare dishes must have been concocted, which, eaten with the *garum* of which I have before spoken, must have been truly delectable. With such dishes, and the recumbent position, the ancient banquet must have been no trifling affair. How the guests could ever struggle through one without slobbering their long beards and bedaubing their cœnatory garments is a marvel to me; but fashion and extreme laziness sanction a great many absurdities and inconveniences. It was customary at the conclusion of Grecian banquets to make libations and sing praises to the gods. Plato, in his Banquet, says: 'Upon this he told me that Socrates reclined himself, and took his supper, and so did the rest, and that they made libations, and sang the praises of the God.' So in Xenophon, after the feast, effusion of wine was made in honor of the gods. The manner in which these libations were performed was, according to Theophrastus, who died B.C. 286, as follows: 'The unmixed wine which is given at a banquet, which they call the pledge-cup, in honor of the Good Deity, they offer in small quantities, as if reminding the guests of its strength, and of the liberality of the god, by the mere taste. And they hand it round when men are already full, in order that there may be as little as possible drunk out of it. And having paid adoration three times, they take it from the table, as if they were entreating of the gods that nothing may be done unbecomingly, and that they may not indulge in immoderate desires for this kind of drink, and that they may derive what is honorable and useful from it.' I give one of the *scolia* sung by the Deipnosophists upon their libations:

'O THOU Tritonian PALLAS! who from heaven above
Look'st with protecting eye
On this holy city and land,
Deign our protectress now to prove,
From loss in war, from dread sedition's band,
And death's untimely blow, thou and thy father, Jove.'

And now for the moral of my discourse. We see gastronomy, as an art, keeps pace with civilization; that it is its concomitant, and that it is subject to no laws of retrogression. We observe that those nations where it is unknown are sunk in savagery. Thus you see what a wide field of investigation our subject opens. It would afford me infinite pleasure to trace the effects of cooks and cookery upon the world, from the earliest ages to the present time; but that is a work only for a philosopher. The ancients did not fail to discover its beneficent influences upon mankind. Athenion, in his *Samothracians*, introduces a cook arguing philosophically about the nature of things and men, saying:

'Cook. Do you not know that cookery has brought
More aids to piety than aught beside?

'Slave. Say by what means.

'Cook. Attend and you shall hear.
The art of cookery drew us gently forth
From that ferocious life when, void of faith,
The Anthropophaginian ate his brother !
To cookery we owe well-ordered states,
Assembling men in dear society.
Wild was the earth, man feasting upon man,
When one of nobler sense and milder heart
First sacrificed an animal ; the flesh
Was sweet, and man then ceased to feed on man !
And something of the rudeness of those times
The priest commemorates ; for to this day
He roasts the victim's entrails without salt.
In those dark times beneath the earth lay hid
The precious salt — that gold of cookery !
But when its particles the palate thrilled,
The source of seasonings, charm of cookery, came.
They served a paunch with rich ingredients stored ;
And tender kid within two covering plates,
Warm melted in the mouth. So art improved.
At length a miracle not yet performed,
They minced the meat, which, rolled in herbage soft,
Nor meat nor herbage seemed, but to the eye,
And to the taste, the counterfeited dish
Mimicked some curious fish ; invention rare !
Thus every dish was seasoned more and more,
Salted, or sour, or sweet, and mingled oft
Oat-meal and honey. To enjoy the meal
Men congregated in the populous towns,
And cities flourished, which we cooks adorned
With all the pleasures of domestic life.

'Slave. Oh ! rare ! where will this end ?

'Cook. To us you owe
The costly sacrifice. We alay the victims,
We pour the free libations, and to us
The gods themselves lend a propitious ear,
And for our special merits scatter blessings
On all the human race ; because from us
And from our art mankind were first induced
To live the life of reason, and the gods
Received due honor.' — *Athen. XIV.*, 81.

But what is this I see ? Poeta and Venator walking arm-in-arm ;
Poeta swinging his hat, and Venator brandishing a bottle. Alas ! they
have taken to drink ; and, hark ! they are singing some rollicking song.

PISCATOR : By my halidom ! it is my own flask which Venator
swingeth.

VENATOR : Huzza ! huzza ! my worthy master ; huzza ! my brave
Scholiast. Truly saith Poeta, we have found the fountain of Hippo-
crene. Drink.

POETA : The maiden fair, with lips so rare, and eye of ebon black-
ness, with witching form, all ripe and warm, can give no rapture like
this. Oh ! the good red wine ! oh ! the blood-red wine ! of life the
very nectar ; without which all were 'neath a pall, and Joy a shivering
spectre. Drink deep, dear friends, for, till it ends, blow winds, come
clouds, storms roar ; with rare old wine we 'll keep sunshine within our
bosom's core.

PISCATOR : You are villainously given to jesting, my scholars, for there
is naught herein. Nay, my dear Scholiast, not so much as a drop ; and
thus, thou seest, though our life be very gentle and quiet, yet we shall

not escape all crosses. Now let us see what great fish there be upon our hooks, for it is near three hours they have been in the water.

VENATOR : So master, I have one as long as your finger !

SCHOLIAST : Master, see ; I have a large one. Nay, I have broken my hook.

PISCATOR : Surely he must have been a strong one to have bitten it off. Marry, Poeta, see what a fine one I have. Catch hold of him.

POETA : Aha ! master, I am hurt.

PISCATOR : HEAVEN forefend ! You have taken the bull-head by the horns. But see what a cloud of dust doth hang over yonder village ; and lo ! there comes the lightning and thunder, lashing and urging on the storm. Let us hence.

VENATOR : Marry, now ! how the rain doth sweep over yonder field ; and, with its drifting columns, it doth look like an advancing army. And now the wind striketh the tree above and maketh its high head to wag. Here comes the blinding rain scudding along. How sharply it lightens, and how quick the hoarse thunder growls after it ! Let us stay under this sheltering oak.

PISCATOR : Nay, good my scholar. Know that lightning doth much incline to strike high objects ; and further down I hope to take a brace of suckers for our supper.

Here we are, and the shower is past. What a blessed thing is rain ; for it hath sobered you, Poeta and Venator, and washed off the dust which I got by our tumble. How gracefully the river bendeth here. We will down upon this craft. Ha ! I have a shiner as long as your second finger.

VENATOR : By my faith ! good master, I envy your luck. But what shall we do with so many fish ? — for we have now three.

PISCATOR : We will bestow this, and that fish of thine upon some poor person. What dost thou with that book, Poeta ?

POETA : Huzza ! my brave comrades. Is this not a bait for a whale ? 't is my pocket Milton. Leviathan himself will nibble at it, and the great sea-serpent dislocate his back-bone to taste it. Ha ! what a glorious bite ! Lo ! the lure is gone. How sayest thou now, Scholiast, will the fishes not sing like thrushes now ?

SCHOLIAST : For a verity, I think they will. See how the dust stoopeth to the surface of the stream ; and list ! I hear the plaintive whip-poor-will calling for her lost mate. The Indians have a legend concerning this bird which I will, when next we go to the angle, repeat to thee, for it is very beautiful.

PISCATOR : I shall be glad to hear it. Now let us go ; for we have a brace and a half of fish, and yonder stands our inn. We will walk under this bank, lest Poeta bring shame upon us — for he is yet quite drunken — and lest pestilent fellows ask us of our luck.

VENATOR : Bless me ! master, some good house-wife hath placed a salt mackerel in the stream to freshen. Let us take it, and prevail upon our worthy host to fry it for our supper.

PISCATOR : 'T is a good thought ; and we will leave some money in its stead. So we shall have two brace, and the half of them shall fur-

nish us a meal. We have had most excellent luck. But I have no change.

VENATOR ; We will return betimes and place some here. Lo ! I have it.

PISCATOR : Now let us throw away these rods. We will enter the back-door of our inn, and change our clothes, and make merry with a bottle of small-beer over our smoking meal.

SCHOLIAST : Oh ! most delectable. How my mouth doth water at the thought of it. When next thou goest to the angle, pray let me be advised, for I have been mightily pleased.

PISCATOR : And now the evening hath come. Let us go in, and we will eat our supper heartily, drink our beer gratefully, pay our bill thankfully, call down blessings on our kind and jovial host, and some other day, with honest and quiet minds, go a-angling.

L I N E S .

— 'ANIMAM ne crede puellis,
Namque est faminea tutior, unda fide.' — PETRON.

FAR from this dull prosaic land,
Many a weary league away,
Stretches a beach of whitest sand,
Spread out by Ocean's mighty hand,
And glittering with his pearly spray.
Scattered thereon in richest store
Are tinted shells of color rare,
And, following on the breakers' roar,
The sea-breeze drifts the foam it bore
In snowy masses through the air.
Along the beach, some near, some far,
Dropped by the wave's returning flow,
Lies many a shattered mast and spar,
Relics of elemental war,
Blackened, as battle's trophies are,
Memorials of distress and woe.
And far to sea, the frothy crest
Of many a rolling breaker glancing,
Shoulders its way above the rest,
As seeking in its earnest quest
To view the shore upon whose breast,
Like charging squadron, 't is advancing.

Nestled beneath a mighty rock,
• (St. ANNE'S Cape the name it bore,)
The 'Faery Isle' escapes the shock
Of billows, and their rage may mock ;
Looking a jewel from the shore,

Heaved from the sea — a shred of land
Scarce larger than a fisher's boat,
A glittering ring of silver sand,
Close plumed with shrubs whose flowers expand,
A many-colored glorious band,
And on the ocean seem to float.
Within the isle a little well

Of purest, freshest crystal sprung,
Whose bubbling column, legends tell,
Opened, before the proper spell,
The glittering road to Faerydom.

A charmed spot: for faery aid,
So mortals said, was often given
To those who by the well had prayed;
And many a loving youth and maid
Their frequent vows together paid

Beside that shrine, as if to HEAVEN.
Oft to the font young EDWARD came,
With murmured prayer for faery favor.
His whispered suit was still the same;
For EMMA's love — no other name
E'er crossed his lip — no other flame
E'er shone beside the love he gave her.

He won the maid; by faery power
Or lover's art I know not, tell not;
Or whether it chanced at vesper hour
On the white sea-beach, or in secret bower,
Or by the faery fountain's shower:

From EDWARD's lip the secret fell not.
The lovers plighted their faith; and who,
If he seeks through earth to its utmost bound,
E'er met a maid but her faith was true,
Or a woman false to her promise found?

One summer eve, as the sun declined,

Hung in the red and glowing West,
'Like a burning thought in a poet's mind,'
Or a passionate lover closely twined

On the blushing curve of his maiden's breast —

Young EDWARD sought the faery well,

And lo! beside its margin stood

A figure like EVE's before she fell,

Or the women of old, whom poets tell

The angels stooped from heaven and wooed.

'The blue of her eye was the hue of the sky,'

Her hair like the streakings of morning light,

As it shoots from the cloud, an airy shroud,

Which veils from the earth the sun-day bright.

Her face was young and wondrous fair,

(A girl she was, or little older,)

But in its rest there was an air

Of power, and something scornful there

There lurked, which daunted the beholder.

And on her brow a shimmering star

Seemed ever and anon to quiver,

As ye see the lights in heaven that are

Stoop from their aerial home afar,

And shine reflected in a river.

Her robe was the finest of silken sheen,
 Its tint was a glancing silvery green,
 And it clung to her figure's swell
 Till her bosom's faintest curve was seen,
 And the curious eye could trace, I ween,
 Her dainty waist as well.
 Oh! it was startling to see her so
 Standing beside the spring,
 And from her presence there seemed to flow
 Something which made the pulses go
 With a chilling feel and a beat more slow,
 And fear on the heart to bring.

She spoke, and her silver voice was clear,
 And low, and sad, though sweet;
 And its murmuring cadence met the ear
 Like the whispered grieving we sometimes hear,
 Made by the wailing sorrowing air,
 Ere the storm begins to beat.
 Her words in their rhythm seemed to swell
 Or die, as the fountain rose and fell.

‘On woman’s love oh! ne’er believe:
 More stable the wave in its flow;
 ‘She will smile and promise, and yet deceive—
 Naught falser on earth below!
 One whose nature is higher than clay,
 (And her bosom began to swell,)
 I who seek thee here to-day,
 If you’ll follow me through this crystal way,
 I’ll love thee long and well.’

And as she ceased, the opening Spring
 Received her in its breast,
 And the faery minstrels seemed to ring
 Their harps, and many a welcome sing,
 Such as might greet the blessed.

He followed not: his steadfast love
 The faery’s charm defied.
 Her beauty failed his heart to move,
 Or only served his faith to prove
 To her, his promised bride.

The faery font is choked and dry,
 Its mistress never seen,
 And EDWARD the island ne’er comes nigh,
 Though he glances oft with a troubled eye
 Toward its foliage green.
 And EMMA: did woman ever fail
 In constancy to man?
 Or is it but a slanderous tale
 Which says that her passion soon grows pale,
 That her love and faith like mists exhale?
 Let him answer the quest who can.

O U R Y O U N G L A D I E S .

THE American Young Lady is *sui generis*. There is nothing like her. In all civilized nations, young ladies are most carefully secluded, watched over, and deprived in a measure of personal liberty. The Spanish duenna is a character known in history, the seclusion of an English school-girl is proverbial, while the French demoiselle is as carefully watched as her sister beyond the Pyrenees. Still less, finding no prototype to our young lady in civilization, can we compare her to a Hottentot, or a savage of any kind; therefore we return to our original starting-point, and pronounce her *sui generis*.

She is like necessity, and 'knows no law.' She is generally dutiful, and obeys her parents, as far as they require, but they do not require very stringent obedience.

On her return home from school, she has her own ideas on the subject of dress, whether she will go into 'society,' or whether she will be quiet and studious at home. Mamma suits herself to either humor. Sometimes mamma keeps about, and has an eye out to windward, but not always. She feels a great respect for Jane's own sagacity and good sense, perfect confidence in her prudence, and if somewhat out of society ways, as American mammas are apt to be, she allows her precious treasure to go to Saratoga with a friend; hears complacently of her flirtations with young Rapid; asks her, when she gets home, if she is 'engaged;' and listens very quietly to the good sense and prudence which characterize the young lady's own opinions of young Rapid's fortune and expectations.

This, of course, is not a fair description of every mamma, or of every young lady, but we all know hundreds of such cases among our most respectable families, and we all know that in no country save our own could the thing happen.

In the Northern States, particularly New-England, the young lady has the mantle of many Puritan grandmothers hanging about her; her face wears over all its innate coquetry a soft veil of reserve; she is a little prudish and distant; her manners are slightly wanting in grace, that sweetest grace of all, affability; she is 'highly intellectual,' reads Goethe; and has, as Hawthorne expresses it, 'an instinct to attend lectures.' Above all, she has a high sense of duty, so long and so rigidly inculcated by her Puritan surroundings that it has almost extinguished (one would think) her natural instincts, did not Nature occasionally assert herself, and prove that

'EVEN in Athens there may be
A sweeter thing than liberty.'

If the Eastern young lady have a fault, it is in being *too good, too learned, and too faultless*. She is very pretty, beautiful, when very young. There are no complexions which compare with the delicate blooms of the sea-coast, or the healthful and brighter cheeks which we find in our Eastern mountain towns. Perhaps a shadow more — what

shall we say — a trifle more fullness of figure would be an improvement, a little relaxing of the muscles, a less stern view of life, would improve the Eastern young lady. When she gets a little advanced in life, she is in terrible danger of growing strong-minded; but we approach the shadowy limits of our subject. We were speaking of *young ladies*.

But as we always want to get out when we have affixed a limit to our meditations, we are irresistibly impelled to contemplate the Eastern young lady when she ceases to be a young lady, and barter her incomparable independence 'for a name and for a ring.' As a wife, she is perfect. No visions of the '*femme incomprise*' rise to trouble the pure serenity of her mind. To her, her husband is the 'rose and the expectancy of the fair state;' and if she live in New-England, she likes to have him write some initial of honor before or after his name. L.L.D. and D.D. fill her with complacency. All her ambition is for him. She is quite content to grow pale and thin under her many domestic cares, thinking always of duty, and of her home and its treasures. If his fortunes lead him to that Western land whose high road is said to be marked with the bones of those who have fallen, 'moving farther on,' she goes heroically, carrying the light heart and ready wit of 'Mary Clavers' along with her. Remembering her New-England thrift, she makes the wilderness blossom as the rose; bears untold hardships without a murmur; preserves her strong and faithful piety through long years, during which she hears not the music of Sabbath bells, save in her dreams; brings up her boys to be sturdy lords of fifty thousand acres of land, and future members of Congress; and her girls to be educated for any position in this country or Europe. We forgive the Eastern young lady such virtues as these, such constancy, and sublime self-denial; such apostles of good as these well-educated and well-principled young women have been in all our great Western land, make their rigidity of muscle, their tendency for lectures, to fade out of the picture, and we see them in all their admirable tints.

If we have chosen to speak of the shadows in the fair portrait, we have also neglected to point out the *high lights*. Not satisfied with doing those things which we ought not to have done, we leave undone those things which we ought to have done. Let us repair the latter error.

Our Eastern young lady reads very good books: she knows Shakespeare well, and his glorious company. As Charles Lamb delightfully says of his sister, 'she has browsed at will upon the fair and wholesome pasturage of old English reading.'

She reads history, and has no shabby amount of science. She knows Latin better than French, although she has read the classics of the latter tongue. Accomplishments (of the lightest character) are not as much cultivated at the North as at the South. She prefers hearing one of Mr. Emerson's lectures read aloud, to the music of the most bewildering waltz — not that she does n't like a dance now and then, but all her profound emotions and sympathies are of the æsthetic. In music, she worships and cultivates the Beethoven and Mendelssohn school. She likes whatever is obscure and dreamy; is profoundly

metaphysical in mind, while remarkably straightforward in practice. She is the flower of a Northern tree, which, though torn up and planted anew, has not changed its growth, but perhaps modified its development.

The Southern young lady springs from a very different source. Her great-grandfather was a cavalier. With his disdain of his inferiors, his showy person and accomplishments, he was not likely to leave as an inheritance to his children the stern virtues or intolerance of the Puritan. His fair descendant has been born graceful and handsome; has learned those accomplishments which tell best in society. She is far more amiable in her manners than the Eastern young lady; and if her knowledge of history is not as good, she has a French epigram at her tongue's end, which is more amusing, and is spoken with infinite grace. She has fine eyes and hair, and a superb person. If she has not the delicate loveliness of the dame of the East, she has more presence; she is more showy, and admired at first sight.

Her manners are perfection; the sunniest smile, the most flattering attention to the speaker, be he ever so dull; the readiest courtesy in the world beams from these daughters of the South. They are great politicians, and their goal is the White-House. If they fail of reaching that, a foreign appointment is the next best. One Southern lady of great beauty and great influence, said she had done every thing to gain a foreign post for her husband *but to kiss the President*, (and if he did not relent then, he certainly was harder than his face, which was a very cast-iron one;) she did not even have to proceed to this disagreeable extent, but got the appointment without.

They are generally fine musicians and good linguists. In short, they are preëminently our women of society. They are said to be somewhat inconstant in love, and to consider themselves doing only a small business when engaged to three men at once. However that may be, the fortunate man who carries off the prize, finds generally that his accomplished bride settles down into an excellent wife and mother, discharging with great propriety the onerous duties of plantation-life.

Let us imagine the horror of an English, a French, and a Spanish mamma, if it should be proposed to them that Lady Geraldine, the fair Matilde, and the dark-eyed Inez, should go travelling about the country alone! take young men to parties, dance with whom they please, conduct their own matrimonial arrangements, and enjoy nearly the liberty which falls to the lot of the elderly and married. The English mamma would quietly retire to her inmost closet, and thank HEAVEN that she is not as this American. The French mamma would shrug her shoulders very significantly; and the Spanish lady would double-lock her daughter's room, and substitute an uglier and more severe duenna than ever.

But should we like to exchange standards of morality with the Spanish or French? No. So far as the results can speak for any system of education, we point with pride to the results of freedom of action. No women command the universal respect, none, we believe, deserve it more than our own.

One course of education, however, they might copy with advantage.

We refer to the English system of a *prolonged youth*. While our girls are figuring at parties, imperfectly educated, to say the least, the English girl is carefully secluded in the school-room, allowed merely to exercise under the protecting shade of the tall ancestral oaks, far from excitement, and glitter, and distraction. She is building a splendid edifice of health and beauty ; she is ripening slowly and well.

At thirty-five, our women do not show well beside English women. Is there not something in our course of life which is wrong ?

Is not our great desire to make our young women enjoy themselves, after all, a weak indulgence to ourselves ? Would it not promote the real happiness of these young people if they led a more secluded and thoughtful life, and did not preface the sterner duties of life with so long a holiday ?

Let us contemplate for a moment that agreeable hybrid, the New-York young lady. She is the embodiment of style ; she shows what can be done for the raw material by cultivation. We doubt if a Spanish woman walks better, if a French woman dresses better, if an English woman can show more accomplishments than the best-trained and most successful specimens of the New-York young lady. Every nation contributes to her many-sided education. Germany comes over to teach her the piano ; Italy tries to make her sing ; France succeeds in making her dance and speak French. The world is drained to furnish her wardrobe. No Cleopatra dissolves her pearls more recklessly ; no more luxurious creature treads the earth than she. But does she *think* much ? We are far from condemning luxuries and amusements ; they come from the same wise HAND which dispenses sorrows and deprivations, but it sometimes seems to us that they divert the mind from its true ends and aims. Our young ladies are hurried on by that vast organization *called society*, and never have time to stop and think.

Does it ever occur to them that they have read of a class of women (not alone those whom Sidney Smith describes in this phrase : ' There lived in France a class of women who violated all the decencies of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers,') who were beautiful, and fashionable, and *intellectual* also ?—women who knew how to talk well, write well ; who were the chosen companions of men of thought and culture.

When we read of Lady Holland and her *coterie* of thinkers, authors, statesmen, and artists, and find this remark : ' That she knew so much of every man's speciality, that she could make him talk better than he ever did before ; that she threw the grace of her feminine intellect over science, poetry, and politics,' does it not make the sphere in which our young ladies are content to move, a narrow one ?

The American women are peculiarly the help-mates of the men ; they receive a prouder homage in the universal respect which awaits them, than is given to any queen on her throne ; therefore, there is a strong additional reason why they should heighten every excellence, and exalt the character to its greatest perfection ; a great nation requires it of them. There is in the heart of man a voice which calls loudly for perfection in *woman*. Did no aspiration within herself teach it, this should lead her upward and onward. But a still, small voice within

her own heart speaks perpetually to HEAVEN. She feels that she should be

‘So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,

that man can turn to her from the degenerate world, and find some suggestion of that better world which is to come.

A. H. D.

T H E L O S T H O P E .

BY MISS LOUISE E. VICKROY.

I.

It is lost, the sweet hope that was mine, till it taught me
To believe that it formed of my being a part;
Till my cheek could but glow, and my eye but take lustre
From the flame it had lit on the hearth of the heart.

II.

‘T was my sun through the day and the star of my night-time;
But alas! when I knew not it suddenly fled,
And its light is no longer a crown for the living,
And, oh! bitterer sorrow! ‘t is not with the dead.

III.

Oh! no; had it died with the voice of a loved one,
Or chilled with some brow in the grave’s gloomy prison,
Some angel of light by the sepulchre door-way
Might kindly point upward and say, ‘It is risen.’

IV.

But now, in the brightness and glory of noon-day
I but feel that some shadow my spirit has crossed,
And at midnight, from dreams of the hope that once cheered me
I awake with the cry on my lips: ‘It is lost!’

V.

Though sometimes, even yet, to my desolate bosom
Its memory, a phantom-like wandering ray,
Comes, sweet as a flower-scent borne by the breezes,
And soft as an echo just dying away;

VI.

Yet ‘t is lost, and more sad than the star-sisters’ grieving
When a Pleiad was missed from the heavenly host,
Is each sister hope’s sigh, by despair over-shadowed,
Since I say of the bright one, ‘T is lost! it is lost!’

S E B A S T O P O L .

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

THE Russian in the North is out,
 His deserts are astir with arms;
 The Calmuck's cheer, the Cossack's shout
 Fill Europe with alarms!
 Their camp-fires blaze from plain to peak,
 Along the Ural mountain-chain;
 From Frozen Ocean, wild and bleak,
 To Volga's cultured plain.
 From the blue Baltic to the Black,
 From village-street and mountain-track
 The Muscovites advance:
 Their brass-drums summon from the tents
 The savage Tartar regiments,
 To arm with gun and lance.

The savage boor that roams the waste
 Of bleak Siberia, hears the blast
 Of the war-horn, and leaves his flock,
 And his rude cabin by the rock,
 To swell the ranks of war:
 The fiery Hulan, grim and tall,
 The sentinel on Moscow's wall
 Haste to the battle, at the call
 Of the imperial Czar!

All round thy walls, Sebastopol,
 From morn to night unceasing roll
 The musketry's fierce fusilade,
 The batteries' thunderous cannonade;
 The mortar's roar, the bursting shell,
 The victor's shout, the dying yell,
 And all those frightful sounds of rage
 When nations in mad fight engage!

And o'er thy walls, Sebastopol,
 The sulphurous smokes of battle roll!
 A hurricane of iron hail
 Sweeps ever in remorseless gale,
 On stony rampart, trench, and fosse —
 'Mid wreathing smoke thy banners toss;
 While round them gleams the dripping blade,
 In the hot storm of escalade:
 Till reeling from the stern turmoil,
 Bleeding and fainting, spent with toil,
 The torn battalions back recoil;
 Too weak to drag with staggering tread,
 From the red field, so thick o'erspread,
 Their wounded comrades and their dead!

Around thy walls, Sebastopol,
 The white tents of the nations gleam:

The Turkish Crescent-flags unroll ;
 The meteor flags of England stream ;
 And Gaul's imperial standards float
 O'er guarded bastion and moat.
 Around thy shores, from decks of fame,
 Dark batteries belch their ghastly flame ;
 Morn, noon is abounded with their smoke,
 And midnight hears the measured stroke
 Of marching hosts, and sees the flash
 Of shells, and trembles at their crash !

Stand firmly, then, all ye that keep
 The leagured fort and battered wall,
 Or the bold Briton soon may leap
 Triumphant o'er them, and the Gaul
 Upon ye in his vengeance fall !
 And the fierce Turk with bloody blade,
 Trample thy ranks, all lowly laid !

New-York, June, 1855.

OUR LITTLE MAN: A SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PEEPS FROM A BELFRY, OR THE PARISH SKETCH-BOOK,' ETC.

'THERE be some persons that will not receive a reward for that for which God accounts himself a debtor; persons that dare trust God with their charity without a witness.'

WALTON'S LIFE OF DONNE.

THOSE lives which are without striking incidents, are nevertheless not less worthy of record. We love to linger, and can find food for musing by the quiet brook, as well as on the margin of the grand and classic river. Each mirrors somewhat of the earth and heaven, from where it starts from nothing, till it empties in the deep, broad sea. So are the tides which bear along the great or lowly; they have their shallows and their whirlpools, and flash about some noted sceneries, as they lave the golden sands of life.

In a certain rural district stands a quaint old parish-church, of no particular style of architecture, but snug and comfortable within. The desk, the pulpit, and the organ-loft are so many high eyries, (a little lower than the angels,) and in the latter I loved to be ensconced when a boy, and look down on the congregation below. Near the chancel is a plain marble slab inscribed to the memory of a late rector, the Rev. Willie Allison, recording the date of his birth and death, and this passage from Holy Writ: 'Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man what God hath prepared for those who love Him.' I was acquainted with him well, and have undertaken to write his life, although there is so little to say about him. However, that little is worth knowing. He came to the parish in his youth, and administered in no other place until he died, and was familiarly alluded to by the worthy people as 'Our little man.' Whether this were only

a title whereby no disrespect was intended, or whether it were a suitable appellation for a scholar and a gentleman, who was no more than the rector of a small country parish, who, according to his demureness and meekness is apt to be considered a mere nobody, it matters not. Almost every modest country parson is known and referred to in like manner. At all events, his name was seldom pronounced. It was: 'What do you think of our little man?' 'And how do you like our little man?' If he preached a discourse with any salient points in it, it would be whispered, as the people moved out: 'Pretty well to-day for our little man.' If it were on angels, lilies of the field, the devil, or any thing out of the way, they would say: 'Our little man is getting fanciful;' or if on erudite topics of theology, far out into the vasty deep, where the horizon seemed to come down and stop their vision; on faith, or regeneration, or any subject which they did not like to hear, they would also remark: 'Our little man has put us all to sleep; we have no faith in faith; he preaches heathen Greek.'

He was not so very *petite* in stature, say about five feet eight. Some persons of the same height, well-proportioned in other respects, would not be considered small men, especially if they held good positions in the church. But he stooped a little, and his neck was short, and he did not loom up very largely, nor look as if he could fight his physical battles well, which indeed his calling would scarce allow, though an occasion might seem to offer; for theological strife waxes so warm now-a-days, that it occasionally invokes the use of carnal weapons, and he who is the tallest and the lustiest stands a better chance among the foe.

Neither was his mental stature so diminutive; for he was well versed in sacred and profane letters, and had a good faculty of applying what he read, both in conversation and in preaching, so as to make it tell well on the point in hand. If his memory were not very good as to dry and abstract facts, it never let them go if they applied to general, well-established principles. Hence his classification was correct and useful; and although the habits of a student, the careful and precise modes in which he arranged his thoughts, made his manner one of slowness, and a trepidation and nervous temper threw him frequently from off his guard, while all this deprived him of the flippant and ready change, of the small and silvery bits of tattle which pass current, 'our little man' would by no means be considered of no account in any real and intellectual society.

His disposition was genial and affectionate, though exceedingly reserved, so mild indeed that it impressed others with an idea that he wanted firmness. Seldom liable to any encroachment, and always on the side of peace, he yet knew how to check impertinence, and put it down with a sudden energy which smacked of the natural spirit which was in him. But he was never known to let the sun go down upon his wrath. Without ambition for the world's applause, not pushing himself according to his merits, he seemed rather to creep along through the sequestered walks which he had chosen, paying his kindly and oft-repeated visits to the poor and afflicted, who acknowledged him as their best friend; and these too spoke of him in the language of affection, as 'our little man.'

His lot was fixed in a charming locality, where sea and land, hill and valley, smooth lawns and gay meadows combined in a landscape to please the eye and invite the wealthy to reside there. They had taken possession of every desirable nook and secluded by-place, which they had laid out in pebbled walks, adorned with trees, and with a profusion of early and late-blooming flowers. A parish church was a *sine qua non* to these Christian people, and without it they would not have been willing to come. They drove to church on pleasant Sunday mornings, and by clubbing altogether, ten or a dozen of them, they were enabled to raise a little salary for their little man, about the same as that of a good coachman. He, however, did not complain on that score.

He used to make his home at the house of a poor widow, of whom he was both temporally and spiritually almost the sole support. She lived in a picturesque little nook, in a house composed of one story and a half, very small indeed, and attached to it was also a small garden. She possessed beside a few acres, in which she pastured her cow, and what she received for the rector's board. These, however, were ample to provide a frugal living, sometimes spiced with dainties, for them both. Seated in tidy estate in the parlor of her domicile, she was a picture of piety and contentment, and her mouth was full of expressions about the goodness and mercies of God. The greatest pleasure and business of her life was in attending to the wants and comforts of the little man, in mending his shirts, darning his stockings, marking his pocket-handkerchiefs, and in seeing to it that his bands and surplice were without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. Quiet heart! How peacefully and serenely were gliding onward the latter days of a life, of which the early part had been overcast and full of trouble.

The pastor's study was a very sanctuary of cosy retirement. It was sheltered in summer from the glare of day by the foliage of two English cherry-trees, and our little man loved to pluck the ripe fruit from the end of the limbs, as he sat in the open window, or watched the robins as they built their nests, or dropped the earth-worms into the wide-agape mouths of their young before his eyes; and when the trees were covered with fragrant blossoms, to listen to the hum of busy bees, who swarmed about their crowns, or bumped their heads against the window-panes. Every morning after breakfast, the widow glided up the cramped and crooked stair-case, broom in hand, into the study, and bustled about with great zeal and with exceeding discrimination. Every particle of dust was swept out of the room and out of doors with a most eager besom, and no stray thread escaped the keen glance of those spectacled eyes. The ink-stand was washed, and not a dot or blot or spatter was suffered to remain on the margin of the black pool; the nibs and points of many pens were also freed from their incrustations, but no open book, no piece of writing, or paper with its precious written thoughts, was touched or disturbed. Mr. Allison was particularly nervous on this point, and the widow knew it. Once and once only the cat had toyed with a text or two of Holy Writ upon a stray leaf, and dragged it beneath the table. It was searched for and found presently. The rector uttered no word of complaint, but he looked sternly, at least the old lady thought so. After the learned tomes of

the Fathers had been dusted with a brush of peacock's feathers, and the snow-white pillow disposed in the inner chamber, and all things set to rights, the hostess quietly disappeared ; so that when the rector returned in a few moments, he could not fail to perceive that he was reinstated in greater comfort, and it looked as if some tidy angel had been present and fanned the little sanctuary with his plume. Once fairly ensconced in his chair among his books, the voice of our little man would scarce be heard from day to day. He came regularly to meals, but ate so frugally that the whole year was to him a Lenten season. On Monday mornings, he took his hat and cane, and wandered off ; on Tuesday, he was quite chirpy and conversational ; but during the rest of the week, demure and silent ; for he worked hard in the composition of sermons. He seemed to indulge in no sort of unmixed recreation ; he took to himself no season of holiday, for the purpose of travelling, during the hot summer months ; he never went a-fishing, and was very abstinent in the pleasures of the tea-table. In short, he acted so prudently and on the negative as to afford small chance for gossip or remark, except in the common-place allusions which were made to 'our little man.' Any knowledge which the people had of him was associated only with the desk or with the pulpit, with a christening or with a funeral, or with some ministerial act. This reserve was at least on the side of safety ; for it is, alas ! too true with respect to the clergy, that any thing like a freedom of genial intercourse, will afford occasion which will be used against them. Even the poor widow who ministered to his little wants, knew little about him, except that he gave no trouble, that he ate nothing, that he was a wonderful preacher, and a dear, good little man.

Whatever his habits were, however, they sprang from the constitution of his mind, and were probably but little modified by his calling. In any position, he would have been subdued and retiring in his demeanor. There was that about him which seemed to indicate that he would never take unto himself a wife. He was too much attached to books and study, and the little sanctuary beneath the widow's eaves, and had few wants and cravings beyond what these might supply. As far as could be discerned, he had no particular yearning for the beauty of woman, notwithstanding the real warmth and tenderness of his nature. As for the fair of his flock, he was singularly precise and formal in his conduct toward them, indulged in no witticism or pleasantry, nor gave the slightest token that he looked on any of them particularly to admire them. The poor widow did not think that there was much probability that he would ever marry. Indeed he had become so much a fixture in her house, and she so much engrossed in taking care of him, that she felt a jealous love, which would have been greatly jarred and worried with the thought. As to her own little stipend, which would be thus diminished and almost brought to naught by such a step, it never once entered her thoughts. There was no imminent danger, nevertheless she sometimes exhorted him with a motherly counsel that a good wife would greatly promote his influence and render him more happy. The little man merely shrugged his shoulders, replied nothing, and the poor woman's heart was set at rest.

One day, as he sat opposite to her in the parlor, he quietly turned down the leaf of a book which he had been reading, and said, 'Mrs. Wadham !'

There was something in the tone of his voice, for him, so startling, that her nerves were shocked, her knitting-needle fell out of her hand, and she dropped a stitch.

'Dear me !' she exclaimed, when she had recovered her self-possession, 'Mr. Allison, how suddenly you spoke. How you frightened me !'

'Did I, my dear friend ? I ask your pardon. It is necessary for me to speak to you about a subject which may involve some change of plans.'

The old lady placed her knitting in her lap, and her heart sank within her. She had no apprehension, however, of what he was actually going to say. She had long dreaded that he would be called away to some more promising field of labor ; for she had often made the remark that such devoted piety, such a Christian walk and temper, and such evangelical, heart-searching sermons as he preached, were worthy of those who could appreciate them more and reward them better. It was this contingency which hung over her head, and alarmed her at this present ; for she looked at him in no other light than as a young angel, with a glory around his brow.

'Then you have received a call from a new parish ?' she inquired sadly, while she eyed him somewhat curiously.

'Nothing of the kind, my dear friend, at least not lately ; I am expecting to remain where I am for the present, God willing.'

'Thank God for that !' said the widow, scarcely concealing her emotion ; 'I should be lost in my old age without my dear pastor, whom the LORD preserve, for the sake of His unworthy servant.'

'Mrs. Wadham, you have sometimes hinted upon the subject, and I have, following up your suggestion, decided that if I ever *marry*, it must be done quickly.'

The old lady was thunder-struck.

'My suggestion !' she half-said, but repressed her words, and, striving to appear cheerful, she wished him great joy.

A few moments after, she went into her own chamber and wept. It was the best kind of selfish feeling ; for her household, as at present arranged, was as peaceful and happy as any thing could be this side the grave.

'Ah !' said she, 'this is a world of changes, but the LORD knows what is best for us all.'

The little man, however, did not give any intimation as to who the person was whom he had in view, neither did any report of his intention become current, so well was his character as a bachelor confirmed. But he was gone every Monday, and no one knew where he went. His hostess always used to suppose that his errands were to visit the sick, to give alms to the poor, and to distribute tracts. And no doubt he took these things in his way. She was sure, however, that it must be a godly woman, although she did not know any one within the compass of fifty miles who was worthy to become the wife of so saintly a man. He had, however, said that if he ever married, the event must occur

soon ; and when a whole year passed away and it did not come about, but she still swept his room, and mended his shirts, and ironed his surplice, and nursed him like a child whenever he had a head-ache or a cold, she supposed that he had changed his mind, and she was right. He would have no other bride but the Church. The whole affair was involved in mystery, and neither she nor any one else seemed to know about the only love adventure of our little man. Whatever it was, it must have formed the one incident of his life. Rooted and grounded in a single spot, his life was like that of a tree which is planted and grows up by some calm and crystal water.

At last, when he had scarcely yet attained his prime, while in the mid career of quiet usefulness, the hand of sharp disease was laid upon him, and on a pleasant Sunday morning he breathed his soul away. A deep, strong feeling was evinced at his death, which had not fully revealed itself while he was living. A true affection is always garnered up in reserve, and never spends itself in loud acclaim, or in the outburst of popular favor. A calm and steady purpose in the way of doing good, will work its way into the esteem and love of men without the aid of brilliant parts, and though it courts no praise, it wins each day a secret approbation. The tears which fall at last upon the good man's icy brow all sparkle with a silent eloquence which brings to genuine worth its first and last and best and only tribute. The keen regret which welled from divers hitherto unknown and hidden sources around the grave of our little man, proved what the people thought of him. The germ of good, however furtively it may be cast abroad, will some time be acknowledged for its pleasant bloom, although it spring up by the mountain-rock, or mix its sweets with those which float above the unbounded wilderness. The desk and pulpit of the village church were draped with black, and to those who came within the hallowed courts, there stole back from beyond the grave some fainting echoes of a voice which had been disregarded.

The poor widow mourned for him as for an only son, but with a grief so silent though corroding, that it did not make appeal to human sympathy. When for the last time she crept up the stair-case, and opened the door of the study more quietly than usual, the cold atmosphere of death met her, and struck to her heart. She went to arrange the chamber, and she performed the task with the same scrupulous neatness as ever, while the occupant lay there with sealed lids. She closed the open volumes and placed them upon the shelves. She examined carefully the text of the Holy Book where it had last been perused, (it was the fourteenth chapter of Saint John's Gospel,) then she ventured to lay her hand upon the scattered papers and the half-finished sermon, and as she put them away, let fall upon them a plentiful shower of tears. Then she proceeded to fold up his clothes, and put them in a bureau, and the few valuable things which he possessed placed under lock and key, as if they had been great treasures. After that, she paused a few moments before retiring, and like the widow of Nain, gave vent to her unmingled grief. It was mid-summer. She went into her garden, and returning in a few moments with a handful of flowers, placed them on the breast of her dear, departed friend ; and having

done so, she felt that her ministrations were ended, and that she was left alone on earth.

On the day after the funeral, she was seen bustling about with more than ordinary energy, sweeping the porch, gathering sticks in the yard, clipping a rose-bush with scissors, and the souls of many people were drawn toward her on account of the *stipend which she had lost*. In the afternoon, she sat down alone at her tidy tea-table; she bowed her head and clasped her hands to say a silent grace; she poured out the fragrant tea from the urn, and placed the cup to her lips; she tasted it, and put it down; she raised it again, but could not drink it, any more than if it had been gall and vinegar. A deadly sickness came over her; she went up-stairs and put her own chamber in order. Looking out of the window, she saw a little girl pass by, and beckoned and called out, 'Martha.' Then she lay down to a sleep, which was soon to be merged in that unbroken rest which remains for the people of God. The clods of the valley were again broken up near the new-made grave of him whom she had called her son, and her funeral rites were performed respectfully; but the great world is not disturbed a moment from its complacency when a poor old lonely creature ceases to be.

Not long since, I passed by the spot where her cottage stood, but it was worse than desolate. The march of improvement is too direct and rapid and gigantic in its strides to turn aside for the sake of poetic sentiment, to have respect for buds and flowers, or to tread even lightly on the affections or feelings of the heart. A detachment of men, as if belonging to some army, with a standard-bearer, had passed along, and staked out the passage as they went. Go in a straight and direct line they would, so surely as the compass pointed directly. They turned aside for no obstacles; they hewed their way through rocks, they filled up valleys, spanned rivers, trespassed on old domains, and cut asunder houses, as if no power on earth stood in their way. And now with a great rolling sound like an earthquake, the steam-cars thunder onward, a dusty multitude is borne along each day with headlong haste, and, for a second of time, if they only knew it, are occupying the very spot where once stood the writing-table, and book-shelves, and secluded study of OUR LITTLE MAN.

W O M A N ' S G L O R Y .

ONE little star in all the sky
Is heralding the coming night;
One tiny gem of silver light
Meets my uplifted eye.

No cloud is hovering near it now,
But lonely on its azure path,
With all the glory that it hath,
It glideth silently and slow.

So, far above earth's stained soil,
Should woman's glory ever beam,
To gild all 'neath its gentle gleam,
Like to an angel's smile.

A PICTURE IN A GILT FRAME.

A RICH man lives in an up-town square,
 Where houses tall at each other stare;
 Where the dust patrician is never stirred
 By the hurrying feet of the vulgar herd;
 Where organ-players are duly fined,
 Their peers reserving the right to 'grind';
 • Where coaches, blazoned with *gules* and *or*,
 Recall the ancestral — provision-store!
 While belles from within them smile or frown,
 As they spy on the side-walk D'ORSAY BROWN;
 Or, in last year's bonnet and outré gown,
 A country cousin, just come to town:
 Where gas-lit parlors at noon-day shine;
 Where aristocracy woos the Nine;
 Where MILTON is voted 'rather fine,'
 And 'DELLA CRUSCA' held 'divine!'
 Where pigs and paupers are put 'in pound';
 Where sanitary laws abound;
 And all, from door-plate to plaided bean,
 Is highly polished and *comme il faut*.
 The rich man's house is of granite gray;
 Plate glass, imported, lets in the day;
 Damask, imported, the day excludes
 From its chambers 'long-drawn' solitudes.
 Stuccoed and carved are its columned halls,
 Frescoed and gilt its lofty walls;
 Paneled with mirrors its sliding doors,
 Rich with mosaics its marble floors.
 The state-room sofas are green and blue,
 Its *fauteuils* brightest of saffron hue;
 And Tyrian curtains, made to order,
 Sweep the Axminster's crimson border;
 For colors strike, and the rich man's eye
 Is pleased with a gay variety.
 There are gorgeous frames in that regal room,
 And mystic groups from within them loom;
 Impalpable, weird, 'neither brute nor human,'
 Nor 'saint nor devil,' nor 'man nor woman';
 But the rich man knoweth their cost in gold,
 When the 'masters' and he alike were 'sold.'
 And there are vases and bronzes too,
 Graceful trifles and vertu;
 And Chinese cabinets, quaint to view,
 And treasures of buhl and or-molu:
 All picked from RIFFRAFF's 'stock extensive,'
 And all exceedingly expensive!
 A library large doth the rich man boast,
 Where, in rows geometric, a motley host
 Of authors — Latin, and Greek, and Spanish,
 German, Italian, French, and Danish,
 Russian, and Swedish, and Portuguese,
 Sanscrit, Chaldaic, and Chinese —
 Establish his claims to consideration
 As a gleaner of polyglot information.
 And when he, in curious mood doth ask:

'If BYRON or SHAKESPEARE wrote COWPER's 'Task;'
'If the tourist, fresh from classic quarters,
E'er met with the Pontiff's wife and daughters;'
'If leather is cheap at Sadler's Wells,'
Or 'if, as he 'takes it,' the Dardanelles,
To visit whom each traveller hankers,
Are hospitable foreign bankers?'
His friends, diverted, wink, and cry :
'A savant's eccentricity!'
The rich man sits in a costly pew,
With scarlet cushions, fine and new,
And opens a gold-clasped Book of Prayer
With self-depreciating air,
As if to say : 'Good people all,
I suffer, too, from the primal fall !
Though my bank-stocks and consols are cent per cent,
And evicting agents secure my rent,
And my ships go forth on every breeze,
I'm a sinner, as *you* are — pray feel at ease !'
Then how do the many nudge and stare,
And whisper : 'Ah ! what a Christian 's there !'
But the good have enemies alway,
And envious detractors say
That the rich man lowliest bends the knee
To the god of his Wall-street liturgy ;
That never Gheber his fires revered,
Nor Moslem his Prophet's sacred beard,
Nor dark-browed heathen of the Nile
His consecrated crocodile ;
Nor Viking his ODIN, terror-fraught,
Nor Hindoo his blood-stained JUGGERNAUT ;
Nor city father his soup and salmon,
As he his glittering idol — Mammon !
And scandal adds that the orphan's moan
Ne'er melts to softness that heart of stone ;
That the widow wan, in her faded weeds,
In vain for her starving offspring pleads ;
That while he basks in the hearth-blaze bright,
He thrusts them forth to the freezing night,
Buttoning his plethoric pocket tight.
But here the pious intercede,
Citing each philanthropic deed,
And grand South-Sea appropriation
For Heathendom's regeneration.
Our rich man is a Coelebs gay,
Eschewing matrimonial sway ;
He feels, and self-applauding, smiles,
(For *he* has baffled their artful wiles !)
That the sex, collectively, great and small,
In low'y cottage or mansion tall,
Are scheming, mercenary, all.
A wife, tall, *ton-ish*, prone to dash,
Might adorn *her* station and *his* calèche ;
But then she might wantonly waste his cash,
And desert him at last for a dark moustache !
Widows, with scores of fascinations,
Have oftentimes scores of poor relations ;
And young, meek maids, so pure and plastic,
Rebound, when wed, like gum-elastic !
That *one*, with brow so purely fair,

'Neath floating tresses of nut-brown hair,
Who sat with him, when the sun was low,
In a rustic door-way, long ago —
He erred when he deemed *her* too mean a mate;
But regrets are idle — 't is now too late.
So lightly he flutters from door to door,
Turns albums, and scrap-books, and 'sketches' o'er,
Sidelong scans, with approving eyes,
Pale blue water and deep-blue skies;
Ruins, with ochre moons to light 'em,
And nondescripts ad infinitum.
That 'sweet thing from Lucia' calls 'so fine,'
Though he does not know it from 'Auld Lang Syne,'
And patiently sits out the battle-pieces,
Though his ear-drum aches when the war-drum ceases:
At ball and *soirée* most polite,
Escorts the belle of the festal night;
Obeys the anxious mother's call,
To wrap close her sweet MATILDA's shawl;
'For the dear girl is really so very slender,
Her form is as frail as her heart is tender.'
Accepts *pensées* wrought by fingers fair,
Purses, and watch-chains, and braids of hair,
(Though ne'er to return the like takes care,
For he fears a 'breach of promise' snare,)
And is smothered in billets-doux and roses,
But never, oh! never once proposes.
And when old age comes creeping slow, *
And gout besieges his swathed-up toe,
How will he, friendless, fret and moan,
As he sits in his gorgeous room alone!
His gold may procure him draughts and pills,
Nurses, persuaded that 'kindness kills';
Doctors, who profit by his ills
With long prescriptions, and longer bills;
But no soft hand, no sweet caress,
To lighten and soothe his loneliness.
How will he lie in the long, long night,
Listening and watching in vague affright
As the wind at his curtained pane comes tapping,
Like some unquiet spirit rapping;
Thinking, the while his heart beats quicker,
That his lamp has a blue unearthly flicker!
How will his forehead with damps be dewed
As the death-watch ticks in the solitude!
As the creaking faint of some distant door
Sounds like a step on the passage floor!
How will he turn on his stately bed,
Vainly adjusting his fevered head,
Tortured with thirst there is naught to slake,
Longing for tardy morn to break;
Which, when it comes, with beam and breeze,
And rosy lines on the dimpling seas,
And smoke-wreaths curling from rustic vales,
And milk-maids poisoning their frothing pails,
And wild-flower scents, and wild birds' singing,
And ploughman's songs, and axe-strokes' ringing,
Brings naught of beauty or joy to him,
As he nurses and curses his aching limb.
And when Nature's debt falls due at last,

And Death, like a bailiff, holds him fast,
And shuts him up till the day of doom
In the rayless prison of the tomb,
None will miss him at board and hearth,
No memories sadden childhood's mirth;
But they 'll raise the marble and carve the line,
And broach 'Poor CÆSUS!' o'er nuts and wine,
And wonder who 'll purchase his *eau de vie*,
And drink to the lucky legatee.

O. F. S.

THOUGHTS OUT-OF-DOORS.

BY NED RAMROD.

BEAUTIFUL, with a surpassing beauty, art thou, Lake C —, encircled in the shaggy arms of that long wilderness which stretches away in primeval luxuriance over hundreds of miles of hill and valley, even to the far shores of blue Ontario. The forests that surround thee are as God made them still. The breeze that stirs thy clear waters carries no taint to the sensitive nostril of the deer upon thy banks. The eagle yet soars above thee with exultant cry, and 'the wild swan spreads his snowy sail' upon thy bosom, even as when the CREATOR first looked upon His work and saw that it was good. The evening and the morning that have visited thee since through the long, long past, have left no trace of their silent passage here. Still falls as in the beginning the luxuriant and ever-changing light upon thy surface, and still echoes the sad music of the wave upon thy shore. Fresh and bright as then, thou tellest no tale of the changes and chances, the life and the death of six thousand years gone by. Thou hast slept peacefully on through all.

But let me not name thy name, virgin lake. Let no whisper go forth of the dwelling-place of thy hidden and unsullied beauty, lest in some sad day of this restless generation thou be delivered over to the horrible lusts of 'summer travel.' Then shall thy musical name, sole memorial of thine Indian lovers, thine 'early loved and lost,' be posted in handbills, hawked in newspapers, and shouted from the tobacco-reeking mouths of lying runners. 'Hotels' shall arise upon thy borders: cockneys, gents, and tourists, gathering hither like locusts, shall inspect thee with eye-glasses, and insult thee with bad rhymes, and carve their dishonorable names upon thy magnificent trees. Pot-hunters and robin-gunsners shall swarm upon thy banks, and 'complete anglers' paddle in thy waters. Instead of the notes of the eagle and the swan, fled away for ever in despair, shall be heard the twaddle of base men and the chatter of silly women; while fast down the insatiable maw of the whole tribe shall pass all thy beautiful and graceful denizens, snared, pot-hunted, and murdered, in season and out of season — the trout that

leaps in thy waters, the deer that couches by thy moss-covered springs, and the partridge that whirrs and drums in thy primeval woods. Thou shalt become a lost lake, a very *Perdita* among lakes. Be not the first sin upon my conscience.

There could be no more agreeable transition at the close of a long summer's day, than from the rattle of the railway and the jolting of the wagon to the skiff that is to carry us to the head of the lake. The sun is just setting in a flood of light, that throws an almost unearthly radiance over the wild and silent beauty of the wilderness. We have yet seven miles before us, well-nigh a two-hours' row for our sturdy woodsman, albeit he pulls with the strength and grace of a young blood-horse. To row handsomely and well, by the way, is a rare accomplishment, almost as rare as a good bow. And there is a character in that, to the observant eye, which the dancing-master can neither give nor take away. Another still rarer gift possesses our friend — that of silence. Never word speaks he to break the reverie born of this delicious night. And so, reclining in the stern, and steering the boat on her devious pathway through marvellous regions of light and shadow, even as the last rays of the setting sun fade away, and the tremulous light of one star after another falls upon the water, fades away also the memory of the whirl and roar of the busy world behind, and of all those 'cares that infest the day,' before the better thoughts and more sacred feelings that steal upon the soul. We are too old to be sentimental; but there is something soothing and purifying, even to the worst nature, in the beauty and the silence of such a night among the mountains. The heart breathes freer as well as the lungs, and the poor vanities and vexations of life drop into the back-ground, and are for a while forgotten. And 'while we are thus musing the fire kindleth,' and the moon, the round clear, glorious, full moon, comes up from among the hills. 'Shield of an unfallen archangel!' What a radiance it scatters upon tree, rock, and mountain! Seen through the leaves it is like 'glory's morning gate.' And as it rises higher and higher in the heavens, a bridge of light falls across the lake from shore to shore. Can this be the same pale glimmering moon that shines upon the crowded city? Manifestly not. No astronomy can establish such an absurdity. This is the moon of the wilderness; light of the poet and the hunter; the token and the sentinel of the better world beyond.

But the seven miles have drifted away behind us, and the light of the camp-fire is in sight. A merry voice, and a musical withal, floats over the water, and with it, putting all reverie to flight, comes the fragrance of coffee. By the beard of the Prophet! coffee that is coffee! Rich, and strong enough to carry you away in imagination across the sea, where, amid mosque and minaret, muezzin is calling the turbaned faithful to prayer. A moment more and we are by the fire before the shanty, in the midst of friends well met; men of mark and pith, gentlemen all, free of that ancient order of nobility fast dying out in this Young American world. But what shall I say of thee, lady, love-star here, whose poet's heart and painter's eye have brought thee hither to find an enjoyment in the solitude of nature which all the flattery and worship of the gayest halls have failed to give? What a charm has

thy high-born courtesy and thorough breeding thrown upon the camp even to the rude huntsmen around the fire! One shall look in vain in many a saloon where gas-light falls upon diamonds for the simple and dignified politeness that pervades this log-cabin in the forest. And not alone in the elegancies of life dost thou excel. That small hand — marvel of slender grace! — can handle the oar, aye, an' by 'r Lady! the Manton if need be, with no common skill, while in the art and mystery of the hunting craft, and the thorough game spirit that belongs to it, thou wouldst put many a carpet-knight to the blush.

Oh! well mightst thou have lived and been
The heroine of song and story,
In those old days when gallant men
Trod by Love's light the path of glory.

Verily, 'God made food and the devil made cooks.' What can surpass the flavor of these venison steaks and fresh trout broiled on the coals by the huntsmen, and undisguised by any of the trickery of the *cuisine*? Fragrant exceedingly, likewise, is the taste of the 'Mumm's Imperial,' and the ancient Port maketh glad the heart. Eat and drink, O dyspeptic! and fear not. There is health in every morsel, and renovation in every drop. And so with many a good tale well told, and good point well put, with rare jest and hearty laugh, steal away the hours. It is late ere, leaving the rude but hospitable board, we seek our hammocks, slung outside among the trees.

Gods! what a night! never made for sleep. His must be a tame heart that can resist the influence of the marvellous beauty that the moon, now high in heaven, has thrown over wilderness and water. There is a new and strange exhilaration in all that reaches the senses. The clearness and freshness of the air, the perfume of the woods, the many musical tones that mingle in Nature's evening hymn. We shall long court slumber in vain, swinging under the moving branches.

And now comes across the lake the long and loud hallo-o-o! the evening salutation of that prince of hearty roysterers, the loon. Hallo-o-o! again. What a voice! clear as the note of a bell, ringing away over the water and through the forest, waking a thousand echoes, and silencing for very shame all the night-walkers of the woods. Exulting, exuberant! even like the famous cock, Beneventano. Gloria in Excelsis! Never despair! Hide thy diminished heads, Grisi and Mario, before the Casta Diva wherewith this fellow saluteth the moon. Loon, thou rejoicest my heart! Such a note anywhere in this work-day world is refreshing. Whence hast thou that wonderful strength and tip-top condition of heart and lung? What panacea, what Indian vegetable elixir dost thou possess? Propound. Certify. Tell us thy '*system*,' thy '*ology*.' Thine must be a merry life. Hast ever a care? Hadst ever the heart-ache, loon? Hast ever 'loved with a love that was more than love,' some bright spirit that recked little for thee? Didst ever play the *un qui aime* to some fair *une qui se laisse aimer* whereof Voltaire discourseth — in all things infidel! Verily there is the soul of heart-whole laughter in the ring of thy reply: 'Not such a loon as that, i' faith. He was a far-away cousin of mine, town-bred.' But,

talking of ladies, allow me, my dear fellow, to suggest that this little chat of ours, though wonderfully pleasant, is doubtless keeping our gentle friend awake. There shall be dullness of bright eyes on our conscience to-morrow. Would a seat a few miles further down the lake suit your convenience as well? Presto! Upon the hint, he is gone. With a bend of his well-set head that would have become the Bayard, he is off across the water, and we shall hear his last good-night presently full six miles away. Good-night to you, old fellow, and joy be with you! Well hast thou illustrated that rare point of courtesy that taught thee, finding thyself *de trop*, to 'stand not upon the order of thy going, but go at once.' May the patent-leather step of the cockney that would harm thee (if he could) be guided by a kind PROVIDENCE elsewhere for ever!

The night is now far spent. The unwonted exhilaration produced by the scene subsides, and sleep, even like the sleep of an infant, comes at last.

L I N E S .

YEARS shall be thine, O man!
 Of life, long years
 For thee shall lengthen out, until life nears
 Its longest span.
 Wealth shall be thine, O man!
 Uncounted gold!
 The sum of every wish, an hundred fold,
 Crown every plan.
 And power and kingly might:
 On bended knee,
 Shall millions of thy fellows bow to thee,
 And hold it right.
 All depths of human lore,
 All man may know
 Of skies above him, or of earth below,
 Thou shalt explore.
 Of love, the dearest dream
 That ever lent
 Possession rapture, in its ravishment,
 For thee shall seem.
 All shall be thine, O man!
 And thou shalt sound,
 Of human joy and woe, all depths profound
 That human can.
 But gold nor kingly power
 For thee shall save;
 Nor love's sweet dream, nor learning, from the grave,
 Of life, one hour.

Awake! imperial form!
 Ere thou art lain,
 With common clay, in common earth again,
 Food for the worm.

Awake! and view thy pall,
Thy grave-yard gear,
The hollow pageantry that mocks thy bier,
And speaks thy fall;
Late seated high on throne
Of royal state,
The elements themselves appeared to wait
On thee alone,
And smiling Fortune all
Her plenty poured.
Of God the chosen, and of man the lord,
Thyself didst call.
Far stretched o'er sea and land,
Thy sceptred away,
Thy will the law, and death to disobey
Thy least command.
The meanest living thing
Might look with scorn
Upon thee now, of all thine honors shorn.
No more a king,
But lower than the least
That feared thy frown;
And, in creation's scale, descended down
Below the beast.

'Ho! living kings on thrones!'
Not this dead king's,
But the clear voice of human Freedom rings
In clarion tones.
'Ho! kings upon your thrones!
What streams must flow
Of human gore, what heaps on heaps must grow
Of human bones;
What countless thousands slain
Sleep their last sleep;
Strew the red plain, or whiten in the deep,
That ye may reign?
What gallant armies down
Into the grave
Must sink, the pathway to a throne to pave,
Or hold a crown
Upon one kingly head?
Not all the crew
Of shipwreck, famine, pestilence, with you
Can number dead!

'Dead! that in battle shed
Boon, their brave blood,
And fighting fell, like heroes, where they stood.
For you they bled;
Allured by kingly craft,
Whose hateful arts
Called country's sacred name to fire their hearts.
Ye gazed and laughed,
They died to rivet chains
With which ye bind
Your fellows, and establish o'er mankind
Your gloomy reigns.

'Dead! deep in dungeons down,
Condemned to rot,

In solitude and darkness, and for what?
 Thought ye to drown
 The voice of LIBERTY
 With prison walls?
 Loud from her living tomb to HEAVEN she calls.
 The Heavens reply,
 And thunder back your doom,
 And kings grow pale;
 For unseen hands are lifting up the veil
 That hides their tomb.

'Dead! by the bowl and cord!
 By steel and stake!
 Dead! by all tortures with which tyrants wreak
 Their vengeance; poured
 On each devoted head
 That dares assert
 The rights of man, to raise him from the dirt,
 That he may tread,
 As erst primeval wood
 Free ADAM trod,
 Not bowed and bent, but upright, as his God
 Meant that he should.

'And nations dead! that live
 As live the brutes,
 Which have no mind, nor human attributes
 That mind can give.
 These have, and use them not,
 But basely bear
 Their brutish bondage: born such chains to wear,
 They deem their lot
 To be the one ordained
 By Nature's law.
 These are more free, but these they never saw;
 Nor have they gained
 Of human progress aught.
 The tyrant knows
 Such gain signals his downfall, and he throws
 Fetters on thought;
 And every knowledge-way
 And source of light
 He closes up. The despot loves the night,
 And dreads the day.
 But higher laws are made
 Than he can make:
 He bids the nations sleep: who bids them wake
 Will be obeyed.
 With multitudes is might,
 Not with the few;
 With them the fatal lesson, taught by you,
 That 'might makes right.'
 And still my day-star burns:
 Hope of the free,
 To tyrants death, to subjects liberty,
 Where'er it turns.'

AN ANTI-PROHIBITION EPIGRAM.

NEAL DOW of Maine's a mighty man,
 He puts down liquor when he can;
 He gets the sogers for to shoot
 Their guns at rum-destroying people, •
 And brings all Portland out to boot,
 By ringing fire-bells in the steeple;
 And by the smoke, and balls, and row,
 He shows he is NEAL DOW-de-dow!

C. S. F.

New York, June, 1855.

O N W A T E R .

BY PROFESSOR JAMES J. MAPES, EDITOR OF 'THE WORKING FARMER.'

THIS element might well have been selected by the Divine writers as the emblem of natural truth, pervading all things, embracing all things, receiving and conveying all things, the attorney and actor in all of Nature's laws. The ultimates of water, and water itself, have been the great agents in the earth's configuration and progress. Its constituents are to be seen in every known substance as found by men and animals. No growth, decay, or combustion can proceed without them; no life can continue in their absence; no atmosphere can be respired which does not contain them; and when combined as water they possess new functions, with extended if not universal usefulness.

To the farmer of all others, a full knowledge of the constituents of water, and the part they play in Nature's laboratory, is most important. In their individual character they are known as oxygen and hydrogen, two gases colorless and inodorous. Our atmosphere is largely composed of oxygen. The chief ingredient of plants, carbon, is dissolved in oxygen by the various changes or decay, combustion, etc., forming carbonic acid, and in that form, and that only, can carbon be appropriated by plants, thus forming ninety per cent or more of their dry weight. All the other constituents of plants have oxygen in their composition, for all the elements found in the ashes of plants are oxyds. No plant could exist or form without them, and therefore animal life is due to them, and is sustained by the elements of water as a chief agent of its continuance. All the rocks are oxyds, and therefore all the soils, for they are the debris of the rocks. Hydrogen, the other constituent of water, is scarcely less important than oxygen, and when the two are combined as water, then new functions arise not common to the ultimates in their separate character as such, which are still more recognizable as the mundane agent of God; for like the

coalescence of two thoughts giving birth necessarily to a third, so the coalescence of these two gases forms a fluid, which for all time, and every second of time, is active in the performance of some new duty, giving birth to some new combination from which arise new functions, and thus the whole of Nature's laws in their combination and permutation, work out by the presence of water and its constituent functions, all those realizations which go to establish the results necessary for the happiness of man.

Water is Nature's motor. By it the rocks and soils are moved during floods like feathers in a whirlwind, and thus was the mixing of soils brought about to fit the earth for the use of man. By its means we have an horizon, for none could exist without it.

Water forms, pervades, and cleanses the atmosphere, fertilizes the earth, and furnishes more recognizable means of life to plants, animals, and man.

Trace water through Nature, and see the many functions it performs, which man knows only from observation, and could not know by thought alone, besides the thousands of functions, the *modus operandi* of which is beyond his power to observe, and the thousands of results which neither his observation nor thought can at all conceive; nor could the laws of Nature continue their progressive acts without this new compound.

Who can tell why oxygen and hydrogen combine to form water? Where and when do they combine? When and where is water decomposed? Why is its mean bulk at forty degrees of heat, and why does it swell with uncontrollable force, entirely beyond the strength of any known material to withstand, when you cool it below or heat it above forty degrees?

If it were not for this exception of water, how could the rocks ever have been disintegrated to form soil? If such exception did not exist, why then, as water on the ocean's surface would part with its heat and become ice, or cool below forty degrees, it would sink and give place to warmer particles from below, until in the course of a single day our ocean would become ice. If it were not for this exception to general law, the water pervading each molecule of every plant and animal, would cease to lubricate them, and they would cease to grow; and were it not for the powers of water as a solvent, which powers are not common to its constituents, all progression in change of configuration in vegetable and animal life would cease — the very clouds themselves would pass away, and the earth would become a void.

Water pervades all soils and rocks, and is capable of carrying from particle to particle, without increase of its own bulk, every substance which may be dissolved in it, while others are mechanically received by it without increasing its bulk. Of many of the gases, water will receive several times its own bulk; thus carbonic acid, resulting from the decay of organisms, is received by water and carried to such other parts of progressive nature, as require its sustenance. It receives and gives up such gases without any change of its own composition, leaving its quality as water unabridged. It pervades the hardest rock and every soil. No chemical change can go on without it or its constituents.

The formation of every proximate in nature is assisted by its presence, and no proximate or product used in the arts, remains of value or can retain its figure, quality, or properties, when excluded from the effect of water either as pervading atmosphere or pervading the mass.

The last effort of inert materials before losing their structure, is to part with water; thus decaying paper in its last stages loses its water, becomes brittle, and all the laws governing the cohesion of its particles seem to be suspended when it divides into its ultimates for reappropriation.

Even the hardest minerals owe their qualities to water. Combined with pure charcoal, it forms the hardest known substance, the diamond, which, without its water of crystallization, would be but carbon.

In the atmosphere it exists past the observance of man; for in the dryest, hottest day of summer, it is there held in large but not observable quantities. The whole fifty miles of atmosphere is pervaded by it, and cold substances presented to the sun-beam condense and segregate from the atmosphere drops of water, and when thus dilute through all the space in direct contact with the surfaces of the sphere, still has the power of receiving and retaining in its invisible condition, all the exhalations of the earth's surface arising from the decay of men, animals, plants, and food, returning to the earth in the form of rains and dews, and re-depositing these for reappropriation.

The gases vomited forth from the chimneys of our large cities, are all restored for reassimilation by the next falling dew, leaving the atmosphere cleansed for the use of man. From the stomach of the greatest animal to the ultimate of the finest feather, from the roaring cataract to the eye of the most minute insect, all are sustained in being by the functions of water and its ultimates. So general are its properties, that it is called an element. To it is due the color of every flower, and the life of every living thing. In its various forms it composes in part every substance. As clouds it saves us from the scorching sun. During its evaporation and consequent enlargement, it receives and renders latent all excessive heat. It pervades every configuration and cools the fevered lip of the invalid, giving back this very heat in colder localities by being condensed, and thus maintains the equilibrium of nature. In the ocean it receives the cleansing of continents, brings ultimate in contact with ultimate, causing new creations, new life, supplying conditions for their continuance, and in various forms restores again to continents their lost treasures. It is to all nature what the physical heart of man is to his body, carrying with it God's wisdom, active at every pulsation, until all nature in her gladness smiles from its effects.

With these facts before us, we can no longer doubt the necessity of so preparing soils by deep and thorough disintegration, as to present cold surfaces to the atmosphere pervading soils, and thus securing at all times, even during the severest drouth, the presence of water; for while we sleep this great lubricator will perform the most kindly offices for our growing crops. The peculiar refractive powers of water on light, and the part it plays as an assistant to the effects of solar heat, will be treated of in a separate paper.

THE MAGELLANIC CLOUDS.

BY J. SWETE.

I.

OUR lone ship points her arms of white
Up to the worlds of starry light,
Which sparkle on the brow of Night.

II.

To Heaven's broad dome I turn my eye,
The Southern Cross suspended high,
Blazes in glory on the sky !

III.

In that grand star-set Cross we trace,
Inwrought upon the depths of space,
An emblem of redeeming grace.

IV.

Where the deep ocean-skies expand,
Stretches the galaxy's bright band,
A silver reef on unknown strand.

V.

The Magellanic Clouds arise,
Mist-islands on the Southern skies,
White cloud-wreaths to the gazing eyes.

VI.

And one dark cloud seems like a door,
An opening through the heaven's bright floor,
Upon the boundless chaos-shore.

VII.

The stars that round its portals stand,
Are watch-towers of that unknown land,
Where circling suns in space expand.

VIII.

Half would the fettered spirit die,
And to yon distant opening fly,
To gaze on heaven with undimmed eye :

IX.

Leaving its prison-house of clay,
It fain would rend the veil away,
To bask in one eternal day.

The Two Sisters: or, Love and Pride.

A TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'STORIES OF GENERAL WARREN'

It was a beautiful spring morning when a happy family might have been seen assembled in the porch of their dwelling, situated on a small peninsula jutting into the ocean. A noble orchard, planted by the hands of its much-respected owner, formed that combination of country and sea-side with which it is so rare to meet. The air was soft, and wafted the sweet perfume of the apple-blossom around the circle at the door, and it seemed as though naught could or ought to disturb the tranquillity of the scene.

'Can it be true, dear mother, that French soldiers are actually coming to take possession of our quiet home?' was the sudden exclamation of a beautiful young girl who formed one of this group, as, shaking back her auburn curls, which clustered round her fair high forehead, she gave a glance at the anxious gaze of her mother, whose eyes were fixed on the broad expanse of ocean which was spread out before her, and on which could be discerned vessels bearing the gay flags of a nation whose emblems they had until now ever beheld with pleasure.

'No, my daughter,' was the gentle but sad reply; 'the French are not coming to take possession of our home, but to be for a time our guests, that they may aid in protecting us from the oppression of those whose first desire and duty should have been to guard those rights which they have recently with so much injustice invaded. We must make every effort that may conduce to the comfort of our foreign friends; and although our domestic happiness may be somewhat disturbed during their residence within our household, yet it will, I trust, be made more permanent for the future.'

The family circle to which we have thus introduced our readers, consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Collins and their two daughters. Margaret, the elder, possessed an almost masculine character, having an uncommon degree of self-reliance, and a power of self-command which was equal to any emergency. In this respect she differed from her sister Adeline, whose abrupt question had just interrupted the silence of the thoughtful party. The latter united with a highly cultivated mind a loveliness of person which greatly surpassed that of her sister.

Her character was of a gentle and reserved nature, resembling the beautiful sensitive plant, which retires within itself at the slightest collision with an unfamiliar object. It is not surprising, then, that she was distressed at the thought that strangers were coming to reside under her immediate roof, especially when those strangers were not only military men but foreigners. Her father, fearing that his house would indeed be no place for delicate females, urged his wife and daughters to

remove into the interior of the State. But they at once refused their consent to any such arrangement, as they felt that all their hospitality was requisite for these generous foreigners, who had left their own happy fire-sides to protect the homes of a distant land. That the facility of intercourse might be made more agreeable between himself and his expected guests, Mr. Collins, although advanced in years, having arrived at the age of three-score, studied, and ere long was enabled to converse with ease in their own language, which was far from being at that time, as it is now in this country, a familiar branch of education.

As the day approached on which the French officers were to take up their abode in this quiet mansion, Adeline was finally persuaded to visit some friends in the beautiful city of Philadelphia. In that city, so celebrated for its hospitality, she was at once thrown into the society of the refined and cultivated, and among them was one who seemed particularly interested in the retiring and gentle manners of Adeline, and in whose affection and kindness she in a short time found almost the fondness of a beloved parent. This was the wife of General Mifflin, so well known as one of the heroes of the Revolution. By his eloquence in animating the militia, and his strenuous exertions in some of the darkest moments of our struggle for liberty, he did much in causing its glorious result.

Situated thus pleasantly, Adeline would have experienced much enjoyment if her mind could have felt at ease with regard to the friends she had left. She, however, gathered from the letters she received that the society of their foreign guests had proved far more agreeable than could have been anticipated. Like true Frenchmen, though earnestly anxious to exert their utmost efforts in the cause they came to support, yet they were never forgetful of the duties of politeness, and endeavored in every way to lighten the burden which they felt their presence must be to those on whom they were quartered.

One little incident occurred soon after Adeline's departure from her home which, although of a private character, gave her many sad reflections ; for in it was a striking development of the marked traits of her sister's character. Edward Mordaunt, the son of a respectable although not wealthy neighboring farmer, had been the constant companion from infancy of Margaret Collins. The games of childhood had changed into pursuits more in accordance with their riper years, and the love for the same studies had thrown them more and more constantly together. Great was the surprise of Margaret's friends, therefore, when it was known that in these troubled times, Edward, who was much beloved for his manly and sterling traits of character, had taken this opportunity to offer his heart and hand to that friend whose slightest wish had ever been considered by him of paramount importance to that of all others, and had been refused. When it was also understood that poor Edward after his disappointment had at once left his home and chosen a life upon the ocean as his profession, grief was added to their astonishment ; for the only reason given by Margaret for this unexpected action on her part was, that her resolution never to be tempted to ally herself with poverty was unalterable. Her sister Adeline knew that, although *pride* had prompted this decision, the struggle must have been severe, and

she earnestly wished that it might have been possible for her to have been at Margaret's side before Edward's abrupt departure. As it was now too late for her mild influence to be exerted to any purpose, her parents were unwilling she should leave so soon those kind friends to whom she had become greatly endeared.

In the delightful reunions assembled weekly in Mrs. Mifflin's drawing-room, Adeline met most of those whose names were daily becoming more celebrated. At times, General Washington himself might be seen entering with his whole heart into the social enjoyments of those around him, whenever his arduous duties permitted such relaxation ; and Mrs. Washington, for whose character was cherished the deepest love and admiration, and in whose society alone was sufficient attraction, constituted one of Mrs. Mifflin's most frequent guests. Amid this brilliant circle, from which Adeline was never permitted to be absent, was one whose fine countenance, polished manners, and the intelligence which beamed from his large black eye, distinguished him from all around him. Attracted by Adeline's grace and beauty, he soon paid her marked attention, and their interest in each other gradually became mutual.

From a deeper knowledge of the mind and character of her new friend, Adeline found that they fully equalled his external appearance. Friendship soon ripened into love, and ere she returned to her home, he had warmly urged her to share his fortunes. Dr. W — was a young man of high standing in his profession, his medical and surgical experience having already acquired him fame.

With mingled emotions of pain and pleasure, Adeline bade adieu to the kind friends with whom she had now been for several months on the closest terms of intimacy, and was soon once more in her much-loved home. She found it somewhat changed ; the sweet blossoms of spring had given place to the rich hues of autumn, and her beloved parents appeared to have grown older than was natural during so short a separation. Anxiety for the fate of their country had indeed imprinted its traces on their brows ; and even her sister Margaret evinced that the struggle she had experienced between love and pride had faded the roses on her cheeks, and given to her character that appearance of restlessness which a mind ill at ease often produces. But their affection for her who had been so long absent was as ardent as ever, and with eager interest did Adeline listen to the narration of the different events which had transpired in the momentous interval during which they had been separated. The tranquillity of this reunited family was not of long duration ; for on the appearance of Dr. W —, it was soon very evident to Adeline's parents that the daughter, of whose society they had been so long deprived, must ere long leave for ever the paternal roof. Dr. W —'s character and talents were universally respected and admired, and he won almost immediately the warm regard of Mr. and Mrs. Collins. Margaret strenuously opposed her sister's union with one who had as little wealth to offer as he whose suit she had herself so recently rejected ; and she vividly depicted to Adeline the life of toil and anxiety which must necessarily be the consequence of such a marriage. But Adeline did not waver ; in her mind such considerations could have no power. Having fully considered the

trials that might await her in the path which she had chosen, she felt no anxiety to be exempted from such clouds as might occasionally obscure its sunshine. She reflected that as the rude winds and storms of the elements strengthen while they bow the noble trees of the forest, so do our minds become strong and vigorous by the trials that we encounter in life's journey. Mr. and Mrs. Collins finally consented that, as soon as peace should be restored to their country, they would resign their beloved one to his guardianship, in whose noble mind and character they now placed the utmost confidence, although a few short months previous he had been a stranger to the hearts of each member of the household. Strange anomaly in human nature! that an affectionate daughter can break, almost without regret, ties which have grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength, and leave those hearts whose every throb is that of affection, to embark on the untried ocean of life with one whose love and constancy she now realizes had never before been fully tested! But so it is ordered, and HE who guides our paths in life knows what is best for all. Dr. W — took a reluctant leave of his beloved Adeline, and returned to the duties of a profession to which alone he must look for the support of one who had promised to share his fate, whether for weal or woe.

During the ensuing winter, their correspondence was much interrupted; and though the troops were in winter quarters, and nothing of importance took place, yet any regular intercourse, even by letters, was impossible. As spring approached, the troubles which had so long agitated the country appeared approaching a crisis; a separation from the mother country seemed inevitable, and, as a *peaceable* separation could not now be expected, war — a civil war — was the only resort. The French troops were ordered from their winter quarters in Newport, and the mansion of Mr. Collins was relieved of its foreign occupants. The affairs of the country appeared dark and disheartening while the unnatural war was brooding; but the strong faith of those who guided the helm was not shaken, that brighter days were yet to dawn in the future for so just a cause. A few months after hostilities had actually commenced, Dr. W — met with a severe loss in the death of an elder brother, who had already attained to high distinction in the army, and the influence of whose virtues and talents, both in private and public life, had been of the greatest value. Renowned as an orator, as well as a commander, his eloquence no heart could withstand, and the whole country long deeply lamented the chasm which had thus been made by the death of this noble patriot.

In a letter written by Dr. W — to Adeline, who, during their previous intercourse, had heard but imperfect accounts of the event, he narrates the following particulars, and expresses the deep feelings to which the occasion gave rise:

'On the morning of the seventeenth June, 1775, while discharging my accustomed duties, an incessant firing awakened my fears, and shortly an immense light was seen somewhere in the vicinity of Boston, and soon I learnt that a severe engagement had taken place between our troops and those of the British, with a great disparity of numbers against us. It was on Breed's-Hill, since called Bunker-Hill, that the

action took place. Our men conducted themselves with the coolness of veterans and the ardor of men who felt that all they most valued was at stake, and, as you know, though finally forced to retreat from their simple fortifications of brush-wood and rails, yet their resistance was so determined and resolute, that the enemy was taken by surprise, and it is not probable they will ever again affect to despise what they call our 'raw militia.' When I heard the account, I felt confident that my brother must have been in the action, and too soon I learnt that he indeed was present. I flew on the wings of love and fear, and with much difficulty reached the place of action. For several days I wandered about the spot, my mind tossed by the most distracting emotions, until finally my worst fears received their full confirmation. Imagine my feelings when the truth was forced upon my mind that he whom I had regarded in the light of father, friend, and elder brother, whose fervent patriotism had infused courage into so many desponding hearts, had fallen one of the first victims to the scourge which was so rapidly plunging into deep misery our previously happy country. In vain I sought for his body, to bedew it with my tears, but it was not until long after that some British soldiers discovered it, and restored his loved remains to his sorrowing friends. The bereavement is irreparable to our poor widowed mother, from whom has been taken a son on whose arm she has leaned for support since that sad day on which her beloved husband was wrested from her in a still more sudden manner, and the most devoted affection of the sons which now remain to her will scarcely be sufficient to calm her sorrow.'

The state of excitement caused by the death of him whose loss Dr. W—— thus deeply mourned, created a universal feeling that submission to the authority of Great Britain could no longer be sustained. Independence was declared that same year, and every arrangement made to place it on a firm basis.

During the pause which preceded the renewal of the unnatural strife between the mother country and her colony, Dr. W—— urged the parents of Adeline to permit their union to be consummated, and that he might be allowed to take her to his bereaved and sorrowing mother. Margaret had now ceased to oppose a union which she saw was inevitable; indeed she at times entertained a slight feeling of pleasure at the thought of the removal of this cultivated and beautiful sister to such a distance, as no longer to cause in her any feelings of envy at her superior attractions. After a few weeks had elapsed, they were united; and after making a short visit to the mourning mother, which seemed to alleviate for a time the deep grief that had so completely absorbed her heart, Dr. W—— placed his beloved wife in a small house in the city of B——.

Months passed away, and the country was still agitated with war and rumors of war. His duties in the army called Dr. W—— constantly from his home, and it was only by the most strenuous exertions that he was enabled to provide the *comforts* without the *luxuries* of life for her, who had never until now known what it was to need them. At times he was almost discouraged, and the thought of re-

linquishing his profession and striking out some new path would suggest itself to his mind; but love for his country's good always triumphed over these feelings, and he determined to fulfil his duties toward her as long as she required his services.

Brighter prospects at length dawned upon them. Peace was declared, and society seemed settling into a calm which permitted talents and energy to be known and appreciated, and Dr. W—— found his business and his fame rapidly extending.

The brother who had so early fallen in his country's cause, had left four orphan children, two boys and two girls, the mother having died some years previous. Congress felt that some arrangement ought to be made for the maintenance of these children, who had been thus early deprived of a parent's supporting arm. It accordingly voted to defray their expenses until they became of age. Dr. W——, feeling anxious that they should be watched over with parental tenderness, wished his wife to undertake the charge of them, and they were soon placed under her protection. Under such fostering care, eager hopes were entertained that they would prove an honor to the country which had nurtured them, and to the name they bore, which was enshrined in that country's heart. But as the eldest boy was about commencing his collegiate education, a sudden illness snapped the thread of life, and he was summoned to his parents. The constitution of the second son was feeble, and it was thought advisable to send him on a sea-voyage; but he returned to die in the arms of those friends who had watched over his early years. The daughters, however, were spared to mature age, and in time were married to men of worth and standing, but their children died in youth with a single exception; and the son of the second daughter remained the only lineal representative of him whose fame time can never dim.

A greater length of time than usual had elapsed since Mrs. W—— had heard from her parents, when she received a letter from her sister, which awakened the greatest anxiety for her beloved mother. She at once resolved to leave her young family in the charge of her husband, and taking with her her eldest son, hasten to that parent from whom she had so long been separated. She found her mother much changed. The sight of her child and grand-child for a time reanimated her drooping frame, but soon disease again usurped its dominion, and her failing strength renewed the fears of her family, which were confirmed by the attending physician, who pronounced her to be in a rapid decline. At length it was thought that the great experience and skill of Dr. W—— might possibly be enabled to alleviate the sufferings which were at times very great. On his arrival, Dr. W—— saw but too soon, that the insidious disease, to which so many of the fairest and most valued of our community fall victims in this changeable climate, had taken deep hold of a constitution which was naturally firm and vigorous; but he had a faint hope that change of air and scene might retard the progress of the malady. The proposition was therefore at once made to Mrs. Collins, that she should return with Adeline and her husband to their home, where she would have every

care and attention that affection could dictate. She assented without much hesitation ; for although she dreaded the fatigue of the journey, she felt happy at the thought of once more meeting her grand-children, and cheered by the hope that the change might prove beneficial. The journey was therefore undertaken, and by easy stages they reached Dr. W ——'s residence. Surrounded by so many objects of love, Mrs. Collins appeared for a time to improve ; her spirits revived, and she trusted that health might yet return. But the gleam was transient, for after a few short weeks of calm enjoyment, the deceitful malady again displayed its insidious power, and Adeline beheld with deep anguish its rapid advancement. Mr. Collins and Margaret were hastily summoned, and it was soon very evident to the whole family, as they assembled around the suffering couch of the invalid, that all human skill was unavailing. A beam of pleasure illumined the wasted countenance of the almost dying woman, as she extended her transparent hand, and the hectic spot, so sure a token of the worm within, became deeper, when she with difficulty raised her feeble head, to gaze with the intensity of love on those of whom she must so soon take a last farewell. So bright and happy were her hopes with regard to the future, that the sorrowing hearts around her would for a time forget their own sadness, while they listened to the utterance of thoughts which were so full of calmness and beauty. 'We shall all meet hereafter,' she would say ; 'this ardent longing for a reünion could not have been planted within us, were it not to be realized. The curtain is now slowly withdrawing which conceals that world into whose deep mysteries I have so often longed to penetrate ; soon I shall pass behind it, and though it will then close and conceal me for a time from your view, yet it will again open, and we shall, I trust, meet never again to be parted. All beyond that opening seems to you dark and impenetrable, but to my sight it is unfolding a brightness on which my weak and dazzled senses cannot gaze, without fearing that the permission to enter those blessed abodes is almost too great a boon.'

As they were all watching around her in the peaceful twilight of a summer's evening, she suddenly put her hand to her side, a slight shudder passed over her frame, and she faintly exclaimed, 'I am going,' and then once more the beautiful smile, which was so natural to her, overspread her countenance.

Her husband and children bent anxiously forward to catch the last faint whisper, but the curtain had fallen and she was indeed hidden from their sight. We will not attempt to portray the scene which followed this dark moment. The example and words of the departed were too deeply engraven on the hearts of those she had left to permit them long to indulge in the deep grief which such a loss called forth.

Soon the sad preparations were made to take the precious remains to that home which had become now so desolate ; where they were to be deposited in a beautiful orchard, planted by the hands of the bereaved husband, with whom it had been her delight to watch, season after season, the gradual unfolding of each bud and blossom, until the perfect fruit invited them to gather of its rich abundance. But now a

nobler seed was to be laid in that mould, a seed whose fruit was *immortality*. What a beautiful tribute it is to the memory of those we have lost thus to deposit the earthly casket, which once inclosed the brilliant gem, within those loved precincts through which they delighted to wander while living, and where we can feel that they are perhaps still hovering near us!

After the last painful duties were over, Adeline took a reluctant farewell of her sorrowing father and sister, and returned with her husband to her home. The faithful servants, who had been born and brought up in the establishment, assembled around the door as she was departing, and entreated her with all the pathos of their ardent temperament that she would not leave them.

'O Missee Adeline!' they exclaimed, 'oh! do not leave us, Missus gone and now you gone too, what will poor Sambo, and Cato, and Cuffee, and Duarco, and ole Dinah, what will we all do?'

At these words Dinah could no longer restrain herself, but rushed forward and, throwing her arms around her young mistress' neck, sobbed out:

'Ole Dinah die if young Missee leave her!'

Adeline with difficulty extricated herself from the affectionate creature's embraces, and, although much affected herself, endeavored to subdue these overwhelming demonstrations of grief.

'You will still have your kind old master with you,' she said, 'and Miss Margaret also.'

'Oh! yes, we know that,' they replied, 'and we lubole Massa berry much, but Missee Margaret not like Missee Adeline.'

It was useless for Adeline to endeavor to convince them that they would still meet with the same thoughtful kindness to which they had always been accustomed; the poor creatures shook their heads but would not distress their kind mistress by saying more. They watched her until she was out of sight, and then returned with heavy hearts to their accustomed occupations.

Margaret had now the whole charge of the establishment. Her father leaned on her for comfort and support, and she did not shrink from her responsibilities. Hers was a mind that found pleasure in reigning supreme, however limited might be the boundaries of its little kingdom. Her household duties were discharged with dignity, and, if she did not excite the love of those whom she governed, she won their universal respect.

Years passed, and although Mr. Collins ceased not to mourn the loss of his wife, it was with a Christian resignation. With bright hopes and a lofty trust he looked forward to meeting again his beloved companion, and awaited without repining until the time might arrive when his call should come. This trust and these hopes spread a calm serenity over his mind, and enabled him to become once more interested in a degree in his usual avocations. The management of his farm required his constant oversight, and he would often go into the fields and assist in the labors of the hay-makers, who could not but work with double ardor while the mild eye of their revered master was upon them.

Whenever Adeline could leave her numerous cares, she made her

father occasional visits, and sometimes she was enabled to persuade him to return and pass a few days among his grand-children. These visits, for a time, gave him much pleasure, but after a few years he became more and more unwilling to leave his home, even for a short time. Margaret was never very desirous that her father should make these visits, notwithstanding the great benefit they rendered to his health and spirits. She paid him the most devoted attention, and had no wish to have a rival in his affections. Having now the undisputed control of all his domain — for even the affairs of his farm became less and less the object of his care — she hoped that even his death would not deprive her of any portion of that power which it was her pride to exercise.

Time was now rapidly making its inroads on the old man's mental and bodily energies, and it was painful to perceive his increased unwillingness to make any exertion, until finally it seemed an effort for him to move from the old arm-chair which had for many years been placed at a window commanding a view of the rolling ocean. He loved to sit in this spot, listening to the dashing waves, and to watch one billow succeed another on that beach, upon which he had so often walked with the partner of his joys and sorrows. The scene soothed and tranquillized him, and as he pictured to himself the ocean of eternity, which seemed to roll between him and her whom he had lost, he could not repress the wish that its last wave would come and bear him to that shore to which she, whom he so fondly loved, had long since been borne. As he was sitting one summer's evening in this, his favorite seat, watching the moonbeams playing on the waters, he imagined that the long line of golden light, reflected from its sparkling surface and appearing to extend to a boundless infinity, resembled the bright path by which he should soon be conducted to another world. And oh! how ardently he wished that he might even now tread its windings, and for ever be at home in the mansions beyond! Weary with gazing, and overcome with the thoughts that swelled his bosom, his head sank back on the chair which had so often supported him, and thus he remained until Margaret came to seek him for the purpose of assisting him to his room. She spoke, he did not answer; she took his hand, it fell from her motionless; and, as its icy touch penetrated to her heart, the truth flashed upon her bewildered mind. A piercing shriek called around her the household; medical assistance was summoned, but all aid was unavailing. His wish was answered; he had indeed trod the luminous path over which imagination had wandered; and never more would he need the repose he so earnestly sought on earth.

'The silver cord of life was loosened,' but not until it shone with the gems of another world; 'the pitcher was broken at the fountain,' but the incense it inclosed had ascended to heaven, and diffused around a sweet perfume which lasted long after its frail vessel had perished. 'The bright memorial of the just shall flourish while he sleeps in dust.' Long, long was it enshrined in the hearts of his children, and in the memories of those who knew and appreciated his worth.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By WASHINGTON IRVING. In Three Volumes: Volume First: pp. 504. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY, Park Place.

ONE could scarcely wish for our most eminent American author a more triumphant 'crowning glory' to a career of the highest literary renown, than that he should become the historian of the 'Saviour of his country,' as he had been before of its great Discoverer. The life of WASHINGTON by WASHINGTON IRVING! The combination will carry with it, and create, a permanent popularity; such as has not been accorded to any other book within the last century; and from this time forward, to the remotest years of our country's history, WASHINGTON and WASHINGTON IRVING will walk down the corridors of Time together. From a work which, before these pages shall pass before the eyes of our readers, will have had perhaps a hundred thousand readers, extracts would be supererogatory, especially after the numerous reviews and quotations which have appeared in the metropolitan daily press. From two among the ablest of these reviews, from the pen of an accomplished critic, Mr. GEORGE RIPLEY, of '*The Tribune*' daily journal, and of Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, we take the subjoined clear synopsis of the volume:

'We cannot but express our satisfaction at the final completion of this work. Its publication will form an important epoch in American literature. The life-long labors of its illustrious author could not have been crowned with a more appropriate termination. His name will henceforth be indissolubly connected with that of WASHINGTON, not only by his baptismal appellation, but by the noble monument which he has reared to his memory. It was a befitting task that the writer who has left such a brilliant impress of his genius on the nascent literature of his country — whose fame is devoutly cherished in the hearts of the American people — held in equally affectionate remembrance in the rude cabins of the frontier, the halls of universities, and the saloons of fashionable life — whose successes in the varied walks of classical composition have done as much to illustrate the character of America in the eye of the world as the eloquence of her senators or her prowess in arms — should create a permanent memorial of WASHINGTON in a style worthy the dignity of the subject and the reputation of the author.

'But in proportion to the magnitude and the fitness of the task was the difficulty

of its execution. With the delicate sensitiveness of Mr. IRVING, it would not have been wonderful had it weighed like a night-mare on his spirit. There is no trace of this, however, in the composition of the work. He approaches the theme with a cheerful energy, almost a gay hilarity, which shows a consciousness of master-ship, as well as his characteristic temperament. A writer of less sanguine hopefulness would have shrunk from the duty of attempting a new portraiture of a character so universally known as that of WASHINGTON. His whole history was as familiar to the American mind as the charter of our liberties, which was the fruit of his labors. Previous explorers, it would seem, had gathered every fact, noted every incident, exhausted every record, in describing his biography. His life, moreover, was so devoted to public ends as to throw into the shade the minute traits of personal character which after all form the magnetic links of sympathy. He lived so habitually in the gaze of the world as to produce a constant sense of responsibility quite incompatible with the freedom of spontaneous action. His character was so uniformly grave, self-sustained, and elevated above common human weaknesses, that it would seem to present few materials for romantic delineation or fascinating biography. But Mr. IRVING has not only bravely faced the difficulties of his subject—he has gathered from them an enduring triumph. He has done well what has never been done before at all. He has presented WASHINGTON as a living personality, not as a political or military automaton. He has laid bare the mighty heart of the hero beneath the buff and blue encasings of the Continental uniform, and enabled us to listen to its audible throbs. Henceforth we shall know more of the man than we ever did before. The name of WASHINGTON will not only be a household word as of old, but will awaken fresh sympathies in every lover of our marvellous humanity.

‘Mr. IRVING introduces his volume with an account of the WASHINGTON family. Although not of exciting interest, it presents several curious antiquarian details. WASHINGTON was of an ancient English stock, the genealogy of which has been traced up to the century immediately succeeding the Norman Conquest. WILLIAM DE HERTBURN, a follower of WILLIAM the Conqueror, was the progenitor of the WASHINGTONS. The surname of this brave knight was taken from a village which he held by a feudal tenure, and afterward exchanged for the manor and village of Wessyngton. The family changed its surname with its estate, and thenceforward assumed that of DE WESSYNGTON. By degrees, the seignorial sign of *de* disappeared from before the family surname, which also varied from WESSYNGTON to WASSINGTON, WASHINGTON, and finally to WASHINGTON. A parish in the County of Durham bears the name as last written, and in this probably the ancient manor of Wessyngton was situated.’

‘The task of writing the life of WASHINGTON, whom we once heard a distinguished man of letters in Europe call ‘the greatest man that God ever made,’ could not have been committed to worthier hands. The graceful flow and harmonious coloring of Mr. IRVING’S style, the clearness and picturesqueness of his narrative, his knowledge of the world and of mankind, and his vein of quiet humor, make him the most delightful of biographers. The anecdotes of WASHINGTON’S early life collected by Mr. IRVING are interesting. He had, it seems, the usual weaknesses of youth; he was early in love, and though we are not told whether he was ever carried through the measles and the chicken-pox, it seems certain that he had, like many other great men, a turn of being poetical. The attack, however, was a mild one, and left no permanent traces on his intellectual constitution. The part

taken by WASHINGTON in the wars of the colony of Virginia with the Indians, and afterward with the French, furnishes his biographer with the means of tracing the formation of that habit of coolness in danger, military forecast, and the sagacious choice of expedients which afterward distinguished the part he bore in the great contest between the revolted colonies and the mother country. One of the most interesting — affecting, we had almost said — parts of the narrative is that which introduces the modest hero upon the great stage of the Revolution, not wholly unconscious of his own great powers, yet oppressed with the responsibilities laid upon him, and dreading lest he might not be found equal to them. Mr. IRVING has skillfully brought out the high qualities of his character as shown at this stage of his life. Near the close of the volume, the first scene of the war — the battle of Bunker-Hill — is portrayed with vivid distinctness and minuteness.

A portrait of WASHINGTON is given in this volume, engraved from an original picture by WESTMULLER, a Danish or Swedish artist, who painted it from life in 1795. The second volume will contain an engraving of PEALE's celebrated portrait, and the third an engraving of HODDON's full-length statue of WASHINGTON, now in the Capitol at Richmond. The paper and typography of the volume are superb. The present is the large edition. Another, of a smaller page, is in the hands of the printers, for the use of schools. We almost envy the little boys and girls who will derive their first connected knowledge of the career of the 'Father of his Country' from *this* 'Life of WASHINGTON.'

PEEPS FROM A BELFRY: OR THE PARISH SKETCH-BOOK, By F. W. SHELTON, Author of 'The Rector of St. Bardolph's,' 'Salander and the Dragon,' 'Crystalline,' etc. (Second Notice.) New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

NOTWITHSTANDING our extended notice, in the last KNICKERBOCKER, of the advance-sheets of this work, we find it impossible to resist the inclination again to counsel our readers, one and all, to compass its perusal entire, being well assured that each and every one of them will confirm and justify our judgment 'in the premises.' We make two more selections from its pages, which carry their own praise with them. The first is from 'The Model Parish,' and is a charming limning of a charming character:

'HERBERT was the auspicious name of the gentle Rector of St. JOHN the Evangelist's. He had caught in some degree the spirit of his namesake who wrote the 'Country Parson,' and it would task the genial heart and mellow diction of another WALTON to describe the portion of a life which scarcely yet approached its prime. Upon the threshold of an acquaintance you felt already as one who stands beneath a blossom-covered porch, and longs to see the portals opened, and to gain admittance to the pleasant chambers which are within. His open, candid look, his beaming eyes and cheerful countenance, comblended with a dignity which never stepped beyond the proper bounds; the earnest way in which he talked on common things like common men; a sympathy and human feeling with the outer world, all stood in well-marked contrast with the fixed, and stiff, and starched, and formal cast of countenance impressed with dogma, and cast within the settled mould of theologic system. An atrabilious, melancholy look is by no means the best means to denote that 'wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness.' His countenance was always happy, which was a pretty sure index that his theology was right, and that while he thought upon the justice, he had not clean put the mercy and goodness of God from before his eyes. That a parson should be a bugbear is sometimes due to a formal and forbidding air, to a cold and averted

glance which he gives at the wicked world, instead of looking it plump in the face—to a formality more decided than can be conveyed by the cut of the garments, or what is more unpleasant still, to a sleek smoothness of the visage, as if anointed with the emollient oil of sanctity from the Pharisee's own cruet. In many cases prepossession is unfounded, and when the chill has subsided, and the first horror is done away, the clergy as a class will be found to be, what their education, predilections, and noble calling ought to make them, the most agreeable and companionable people in the world. It does not follow that if a stiff-necked man who wears a white cravat looks solemn, he must be a hypocrite; that the children must run away when he puts his hand to the knocker, that the novel must be thrust into the folds of a religious newspaper, and the vestiges of the card-table swept into a drawer, and that he must be welcomed with a prepared and steady look, as if he came to talk expressly about the affairs of the soul! He will do so by his unblemished conduct upon a Monday morning, as much as by his direct and earnest preaching on the Sunday. A little reflection will show that other causes than that of rigorous dogma may sometimes cast his face into the mould of melancholy—that not peculiar Faith, but a peculiar want of it, may make him over-anxious about the temporal wants of to-day—that he has divers troubles, and does not find the cup of poverty to be sweet. Sometimes his debts hang over his head, and they are of such a kind that he can only wish that they were paid, but can hardly pray that they may be forgiven; or his feeling have been hurt, his relations have been disturbed, and the Williwilows threaten to leave the parish. Sometimes, but not always, the creed lengthens the face of the man.'

Remark, if you please, the pathos, the tender, heartfelt feeling, which pervades the subjoined extract from a short chapter, entitled, '*The Child's Funeral.*' Many a bereaved parent's heart will melt at its simple picture of a sorrow that is like no other sorrow:

'A CHILD fills up a large space in a human heart, however much it may be preoccupied by cares, or given up to worldliness. It is by absence often and not by presence, by the want and not by the possession, that the value of an object is made known. You enter into some house replete with the adjuncts of worldly comfort, the snug chambers all deftly furnished, the walls hung with pleasant pictures, something on all hands to charm the sense, and steal into the heart with genial influences. You go there a second time and every thing has been removed. Forlorn and dismantled, it has no tenant, the niches are unoccupied, the hangings have been taken down, no more the gardener trains the honeyed vines about the porch. Balclutha! — Balclutha! — A damp and a chilliness strike to the heart. So is every home from which a child has been removed by death. There is a painful sense of vacancy. How do the hands hang listless which used to be employed in momentary offices! The eye misses its accustomed sights, and the ear its sounds, and the heart every thing, for a child engrosses all. In his electric vivacity he flits everywhere within his narrow bounds, and needs a darting eye and hurried feet to snatch him from instant peril. He is a diligent student of the geography of his realm, and is familiar with all its places. He is in the chambers, in the kitchen, in the garret, in the pantry, on the stair-case, on the porch, in the garden, by the water-tank, on the edge of the precipice, if there be any, or on the brink of the stream, clambering over high places, courting all dangers, and fearing none. His voice is an all-pervading melody whose echoes come back from every nook with a ringing and hilarious welcome to a parent's ears. But when at break of day, at what time the birds flap their wings and sing their matins, no more when he used to nestle in his mother's bosom shall be heard his morning salutation, the first and sweet articulate attempts at speech, and when with every set of sun those oft-repeated still-reliant partings can be known no more, the morning is bereft of its refreshing cheerfulness, and the night draws on with added gloom.

'His place is vacant at the household board. That purest, simplest imitation of a HEAVENLY FATHER, the giving to a child its daily bread, that almost sacramental right in homely sanctuaries, which breaks the crumbs to craving little ones, and answers their appeals, wakes up no more the blended train of human sympathies, and lets the embers on the altar of the heart wax cold. Yes, dreary is the home which first misses those mutual interchanges that knit together all the happy family, and melt like holy elements into the religion of the soul. But more than all its winning ways, and temporal beauty, the parents mourn the bright example of the child. From those tender eyes spoke forth a love which the world knows not, and suspecting no disguise. There was exhibited a humility which considered no playmate too humble to be a compeer, and invited the beggar to be a guest. There faith essential worked its little miracles, and made the mountains move. That undissembled love, which wound itself just like the clasping tendrils of the vine around its objects, that humbleness with buoyant and angelic wings which soared toward heaven, that faith so real, and beautiful, the very sub-

stance of the things unseen, are almost buried with the nature of the child. They scarce survive the age of manhood, when Reason lights her fickle lamp, and leads the steps astray. Of all things else we miss that loveliest of infantile graces, that guileless confidence, which soon alas! experience will change to sad mistrust. Dead is the ear which will then listen to the story of a giant, though you should tell of one who burst the bars of the sepulchre asunder, and trampled Death and Hell beneath his feet. The eyes which glistened with delight, and drank in pictures of a fairy land, can see no heaven through the misty veil, and they who revelled in ALADDIN'S groves, whose limbs were laden down with sparkling jewelry, refuse to glance at all the amaranthine bloom and beauty where eternal summer reigns.

Aside from those portions of the work to which we have already alluded, or from which we have quoted, we would call especial attention to the affecting sketch, '*The Heart of Adamant*,' and the quaint, old-style story of '*Y's Two Neighbours*,' both perfect gems after their kind.

SANDERS' YOUNG LADIES' READER: Embracing a comprehensive course of instruction in the principles of Rhetorical Reading; with a choice collection of Exercises in Reading, both in Prose and Poetry. For the use of the Higher Female Seminaries, and also the Higher Classes in Female Schools generally. By CHARLES W. SANDERS, A.M., Author of 'A Series of School Readers,' 'Speller, Definier, and Analyzer,' 'Elocutionary Chart,' 'Young Choir,' 'Young Vocalist,' etc. New-York: IVISON AND PHINNEY.

WHAT wonderful changes have been wrought in school-books within the last quarter of a century! Who has forgotten the miserable little things, composed of poor print, poor paper, and no binding at all, that just for a sort of stereotyped joke, they called books? Take up any old reader or grammar — old enough to have such an inscription as this on the fly-leaf:

'So Beggs: His Book.

'STEAL not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the *gallus* will be your end,'

and see if our description is not correct. Look at the illustrations in the old spelling-books, and tell us if you think a man with the toothache would be likely to *dream* any thing much worse.

True, the arts of printing and paper-making have been much improved, but there has been a more remarkable change still. Men have begun to think, and to *act* upon the thought, that the young are entitled to the best works of the book-making fraternity, from author to engraver; and so they are; and where, we should like to know, should their skill be brought more fully into requisition than in the production of school-books, rendering these *vade mecums* of school-days as beautiful and attractive as possible.

The volume before us is a perfect work of the new and enlightened doctrine; and it is the highest pleasure to read such clear impressions upon such fair white paper. The pages are of a good liberal size, the binding neat and substantial, and the character of the selections most admirable. In the old husky dissertations, there was no more danger of the pupils comprehending either the language or thought, than there was of their being taken up to heaven in a water-spout. Here we have something varied, something

useful, something pure, something that will elevate them, but not out of the very shoes they stand in, as was the case aforesaid. We commend this Reader to the attention of young ladies, for whom it was especially prepared, and who may consider themselves complimented by this tribute paid to their innate love of the beautiful.

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE: in SUBURB AND COUNTRY: The Villa, the Mansion, and the Cottage: Adapted to American Climate and Wants. With Examples, showing how to Alter and Remodel Old Buildings. In a series of One Hundred Original Designs. By GERVASE WHEELER, Architect, Author of 'Rural Homes,' etc. In one volume: pp. 443. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

In our judgment, this work will supply an important desideratum. In truth, just such a work was needed, at a time when there is a growing taste for that mingled beauty and utility in the construction of American dwellings, which has not been too common heretofore in this country. 'In the attempt,' says Mr. WHEELER in his 'preface' that the following pages indicate, I have endeavored steadily to keep in view the fact that *Homes* are needed, and that the urgency of the want must not be met by the offering of whimsical and unreal fancies, suited neither to habitancy nor durability, and yet although honestly of opinion that any one design selected can be made exactly what it claims to be—a good common-sense house for a man to live in, replete with conveniences and domestic comforts—all have been cast in forms of simple beauty, and the laws of architectural propriety have been respected.' After a thorough examination of the work before us, we can bear testimony to the justice of this assumption.' Throughout the work, constant reference is made to certain well-known principles of design upon which material beauty depends. These are interspersed with illustrations, in preference to occupying a position where they may be read as a collected whole, the writer very correctly inferring, that a 'general reader cares little for essays, and would be apt to turn only to the 'pictures,' and so perhaps leave unread what is claimed to be of at least equal value.' The contents of the book consist of a short description of the peculiarities of those architectural styles of past ages which are of practical use in domestic buildings now, and a series of carefully-digested plans of residences, adapted to every want of home-seekers, from the country mansion to the simplest cottage. Many of these designs are in the best possible taste. The 'Villa Mansion,' which fronts the title-page, would be our beau-ideal of a princely country residence. We quote a few remarks in relation to country mansions, which will commend themselves to the reader's good sense:

'He that builds a country mansion should remember that he takes upon himself a responsibility. He not only is about to erect a house that he may enjoy with his family, and which he may not unreasonably hope his children will be able to maintain after his death; but he is about to do what may for years affect the taste of the rustic community that will naturally take their tone from him. Common-sense would lead him to require a house neither too costly nor too large; and a consideration that the wealth he has reaped was only given him for a proper bestowal, should urge him to be careful that he erects what shall be a lesson in art to his neighbors. The retired merchant

from the busy city, is apt to have all his proceedings watched, and it is not unnatural for those who know that his wealth has been gained by shrewdness of judgment in business matters, to suppose that the same maturity of thinking will be developed in his house and all his country undertakings — so that he will be sure to find plenty of imitators who will modestly believe that in following his example they can scarcely err.

‘Therefore I say, a man building a country mansion has, if he rightly views it, grave responsibility, and his act may retard or advance the progress of truthful influences in art more than he may perhaps at first thought admit.

‘A well-designed and truthful building in a country place is a perpetual lesson, and the wealthy man that erects one does a good to the community that books and teaching cannot equal. Whilst the erection of such a building is a benefit, the construction of one in bad taste is an injury, and it may take a generation to obliterate its effects; in this untrammelled country, it seems to me a man has no right, however widely he may own the land that surrounds it, to rear an unsightly building to mar the common enjoyment of a beautiful landscape.’

‘Life in the great world has enlarged the ideas, and made liberal the feelings of the home-founder — refinements of the city, and improvements of travel, have made him careful, not only for the country life he is to lead, but for the comforts of the town manners he has left. If of literary tastes, his library will be a favorite feature in the plan he contemplates, and his leisure hours for its enjoyment more accurately defined, and less interrupted than in the busy city. If fond of social life, and the gathering together of friendly faces about him, the cheerful parlors and many bed-rooms of his hospitable mansion are thought of first. Or his travel or his natural tastes may have led to the gradual accumulation of paintings and other works of art, which, when gathered together, perhaps assume a bulk so large as to render a room for their proper bestowal necessary. In almost every such house that I have been called upon to design, the provision of some such room has been thought of; and either the halls have been made large, or the various rooms have contributed wall and table space for the reception of such matters, or a separate room has been incorporated in the plan.’

We should remark of the execution of this volume, both in its numerous engravings and its typography, that it is in all respects creditable to the popular house whence it proceeds.

STAR PAPERS: OR EXPERIENCES OF ART AND NATURE. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. In one volume: pp. 859. New-York: J. C. DERBY, Nassau-street.

ONE of the most attractive features, for a long time past, in the columns of *The Independent*’ weekly religious, semi-literary, and semi-secular journal, has been the ‘bright particular’ *star* which indicated the especial contributions of Mr. HENRY WARD BEECHER, one of the editors, also, in a less distinctive way, if we are rightly informed. These ‘*Star Papers*’ are here collected in a handsome volume, and they will be cordially welcomed, in this form, by very many readers who ‘would n’t touch with a pair of tongs’ his occasional sermons and eloquent discourses upon certain irregular and morbidly-exciting topics of the day. We shall hope to have something to say hereafter, and soon, touching portions of this volume, which we have read with the greatest pleasure; so natural and simple are they — so far removed from any thing like a pumped-up feeling, or extemporized enthusiasm. *Ad interim*, we indorse every word of the following from an able contemporary: ‘The author comes forward as a man of contemplation and sentiment. He displays an equal passion for nature and love of art. His pages finely alternate between humor, pathos, and æsthetic discussion. Flashes of fun suddenly gleam out from exquisite descriptions of rural scenery or passages

of pensive reflection. An air of absolute reality pervades the volume. This, perhaps, is its most remarkable distinction. The author is perfectly at home with Nature, and takes no knowledge of her second-hand. He not only looks at nature with his own eyes, but looks minutely, fondly, reverently, and hence his sketches have a matter-of-fact character, blended with purely ideal associations, which is not common with many would-be descriptive writers. Indeed several of his word-pictures have the effect of a good landscape-painting, presenting the enchantment of an actual scene, though without the aid of color or perspective.' Pending a notice which shall do more elaborate justice to the volume before us, we cannot help even now calling the reader's attention to the '*Experiences of Nature*,' and 'there-about especially' of them, wherein the writer speaks of 'Death in the Country,' 'Snow-Storm Travelling,' 'New-England Grave-Yards,' and 'Trout-ing.' A 'lunch' from these will impart 'the appetite of an anaconda' for the book in its entirety. We subjoin the preface of the work, which succinctly indicates the character of its contents :

'THE author has been saved the trouble of searching for a title to his book from the simple circumstance that the articles of which the work is made up appeared in the columns of the '*New-York Independent*' with the signature of a STAR, and, having been familiarly called the 'Star Articles,' by way of designation, they now become, in a book form, 'STAR PAPERS.'

'Only such papers as related to Art and to rural affairs have been published in this volume. It was thought best to put all controversial articles in another and subsequent volume.

'The 'Letters from Europe' were written to homo-friends, during a visit of only four weeks—a period too short to allow the subsidence of that enthusiasm which every person must needs experience who, for the first time, stands in the historic places of the Old World. An attempt to exclude from these letters any excess of personal feeling, to reduce them to a more moderate tone, to correct their judgments, or to extract from them the fiery particles of enthusiasm, would have taken away their very life.

'The other papers in this volume, for the most part, were written from the solitudes of the country, during the vacations of three summers. I can express no kinder wish for those who may read them, than that they may be one half as happy in the reading as I have been in the scenes which gave them birth.'

THE VIRGINIA MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL. Four Numbers: Richmond, Virginia.

THE perusal of this medical monthly has afforded us much satisfaction and pleasure. A medical journal, so entirely devoted to the interests of the profession, should be possessed by every medical practitioner; and as most of the advancement and finding out of things new in the profession—medicine and surgery—are given to the world by works of this kind, they are not to be dispensed with *by* the profession. That it has merit, none will deny: in fact we think it will compare, or not suffer by comparison, with any work of the kind published in the United States. Article Second, Number Nineteen, on the 'Pathology and Treatment' of one of the most terrible diseases to which human flesh is heir, should be read by every practising physician. We would ask of our medical readers a faithful perusal of the article above specified.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LEAVES FROM OUR 'CAMP-COMFORT' AND GREEN-MOUNTAIN CORRESPONDENT. — OUR readers will be glad to hear again from our fair correspondent, 'J. K. L.' Her letters arrived too late for insertion in our last number :

'MOST sincerely do I wish, my dear Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, that I had a talent for description, (or any description of talent,) for there are so many things I should like to tell you about, if I could only do it decently. In the first place, there are the pretty pictures which JACK FROST paints on my window-panes every night, and which I lie in bed and admire in the morning, when I ought to be up and dressing for breakfast. When it is very cold, they stay there all day, in spite of warm fires within, and warm sunshine without, and afford me amusement for many an idle moment, and foundation for a thousand vague speculations and wild fancies. Oh! he's a capital painter that JACK FROST, there's such a delicacy and finish, and so much freshness about his style, and so much imagination about his pictures! One pane represents a quiet little hamlet, pretty cottages snuggled in among the mountains, a church-spire, evergreens, a flock of sheep, and a peasant reclining in the fore-ground. Another seems to be an ancient castle, with banners waving from the battlements, a train of knights and men-at-arms issuing from the postern; the artist has evidently bestowed great pains on their plumes and armor. Dear me! it was all so natural and life-like that I fancied I heard the sound of their clarions this morning; but it turned out to be only the breakfast-bell! Another appears to be a mountain-torrent, sweeping bridges and mill-dams and every thing else before it. A fourth is a ship under full sail; while others seem to be 'very much mixed up,' like the story of our friend DOESTICKS' visit to Niagara Falls! Well, as I said before, I am a great admirer of JACK FROST's talents, so long as he confines himself to night-work upon my window-panes; but I do not like to have him try his skill on my physiognomy, for none of his efforts have yet succeeded in improving the original, poor as it may be, though it does not seem to proceed from any *want of penetration* on his part; yet he certainly has an erroneous idea of coloring that is quite distressing, leaving lines of green and blue round the mouth, and a purpleish tinge under the eyes, while the nose he invariably decks with a brilliant shade of vermilion, which is particularly annoying to one who, like myself, is decidedly proud of that feature. In short, he imparts to the whole face the effect of a stationary kaleidoscope!

'As soon as the frosty curtains are removed from my windows, I have a view of the mountains of my native State, the dear old Adirondacks, and a glorious sight it is! There they tower, peak after peak, till their summits reach the clouds, and every hour in the day they seem to assume a different aspect. Sometimes they are of the deepest blue, while their tops are capped with snow, and look like the foam-crested waves of the mighty ocean! In other lights, they are all pure white, and then again, as the sunlight lingers lovingly upon them, they seem to *blush* beneath his ardent gaze; for so delicate is the tint they assume, that I can compare it to naught save the hue of a rose-leaf, or the eloquent flush of a maiden's cheek. Again they gather a golden tint, and look like waving fields of ripened corn, as they stand revealed against the clear, blue sky. Between us and them lies Lake Champlain, now bound in icy chains, and 'telling no tale' of the mighty pickerel that lie beneath its frozen surface; but I know that they are there, that is, if I did n't fish them all out last summer! On the other side of us rise the Green Mountains, each tree and shrub covered with hoar-frost, standing white and cold, and looking like the *ghost of its summer self*. So they are any thing but green mountains now, or if they are, it's an *invisible green*!

'With such beautiful sights to tempt one, you will not wonder that I am out of doors every day, in spite of the cold weather. One of my favorite walks is to the falls of the Otter Creek, and for me they possess more fascination, as they rush impetuously over the ice-bound cliffs, than when surrounded by the profusion of verdure with which midsummer decks them. The rocks on all sides are covered with ice-beads and frozen spray, which reflect back the sun-light, and glitter like diamonds: in some places it looks as soft and white as swan's-down, and in others, it hangs like bunches of ostrich-plumes, as full and rich as any that ever graced the head of a court lady; and then again it is drawn out into long transparent threads, that form a sparkling net-work over the rocks. On a bright day, the spray-drops dance and glisten in the sun-shine, forming the most beautiful little fairy rainbow that ever a mortal's eye beheld, while the glowing colors reflected on the glittering ice with dazzling brilliancy, make it indeed a scene of enchantment! When it reaches the depths below, the little stream winds on its way, quietly and submissively, without even a *murmur*; but I fancy that it must exult when it thinks of spring freshets, and how it will burst the bonds with which the tyrannical frosting has bound it, and leap laughingly away, rejoicing in its new-found liberty, and carrying off a few mill-dams, saw-mills, and bridges, by way of a frolic!

'Our little village has been in the greatest state of confusion for the last few days. Such a concourse of people! Lawyers and lawyers' clerks, judges, jurymen, and witnesses, they poured upon our devoted town like a swarm of locusts! Why, I have n't been able to draw a quiet breath since their arrival; the whole town is full of them. One can't cross the street without encountering half-a-dozen, and on every corner may be seen a knot of black-coated individuals, shaking their heads and trying to look wise. Then such a cause as they have got, and how much they know about it; I verily believe half of them are not sure whether they are engaged for the plaintiff or defendant. I for one shall rejoice when they take their departure, and allow our little town to return to its habitual quiet state.

'Do you know that I have serious reasons to apprehend that I am quite out of the good graces of my old Quaker beau, from whom I coaxed the compliment? The other evening, I was his partner in a game of whist, and thinking of something else instead of paying attention to the game, I made a very stupid play, when he started forward, pushed the card toward me, and exclaimed: 'What in *CARN* did you play that for?'

'A universal burst of laughter followed this explosion, and the cards got into some confusion, and I was accused of having intentionally occasioned it, to get rid of a very poor hand. The old gentleman looked at me very disdainfully, and then in his most staid accents drawled out: 'Well, if this isn't one of the curiosest fix-ups ever I did see!' After that, he took up his cards and played in perfect silence the rest of the evening, and he has not even smiled on me since! An amusing little affair occurred here the other day, which I can't resist the temptation of telling you, even at the risk of being called a village gossip. It seems that one of the young men of this place had written offensive letters to several individuals, and signed the initials of another young man, who, having discovered the offender, took an opportunity to horse-whip him publicly, and to the prayers of the victim and the entreaties of the by-standers, his only reply was, as he continued to lay on the lashes: 'I'll teach him to write *synonymous notes*, and *sign another man's name to them*!'

'I went the other afternoon to visit an old lady nearly ninety years old. She is grandmother to one-half the town, and auntie to the other half, but notwithstanding her advanced age, she retains her eye-sight and hearing perfectly, and her conversation is a droll mixture of the shrewdness of experience and the simplicity of childhood. When I entered, I found her seated in her rocking-chair, with her feet upon a little foot-stool, with an open book upon her knee, looking the very picture of comfort and content. She gave me an affectionate greeting, and seating myself near her, I opened my budget of village news; for the old lady takes the keenest interest in all that goes on in the neighborhood. I told her what young man had escorted certain young ladies to singing-school, and what remarks had been made about it, and which young ladies attracted the most attention at the last tea-party, who the handsome colonel was most devoted to, who the pretty widow smiled most sweetly on, and what was said of the stylish Mrs. —.

'The old lady listened attentively, and then quietly remarked: 'Well, things are just the same as they used to be when I was a girl. If a woman be pretty, witty, and talented, she is pretty sure of the admiration of the men, and the hatred and envy of the majority of her own sex; for it is only superior minds that can bear superiority in others.'

'She then went on to speak of other matters, and finally referring to the book upon her knee, she said that she had been much interested by its perusal, and that as she knew me to be very fond of reading, she would be glad to lend it to me. I took up the little pamphlet and found it to be 'The Illustrated Family Almanac.' With the most serious face in the world, I thanked the dear old lady for her kindness, and in a few moments took my leave; but just as I reached the door, she cried out: 'Come back, dear child, and get your book; you came very near leaving it, didn't you?'

'I took the book from her hand and brought it home in safety, so I shall no longer be obliged to scribble letters to you, by way of amusement; for when I get dull, and time hangs heavy on my hands, I can read the Almanac. Adieu.—Yours truly,

J. K. L.'

'How do you suppose that I have spent the last half-hour, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER? Well, I shan't stop for you to reply; for with all your masculine vanity, you would never be able to guess. I have been looking at your likeness! Now do n't shrug your shoulders and try to look so supremely indifferent; you feel flattered; I know you do; and well you may, for there's many a man between this and the ocean

would give every thing else but his cherished moustache to have me gaze at his 'pictured self' for half-an-hour.

'And now, lest I should kindle an extra spark of vanity in your breast, I will just explain to you how it happened that I wasted so much valuable time in such a useless manner. You must know that I had read last month's Magazine through and through, from cover to cover, and being rather in want of reading matter, I was about commencing a second time, when, as I tell you, I found on the outside 'food for thought,' which prevented my going any further. I like that picture much. How cozy and comfortable you do look there in your high-backed chair, and how I should like to rumage in that old chest! I see now where you get all the good things from that you put in your Magazine, (all except those I write for it!) how I should like to overhaul them for you! And then that pile of books on the floor does look so deliciously careless and literary! I'll be bound that it worries your wife's life half out, and that BETTY the chamber-maid is dying to dust them, 'and set them to rights a bit,' but I admire the *firmness of character* which has enabled you to keep them in just such confusion for the last ten years, in spite of wife and chamber-maid: it shows the good old Dutch blood, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, and I honor Dutch blood, as in duty bound, seeing that it flows in these veins, pure and undefiled. That pipe too is decidedly Dutch, and my 'heart warms to it.' My dear old grandfather used to smoke just such a pipe, only not quite so long, and he left me an extra share in his will on account of my partiality to tobacco-smoke. Some people's eyes always fill with tears when exposed to tobacco-smoke; I wonder if they are thinking of their dear grandfathers?

'There is but one thing in the picture I object to — one thing that I fear and hate. Now don't be frightened, for it isn't *you*. O dear! no; I'm not afraid of a man! and it's neither pen, ink, nor paper; for as you know to your sorrow, I am only too fond of those, but it is that animal, that *cat*! How can you have her there! Upon my word, I never will set my foot in your sanctum till you drive her out. Why, it makes my flesh creep and my blood run cold just to write about her, and I would not enter a room with one of those creatures in it for the wealth of the Indies. I spend all my pocket-money in paying small boys to rid the place of them. I believe they are necessary appendages of an old maid. Upon my word, I'd rather have a husband; so drive her out, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, if you hope to retain my friendship. And now, having spent half-an-hour looking at your picture, and another half-hour telling you about it, I may as well devote the next to you also, and let you know how I am getting on in my mountain-home. We had a glorious snow-storm yesterday — one of those real old-fashioned kind 'we used to have when I was a child. The large, white, feathery flakes came down thick and fast, and lodged on the house-tops and hedges, and gradually caused the fences to disappear, and covered the meadows and mountains with a pure white mantle.

'I did nothing all day but watch the falling snow, and my spirits seemed to rise higher and higher as the pretty white flakes danced merrily in the air. What can be pleasanter than such a storm when we may sit quietly at home and enjoy it in the company of those who are nearest and dearest — to turn from the beating storm without to the warm hearts and happy faces within? This little village ought to sit for its picture: it would make a most beautiful 'snow-scene' to-day.

'Oh! I had *such* a sleigh-ride last night, by moon-light, with the thermometer below zero! Now do n't roll up your eyes and shudder, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, and say that I have forfeited all claims to be called a sensible woman. You know

nothing at all about it; but just listen to me while I give you my experience, and see if you do n't acknowledge that you would like to follow my example. It was just after tea, last evening, that my mother sat in her easy-chair, knitting a little stocking for the little foot of one of her innumerable little grand-children. Sister sat by the table with her work-box before her, and her pretty little fingers busily employed upon some delicate piece of feminine industry, while I was loling on the sofa, with my attention divided between a spider that was crawling on the lamp-shade and my industrious sister, and I was wondering what fun she could possibly find in striking that little piece of steel through and through that piece of cambric, and heartily wishing that sewing had never been invented, but that we were all like birds, and furnished by nature with suitable covering; for then I should have no gloves to mend, and stockings to darn, and be called lazy, because I always postponed it till the last possible moment. Just then my reverie was interrupted by the entrance of my brother-in-law, who remarked that it was a splendid night. I rose and went to the window: it was indeed a glorious night, and I exclaimed almost involuntarily, 'Oh! what a night for a sleigh-ride!' 'Well,' replied he, 'let us go.' Mamma looked up from her knitting, and sister from her stitching, and simultaneously they exclaimed: 'Surely you're not in earnest! Why, you'll freeze to death, child!' But my brother-in-law, who has always been an aider and abettor in all my schemes of fun and frolic, since my earliest recollections, interposed in my behalf, and overruled all their objections; so I ran off to muffle myself up, and returned to the parlor, prepared, as I thought, to encounter a Lapland winter, but mother insisted upon an extra pair of moccasins over my Polish boots, thus making my feet even more than usually elephantine in their proportions; and sister went in search of her fur-cap, though I had on one of my own already. It occurred to me, as I surveyed myself in the mirror, that thus attired, no one would perceive the fall of my shoulders, or call my figure 'sylph-like,' or fall in love with my graceful walk; for I fairly rolled under the weight of clothing. In a few moments my brother-in-law entered, and really the figure he presented was almost as ludicrous as my own; so we both enjoyed a hearty laugh at each other's expense, till the sound of the bells announced that the sleigh was at the door. I jumped in, and was safely packed away amid innumerable sleigh-robcs, (rather a cold night to ride out in our *bear-skins*, was n't it?) My brother seated himself by my side, and off we started at a charming rate — the horses seeming to feel in as high spirits as we did. The river was soon reached, and we followed its windings for miles, sometimes between high cliffs, and then again through low level plains — the naked branches of the trees casting their skeleton shadows on the snow beneath, and every now and then a tall evergreen stood like a giant sentinel along our road. Thus we went for miles and miles, not meeting a single living thing, and with nothing to break the solemn stillness of the night save the musical ring of our own sleigh-bells; and such a night! — with that glorious moon sailing high in heaven, and the stars, those tireless watchers, looking so smilingly down upon us, and filling our hearts with thoughts of loved and absent ones, and of some who have left us to return no more; and we fancied that even then their spirits were looking down upon us from those bright orbs above. We arrived safely home about nine o'clock, as warm and comfortable as though we had never quitted the parlor-fire, but mother suggested the propriety of our drinking a hot whiskey-punch, to prevent the possibility of taking cold, and of course, as dutiful children, we followed her advice, and, unlike most doctors, we found that she was very willing herself to take the remedy she prescribed for others!

J. K. L.

THERE was *one* thing which we knew, when we first read the following reminiscence in manuscript, and that was, that it was written *from the life*. Do n't you see, now, how easy it is to make a graphic picture, if you write as you think, without over-laying every thing you have to say with words? We have hundreds of communications in our 'Baalam-box,' in prose and verse, in which the thoughts, good enough often-times in themselves, and sometimes exceedingly felicitous, are literally covered up with word-rubbish :

'Yes; those blessed, bright, and happy days! Who cannot look back upon them with a thrill of joy, as he sees himself trudging on with a heart-full of fun and hope, and a dinner-basket as full of pie and nut-cakes?

'He is as free from corroding care as the bird which flits and twitters across his pathway; and like it, he mounts in spirit, and soars above the ills and fears which have now gathered so thickly around us, and attach themselves like so many leeches upon our hearts, drawing out our very life-blood. The hoop, the kite, or the ball which is crowded into his pants-pocket, has far more attractions for him than the books the 'school-ma'am' is so anxious he should keep his eyes upon.

'But how shall I write about balls and hoops when it was never my misfortune to wear a hat or a round-about? No, indeed; but my calico sun-bonnet, with its deep cape and ruffled front, hung for many a week upon the same peg in the spacious old hall of the red school-house.

'How anxiously we hurried around in the morning to have our dinners put up, and to be off, that we might have time to play; and a right happy time we had of it too, laying a wall of stone on either side of the path which led to the stump where our play-house was made.

'Then there were our dishes—some real China ones, with pink edges—put upon tiny shelves of shingles, and arranged with curious taste, that every piece might show its beauties.

'When all was ready, and our dolls dressed and quieted, we played 'go and see,' rapping at the portals of each other's stumps with as much mock-dignity and politeness as you now see in the parlors of the rich. And with full as much heart-interest we inquired after the healths of each other's rag-babies as ladies now feel in regard to 'real live babies,' wrapped in embroidered flannel and sleeping in costly cribs. And often we expressed our surprise, as we looked upon the coal-traced features of our rag progeny, at the striking resemblance it had to its father.

'But in the midst of our highest enjoyment, as we all believed, rap! rap! rap! in quick and spiteful succession, would go the 'ruler' upon the window-sash; and then such a scampering and running to put things 'to rights,' and hide our babies where the boys, those pests of all pests, those girl-tormentors, should not find them.

'All things speedily arranged, we crowd the hall, each eager to get ahead, when, perhaps, just as the door is opened, some heedless girl is sent headlong in upon all-fours. Then a general titter is heard, but at the peals of the old ruler upon the table, with, 'Order!' from the school-ma'am, how we straightened down our faces and suppressed the laugh that was distending our cheeks by holding one hand tight over our mouths for fear it might involuntarily escape.

'Well do I remember the first day of that winter's school, when Mr. NOAH, with his portly form and bloated face, walked in and took the chair. We were all early

there, and seated, discussing the great advantages of having a 'man-teacher,' when the door opened and his great red nose hove in sight.

'Silence such as might have been felt pervaded the room: no sound was heard; but every eye, black, blue, hazel, and chestnut, was fastened upon him who was to hold the reins of government for the next half-year.

The 'big folks' think it a matter of no importance who sits at the helm of government to make and execute *their* laws. But here we, who were not allowed to vote in this or any other matter, but yet a community of future merchants, lawyers, mechanics, and clergymen sat on one side of the house, and on the other sat the wives, mothers, missionaries, and authoresses of the next half-century; and such a beastly-looking specimen of corporeal capacity, sent in by our parents to teach us! We did not like it.

'A few days slid by very comfortably to all who preferred study to a sound whipping; but the day was coming, and soon arrived, when we were to make up all losses in the way of play. The 'bull-frog,' as he was familiarly called, entered the room that morning, as one of the 'large girls' said, 'disguised.' But really we could not see wherein; for he made more display of himself than usual in his many ineffectual attempts to rise. When fairly up, however, he turned square around, and, to our great amusement, said: 'We'll open the school with prayer.' This was the first intimation that we had had that he was a religious man, and we were all taken too much by surprise to assume a very devotional attitude.

'It was with some difficulty that Mr. NOAH regained his seat, and while the first class was reading he fell into a recumbent position upon the side of the table, and was soon soundly snoring. This we considered a dismissal *pro tem*, and improved it by silently withdrawing, not wishing to disturb his nap. When fairly out, no doubts were set to the expressions of contempt by some, of regrets by others; while a few stoutly maintained that he was just such a teacher as they liked.

'This play we considered clear gain, and enjoyed it much more than we should have done had we been regularly dismissed. For some time we kept a watch at the door to report on the progress of the nap, which proceeded much to our liking. We were having a grand time with our 'teeter'-boards upon the highest fence, when, to our great consternation, rap! rap! rap! rap! went the ruler again at the window. I was high up in the air when the first sound came; but I did not remain long there; for the girl on the opposite end gave one bound, with, 'I guess we shall catch it,' and was off. I was not long in coming down, however, and I found my level much sooner than most people do who suddenly rise to elevated positions in the world.

'What she caught I do not know; but I was sure that it would be something the next time I got hold of her. Being left as I was in a puddle of water, behind a ten-foot fence, in a collapsed condition, it is not to be expected that I obeyed the call with as much alacrity as my fellow-students; but after a moment for breath and reflection I made my appearance at the door.

'The teacher was seated in his arm-chair, evidently in a very happy state of mind; for, with the most obsequious smiles and gestures, he said, 'Come in, my dove; you look as if there had been no abatement of the water from off the face of the earth yet.'

'Old NOAH! how I wished him back in the ark again, among the beasts, where he belonged. This ended my literary career for the winter, and I must needs remain at home and wait till some worthy 'school-ma'am' should take the chair.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Those of our readers, who were our readers eighteen years ago, will recollect a witty paper entitled '*Conversations on Vegetable Physiology*,' by WHARTON GRIFFITH, Esq., author of '*A Lift for the Lazy*,' which went the rounds of the press throughout the Union. The following '*War in the Wine-Cellar*' is quite in the same sprightly and humorous vein:

'WHAT does master mean,' said Colonel MADEIRA, his color rising as he spoke, indicating his resentment, 'by rolling a vulgar beer-barrel in amongst us choice spirits, who never associate with the canaille?' shaking from him in his agitation the dust and cobwebs that for years had been collecting. 'We patricians, who can boast of foreign ancestry, and have circumnavigated the globe more than once, too, and whose acquaintance is sought after by the rich and mighty, how could he suppose for one moment we should tolerate such an intrusion?'

'And,' said Mrs. SHERRY, turning *pale* with indignation, 'the precedent is wrong, decidedly wrong; other plebeians will presume upon this innovation when the facts come to be known.'

'Hustle him out! hustle him out!' said lively Miss CHAMPAGNE, in her most *spirited*, *heady* manner, effervescing with spite, so as to make her *beads* fly about her neck as though possessed, or suddenly seized with a fit of St. VITUS's dance, and requiring, not chains, but *wires*, to keep her rage within bounds.

'Order! order! ladies and gentlemen!' spoke elderly Mr. PORT, in a voice of authority. 'You all betray your ignorance of what becomes high birth and aristocracy of feeling, to deign to notice the interloper. Nabobs, like us, esteem him beneath contempt; and, depend upon it, our mistress, when it comes to her knowledge, will treat him with cold neglect; and he will regret from the bottom of his soul (that is, if their race have any, which I am inclined to doubt) that he ever showed his face here; and, chagrined and mortified, he will become *soured* and morose, a complete misanthrope; and, I ask, with what greater misfortune could any of our jovial band desire him to be visited?' So saying, the old nabob, *purple* with the effort of making such a long speech, rested his gouty foot on the shelf and prepared him for his usual siesta.

'*Soured*, indeed!' screeched Messrs. CLARET and HOCK, with vinegar looks, both speaking at once. 'Mr. HOCK has the floor,' cried the demijohns and the bottles all; and fashionable Mr. HOCK, with a 'Beau BRUMMELISH' air, stood deliberately scanning through his eye-glass, from stem to stern, the frightened, burly beer-barrel. *Soured*, indeed! a worse evil than that will overtake him, I trust, for his unpardonable, insufferable impudence thus to thrust himself into the society of the *elite*; and I will only say to this august assembly, that by the cultivated taste and the refined, *acid-ulated* wine is highly appreciated. But,' said the exquisite, readjusting his glass, smoothing his imperial, and viewing with complacency his shiny suit of green, 'I shall give him the cut direct, were he my grand-father, 'pon honor!'

A slight pause ensued among the nobility, when, from a remote, dark corner of the cellar, in a little squeaking voice, and with a nasal twang, spoke GINGER POP, his eyes glimmering like tiny glow-worms, and his cork just ready to fly with passion:

'You need not abuse and trample under foot us republican democrats,' said he, 'although noble blood does not flow in our veins. Still, the family of HOPS, in England, are a very *aspiring*, *climbing* sort of folks, and of old and respectable origin, and allowed all the world over to possess more patriotism than any other family. We are considered indispensable in keeping 'Independence;' the demand for us on the Fourth of July is a caution. The WASHINGTONIANS will even smack their lips at us, whilst you, every mother's child of you, are looked upon as hostile to the American *Constitution*,

enemies to mankind, and anathematized by all; but as poisons are administered in small doses, in extreme cases, so are you resorted to in some incurable diseases. Whilst, on the contrary, we have the good will of all, and are looked upon as inoffensive and good citizens; and as for you, Miss CHAMPAGNE, permit me to give you a piece of my mind. You are no better than you should be, trying to impose upon folks with your '*Parlez vous francais.*' You had better mind your beads, and take yourself off to the *Jerseys*, bag and basket, where you came from.' And GINGER POP, still *foaming* with wrath, paused to take breath; then, in a whining, canting tone, added: 'If we should all live through the winter, which for my part I feared I could not survive, my constitution being always *weakly*, as I had no *strength*, nor even *body*, until I was forty-eight hours old, and dreading sometimes lest I should *burst* with the frost—I say, should our lives be spared until spring, we shall see what we shall see. We democrats will beat you aristocrats all hollow.'

'For a time, amazement at the audacity of a poor, forlorn, isolated, forgotten little orphan Yankee pottery bottle, venturing to squeak forth such a tirade of abuse, kept each one silent. And then such a clamor was heard as has seldom been equalled, even in old Tammany. Quiet at length being restored, old Mrs. JAMAICA, who had been reeling about her nook, with the assistance of her daughters, GIN and WHISKY, her whole neck and face glowing like an ember, with swollen cheeks and carbuncled nose, puffing and blowing, and filling the cellar with her odorous breath, not quite like the 'south' wind stealing over a bed of violets,' clearing her throat for a speech, with a thick, inarticulate voice, moved 'That a committee of the whole be appointed to take into *sober* consideration the propriety of setting forth their grievances to their mistress, and, in defiance of master's remonstrances, expelling *sans ceremonie* the corpulent beer barrel, the cause of all the disturbance.' Although 'Time's busy finger on her brow had written age,' yet the old lady's face was dyed with roseate blushes, which, partially illuminating the apartment, made 'darkness visible,' as she, with her pale and shadowy daughters left the rostrum, and with a limping and uncertain gait regained her shelf. Mrs. JAMAICA then 'treated resolution' by way of a nocturnal head-gear, and the dram proving soporific, she sank into an uneasy slumber, which fact was soon made known to all by the terrific snores that reverberated through the cellar.

'Alas! poor, unpretending, humble beer-barrel! the innocent cause of this commotion, trembling with fright, death staring him in the face, the *cream* of his life gone, steadying himself on end, murmured from the bung-hole an apology to the lords and ladies all.

'First, tendering his thanks to his cousin GINGER POP, for the able defence he had made of his pedigree, he then assured them 'that if the key-hole were larger, he would make his P. P. C., but his bulk prevented that; and although the manner in which he had been *treated* by the company of choice spirits in whose presence, without his consent, he found himself, was calculated to *em-bitter* his feelings, still he would feel under great obligations to them if they would permit him for one night to lodge on the stone floor, and he would unite with them in the morning in supplicating the mistress to send him back to his friends, who, he was happy to say, were very *strong* ones.

'The servile, cringing manner of the terrified beer-barrel operated favorably upon the minds of the overbearing aristocrats, their anger was appeased, the *fermentation* ceased, and peace and harmony once more reigned in the wine cellar.'

Liquor-wars are not ended yet. - - - 'BISHOP STEVENSON,' of Pittsburgh, is 'a perfect bird.' Our readers have heard of, and from him, heretofore. We have never 'set eyes' on him, and yet we fancy that we know him. He belongs to that class of religious wharf-rats, which we used to see and hear on Sundays about the pier-heads on the East and North Rivers, until Mayor Wood pretermitted their evangelism. It's curious: but we never meet one of 'em of a week-day, in the central thoroughfares, without at

once—through the power of association—being made aware of the presence of tar, bilge-water, scrap-iron, and old rope. Well: Bishop STEVENSON, 'located' promiscuously along the various avenues of commerce centering in Pittsburgh, essaying to discharge high service in exercise of his office, took seat in the cars one evening, with an eye to a missionary tour to the benighted vicinity of Greensburgh, and because of inability to comply with one of the trifling regulations of the company touching the matter of fare, was compelled to change platforms some miles from town, and left at Turtle Creek. In the language of the Bishop himself: 'the plane Staitment of the matter, is i spoak to the bagage master the evening Before Respecting of going to greensburgh and to Let me hav a fre pas Going and Returning which his repli was com and see about the Mater wich i did and the agint sade go to the conductor and prech him a serman and he shuld taik me. and when the conductor come to me he asked me Whare I was Going too and i reply to greensburgh to Delivir a corse of lecturs he asked me for a ticket wich i had non and stated to him they alowed me to prech him a serman and he shuld Take me. he sade the compeny had no soles, making of them worst than hethens, as regards the amortal sole. and he stated i wuld hav to Go out at the first station wich was turtle crick — wich i was left in a Bad situasion as regards the meanes of Getting alonge and sufford to be Left amonge a comunity that had a hart as hard as the conductor in a Starving situasion and no Whares to lay my hed on.' An enthusiastic admirer of the Bishop does not hesitate to say :

'I confess to a peculiar pride in being permitted to rank myself among the number of the Doctor's friends. I have enjoyed the satisfaction of standing under more than one of his 'corse of lecturs:' I have admired his eloquence, when, in spite of the manifold annoyances which have assailed him, pebbles pelting, deposits of hen's-nests made projectiles of, crushing about him, meat-hooks in the market-houses whose blocks have been his rostrum inserted in his nether broadcloth, and all that—I have admired his eloquence, I say, when under such a combination of untoward circumstances, he has maintained his place, and spent his glowing thoughts upon the ears of congregations, unmoved, unterrified, serene. I have been witness to his matchless skill in the management of intricate questions, setting points beyond cavil in a quarter of an hour's treatment which have been in controversy ever since doctors began to disagree, and felt myself filled with wonder that from handling threads and needles on a tailor's board, one could have been found to ascend through the spheres of peddling 'esanses,' mostly sinamont, as being most in demand,' and scouring cloths, and inventing patent 'savs' for burns and blisters, price twenty-five cents a box, up to such reach of perfection in span of a life-time.'

We hope to see the 'Bishop' soon. - - - You will hear from 'JOHN PHOENIX,' the author of the following, and other equally capital satirical burlesques, at 'first hands' hereafter in these pages:

'MAJOR GOLIAH O'GRADY GAHAGAN, late of the H. E. I. Company's service, has the honor to inform the gentlemen of San-Francisco of his arrival from Calcutta, and he offers them his professional services as a *Duellist* and *Professor of the Code of Honor*.

'From his great experience and skill in his profession, having had the pleasure to be engaged in over four thousand 'affairs of honor,' and to have slain in personal combat, during the past thirty years, two hundred and thirty-eight gentlemen of high respectability, Major GAHAGAN flatters himself that he shall be able to give satisfaction to the chivalry of San-Francisco, and to conduct their little 'affairs' with unequalled *colat*.

'In soliciting the patronage of this enlightened community, Major GAHAGAN has the honor to submit the following scale of fees, which he has put at such an exceedingly low figure as to place a duel in the power of a gentleman of the most limited means.

For demanding an apology.....	\$3 00
Ditto, an abject ditto.....	8 75
For letters on the subject of satisfaction, each.....	1 25

'For arranging and carrying through a hostile meeting, as follows:

With duelling pistols, ten steps.....	\$100
Ditto, furnishing pistols, ammunition, surgeon, and carriages.....	200
With rifles, thirty steps.....	150
Ditto, with muskets, ditto.....	150
With Colt's revolvers, six shots.....	200
Ditto, six pounders, field pieces, (artillery provided,).....	500

'For settling satisfactorily a difficulty, 'without prejudice to the honor of either party,' as follows:

When the lie has been given.....	\$100
When the expression d — d rascal has been used.....	75
Ditto, d — d jackass.....	50
When the nose has been pulled.....	150
When a blow has been struck.....	150
When a kick has been given.....	175
Ditto, on or near the coat-tails.....	200

'As a line must be drawn some how, Major G. feels it his duty to announce that he will on no account consent to serve in an affair between persons of color, and that his charges for conducting a duel between two tailors will be nine times as great as the ordinary fees, the proverbial tenacity of life of those tradesmen rendering this arrangement imperative.

'As interference with a gentleman's profession is an outrage by no means to be tolerated, Major GAHAGAN deems it his duty to inform all gentlemen who may think proper to engage in an affair of honor hereafter, whether as principal or seconds, without his assistance, that he will hold them personally responsible for so doing, in each and every instance.

'Posting, as Liar, Coward, and Scoundrel, by card or placard, executed on the most reasonable terms, and eligible lots in the Lone Mountain Cemetery provided for the unfortunate, or steamer tickets furnished the survivors for a small commission. Address Major GOLIAH O'GRADY GAHAGAN, corner of Clay and Leavenworth streets, upstairs.

'*Notices of the Press.* — From the Bundelcund 'Galaxy,' June the 15th, 1854 — 'The fight yesterday between Major GAHAGAN and the Hon. FITZ ROY JOBSON, was one of the most beautifully conducted affairs we ever had the pleasure of witnessing. With five successive shots from a Colt's revolver, the gallant Major removed his adversary's five front-teeth, and with the sixth took off, as cleanly as with a scalpel, an inch and a half from the end of his nose, the profuse hemorrhage ensuing, rendering Mr. Jobson *hors de combat* for the nonce.

'Major GAHAGAN attended the honorable company's ball in the evening, when we noticed him mingling in the mazes of the dance with Lady EMILIE JOBSON, etc., etc.'

'From the Calcutta 'Evening Journal,' Aug. 9th, 1854 — "The duel between the gallant Major GAHAGAN and the Lord-Bishop of Bengal, came off this morning at daylight, and resulted in the Bishop's receiving an ounce-ball on the pit of the stomach. On learning the nature of his adversary's wound, the Major wittily remarked that he was much to be pitied, adding that he would have *winged* the Bishop, but for the fear of making an angel of him prematurely.'

'Hundreds of similar testimonials to the above may be seen by applying to Major G. O. G. G. at his office.'

There is a most trenchant satire in this. - - - 'THE following incident,' writes 'G. B. P.,' from whom we shall be glad to hear again, 'was related to me some years since, and afforded me so much amusement at the time, and whenever it has occurred to me since, that I am tempted to jot it down for the amusement of your readers, albeit, I must premise, that it loses half its savor in the telling: Mr. F —, who was for some years the President of one of the Southern telegraph companies, and for a much longer time the

clerk of the United States House of Representatives, is a very grave-looking, dignified sort of a personage, with a very slow, measured, and drawling voice, but who, withal, likes a good joke as well as any one, though he has a somewhat peculiar mode of expressing it. Happening one day, while in Boston, to come unexpectedly upon a somewhat familiar countenance, he inquired of the gentleman in company with him if that (pointing to the stranger) was not Mr. THAYER? His friend replied that it was. 'Why,' said Mr. F —, 'I used to know him once very well, and I recollect a letter he wrote me, too; and I don't think I shall ever forget it either. You see, he was an operator on my line some years ago, and a very good one too; but he had one great fault: he would take a little too much occasionally, and neglect his duties. I disliked to say any thing to him about it, he was such a gentlemanly fellow, and so it ran on for some time, until finally I thought it my duty to write him, and remonstrate against his conduct, and see if I could not effect some improvement. I wrote him as mild and delicate a letter as the circumstances would admit of, and what do you suppose he did when he received it? Why, Sir, he sat down and wrote me back, inclosing my letter to him, saying, 'If I was going to adopt it as a rule to write to all the operators who were in the habit of drinking, that I had better keep that letter as a copy, and get it s-t-e-r-e-o-t-y-p-e-d, and *send a copy of it to every operator on the line!*' Well, Sir, to tell you the plain truth, I was almighty angry at the time, and immediately sent him his discharge, but it makes me laugh now whenever I think of it!' - - - To our conception there is great beauty in the ensuing fervid lines. We know nothing of the author, save that they are said to be by a lady:

'Abide with Us.'

'TARRY with me, O my SAVIOUR!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh:
Tarry with me! tarry with me!
Pass me not unheeded by.

'Many friends were gathered round me,
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here the last:
I am lonely; tarry with me,
Till the dreary night is past.

'Dimmed for me is earthly beauty;
Yet the Spirit's eye would fain
Rest upon THY lovely features;
Shall I seek, dear LORD! in vain?
Tarry with me, O my SAVIOUR!
Let me see THY smile again.

'Dull my ear to earth-born music;
Speak THOU, LORD, in words of cheer:
Feeble, tottering my foot-step,
Sinks my heart with sudden fear;
Cast THINE arms, dear LORD! around me,
Let me feel THY presence near.

'Faithful Memory paints before me
Every deed and thought of sin;
Open Thou the blood-filled fountain,
Cleanse my guilty soul within:
Tarry, thou forgiving SAVIOUR,
Wash me wholly from my sin.

'Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west:
Swift the night of death advances—
Shall it be the night of rest?
Tarry with me, O my SAVIOUR!
Lay my head upon Thy breast.

'Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
LORD, I cast myself on THEE;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me
Till the morning, then awake me,
Dearest LORD, to dwell with THEE!

Read this before you go to church on Sunday. - - - THE friendly correspondent who sends us the following considers himself very properly justified in doing so, by the place which we gave to the proceedings of the 'convention' held by the 'Man in the Moon,' as recorded in the '*Dua Fabula*,' of our umqwhile correspondent, the 'Director in a Plank-Road Company:'

'THE fable (which I have just turned in in an old number of 'KXICK') of the man in the moon, who held a meeting all by himself, and passed resolutions applauding his own conduct, calls to my mind a real meeting I once heard of, convened in a city not a thousand miles from Cleveland. 'The Forest City' was the residence of the Secretary of a company, the stock of which was chiefly owned by an uncle of his 'down-East,' but which was organized and did business nominally in Ohio. Things were so fixed that when any new resolutions were to be passed, officers elected, or any thing of importance done, it was necessary to call a meeting of the company, and on those occasions, the express, on the day before the meeting, usually brought a package of instructions, and a hat-full of stock and proxies to E —, who acted on such occasions as the representative of 'all hands.' On the occasion to which I allude, E —, who, by the way, is a tall, good-natured, jocosé fellow, with a keen relish for a good joke and 'Old Particular,' was the only voter in town, and of course he was puzzled, as the hour of meeting drew near, to contrive how he would manage the assemblage, or how he should support the united dignities of President, Secretary, voters, and audience—they all being combined in his own ungainly person. As the hour of ten drew nigh, however, a lucky thought struck him. Seizing his proxies and his hat-full of scrip, he went to his friend B —, a youngster in whose discretion he had confidence, and having written a transfer for one share, which constituted him a voter, he asked him up to the convention. Arrived in his sanctum, and being seated at the table, E — opened the meeting by informing B — solemnly, that 'pursuant to notice, the stock-holders of the — Company were then and there convened for the election of officers.' Said E —: 'Now B —, you move that I be President.' 'Done!' said B —. 'Now, I move that you be Secretary.' 'Done!' says B —. The meeting being thus fully organized, the voting began. E — threw in his hat-full for the 'down-East' officers, and B —, as in duty bound, put in his vote ditto. The result of the election having been ascertained, various resolutions were passed with great unanimity, and several speeches made by the President to the audience, touching the welfare of the company, which were received with unbounded applause, and after a very lengthy and spirited session, the President announced to B — that the convention was adjourned,

to meet a year hence, at same hour and place. The convention did then adjourn, and all the members descended to the saloon of the W — House, to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the meeting, and to drink to the prosperity of the — Company and the health of the successful candidates.'

APROPOS of the '*Dux Fabula*:' here is a '*Missent Letter to the People*,' from the same pen, which failed to reach the editor of '*The Tribune*,' who, being in Paris, is unable to redress all public grievances, as he could do through his influential journal, if he were at his post:

'Letter from the People.

'TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE:

'SIR: Allow me to make use of the valuable columns of your widely-disseminated sheet to stir up public opinion on the subject of a systematic system of outrage pursued toward the people, by a certain gigantic and overgrown monopoly, which imagines itself invulnerable in every quarter; and which, having the giant's strength, cares not how tyrannously it uses it.

'The first-class Express Comet, which was telegraphed to the Berlin Observatory several weeks ago as being on its way up from below, has come in sight, and is now making a frantic run down the long grade to this station. The papers say that this is the Comet of 1788. If the statement is true it was due, according to the time-table, in 1854, and is consequently two years behind time. Whether the delay was caused by the carelessness of a switch-tender, or the fatal curiosity of some straggling cow, I am unable to say, but the heedless and headlong character of the employés of the line, make it to my mind morally certain that to some such inexcusable negligence the failure of mails and the delay of passengers is to be ascribed. Now, Sir, what I want to know is, how long the Directors of this line are to be permitted to defy public opinion, and to snap their fingers at claims for damages? The other evening the Night Express, while going at an insane velocity through the avenues of the thickly-settled district beyond the Half-Way House, leaped off the track and ran smack into a large new moon which had lately been put up, with all the modern improvements, by the public-spirited proprietor of the well-known watering-place in that region. It is needless to say that the luckless 'obstacle,' as the superintendent of the line coolly called it, was knocked into a cocked hat, and to all who have ever had any dealings with the same surpassingly cool individual, it will be equally unnecessary for me to say further that the bill of the gentlemanly proprietor, when presented at the Company's office for settlement, was deliberately met by a bill for 'damages to cow-catcher,' and pigeon-holed, in the face and eyes of the astounded and helpless creditor, as 'cancelled per account!' This is not a solitary instance. I could give you forty — and no wonder, either, when the numerous trains are driven at headlong speed over a *single* track, and the most ordinary precautions against accident are totally disregarded. Last night the Comet, now in sight, crossed the orbit of a large planet, *without ringing the bell*, and this negligence is habitual. Plainly, no disaster is too overwhelming to be expected from such management. The Lightning Train is now due from the East, and as neither of the trains stop at way-stations, I expect nothing more than to see the two lock horns at the corner of my kitchen. Are the Directors of the road crazy, or is every body else crazy? Please inform. Excuse this encroachment on your valuable space. I have borne the evils complained of as long as I am able to, and have only spoken when the tread of a gigantic monopoly on my own corns has become unendurable.

'Your obedient servant,

'June, 1855.

PUBLICOLA.'

'PUBLICOLA' must not forget us hereafter. - - - 'An eminent physician of our city,' according to our contemporary of '*The Spirit of the Times*,' has supplied several prescriptions for complaints which it is feared the 'prohi-

bitory law' will in a short time entail upon the community, and the remedies for which any druggist or apothecary is obliged to supply, after the recipe shall have received the signature of a regular physician. The 'medicine,' it is said, is 'not bad to take.' We annex two or three prescriptions without giving their 'proper names,' as, under the circumstances, it might 'defeat the ends of justice:'

R. — SPIRITUS vini Gallici, fl ʒ j.
Tinct. Gentian comp., fl ʒ ss.
Sacchari albi pulv., cochleare minim. j.
Aque frigida, fl ʒ iij.
Misce bene.

Adde corticis limoni sectionem parvulam.

S. 'Ter die Hauriendum.'

R. — SPIRITUS Hordei et Secalis cum lupul. destillati, et cum bacis Juniperi } fl ʒ j.
communis redestillati et rectificati, }
Tinct. Gentianæ et Amomi Cardamomi compositæ, fl ʒ ss.
Sacchari albi, cochleare minimum, fl ʒ iij.
Aque frigida,

Misce bene, cum fustula; et adde corticis limonis sectionem parvulam.

'S. 'Quater die hauriendum: videlicet — mane, una hora post meridiem ad vesper, et ante recumbitum.'

PRESCRIPTIO AD FACIENDUM JULEPUM MENTHICUM.

SPIRITUS Vini Gallici, fl ʒ ij.
Spiritus Amygdali Persici, fl ʒ ss.
Spiritus Sacchari officinarum, fl ʒ j.
Sacchari albi puri, cochl. maxim.
Menthæ viridis foliarum — manipul. minim.

'M. B. cum agitatione violenta, frustis glacies et aque puræ q. s. additis.

It is said that these 'medicaments,' to persons accustomed to drink brandy and gin cock-tails, or even mint-juleps, will prove a very pleasant substitute for their accustomed 'beverage.' - - - We are indebted to a friend in Washington City for the following very forcible illustration of 'What Constitutes Riches.' We need not add that the anecdote is entirely authentic:

'To be rich,' said Mr. MARCY, our worthy Secretary of State, 'requires only a satisfactory condition of the mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another, in the possession of millions, may think himself poor; and as the necessities of life are enjoyed by each, it is evident the man who is the best satisfied with his possessions is the richer.'

'To illustrate this idea, Mr. MARCY related the following anecdote: 'While I was Governor of the State of New-York,' said he, 'I was called upon one morning at my office by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in, and commenced conversation by inquiring 'if this was Mr. MARCY?'

'I replied that that was my name.

' 'BILL MARCY?' said he. I nodded assent.

' 'Used to live in Southport, did n't ye?'

'I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was, and what he was driving at.

' 'That's what I told 'em,' cried the backwoodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force; 'I told 'em you was the same old BILL MARCY who used to live in Southport, but they would n't believe it, and I promised the

next time I came to Albany to come and see you and find out for sartin. Why, you know me, do n't you, BILL ?'

'I did n't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me I could n't recollect ever having seen him before ; and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by name.

'My name is JACK SMITH,' answered the backwoodsman, 'and we used to go to school together thirty years ago, in the little red school-house in old Southport. Well, times has changed since then, and you have become a great man, and got rich, I suppose ?'

'I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when he broke in :

'Oh ! yes you are ; I know you are rich ! no use denying it. You was Comptroller for — for a long time ; and the next we heard of you, you were Governor. You must have made a heap of money, and I am glad of it, glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school, and I knew you would come to something.

'I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined. 'I suppose,' said I, 'fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport ?'

'Oh ! yes,' said he ; 'I hain't got nothing to complain of. I must say I've got along right smart. You see, shortly after you left Southport our whole family moved up into Vermont and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees and cleared more land than any other in the whole State.'

'And so you have made a good thing of it. How much do you consider yourself worth ?' I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, as he seemed to be so well satisfied with his.

'Well,' he replied, 'I do n't know exactly how much I am worth ; but I think, (straightening himself up,) if all my debts were paid I should be worth three hundred dollars clean cash !' And he *was* rich : for he was satisfied.' G. B. F.'

There's many a rich poor man, and many a poor rich man. - - - We are indebted to an esteemed friend for the following beautiful 'Eastern Allegory.' It is from the pen of Mr. SPARKS, the eminent American historian :

The Escorting Angels.

'Two Angels dear on every Soul attend,
And watch, with patient waiting, on each hand ;
One with soft eye of hope, and one of fear :
And both, with love intense, a golden record bear.
'And when that precious Soul, with love doth glow,
Those loving eyes with holy lustre shine ;
Then doth the right-hand Angel whisper low
'Tis ours for ever !' and with seal divine
Confirm the good, for Good can ne'er decay,
But, all immortal, wings to heaven its way.
'But if Suspicion dark, or fearful Wrath,
Trouble the lustre of those sinless eyes,
The left-hand Angel of Man's darkened path
In weeping silence writes, and sad surprise ;
But holds unsealed still the golden line,
And on his hopeful brother leans awhile ;
For if that Soul repent, the heavens shall smile,
And swift that record fade in light divine ;
And only Sorrow weep to leave so fair a shrine.

M. C. S.'

WE are well pleased, in publishing, to perpetuate in these pages, events such as are recorded in the paper from a new but welcome correspondent, entitled, '*Captain Samuel Brady and Cornplanter, a Legend of the Alleghany River*.'

'MANY of the wild legends of border strife and Indian barbarity that have been enacted along the shores of the Alleghany and Ohio, have never been rescued from the dim and fading remembrances of a past age. But occasionally a story of thrilling interest is snatched from the lingering records of the red man.

'The story I am about to relate, I received from an old Indian pilot of the Alleghany. It was many years ago, when that stern old chief, CORNPLANTER, (whose remains now repose in silence and loneliness on the banks of that beauteous river he loved so well,) was in his glory. His tribe roamed over the dense and unbroken forests along its banks, fearless, unmolested, and free.

'His people were hostile to the whites, and never lost any opportunity to lie in ambush and seize the lonely voyager as he descended the river, and consign him to the stake and the torture. But the watchful, shrewd, and deadly foe of CORNPLANTER and the whole 'tawny race' was the indomitable and fearless Captain SAMUEL BRADY. This veteran pioneer and Indian hunter was one of those noble specimens of the hardy foresters who plunged fearlessly into the interminable forests that then overspread so large a portion of the Western States.

'Like DANIEL BOON, LEWIS WETZEL, SIMON KENTON, and others, who made Indian hunting a pastime, his deadly hate of the Indian, and his burning passion for hunting them down, amounted to a monomania. This hatred was in consequence of the wrongs they had inflicted upon his family—his father, Captain JOHN BRADY, and his brother having fallen victims to the tomahawk and scalping-knife.

'The scene of the present story is at a place known to boatmen and raftmen as 'BRADY'S Bend,' and where now the noise and bustle of a new manufacturing town called the 'Great Western' resounds along the shores, that then echoed only to the whoop of the savage, or the panther's scream.

'It is a bend in the river of nine miles in length, and is sometimes called the 'Nine-Mile Bend,' and is scarcely half a mile across the neck. Here in this bend CORNPLANTER, returned from some successful inroad upon the whites, had secured several prisoners, by tying them to as many trees, while his swarthy and hideously-painted followers were busy in making preparations for the faggot and the torture.

'The stake was erected and the faggots prepared with all the coolness and refinement of Indian barbarity. It was a beautiful evening; the sun was just sinking behind the lofty hill upon the opposite shore. Calmness had thrown its oily wand upon the Alleghany's crystal tide, and it slept. The full, round moon, just bursting through the tree-tops behind them, sailed calmly through the distant blue, and cast its mellow beams upon the sleeping river, and danced upon its placid bosom.

'The melancholy note of the whip-poor-will from the adjoining thicket, fell sweetly upon the ear. The victims were unbound and led forth to the place of torture. At this moment, a voice, high up among the frowning rocks that loomed out from the thick hemlocks that crowned the hill opposite, hailed CORNPLANTER

in the Indian tongue, informing him that 'he was an Indian warrior, just returned from the war-path with a goodly number of prisoners.'

'He desired that the ceremonies of the torture might be suspended until he could ford the river and join them, when they would celebrate the occasion with unusual demonstrations of savage rejoicings. To this CORNPLANTER consented. The flames that had been kindled were extinguished, and the prisoners again bound to the trees.

'In the mean time, BRADY, for it was he who had deceived the wily Indian, with a body of men moved silently up the river to a place known as 'TRUBY'S Ripple,' and there fording the river, drew his men up across the neck of the bend, and moved noiselessly down upon the savages. So cautious was his approach that the Indians were completely cut off from retreat before they became alarmed.

'BRADY's men hommed them in from behind, while the Alleghany rolled in front. The first intimation to the savages of his approach was communicated by a deadly discharge from his unerring rifles. The Indians fought with desperation, but were overpowered; all were killed or taken prisoners save the chief, CORNPLANTER, who, on finding himself alone, plunged into the river, and swam for the other shore.

'Being a good swimmer, he remained several minutes under water, but as he rose for breath, he was greeted with a shower of bullets. In this way, alternately swimming under water as long as he could hold his breath, and then rising to the surface, he escaped unhurt, and reaching the other shore in safety, secreted himself behind a large standing rock.

'The prisoners were of course unbound, and all joined in the jollification and joy at the timely and unlooked-for release. The rock that shielded CORNPLANTER from BRADY's bullets was pointed out to me by the old Indian, in a recent trip down this river. It is known as 'CORNPLANTER'S Rock.' This old Indian gave me the story with a sad and dejected countenance, in broken English.

'Alas! how changed the scene! Where then the sheeny tide of the beauteous Alleghany parted only to the swift-skimming birchen canoe, and echoed to the wild voices that came out of the dense, dark forest, now is heard the shrill whistle of the steam-pipe, and the rushing of the mighty steamer. Where the tawny savage then reclined upon the shady banks, from his pursuit of the deer, the panther, and the bear, or rested from the war-path, is now the scene of life and activity.

'The tall old forest has receded from before the advance of civilization, and given place to farms, beautiful villas, and bustling towns. The Indian too has passed away; but a few, and they but miserable decaying relics of what they once were, are now occasionally seen, the descendants of the proud race that once could call these hills, and groves, and rivers all their own. Alas! in the language of the poet:

"CHIEFTAINS and their tribes have perished,
Like the thickets where they grew."

'Passing away! — passing away!' - - - Our neighbor, Colonel S —, tells a capital story of a certain wag in Erie, (Penn.,) a jolly publican, who contributes a good deal to the life of that pleasant but sometimes very obstinate borough. One morning, a travelling phrenologist arrived at his inn, and took lodgings. The next day in the village paper appeared an advertisement, stating that Professor B — had arrived in Erie, and would make, 'for a consideration,' examination of the heads of the citizens, and accom-

pany the same with accurate, reliable charts of character. For three or four days the calls were sparse; but on the fifth day, there was a rush of five or six to the apartments of the Professor. One morning, a countryman entered the inn where the phrenologist had his rooms, and said to our landlord aforesaid: 'Is this the place where the phrenologist 'holds out,' who can tell a man's ka-racter by the bumps onto his skull?' 'Yes,' answered BONIFACE, with a reserved and dignified manner. 'Wal, I want my potato-trap looked into a little. Where is the man?' 'I am the man,' said the landlord. 'Oh!—you *be*, eh? Wal, put in: feel o' my lumps, and gin us a map. What's the swindle?' 'There is *no* swindle, Sir: phrenology is a *science*, Sir — a *liberal* scienco.' 'Oh! yes — 'xpect so; but what's the price for feelin' a feller's head?' 'One dollar, with a chart.' 'Wal, *go* it: what do I du? — lie down, or sit up? Does it hurt?' 'Not in the least, Sir: take your seat in that chair.' There were four or five morning-loungers in the tavern, who checked a laugh, as the countryman took his seat, having first, as requested, removed his coat, vest, and neck-cloth. The wag of a landlord ran his hands through the hair of the 'patient' for a moment, and then said to his bar-tender: 'Mr. FLIPKINS, take a sheet of paper, draw four lines down its whole length, and put down my figures under the heads I mention to you.' It was done. 'Have you got it?' 'Yes: all right.' 'Very well:' and the landlord went on with his examination, which was rougher, perhaps, than there was any necessity for: 'Put down Philo-progenitiveness *sixty*.' 'Down, Sir.' 'Very well: Reverence, *two*.' 'Booked, Sir.' 'Combativeness, *two hundred*!' 'What's *that*?' said the victim. 'No matter, Sir: you'll see it on the chart. Caution, *one*: Credulity, *four hundred*!' 'What's that *last* lump?' asked the patient. 'Never mind, now: you'll understand it by-and-by. And now, (to the bar-keeper) Mr. FLIPKINS, you've put these in separate columns, as usual?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Very well: add 'em up!' 'Add 'em *u-u-p-p*!' exclaimed the phrenological 'subject': 'is *that* the way you do?' 'Of *c-o-u-r-s-e*! How else could we get your balance of mind — of intellect?' 'Wal, go ahead!' 'How does it DABOLL, Mr. FLIPKINS?' 'The three columns are equal — they foot up precisely the same!' The landlord looked solemnly and sympathisingly toward his subject: 'It is very strange,' said he, 'but *it is so*. Phrenology never lies. You have *no* predominant character, Sir: you have *no* intellectual *status*: you don't know *any* thing, Sir. Excuse me, Sir; but I must state the truth, whether you take a chart or not: but, Sir, if there is any truth in phrenology, *you are a d — d fool*! Under the circumstances, Sir, I can scarcely expect you to desire to keep the chart which you have contracted for: that is a matter of small consequence, as it will be a valuable illustration of a unique species, which I can use in my lectures hereafter. I authenticate *all* my lectures, Sir, with real name and residence. The charge of deception, in science, is one which was never brought against me, Sir, and never *will* be, Sir — *never*!' 'Oh! never mind; give us the map,' said the subject; 'here's the swindle, for it *is* a swindle; but I'd rather pay it than to have you goin' round the country makin' a fool of me everywhere else, as you have here — you blasted philoprogenitive humbug, you!' With this

explosion, the subject retired. - - - THE subjoined correspondence speaks for itself. The reader will perceive how impossible it is for PEPPER to be any thing but 'himself alone.' Even his unstudied prose, thrown off as it were 'at a heat,' is scarcely inferior to his immortal poetry. The letter which ensues was written at one sitting, with his 'left arm into a slyng.'

* Dayton, Ohio, May 5th, 1855.

'MR. 'K. N. PEPPER': DEAR SIR: Relying upon the generosity of one whom it has not been my good fortune to see, I have taken the liberty to write you. If you cannot pardon my presumption, Sir, please be so kind as to let me down as easily as may be consistent with your sense of insulted dignity.

'I have seen, read, and laughed at your inimitable 'Pomes' in the KNICKERBOCKER, and more than that, I came near killing myself from over-exertion in laughing at the oddities and originalities of your last greatest work, 'Weelbarer.' The fact of my having suffered in the cause, must bear strongly in my favor. But to the object of my letter.

'I judge from the preface to 'Weelbarer,' as well as from the fact that none of your genius is exhibited in the pages of the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER, that you intend discontinuing your efforts. Now do please be so kind as to write a few more of those 'pomes' before you 'di.' I am but a young jour. printer, and don't pretend to be an individual of much importance; or at least, if I am intended for a great man, the discovery has not yet become general; yet in spite of all this, I may venture to advance an opinion, and my opinion in regard to this matter is, that such productions as yours will run some time yet. Try it any how, just to oblige me: for who knows what the result may be?

'There are several upstarts, who, without the genius to *invent* a style, have been copying yours, and trying to steal your thunder. One of these is a resident of our sister city, Cincinnati. Push them off the track. If it is to be travelled at all, travel it yourself. You can make the best time, decidedly.

'I am almost astonished at myself: here I have been writing two pages of impudence to the immortal 'K. N. PEPPER,' (I wonder what in the deuce his *real* name is? But that's none of my business, of course.) But you have too much sense to be offended at me for doing it. I won't apologize again.

'The Shanghais are crowing most lustily, and I must get to bed. I am going to church to-morrow. So, PEPPER, good night! Please don't die, though.

'Yours admiringly,

JNO. E. VOUGHT.

'To 'K. N. PEPPER,' Esq.'

* North-Demosthenes 4 Corners, May the 15, 55.

'MR. JNO C. VOUGHT, esqr: DERE SIR: i reseve a leter frum you datid march the 5 wich i wos Plesse with. Mr. CLARK cent it 2 me ware i am staink to mi fren mr. PODDS. you rite a nexilen han, wich compairs faverbly with mine. your langig is good: wot you otto practis onto is stile, wich is rayther hard to git. ADISONS is very good onct in a wiles, but not fur a stedy stile. as a ninstans ov wot i caul a pirfic stile, their is the grate genus Mr. JOHN LANDIS, wich perhaps you no. their is trod elekens! and his Genus fur Paint is ekal to POWERS fur sculp. mi fren Podd hes contractid a good stile, wich yung men otto talk notis ov.

'i no that varis riters as hesent got no Genus air pertendin fur to profflay into mi naim, but thaym poor creeters: wot air thayr felinks wen compaired to a troo Pote? nothink. thay doant fele no Fire or Genus becos thay aint got no fire to fele, wich acouns fur there coolnees. Genus recuirs a man as hes suferd & hes got a felink hart boath of wich is mi cala.

'you will se in the Jewn KNICKERBOCKER that your feres air not realize. i their adres the Moon wile she is absen in a e klips. you will se also that the chansis wos agin mi livin a grait wile & ov coars ov ritink. but in consekens ov mi dere fren Podd their is no tellink wen the afair wil cum of.

'the dr. ses i musent rite oanli a litle to onct wile ime a gittin wel so ile hev to stop pirty cuic. you say somethink about mi uther naim wich i dident no as i had. wen i get l ile write.

'frum your leter i shood thinc as you must be a fine yung man, i shood be hapy to see you if you cum est. ask Mr. CLARK ware i am: hele alus no.

'n b. ef mi leter is sober thinc how bad i mus fele after goink throo ol i hev: frum yours trooly,

K. N. PEPPER.

PEPPER, we learn, is rapidly recovering. - - - Our 'variorum' friend 'Meister KARL' has, in the following, 'taken a leaf out of the book' of our departed friend and correspondent, JOHN SANDERSON, author of '*The American in Paris*,' touching whom Mr. IRVING once said to us that he 'exhibited superfluous wit enough to set up any six modern humorists;' adding, we remember, that although his papers in the KNICKERBOCKER were never too long, they were sometimes, he thought, a little too broad. We are assuming that the reader remembers the 'AMERICAN's' description of the 'home-feeling' which came over his mind and his heart upon seeing, on his first arrival in Paris, certain gowns and petticoats in a clothes-closet opening into a passage-way to his apartment:

Ladies' Stockings.

I.

A CLOTHES-LINE in yonder garden
Goes wandering among the trees,
And on it two very long stockings
Are kicking the evening breeze;
And a lot of fancy dry-goods,
Whose nature I cannot define,
Are wildly and merrily flopping
About on that same old line.

II.

And a very fly young lady
At the parlor-window sews;
And I rather conclude, if you tried it,
You'd find she'd fit into 'them hose.'
She's only a half-length picture,
Fore-shortened below the breast;
But the dry-goods which dance on the tight-rope,
Out yonder, just make up the rest.

III.

So dream-like she seems, so gentle,
You'd think her too good for earth:
And I feel that a holier spirit
Is banishing vulgar mirth
To its worldly home — by Jingo!
What a flourish that muslin throws,
And how uncommonly taper
Those stockings go off at the toes!

IV.

O eyes! like the sky when 'tis bluest!
 O hair! like the night without star!
 O muslin and hose! I can't help it!
 Ye still draw my thoughts over 'thar.'
 The *lady* alone is substantial,
 The clothes but a fancy ideal,
 Yet some how or other — confound it!
 I've mixed up the sham and the real.

V.

O Love! you're the same old sixpence
 With the poet, the muff, or the brick:
 You go up with a rush like a rocket,
 But come down at last like the stick:
 And let love-thoughts be lofty or lowly,
 Platonic or flash, I opine
 That they all, like yon dry-goods and stockings,
 Belong to the *very same line*!

L'ENVOY.

BE sure that no letter A garden
 Was ever yet wanting in *hoses*;
 And MEISTER KARL thinks that a ballad
 Looks well when it ends with the close! MEISTER KARL.

A FEW scraps of '*Juvenile Gossipry*,' each one from a different division of this 'great country,' and showing that 'smart children' and 'fond parents' are everywhere. Moreover, some of these little 'sayings' really 'point a moral':

'SPEAKING of 'little folks:' we have them at our house, FRANK, three years old, and ADA one. They have a very kind and indulgent mother, and persuasion and rewards, in the shape of *bon-bons*, frequently take the place of the more severe discipline that once was considered indispensable. ADA was a little 'out of sorts' one day, and crying lustily: her mother, handing her a cake, said, 'Take this, and stop your crying.' FRANK, who had been playing merrily a moment before, suddenly burst into a terrible fit of grief: 'Mamma, give *me* a cake to stop *my* crying!'

'AS little FREDDY and his father were walking' alongside the public square, on one of our recent windy days, a man's hat blew off, and after it started the man, at full speed. 'Look, Pa!' said the admiring FREDDY, 'see that man *driving his hat across the square*!'

'MY little CLARA was watching with much curiosity and interest a flock of fowls, as they were sunning themselves, when her attention was suddenly arrested by the gorgeous red crests of two roosters:

'Mamma, what are those red things on their heads?'

'Their combs, my dear.'

'Why, how funny! — they wear combs! Mamma, are they the *women*?'

'A 'WEE' cousin of mine, while talking with his aunt the other day, said:

'Aunt, I should think that SATAN must be an awful trouble to God.'

'He must be trouble enough,' she answered.

'I don't see how he came to turn out so, when there was no DEVIL to put him up to it!' was the reply.'

A LITTLE girl of scarce three summers called in at the house of a newly-married couple, neighbors of mine, and finding the lady a little indisposed, after talking a few minutes on some other matters, very politely and sympathetically asked:

'Do you think you will die, Mrs. H ——?'

'Oh! no! I presume not now.'

'What would you do with your clothes and furniture if you should die?'

'I should let GORHAM (her husband) have them.'

'What would you do with that white bonnet of yours? I think it's a very pretty bonnet.'

'I should let GORHAM keep *that*, too.'

'*Perhaps he might marry again!*' was the little one's last query.

'Was n't that decidedly 'fast'?''

At a Sunday-school celebration, where, being very much crowded, the little ones, 'undergoing catechism,' were pushing and 'hunching' each other, as 'children will,' the catechizer inquires the definition of peace. One little girl, in a particularly uncomfortable place, seemed anxious to answer: 'Well, my little girl, what is the definition?'

'I think, Sir, it means, not to 'hunch' when you are crowded.'

A NEIGHBOR of ours has a little boy of about half-a-dozen summers, a very innocent little fellow. He came into the office some time ago, and, in a very modest manner, asked: 'Mr. B ——, will you please to let WES. SUMMERS and I have your yoke of oxen?' (We have a very large span.) 'Who is to drive the oxen, SAMMY?' I said, thinking I might have misunderstood the little fellow. 'Why, WES. SUMMERS and I want to take them out on the hill to *play with!*''

I HAD a little sister once (she lives in Heaven now) who was the wonder of all who knew her. She played and sang with accuracy several little songs upon the piano when only four years of age. Her imagination was very vivid. She would sit for hours and read long stories out of books or papers that she conceived as she turned the leaves over; for she only knew her letters. One day she took her little pocket Testament, and folding her chubby hands solemnly across it she read: 'And verily I say unto you, JESUS CHRIST put on HIS bonnet and shawl and went out to walk with HIS sisters.' This was when she was three years old. A short time before she died, she turned from her play one day, and said to our older sister: 'Sister CARRY, I shall die in three weeks;' and just three weeks from that day she lay a corpse on her little bed!

What was that but a 'spirit-warning?' - - - We have seldom seen a pleasanter sight, or witnessed a more interesting occasion, than the *Presentation of a Flag to the Piermont Guards*, by the ladies of the village, which has just occurred on a sloping green lawn a little way from our summer-cottage. The day was most charming; the ladies were out 'in full feather;' and the people of the place generally were in attendance. Colonel ISAAC SLOAT, on behalf of the ladies, presented the banner to the Company, (who never looked or marched better than on this occasion,) in an elaborate speech, replete

with American patriotism: while the flag was received on behalf of the corps by Colonel EDWARD PYE, of Haverstraw, in an excellent speech, which was frequently and deservedly applauded. The banner is thus correctly described and deservedly praised by the '*Rockland County Journal*.'

'It is a beautiful thing, made of rich Mazarine blue silk, heavily fringed. On one side is painted a wreath composed of all kinds of flowers, most faithfully drawn and colored, inclosing a view of WASHINGTON's Head-Quarters at Tappan town. In the background appears the American Encampment, and in the fore-ground is a fine figure of the General leaning upon his horse, which is held by his black servant. Surmounting the wreath is a shield bearing the stars and stripes, inclosed in a halo. At the base of the wreath, twining among the flowers, is a representation of crimson velvet drapery, falling into an open centre, on which is inscribed, 'PRESENTED BY THE LADIES TO THE PIERMONT GUARD, MAY 31st, 1855.' On the reverse side is a wreath of roses surrounding a golden wreath. At the base is an Eagle relieved by four American flags which fold in a rich cluster under his talons, while streaming from his beak is the national motto, 'E Pluribus Unum.' Striking out into the centre of the wreath is a green mound, on which is represented the arms of the Company, supported on the right by a Shore Guard of '76 in the old Continental costume, and on the left by a Piermont Guard in his blue uniform. In the centre of the device are the initials 'P. G., 17th Regt. N. Y. S. I.' On the left of the mound is a view of the city and bay of New York, with its shipping, steamers, etc., stretching off to the right in a open sea view. Over this wreath also is a shield in a halo. Too much credit cannot be awarded to Capt. WM. F. FOLGER for the manner in which he has executed the work intrusted to him by the ladies. In the designs on either side of the flag, which are original, he has displayed much judgment and taste; and in working them out, elaborated and complicated as they are, he has proved himself a painter of no mean skill. It is almost incredible the amount of work expended upon this flag; and we think we can safely say that the colors of the 'Piermont Guard' will bear comparison with any other in the State.'

Such, reader, is our flag: 'and long may it wave!' - - - THE *Boston Post* has an agreeable 'on dit' that JOHN G. SAXE, Esq., is engaged upon a new poem to be entitled 'THE PRESS: a fruitful theme, which is to be treated historically, eulogistically, practically, and satirically. The topic is a broad one, and affords scope for all these and something over. '*Macte Virtute!*' which being translated, means, 'Do your prettiest!' The same popular journal has the following tribute to SAXE, from the pen, as we infer, of Mr. A. M. IDE, Jr., a sometime contributor to this Magazine:

'GREAT ex-exponent of our modest craft,
I read the *Post's* announcement of your poem,
And inwardly soliloquised and laughed;
If there's a greater wag I do not know him;
A muse so fruitful could conceive no less;
'Lay on, MACDUFF'—and as you soar and sing,
Up to 'The Times' in 'Progress,' make the 'Press'
A monarch mightier than the 'Money King.'
Time's noblest offspring always is his last;
And yours, like his, in Alpine order rise,
Chaste, pure, and strong, yet sweet and unsurpassed,
Winning you incense from our tearful eyes:
Long live your fame! from Beersheba to Dan—
A poet, 'torney, editor and MAN!

A. M. I.'

Apropos of SAXE: let us 'set him up' a little, by quoting a circumstance mentioned to us by a distinguished New-York Democrat, whom we met in the street to-day. 'How comes on *The Knickerbocker Gallery*?' he asked. We told him that a new and extremely beautiful edition had just been issued. 'I saw a copy in Washington, at the PRESIDENT's, the other day,' continued our friend. 'Some one had been paying him a compliment upon

his 'wearing so well,' with the cares of a nation on his shoulders. 'Ah! gentlemen,' said he, 'let me read you a short piece of poetry that hits my case exactly : ' and taking up the '*Knickerbocker Gallery*,' he read SAXE's lines, '*I'm Growing Old*,' and commended them as they deserved to be. Put *that* in your pipe, friend SAXE. - - - We have seen nothing better than the following, in its kind, save the polyglot advertisement of the inn-keeper in the Valley of Chamouni, which we remember to have published some years ago from the manuscript of a friend who copied it upon the spot. Observe the *entirely* foreign idiom of the *affiche*. It is a New-Orleans placard of the thoroughfares:

'Advertisement.

'THE undersigned takes leave to inform the public that he has lately arrived from Paris, and that he is furnished with a few articles of new invention, very useful and economical for families:

'I. A liquid for the conservation of all kinds of furnitures, and all kinds of marble in all colors. With that liquid, on rubbing lightly the most elegant and gilded furnitures, will give them the most glittering lustre that one could not distinguish from new. That liquid procures on all articles a great duration, an agreeable smell, and preserves them from all kinds of insects. The most renowned manufacturers use it for their finest furnitures. Those wishing to be convinced are invited to make a proof gratis.

'II. A composition of varnish, lately invented, for the conservation of hides, harnesses, hides of carriages, and gentlemen's, ladies', and children's shoes: it preserves from all devastations that could make water or humidity.

'The method to make use of it as follows: Said composition must be rubbed with oil: one moistens the hides with the preservative composition, making use of a sponge, and rubbing it slowly, momentarily it will produce a very satisfying effect.

'III. A mixture, with which one can get out all stains, of each sort and color of woollen cloths, as cassimere, merinos, carpets, and billiard-coverings: also greasestains, or those coming from perspiration on collars of clothes, cloaks, etc.

'The manner to scour each stain is: To wet with a little water a part of this mixture, to take this liquid upon a brush or the finger and rub the stain, after which said stain will disappear, and the stuff will recover its former lustre.

'IV. A blacking, also lately invented and privileged: with that blacking, in rubbing the hides, one gives it a greater duration than with any other until yet known blacking: makes it soft, black, and after a little friction with the brush, gives it a glittered lustre; makes it impenetrable for water, and prevent to try: said blacking is very much approved by the most renowned harness and boot-makers: it can be used for all kinds of hides, also for boots, to which it gives not only a distinctive blackness, glittering lustre, prolonged duration, great softness which makes stepping easy, but it renders them waterproof: by the very low prices of said blacking, the furnisher procures a proof to every body. For guarantee of counterfeit, each pack is covered with papers, and will be printed by the Chinese arms. It is composed of fish-grease, marrow, and decomposition of gum. The proofs will be showed gratis, a few days after reception of this circular. This advertisement will be called for. J. DU PU — AND COMPANY.'

The above is *inimitably* genuine. - - - 'In this 'one-horse town,' writes a Mobile friend, 'as our New-Orleans neighbors designate it, there resides one whom we will call TOM for brevity. He is a shrewd, plain-dealing tailor as one could wish to 'trade with,' and as our rivers have been low this season, and but little cotton in the market, TOM ventured in company with a friend in purchasing a lottery-ticket in the Southern Military Academy Lottery, each sharing the cost and winnings, of course. The ticket was obtained, and TOM's name put in the agent's book for that purpose. Time wore on, and in course of a few days the lottery was drawn; and every one was on tiptoe to know who was the lucky man. The agent received the list

of prizes from Montgomery, and sure as shooting, TOM TIGHTFIT's name was coupled with the fifteen thousand dollar prize! Eureka! The agent sent his boy down to Tom's store to inform him of his good luck, and desiring him to bring up his ticket and get his check for the dimes. But alas! Tom's friend had the ticket in his pocket, and had started a few hours previous on a hunting trip, and Tom, not knowing the number on the ticket, took it for granted as 'all O. K.' He sauntered into his neighbor's store and very confidently whispered his good luck and requesting in a very neighborly manner to go along and *liquidate*. At the bar of course it was talked over, when one or two others were admitted into the secret. One treated, then another, and so on until Tom was toasted, tumbled, and toddied until his tongue ran fifteen to the dozen. A messenger was dispatched to the woods to hunt up SMITH, the ticket-holder. One, two, three hours passed, and no SMITH, and Tom's luck was the talk of the town. When — ah-hem! An engineer of one of our river-boats walked into the ticket-office and pulled out of his pocket the lucky ticket, *his* name being TOMMY TIGHTFIT as well as the other! Let us draw a veil over TOMMY's feelings during the next week of his life. He looks even now as if he had been guilty of stealing sheep! — — — We recognize in the '*New Siege of Sebastopol, in two Parts*,' by the 'TAUNTON DEAN,' the hand of an old correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER:

PART I.

'THERE is a fortress fair and strong,
In Russia's waste and wintry regions,
Where France and England vain and long
Have poured their brave and fated legions.

'Long the besiegers' loud-mouthed guns
Have roared their summons to surrender;
As loud have Russia's serfs and sons
Boared back their purpose to defend her.

'The combat deepens: On ye brave,
Who strike for French and English honor!
The CZAR will fight till every slave
Becomes, like WILLIAM POOLE — a 'goner.'

'The CZAR, within his palace halls,
Still feels his solid throne unshaken;
His flag still floats above its walls,
And his 'Sebastopol' is not taken.'

PART II.

'THERE is a fortress fair as art,
And cold as Russia's clime of winter,
Walled round within a maiden's heart,
My love has sought in vain to enter.

'Long I've besieged her castles fair,
With all Love's forces, sweet and tender;
But still she reigns unconquered there,
And still refuses to surrender.

'Oh! for some friendly power in arms,
Some Austria of contending nations,
To soften her resisting charms,
And bring her to negotiations!

'For, by consent of heathen Jovz,
The siege shall never be forsaken,
Till conquest crowns the arms of Love,
And my Sebastopol is taken.'

A pretty conceit, well handled. — — — THERE are several things, the possession of which we envy the editors of our Metropolitan daily journals, and foremost among them is the ability, after having enjoyed to the extreme the perusal of a new work, of rare merit, the *immediate* opportunity of *saying* so, giving the 'why and wherefore' at once, and justifying the correctness of their decisions by copious extracts, while to less frequent and less favored contemporaries it is reserved only to announce, for future consideration, books, addresses, etc., which arrive at too late a period for adequate notice, until the issue of a subsequent number. The following works shall receive the attention which, 'for reasons stated,' they have a right to claim: 'The WINKLES, or the Merry Monomaniacs;' 'PEG WOR-

FINGTON; 'ALDRICH's Poems; 'CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE; 'Country Margins and Rambles of a Journalist; 'SOUESTRE's Leaves from a Family Journal; 'Female Life among the Mormons; Poems, by F. W. FISH; 'Familiar Quotations; 'JULIA, a Poem; and 'The Englishwoman in Russia.' Among pamphlets, journals, etc., concerning which we shall presently 'have our say,' are many — and some which *are* 'some,' and *not* among the 'many' — of which our readers will hear more in our next number. Of these are the 'New-York Weekly Critic,' by Messrs. CLEVELAND AND McELRATH; SPARKS' 'Analysis of the French Verbs; 'Report of the New-York State Library; 'LEWIS G. MORRIS's 'Sixth Catalogue of Domestic Animals; 'Mount-Vernon Boarding-School; 'State Cabinet of Natural History; 'Professor BARNARD's Address before the Alabama University, etc., etc. The favors of numerous correspondents await replication. - - - A FRIEND commends in the highest terms, and we believe with entire justice, the '*Grammercy Park House*,' as one among the best kept, most comfortable, and most charmingly situated hotels in the metropolis. Mr. CHARLES WRIGHT, of WRIGHT, LANIER AND COMPANY, of the LAFARGE Hotel, is the experienced and popular proprietor. There can be no doubt of the success of his house. - - - 'THE best thing I have heard,' writes 'J. H. L.' 'in exemplification of the saying, 'PROVIDENCE smiled on me,' I heard a Dutchman give. (I'll give it to you in English; you, being a KNICKERBOCKER, must put the polish on.) 'Have you got through harvest, HANS?' 'Yes; me and my boys worked like the devil all the time, very hard: had so much to do, did not know as we would get through before winter: but we did. 'PROVIDENCE smiled on me,' and we have just finished.' 'How did PROVIDENCE smile on you?' 'Why, you see HE just blasted about forty or fifty acres of my wheat, so that it was not worth reaping, and so, you see, we have just finished!' - - - The following is from a rare old work, '*The Universal Asylum and Columbian Magazine*' for March, 1791:

'WHEN Mrs. F — (of Pennsylvania) was in England, she attended York races, where she met the celebrated LAWRENCE STERNE. He rode up to the side of the coach, and accosted her:

'Well, Madam, which horse do you bet upon?'

'Sir,' said she, 'if you can tell me which is the worst horse I will bet upon that.'

'But why, Madam,' said STERNE, 'do you make so strange a choice?'

'Because,' replied the lady, 'you know '*The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong!*''

'STERNE was so much pleased with the reply that he went home and wrote from that text, his much-admired sermon, entitled 'Time and Chance.'

This anecdote is unquestionably authentic. - - - WE have heretofore spoken of the '*Anti-Choking Arch-Valve Pump*,' as a great and important invention, by a distinguished and popular dentist of this city, Mr. NEHEMIAH DODGE, of Number Forty-two University Place. The pumps of this patent, we are not surprised to learn, are destined to supersede all others. The Board of

Underwriters unanimously and strongly recommend them, over those in common use, for general adoption, with a special approbation, recommending them to ship-owners and sea-captains. California ship-captains pronounce them, after long voyages, the 'best pumps ever used,' and attest that they never choke. Mr. RUSSELL STURGIS, at Number Sixty-eight South-street, receives orders for this valuable invention. - - - We wish the reader could see the pen-and-ink drawing which accompanied the following : a forlorn-looking individual, in a unique chair, sitting under trees like inverted brush-brooms, gazing into the empty fountain in the Park ; his whole expression that of a poor devil far gone in misanthropy :

'The Park Fountain.

A G U S H O F R H Y M E .

I.

'WEARY and worn, a foot-sore stranger came
To rest beneath the shade of 'brageous trees ;
To meditate, amid the crowd that swarmed
Adown Broadway like to a hive of bees.

II.

'He had a guide-book in his hand, which told
Of a fair PARK, with fountain, and with trees :
To this he bent his way, intent on rest,
On shade, and cooling waters, and a breeze.

III.

'He reached the Park. O sorrow and deep woe !
The scrubby trees, all covered o'er with dust,
Looked like decrepid, used-up, *blaze* brooms ;
The fountain dry ! 'T was thus the stranger bu'st :

IV.

' 'Fountain, how long is 't since you first dried up ?
Or is it 'cause you 're old, you dares n't play,
Thinking it childish ? Wake up, old fellow !
It's only me who sees you — squirt away !

V.

' 'Fountain ! I see your tubes that ought to squirt
The pure and limpid element on high :
I see your marble basin. Are you sick
Of life, and are you going for to die ?

VI.

' 'Fountain ! Have Maine-iacs, with their liquor law,
Stopped off your drinking ; nipped you in the bud ;
Sucked up your life-blood in a dreadful thirst,
Leaving you standing like an empty tub ?'

VII.

' 'Bim-boom !' The band at BARNUM's here struck up,
Scaring the stranger with its fearful bray :
Thinking it thunder under ground, he said :
'The fountain's 'wet up,' now it's gwine to play !'

'OBSERVING,' writes a town friend, 'the great legal acumen in late numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER, I am induced to present the following knotty case for your elucidation :

\$95

Oakhill Mar the 19 1855.

Ninty dayes after date we or either of us promise to pay HENRY F. JUDY or order at the Chester Co Bank Eighty five Dollars for One Gray Mule that is now lame in the right hind foot the Said JUDY Guerintees the foot to Get well if not no Charge but JUDY is to have the mule.

J. S. B.

J. K.

'POINTS: *First*: If the above note be not paid, can the notary protest without examination of the mule's right hind-foot, to see if it be well, and if not well, can he protest at all? *Second*: Who is to have the mule, JUDY or the makers of the note, provided the foot is well? This is a bona-fide note, due in June, 1855. - - - Ah! now comes the weather that makes us think of the calm waters and cool sequestered shades of beautiful LAKE GEORGE! And by-and-by, life and health permitting, we must go up and pay our old friends, SHERRILL and DAN. GALE a visit. Every reader of the KNICKERBOCKER knows what a pleasant house and sumptuous table SHERRILL keeps, but few of them are aware that GALE has opened a magnificent and immense hotel at the south end of the Lake, finished and furnished in the most-regal style. That it will be well kept, no one who knows GALE will for a moment doubt. Success to both the Lake-Houses! There will be support enough for each.

ART, LITERARY, AND TOWN ITEMS. — COSMOPOLITAN ART AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION at Sandusky, Ohio, are making extensive purchases for their next distribution. They are making arrangements for noble statuary and paintings from all our best artists: indeed, their collection this year will be much better and much larger than the last. This Association we deem worthy of every encouragement, its object being to circulate *Works of Art and Good Literature* throughout the land. They ought to have one hundred thousand subscribers this year. The books are now open at the KNICKERBOCKER publication office, and at Sandusky, Ohio.

ONE of the agreeable things that we miss on the few days that we do not 'stop down to town,' is the pleasure of seating ourselves in the chair of our old favorite *tonseur*, MR. AUGUSTUS BLESSING, at Number Twelve Ann-street, and, reclining luxuriously back, feel the easy subsidence of a 'short crop' of beard, so deftly performed that you might sleep under the operation. And a like pleasure it is to have the accomplished operator's hands in your hair, whether to '*shampoo*de,' manipulate with sharp scissors, or 'roll with curls voluminous.' How much such offices, slight in themselves, add to the comfort of the outer, and hence to the 'inner man!'

WE perceive that some body has been making a complaint on the 'Mayor's Book' against ARCHIE GRIEVE for keeping a 'Roaring Lion' in a cellar at his store in Chambers-street, near the Hudson River Rail-road dépôt, where he sells all kinds of fowls, foreign and domestic. Big dogs and little dogs, 'of high and low degree,' and every thing in the line of an experienced bird-fancier and rare quadruped-purveyor. We somewhat suspect that this report is an advertisement: at any rate, ARCHIE has all he can do, and what he does he does from knowledge and experience: and, although no duellist, he is always ready and anxious 'to give satisfaction.'

MR. DERBY, the enterprising and very popular metropolitan publisher, has in press a volume entitled, '*My Confessions*,' of which we hear, from the best critical sources, the highest encomiums. It will appear, as we understand, in the course of the ensuing month.

A. NEW EDITION OF THE **KNICKERBOCKER GALLERY,** *A Miscellany of Literature and Art.*

IN ONE SPLENDID 8VO VOL., COMPRISING ORIGINAL LITERARY PAPERS BY THE MOST EMINENT
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A COMPLIMENTARY TRIBUTE TO LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, ESQ., FOR TWENTY YEARS
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A SECOND EDITION of this splendid and popular volume is in press, and will soon be published. To show how it has been welcomed by the public, and the numerous friends of the veteran editor of the **KNICKERBOCKER**, extracts from a few of the many notices which the work has received are herewith annexed:

"THE **KNICKERBOCKER GALLERY** has made its appearance in a splendid octavo volume. Its contributors comprise some of the oldest and most illustrious writers in America, with a noble array besides of men of genius and culture, who, if perhaps less known to fame, have yet gathered worthy literary honors in both hemispheres. A few examples will show the choice materials which have been employed in the composition of the volume. **WASHINGTON IRVING**—the beloved and glorious patriarch of our native literature—contributes a delightful paper, entitled 'Conversations with Talma,' presenting some interesting reminiscences of the great French tragedian, and a series of original suggestions on French dramatic poetry. This was written in 1831, and will furnish a welcome specimen of the author's palmiest days in the bosom of his admirers who so fondly treasure every production of his fascinating pen. A poem, called '*The Snow-Shower*,' by **BRYANT**, is the characteristic offering of our greatest American bard. '*The Emperor's Bird's Nest*,' by **LONGFELLOW**; '*Masaccio*,' by **LOWELL**; 'A Poetical Epistle to Louis Gaylord Clark,' by **HALLACK**; 'A Vision of the Housatonic,' by **HOLMES**; '*I'm Growing Old*,' by **SAGE**; 'To a Beautiful Girl,' by **PRESTIGE**; '*On Lake Pepin*,' by **EPES SARGENT**; '*Piscopo*,' by **DR. BETHEUNE**, are in the happiest style of their respective writers. **N. P. WILLIS**, instead of rhymes, gives a kind-hearted and cheery letter from his invalid's retreat at Idlewild; and **FOCKERMAN** has a fine critical essay on Edmund Keane. Among other celebrated writers, whose fame is of more recent date, we observe the names of **MITCHELL**, **BOKER**, **ROBBALL**, **STRENT**, **SHELTON**, **BAYARD TAYLOR**, **COZZENS**, **FIELDS**, **G. W. CURTIS**, and **BROADBARD**. But space would fail us to enumerate all the celebrities on this red-lettered catalogue, which presents a curious illustration of the signal ability which the Editor of the **KNICKERBOCKER** has embodied in the long series of his annual volumes. The attractiveness of the work is greatly enhanced by the number and variety of portraits with which it is embellished, forming an extensive gallery of American authors. These are engraved on steel, in the best style of execution, and, in many cases, from original paintings by **ELLOR** and other eminent artists. Such a varied and admirable collection of the author's palmiest days in the bosom of his admirers who so fondly treasure every production of his fascinating pen, has never before been presented to the public. The editorial preparation of the work was intrusted to the charge of **DR. JAMES W. FRANCIS**, **GEORGE P. MORRIS**, **RUFUS W. GRIEWOLD**, **RICHARD E. KIMBALL**, and **REV. FREDERICK W. SHELTON**, who, it is needless to add, have acquitted themselves of their generous duties in a manner which leaves no room for comment, except that of a congratulatory character."—*Harper's Magazine*.

"It is unsurpassed by any thing that has ever been issued from the American press. We hope it will find an extended sale, proportionate both to its varied merits, and to the commendable object in which the work had its origin."—*Boston Atlas*.

"Truly a splendid volume; admirably printed, richly bound, nobly illustrated, and containing original contributions from some of the most eminent writers who have reflected luster upon the American name. **WASHINGTON IRVING**, who now seldom writes, commencing the volume, and **FITZ-GREENE HALLACK**, whose muse has long been reproached for silence, concluding it by a '*Poetical Epistle to Louis Gaylord Clark, Esq.*' which shows that his lyre, though long mute, has not lost its power. The forty-eight portraits are finely engraved, and are excellent likenesses. This Gallery of American authors should find a conspicuous place in the library of every American who has enough patriotism and refinement of taste to take pride in the nation's literature."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

"It realizes, in beauty of getting up and in the excellence of its contents, all the high wrought anticipations that have been formed of it. The name of **WASHINGTON IRVING** heads the list of the contributors, and a fine likeness of him, the collection of nearly fifty superbly executed portraits of the **Knickerbocker** contributors, The frontispiece is an admirable head of our friend, **LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK**, the editor of *Old Knicker*, and the title page shows us what the proposed '*Knickerbocker Cottage*,' the intended result of this publication, is to be. All the articles are from the pens of the first writers in the land, from the North and South, the East and West, and most of them face the contributions in the most speaking manner. The value of this book to the American reader is beyond estimate. The price demanded for it is infinitely below its worth."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"The most brilliant American book of the season. It abundantly justifies the high expectations of the public, as well as its mechanical appearance, its admirable portraits, and its high literary merits. Every admirer of the **Knickerbocker**, its Editor, or its contributors, should have a copy of the '*Knickerbocker Gallery*.' No volume of 500 pages octavo was ever published in this country containing an equal variety of sterling original literature."—*Burlington (Vt.) Sentinel*.

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"This beautiful volume is creditable alike to the warm-hearted contributors to its pages, and to the publisher, who has presented it in such an elegant form to the public. The design was to furnish a book, the profits of which should be applied to the purchase of a cottage on the Hudson for Mr. **LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK**, the accomplished editor of the **Knickerbocker Magazine**, a periodical which has been distinguished for the excellence of its papers, and has lived through nearly a quarter of a century. There are over sixty contributions in poetry and prose, from the elite of the writers of the United States, and forty-eight engravings of the authors, including those of **WASHINGTON IRVING**, **BRYANT**, **HALLACK**, **WILLIS**, **W. H. SEWARD**, **G. D. PRESTIGE**, **LONGFELLOW**, **HOLMES**, **FOCKERMAN**, **BAYARD TAYLOR**, **EPES SARGENT**, **IK MARVEL**, etc."—*Boston Courier*.

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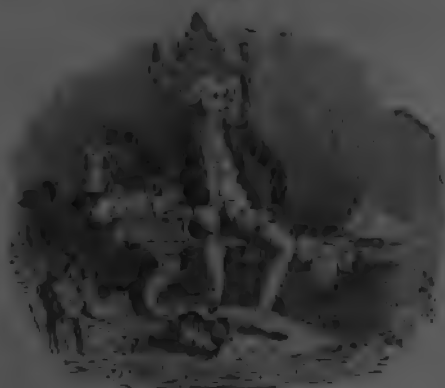
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NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1855.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL HURSTON 411 BROADWAY.

LONDON:

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6467, 1855.

4 1/2 1855.

AMERICAN AND ORIGINAL.

THE

KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE,

EDITED BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK.

THE number for July, 1855, begins the FORTY-SIXTH VOLUME of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

Since the price of subscription has been reduced from FIVE to THREE DOLLARS a year, the circulation of the KNICKERBOCKER has been increased nearly four to one. In many places ten are sold where there was but one before, and through the year it has been steadily increasing. It is now offered as cheap as any of the Magazines, all things considered. Instead of making new and prodigious promises, we submit a few extracts from notices of late numbers, which we might extend to a number of pages.

"Those familiar with the Editor's monthly 'Gossip with his readers, have doubtless, with ourselves, admired the perennial source of its pleasant wit and jocundness. In this number 'The Gossip' holds on its way like some fair rivulet glancing and dancing in the sunshine of a May morning. We used to wonder how Mr. CLARK held out, expecting he must certainly 'snow brown' in the coming number; but this number gives no sign of exhaustion.—*National Intelligencer, Washington.*

"Pleasant, genial, delightful 'Old Knicker.' Thy name is a suggestion of all things delectable; the sight of thy modest, fresh cover, a balm to spiritual sore eyes; a glance within thee, best antidote for the blues. Thou hast given to kindly humor, to piquant delineation, and to side-splitting fun, a 'local habitation' without which they might go wandering over the domain of letters, calling now and then where a friendly door opened to them but refusing to be comforted for the loss of their old dear home.'—*Courier, Burlington Vt.*

"The great care evinced in the selection of articles that adorn its pages, is a sufficient guaranty that no contribution meets the eye of the reader but those which are known to be worthy of his perusal. When morn and wild tempests are sweeping o'er our hill-side village in those chill winter hours, and all is drear and desolate without, we ask for no more agreeable companion than the 'KNICKERBOCKER;' for while its contents impart valuable information, its sallies of genuine wit are a sovereign specific for all fits of the blues or attacks of the horrors, and time passes merrily on.'—*Democrat, Hoptestown, Pa.*

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ART. I. PLEASANT MEMORIES OF THE OLD WORLD. BY JAMES W. WALL, . . .	111
II. LINES ON MY THIRTY-NINTH BIRTH-DAY. BY JOHN G. SAGE,	120
III. THE DEAD BOY. BY HENRY A. CLARK,	121
IV. THE TWO SISTERS: OR, LOVE AND PRIDE. CONCLUDED,	122
V. LINES,	129
VI. SONG OF THE MECHANIC,	130
VII. THE ETIQUETTE OF VISITING. BY THOMAS BIRN BRADLEY,	131
VIII. THE EMPTY CHURCH,	137
IX. LETTERS TO ELLA. NUMBER ONE,	139
X. SPIRIT LOVE. BY HENRY P. LELAND,	142
XI. A RECOLLECTION OF NEWPORT. BY LLOYD WYNN,	143
XII. INDEPENDENCE ODE. BY W. H. C. HOSEMER,	150
III. SONNET,	151
XIV. THE SANDWICH ISLANDS. BY ONE OF THE SMITH FAMILY,	151
XV. STANZAS TO MYRA. BY LAWRENCE LARREE,	155
XVI. THE GLORY ON THE GRAVE. BY MRS. JULIA McMASTERS,	156
XVII. PAUL LE BURG'S MAGIC,	157
XVIII. LINES TO A MOTHER ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HER FIRST-BORN,	159
XIX. AN UNKNOWN GRAVE IN TRINITY CHURCH-YARD, NEW-YORK,	160
XX. A TALE OF MY GRAND-FATHER,	161

LITERARY NOTICES:

1. THE ODOHERTY PAPERS OF THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D., . . .	188
2. THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. BY J. S. C. ABBOTT,	191
3. PEG WOFFINGTON: A NOVEL. BY CHARLES READ,	193
4. THE DIAMOND CROSS AND OTHER TALES. BY CLARA MORTON,	194
5. COZZEN'S WINE PRESS: FIRST VOLUME,	196
6. COUNTRY MARGINS AND RAMBLES OF A JOURNALIST,	199
7. MY CONFESSION: THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S LIFE, AND OTHER TALES,	201

EDITOR'S TABLE:

1. EXTRACTS FROM A MANUSCRIPT VOLUME OF POEMS,	202
2. GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS,	206

1. EDITOR'S DEPARTURE FOR THE WEST. 2. CONTENTS OF CARPET-BAG. 3. INTRO- DUCTION OF THE PUBLISHER TO THE READERS, WHO TRIES HARD TO GET INTO THE EDITOR'S STYLE, BUT 'CAN'T COME IT.' 4. IMITATIONS OF G. P. R. JAMES. 5. WASHINGTON IRVING. 6. CHARLES DICKENS. 7. PASSAGE ON THE RIF VAN WINKLE TO ALBANY. 8. LINES ON LEAVING THE CITY. 9. REV. SIDNEY SMITH. 10. INTERESTING DOG-STORY TOLD IN THE SANCTUM. 11. PETITION FROM A VIC- TIM OF A TYRANT TO THE GREAT MR. PEPPER. 12. LETTER FROM MR. PEPPER IN REPLY. 13. ANECDOTE OF DR. TYNG. 14. PUBLISHER STOPPED OFF SUD- DENLY. 15. THE EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS. 16. LINES ON HENRY OLAY: BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE. 17. DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE. 18. MRS. PARSHALL'S DISH-KETTLE. 19. NOBLE INSTANCE OF TRUE BENEVOLENCE. 20. YANKEE ENTERPRISE. 21. A MAN WHO COULD DIE WHEN HE PLEASED. 22. SOUTHERN ELOQUENCE. 23. WILLIAM B. WOOD, THE ACTOR. 24. BORROW- ING SERMONS. 25. EDWARD EVERETT. 26. JOHN PHENIX OF SAN-FRANCISCO. 27. HALLITT ON THE OPERA. 28. SONNET TO 'A COUNTRY POST-OFFICE.' 29. NIGHT-BATTLE AT SEBASTOPOL. 30. FRENCH EXHIBITION OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS. 31. LEGAL INGENUITY: 'HOMICIDAL INSANITY.' 32. HOUSES IN EDINBURGH. 33. SCIENTIFIC BULESQUE. 34. PROFESSOR LOWELL. 35. 'COURTIN' SCENE.' 36. RHYMES FOR WINDOW. 37. VISION AND PROVISION. 38. VERSES ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMPSON'S CHILD. 39. SHADOWS. 40. SOUTH- ERN LITERARY MESSENGER. 41. EXCURSION TO THE NORTH.

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Pleasant Memories of the Old World.

BY JAMES W. WALL.

RICHMOND, WARWICK, KENILWORTH, STRATFORD.

WE were glad to take refuge from the suffocating smoke and the incessant clatter of the streets of London, amid the quiet shades of beautiful Richmond. There are many points here and in the immediate vicinity interesting from their literary associations. The place itself was the home of the poet Thomson, and he sleeps under a gray stone slab in its ancient church. Rosedale House, where he resided, is still standing, and they show you the chair on which he sat, the table on which he wrote, and *the peg on which he hung his hat!* From its glorious hill he looked with a poet's eyes upon that magnificent landscape, that has lost none of its charms since he first so sweetly described it in his poem on Summer. Here, too, Collins resided for some considerable time, and composed many of his poems. He left Richmond after the death of his friend Thomson, whose loss he so eloquently and pathetically bewails in those lines commencing:

'In yonder grave a Druid lies.'

Turning with lingering steps and oft-repeated 'last looks' from this mount, the British Parnassus, we strolled on toward Twickenham, which, nestling upon the verdant banks of 'the silvery Thames,' among embowered shades, is a pleasant hour's walk from Richmond. Here Pope's villa once stood, but now the site of that once-familiar home of the muses is desecrated by some Goth of a tea-merchant, who has dared to erect thereon an architectural monstrosity, half-pagoda, half-tea-chest; and as if to add insult to the injury, ('*horresco referens*,') the fellow has erected a sign-board on the lot adjacent, where one may read, in large staring characters: '*Pope's grove, in lots to suit purchasers; terms easy.*' The spirit of speculation has no soul for poetry, neither has Thomas Young, tea-merchant. One would have supposed

that the haunt of such an ornament of their literature, such a master of their language, would have been thought worthy by Englishmen of a national tutelage and public consecration. Here at least would have been sacred ground, so hallowed by classic associations, and so feelingly and beautifully alluded to by the great poet himself in those admirable lines :

‘To virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur and commend.
Know all the distant din the world can keep,
Rolls o’er my grotto and but soothes my sleep :
There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war and statesmen out of place;
There *St. JOHN* mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.’

In his private relations, there never existed a better man. The tender care and affection of parents, who had preserved him to the world through a helpless infancy and a valetudinarian childhood, he repaid through life, with the most filial respect, the most untiring affection. The man who was admired and loved by Swift, Bolingbroke, Gay, Young, Arbuthnot ; caressed by Bathurst, Oxford, and Murray ; whose friendships were as fervent as his thoughts, and as lasting as his life, must have had no ordinary art in enchainning the affections and preserving the fond regard of such as he honored with his intimacy. Here in his beautiful retreat, to use the heart-language of one of his letters : ‘He grew fit for a better world, of which the light of the sun is but a shadow. God’s works here come nearest God’s works there, and to my mind a true relish of the beauties of Nature is the most easy preparation and quietest transition to an enjoyment of those of heaven.’

Strawberry-Hill, once the favorite retreat of Horace Walpole, is but a short ride from Twickenham. The queer old Gothic fabric is now fast going to ruin. The plaster is peeling off, and the bare lath exposed in many places. Nothing remains of that curious collection he spent years in gathering, and which it required a twenty-five days’ sale to dispose of, save only some antiquated painted glass, in its little low windows, and some curious old hangings upon the walls of the round chamber, where George Selwyn often ‘set the table in a roar.’ The old library, in an upper chamber, still exhibits richly-painted figures on its low ceiling, while the shelves, with their literary treasures gone, and his worm-eaten library-table, where his ‘Castle of Otranto’ was written, give evidence of the desolation that now reigns in all the chambers where the old literary gossip once delighted to wander and to muse. It was of this house, writing to his friend Conway, and dating from the place, Walpole says : ‘You perceive I have got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything house that I have got, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows with filigree hedges :

‘A SMALL Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
And little fishes wave their wings of gold.’

It was here he collected that splendid gallery of paintings, teeming with the finest works of the greatest masters ; matchless enamels of im-

mortal bloom by Bordier and Zincke; chasings the workmanship of Cellini and Jean de Bologna; noble specimens of Faenza ware from the pencils of Robbia and Bernard Palizzi; glass of the rarest hues and tints, executed by Cousin and other masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; Roman and Grecian antiquities in bronze and sculpture; exquisite and matchless missals painted by Raphael and Julio Clovio; magnificent specimens of cinque-cento armor; miniatures illustrative of the most interesting periods of history; engravings in countless numbers and of infinite value; and a costly library extending to fifteen thousand volumes, and abounding in splendid editions of the classics. But Strawberry-Hill, with all its treasures, like many a place of older renown, was destined to illustrate the sad truth, 'that nothing on earth continueth in one stay.' The antique mirror that once reflected the fair features of a Mary Stuart, and the jeweled goblet that once was brimmed with ruby wine at the chivalrous feasts of the founder of the Garter; the Damascened blade that hung by the side of a Du Guesclin, all once the pride of the owner of Strawberry-Hill, have passed with the rest of the curiosity-shop into the various cabinets of Europe, to be again in their turn dispersed or lost sight of for ever. In a few months, the very structure which contained all these wonders will be pulled down, to make room for a larger and more improved edifice, to be built by Earl Waldegrave, a descendant of Walpole's.

Leaving Richmond, we tarried only long enough at Windsor to explore a few of its interesting localities. The range of state apartments in its ancient castle is indeed splendid, hung with rare paintings and most interesting portraits of some of the earlier sovereigns. The Vandyke room, devoted to portraits of Charles the First and family, by the artist who has given his name to the chamber, is alone worth the visit. There is a strange interest awakened in gazing at the melancholy yet beautiful face of this most unfortunate of monarchs, who only proved his royalty when it was too late, by dying nobly upon the scaffold. The Queen's private apartments, which, through the special favor of the Lord Chamberlain, we were permitted to visit, are furnished with great richness and elegance. The views from the windows of all these rooms are most ravishingly beautiful, embracing both the scenery of the Home and the Great Park, which are not surpassed in Europe. I cannot now linger over the historic associations awakened by the noble castle itself, nor will I attempt to describe the charming scenery that makes Windsor Great Park and Virginia Water celebrated all over the civilized world; for I must hasten on to describe, '*currente calamo*,' our visit to Warwick, Kenilworth, and Stratford.

It was a bright and beautiful morning when we set out from the Regent's Hotel, Leamington, for Warwick Castle. It was one of those mornings that Little John in 'Robin Hood' thought 'the most joyful in all the year,' a clear, still morning in June:

'From groves and meadows all impearled with dew
Rose silvery mists; no eddying wind swept by:
The cottage chimneys half-concealed from view
By their embowering foliage, sent on high
Their pallid wreaths of smoke, unruffled to the sky.'

Nothing could exceed the delightful coolness and fragrance of the atmosphere, laden with the scent of the new-mown hay, while those only who have looked out upon a morning landscape in England, glittering in the rays of the newly-risen sun, reflected from every dew-drop, and luxuriant with that rich verdure which alone belongs to an English clime, can attain a full comprehension of its exceeding loveliness. It was not long before we found ourselves knocking at the door of the outer gateway of the castle, then treading the narrow approach, cut through the solid rock, and leading up to the old home of many a feudal baron. Nothing can be finer than the graceful sweep of this curious pathway, which, being covered with ivy, and its summit mantled with noble trees, the fine proportions of the castle are hidden until they burst upon you all at once as this pathway terminates. The effect is certainly very grand. But it is not until the great gateway is passed that you learn to comprehend the vast extent of the building. The part of the castle which serves as a residence is then seen on the left hand. Its principal front, however, is turned from you toward the river Avon, along which it stretches for four hundred feet. A strong outer wall, with all needful defences, incloses the great base court, and was in ancient times surrounded by a wide and deep moat, which is now drained, and green with vegetation, and over which you pass by a small bridge, to stand beneath the noble arch of the gateway, still defended by its ancient portcullis. This castle has been well called the most splendid relic of feudal times in England. Its history is the history of a long line of the Earls of Warwick, reaching down to our times from the days of William the Conqueror. The most remarkable point of that history, however, was when the culmination of its glory was reached in the person of 'the King-maker,' whose name Shakespeare has made, as he prophesied it would become,

'Familiar in our mouths as household words.'

But we have no inclination to dwell upon its historic associations, which ought to be in the memory of every lover of English history; and therefore without further pause let us enter the noble pile. Entering the inner court, and passing up a grand old stone stair-way, under an arch that had a Norman look about it, a large carved oaken door opened at our summons, and we stood within the old baronial hall of the castle. It has recently been restored, and a most magnificent floor of paste-colored marbles of a diamond pattern laid down, while the roof is of the ornamental Gothic, in the shandrils of the arches of which are carved the bear and ragged staff, the armorial device of the House of Warwick. The walls are wainscoted with oak, deeply embrowned by age, and hung with ancient armor worn by many a bold baron of the House of Warwick in the fierce struggles on English soil, and upon the scorching plains of Palestine, where the 'cross out-blazed the crescent.' Here and there may be seen the good old cross-bows that had twanged in many a stern border struggle, with their arrows

'Of a cloth yard long or more.'

The antlers of several 'monarchs of the herd,' who had fallen in the chase, graced the upper part of the magnificent windows, while the ancient and grand fire-place, with its huge logs piled before it, reminded one strongly of the olden time, when the mailed retainers of the ancient barons gathered in cheerful groups round 'the wide hearth of the old baronial hall.' Three large Gothic windows, placed in deep recesses, shed a pleasing softened light throughout the room, while busy fancy, led back to deeds and days of other years, conjures up the mail-clad knight, the bold but lordly baron, and the 'ladie fair,' and peoples with ideal beings a spot so truly appropriate for indulging in romantic ideas. The prospect from the windows is indeed charming. The soft and classic Avon here 'flows gently' over in a cascade one hundred feet beneath you, laves the foundation of the castle, and continues its meandering way through the extensive and highly cultivated park. That landscape is still indelibly impressed upon my memory. On the right, the undulating foliage of forest-trees of every hue, intermingled with the stately cedar, spreading its curiously-feathered branches, and the verdant lawn, where groups of cattle were grazing; on the left, the picturesque and ornamental ruins of the old bridge, with shrubs and plants flinging their tendrils around its ruined arches. I should have loved to linger in that old hall, conjuring up the associations that in such a place crowd upon even the most ordinary imagination. But with the large party that accompanied us, we had to play the game of 'follow your leader,' and pass through state-room after state-room, filled with paintings, mosaic tables, richly-carved buffets, gorgeous furniture, rare and splendid China, with articles of vertu innumerable. One room deserving particular notice was the 'cedar chamber,' lined with the most fragrant cedar from floor to ceiling, and crowded with the richest and rarest furniture. In Lady Warwick's boudoir, a lovely little room, hung with pea-green satin and velvet, I noticed two cabinet portraits, painted from life by Holbein, of Anne Boleyn, and of her sister Mary. They are both radiant with beauty; but all preferred the mild, sweet face of the sister who was fortunate enough not to attract the amorous glances of the royal Blue-beard. In the magnificent grounds attached to the castle may be seen the far-famed Warwick vase. It is a magnificent work of art, in white marble, and of circular shape. It has two large handles, exquisitely formed of interwoven vine branches, from which the tendrils, leaves, and clustering grapes spread round the upper margin. The middle of the body is enfolded by the skin of the panther, with the head and claws beautifully finished. Above are the heads of satyrs, bound with wreaths of ivy, accompanied by the vine-clad spear of Bacchus, and the crooked staff of the augurs. This vase was found at the bottom of a lake at Adrian's villa, near Tivoli, and certainly is in every way worthy the taste of its first owner.

The day after our visit to Warwick, we left Leamington for Kenilworth, only some five miles away. Long before we reached the ruins of the ancient pile of Castle Kenilworth, we could discern them looming up in majestic grandeur. Halting at the little inn near the ruin, we crossed the road to the great gateway built by the Earl of Leicester, where we met a rough-looking specimen of humanity, who informed

us that '*he was the man who took care of the ruin.*' Through the small gate entrance we passed the noble gate-house of Leicester, still entire, with its majestic portico sculptured with his arms, and by its elaborate architectural adornment attesting the magnificence of its former proprietor. In a few moments, we were standing upon the green sward, once the outer court of the castle, and there right before us, in all its magnificence, stood the hoary pile. Proudly seated on an elevated spot, it exhibits in grand display mouldering walls, dismantled towers, broken battlements, shattered stair-cases, and fragments more or less perfect of arches and windows, some highly ornamented and beautiful. Nor are the more usual picturesque decorations wanting. The gray moss creeps over the surface of the mouldering stone, and the long spiry grass waves over the top of the ramparts. To the corners and cavities of the roofless chambers cling the nestling shrubs, while with its deepening shades the aged ivy expands in clustering masses over the side-walls and buttresses, or hangs in graceful festoons from the tops of the arches and the tracery of the windows. The grand square structure which we passed on entering the court-yard was formerly the principal entrance to the castle. From the point where we first halted to gaze upon the majestic ruin, appear what is styled '*Cæsar's Tower,*' and Leicester's buildings, with a space thrown open between, but once occupied by the buildings called after the bluff Harry, who once dishonored them with his presence. The vast square building on our right called '*Cæsar's Tower,*' is the strongest, most ancient, and perfect part of the ruin. Next to this tower were the buildings occupied by retainers, but very little remains of these to be seen. Beyond is the strong tower, to whose top we ascended, and over the crumbling turrets of which the rich ivy hung in clustering masses. From its summit a most charming prospect spread out before the eye. Having with me an engraving taken from a painting of Kenilworth before the spoiler came, it was very easy to trace the outer wall, the inclosure, and the site of the ancient lake which once spread itself over the country beyond the outer wall for more than two miles. How different now the prospect from what it was in the time of Dudley! Then the clear waters of the lake reflected the magnificent proportions of Kenilworth,

'WHERE mighty towers
Upraised their heads in conscious pride of strength;'

while as far as the eye could reach, lay the wooded pride of its noble park, embracing some twenty miles within its range. Now, meadows green with the luxuriance of English verdure, stretch away from the foot of the ruin, and fields are seen gently undulating with their ripening grain, where once lay the grassy slopes of that '*moste delishtsome parke,*' covered with

'THE careless red steer,
Full of the pasture.'

Descending from the highest point of the tower, we soon reached the old banqueting-hall, immortalized in the glowing tale of '*The Wizard of the North,*' still a grand apartment, about eighty-five feet long and

fifty wide, lighted by noble windows with lofty arches, ornamented with rich tracery, and now most exquisitely festooned with ivy. The two bayed recesses, the three light Gothic window mullions, and fine arched doorway, so appropriately and elegantly sculptured with vine-leaves, and clustered with the richest draperies of ivy, have a very picturesque appearance. The trunk of some of this ivy is of great thickness, and it is so old that in some places the branches are sapless and leafless, while the gray stalks seem to crawl about the ruins in sympathy. Nature has been the upholsterer here, and hung these ancient walls, that once reëchoed to the merry song, the banquet's mirth, and the light step of the resounding dance, with tapestry more cunning and exquisite than the far-famed Gobelin. The old carved fire-places are still distinctly visible, and the entire outline of the chamber almost perfect. As I stood in the deep recess of one of its noble windows, and looked out upon the scene, on a branch of ivy above my head, a beautiful bird was pouring out all the melody of his soul through his golden-hued throat. Never had I listened to any thing half so exquisite. The sound seemed to fill those deserted chambers with melody. 'The princely home of mighty chiefs' had become

'A SHELTER for the bird who stays,
His weary wing to rest,'

and from the ivy that mantled the chamber, where often human revelry had awakened its echoes into song, was carolling forth his sweetest lays.

Nothing can describe the sense of perfect desolation as you stand within this ruined hall: it falls with crushing force upon the spirits; and brings before you with startling effect the complete emptiness of all worldly state and grandeur. After lingering about the ruins for an hour or more, the descending sun warned us to depart, and we turned away, 'lingering, loth to leave.'

A few days after our visit to Kenilworth, we drove over to Stratford, passing through the old town of Warwick, with its curious, antiquated little houses, and its ancient hospital, founded by Leicester during the reign of Elizabeth. The little town of Stratford is like any other country town, with a street directly through it, and others deviating to the right and left. The houses and shops on either side are of the usual character, many very old-fashioned. Some of the shops were ornamented with modern plate-glass, and many stored with a very excellent assortment of goods. The Shakspearian part of Stratford is quite of an antique character. The house itself where it is said the bard first saw the light, is a most forlorn-looking structure. The front has no glazed casement, but is protected from the rain and sun by a drooping shelf, like a flap to a table. Above that is a kind of sign-board, jutting out into the street, on which is inscribed: 'The immortal Shakspeare was born in this house.' Above is a window with four compartments, with small cottage-like panes of glass. This window lights the scene of the poet's nativity. You enter the little shop below, guarded by a rustic half-door, and soon find yourself on sacred ground. The shop is very small, at the back of which is a kitchen smaller still,

where the boy Shakspeare is supposed to have passed many a happy hour. The walls, windows, and even the ceiling abound with inscriptions, snatches of poetry, names of visitors, etc. You feel eager to ascend the tottering stair-case, and find yourself in the chamber where the idol of your adoration is believed to have been ushered into the world. On arriving there, you instinctively advance with head uncovered, for you feel that you are treading a spot hallowed by the birth of the greatest genius the world has ever known. The room is so small that a man of medium stature can easily touch the ceiling with his hand. The chamber else is rather large for the building. You go to the front window, and there upon one of the panes in very minute letters, written with a diamond, is the name of Walter Scott: on a pane above, in large characters, that of one of the numerous family of Smith, the veritable John. There is now in fact no space on any one of the panes for the minutest letter. The ceiling and walls are so filled with inscriptions, lines of poetry, etc., that the appearance presented from the middle of the room is that of a large spider's web. These inscriptions, objectionable as they are in other public places, here betoken a feeling of a praiseworthy character. They tell of the universality of the poet's fame, inasmuch as there is scarcely a spot on the civilized globe that has not its representative here. After remaining a short time in conversation with the old crone who had been given the charge of the building by the Shakspearian committee, who are now the owners, we left for the church, where the remains of the great dramatist rest. The church is situate on the Avon, fringed by willows, whose branches entangle with the stems of the water-lilies that grow along its banks. The tower, transepts, and some other portions are of the early English style, and very perfect; the remainder belongs to a later period, but is not less graceful. The approach to the church from the town is by a curious avenue of old lime-trees, forming a perfect arbor over-head, by the interlacing of their branches. As you enter, the first glance reveals to you the sacredness of the place. The anxious eye is not long in discovering the poet's grave. On the left-hand side, near the great window, may be discerned, set in the wall, his monument, and right beneath it, a short distance removed, a small gray slab covers all of the poet that could die, with the well-known inscription, which they tell you has served more than any thing else to preserve sacred his bones; but I very much doubt if the poet himself ever composed such vile doggerel.

The bust in his monument looks placidly down upon you, and whether the resemblance be true or not, you get reconciled to the hope that it is an exact likeness. They all say at Stratford that it was taken from a cast made of his face after death, and I believe that was always the opinion of the famous sculptor Chantrey. The rest of the Shakspeare family lie side by side on the elevated step close to the rails of the altar.

On returning from Stratford, I could not help reflecting upon the potency of such a fame as Shakspeare's. Pilgrims of all ages and lands go to Stratford to see what? — a little, low, dingy room, inclosed by four mean white-washed walls, and a plain gray slab in a country church,

with an inscription carved thereon. But Shakspeare was born in the one, and his honored dust reposes beneath the other. In that humble-looking chamber did one of the greatest minds the DIVINE BEING ever sent into the world first see the light, first look through its infant eyes upon a fond mother's smiles and tears. There beneath that humble shed lay the winged genius in 'its callow down,' nestling close to the parent bosom, but destined in time to sweep through the regions of thought with the undazzled eye and upon the strong pinion of the eagle. There *he* was born, and that fact sheds a splendor over the old walls, more dazzling far than tapestries, mirrors, pictures, and all the pomp and pride of king's palaces can bestow. Genius has a kingship of its own: it needs no mantle, orb, or sceptre. It is its own regalia, and before its inherent majesty crowned heads, heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and poets have done and will continue to do the most reverent homage. This spell of beauty which genius casts over objects but little interesting in themselves, such as blasted oaks and time-worn, battered cottages, manifests the superiority of time over matter, and proves how the associations of intellect can ennoble the meanest forms of materialism, and create the most interesting memorials out of the lowest things.

On our drive homeward, we passed the seat of the Lacys, whose ancestor arraigned the young Shakspeare for deer-stealing, and whose hated memory the poet has embalmed in ridicule for ever, under the character of 'Justice Shallow.' So little changed is the place, that fancy may almost unbidden call up the aspect of the scene when he 'who was for all time' wandered along its thick-hedged lanes. You can almost think you hear the voice of Sir Thomas Lacy chiding his keeper for the loss of the 'fallow deer,' and the half-suppressed chuckle of a youthful by-stander, then all unknown, but who was afterward to fill the world with his fame. The mansion appears quite unaltered; the humbler dwellings of red brick only a little older; the park palings merely made more picturesque by the overgrowing lichen, and the park, as well as the sweet Avon, exactly as they were more than a century and a half ago, the one 'flowing gently,' and the other supplying as of yore

'MANY an oak whose boughs are mossed with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity;'

while the same deer, 'dappled fools,' only look more conscious than they did of more perfect safety in their assigned and native dwelling-place. Art and nature here seem to have stopped short of all improvement. There has been no need of the one to disturb the renown which the locality receives from the other. Even the stocks that stand under a group of patrician trees, are suffered to die of natural decay. Charlecotte has a renown given to it by the poet which the present owners and descendants of the ancient Lacys would 'willingly let die.' The present young Lord of the Manor of Hampton Lacy feels to this day the sting of the poet's sarcasm upon his ancestor. The whole neighborhood around here is full of beauty. The land is 'passing rich,' while at every moment through some leafy avenue glimpses are caught of the 'gently flowing Avon.' Amid these dells, and b^e these verdant

hill-sides was the youth of Shakspeare nourished, and taught of Nature :

' HERE as with honey gathered of a rock
She fed the little prattler, and with songs
Oft soothed his wondering ears with deep delight.'

Every step we trod was hallowed ground. Here in all this neighborhood he passed many a happy hour when a boy, or when he retreated back to his birth-place from the turmoil of busy life, to 'die like the deer where he was roused.' That day at Stratford will long be remembered as the most interesting of my life.

Burlington, June 18, 1855.

L I N E S O N M Y T H I R T Y - N I N T H B I R T H D A Y .

BY JOHN C. SAXE

I.

AH me! the moments will not stay!
Another year has rolled away;
And June (the second) scores the line
That tells me I am Thirty-nine!

II.

As thus I haste the mile-stones by,
I mark the numbering with a sigh;
And yet 'tis idle to repine
I've come so soon to Thirty-nine!

III.

Ah! few that roam this world of ours,
To feel its thorns and pluck its flowers,
Have trod a brighter path than mine
From blithe thirteen to Thirty-nine!

IV.

Health, home, and friends, (life's solid part,)
A merry laugh, a fresh, young heart,
Poetic dreams and love divine —
Have I not *these* at Thirty-nine?

V.

O Time! forego thy wonted spite,
And lay thy future lashes light,
And, trust me, I will not repine
At *twice* the count of Thirty-nine!

T H E D E A D B O Y .

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

With gentle breezes came the spring,
And earth's first buddings promised bloom,
And hope renewed they seemed to bring,
And half-reclosed the waiting tomb.
A softer light dwelt in those eyes,
That long were sadly on thee cast,
As those who watch the flower that dies,
Whose stem is broken by the blast.

Oh ! who may know the mighty power
That Hope builds up within the heart,
That stands until the latest hour,
Until the feeblest fibres part ?

It seemed thou wert too young to die !
Why should the fearful conqueror DEATH
Pass ready age, and weary, by,
To steal thy young and joyous breath ?
Why choose for his remorseless stroke
The fair young tree, so fresh and new,
And spare the old decaying oak,
Whose life had worn a century through ?

Alas ! we know not : we but know
The oft-repeated lesson taught,
That hope, love, life, and all must go,
While God's great mysteries are wrought :
We know that in the stern fixed round
His vast, eternal systems take,
The sum of earthly things is found,
Like waves that beat the shore and break.
And 't is a glorious thought for man,
That in that after-life we dread,
His spirit-mind shall freely scan
Those fearful mysteries, now unread !

And thou art laid to rest, young boy !
The grave-clouds press upon thy brow,
And earth has less of love and joy
To those who sadly mourn thee now.
The skies were dark, the storm was wild,
Winter renewed his grasp on Spring,
Sad Nature wept with those, fair child,
Who joined for thee their sorrowing.

But brighter skies shall gladden earth,
And airs more soft and mild shall be,
And brighter hopes shall yet have birth
In hearts that now are torn for thee !

For thou shalt come to them in dreams,
 With whisperings from the spirit-land,
 And oft when night's star radiance gleams,
 Thy form shall seem by them to stand,
 Not in the semblance earth had given,
 Ere the freed spirit cast its clod,
 But robed in beauty, born of heaven,
 And radiant from the throne of God.

Chicago, (Ill.), June, 1855.

The Two Sisters : or, Love and Pride.

A TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'STORIES OF GENERAL WARREN.'

PART TWO.

MARGARET was at first stunned by the suddenness of the shock ; but, with her characteristic energy, she was soon able to attend to the sad duties now devolving on her. She sent for her brother and sister, who with difficulty could believe it possible that their father had left them thus suddenly, without one word of parting. Adeline hung over him, kissing his cold hands and cheeks, and entreating that he would once more smile upon her ; and she almost fancied that he did so, for his last bright thoughts had left their traces on his countenance.

Mr. Collins was followed to the beautiful inclosure in the midst of his own woods where the remains of his wife were deposited, by a large concourse of friends from the neighboring city, who felt that they had lost one to whom, in every emergency, they could look for sympathy and counsel. He had been for many years the Governor of the State, and most wisely did he guide its councils through the trying events of the Revolution. His domestics mourned him as a father rather than as a master. Most of them had been in his family from infancy, and bore his name ; and although at his death they received their freedom, it did not reconcile them to that event, and many of them would not quit a roof under which they had been so happy.

The mournful ceremony over, one day was devoted to dwelling on the many reminiscences of love which were recalled by every surrounding object, and then a most melancholy task had to be discharged. It was necessary before the family separated that the will of their deceased parent should be read. How sad it is that, before the tears are dry which the death of a revered friend, more especially that of a parent, has called forth, we should be summoned from the hallowed and purifying feelings which such an event ought to excite, to the sordid thoughts of property, and how often, too, have emotions of anger and disappointment taken the place of the feelings of sympathy and affection which

ought at such moments to fill our hearts ! But, alas ! such is human nature.

The afflicted family assembled, and the will was read ; but, to the astonishment of all, with the exception of one of the party present, Mr. Collins was found to have left his whole property to his elder daughter, with the reservation of some small legacies to Adeline and her oldest boy. That her father should have been able to overlook the fact that the husband of his beloved Adeline was dependent entirely upon his profession for the support of his large family, at a time when the country was but slowly recovering from the effects of a most expensive war, and when, however extensive a physician's practice might be, its remuneration was small and uncertain ; and, under these circumstances, should have left his large estates and extensive income to her who had so little comparative need of them, spoke but too plainly of an undue and unjust influence. There was, however, no remedy.

'We will not regret the loss of property so unjustly obtained,' was Dr. W——'s exclamation to his wife and son as they were alone, 'for we would not exchange situations with your sister ; our riches are far greater than any she possesses ; for love cannot be purchased by wealth. Let us, however, hasten to leave this roof, with which we have had formerly so many happy associations, for our presence must now be a constant source of reproach.'

Their preparations were soon made, and, taking with them one of the domestics whom their master's kindness had freed, and who earnestly entreated 'Miss Adeline' to let him accompany her, they took their departure with many painful reflections. But when surrounded once more by their affectionate children, emotions of gratitude quickly usurped the place in their minds of any bitterness of feeling that might have mingled with their sadness. George, the oldest son, had been so much with his grand-father that the thought of his death was one he could hardly realize.

'Shall I, indeed, see Grand-papa no more ?' was his eager question while his mother was endeavoring to make him comprehend the event which had so recently occurred. 'Not here, my love, not in this world,' was Adeline's reply, while her fast-falling tears moistened the hand so earnestly grasping her own ; 'but if you follow his example, you will, I trust, meet him where no death can enter.'

And as his mother imprinted a kiss on that fair, open brow, which was now unsullied by a thought which angels might not witness, she uttered a silent prayer to HEAVEN that her darling boy might long, long be kept thus pure, and be finally admitted to that kingdom into which her departed parents had entered.

Necessarily much secluded after her father's death, Margaret, who was now sole mistress of her noble establishment, felt a void which she soon realized wealth alone could not satisfy, especially when unattended by happy thoughts. She had not actually been guilty of fraud, but, as the constant dropping of water wears away stone, so did the constant hints which she had insinuated to her father during his life-time finally produce the effect of convincing him that, were his property divided, she could no longer maintain the style to which she had been accustomed ;

while his younger daughter was entirely independent of his assistance.

A year passed on, and nothing occurred to interrupt the monotony of Margaret's life. Many were the solitary hours in which she felt that, while living thus *alone and unloved*, all this elegance and luxury which had appeared so necessary to her happiness, had perhaps been too dearly purchased. But, destitute of those resources which render a cultivated and religious mind in a great degree independent of outward circumstances, the sacrifice seemed to be too great for her to be willing to relinquish to her sister the share of their patrimony, which was Adeline's just and rightful portion.

At length her solitude was somewhat enlivened by the reëpearance of a friend of former years. Colonel Gardiner, a highly respected and worthy man, had twice before proffered his hand and fortune to Margaret's acceptance; but, although pride had caused her to disdain the love of Edward Mordaunt, still her affection for him had proved too deep to admit of her accepting another in his place. Having a second time become a widower, Colonel Gardiner, with a constancy that was not merited by the object of such devotion, again returned to place his wealth at her feet.

This time she hesitated. Lonely and unhappy, she felt grateful for such deep attachment, and, after a severe struggle against the love which still lingered in her heart for him whom she had so heartlessly repulsed in by-gone years, she yielded at length to Colonel Gardiner's earnest entreaties.

An early period was assigned for the wedding. Colonel Gardiner was, of course, anxious to hasten an event which he had so long desired, and Margaret seemed to fear a delay, lest her resolution should forsake her. Many were the sad moments that intervened. Her mind recalled the image of Edward Mordaunt, to whom alone had she ever been truly attached, and of whose fate she could learn nothing. The thought of the new cares which would devolve on her pressed heavily on her heart; as the charge of Colonel Gardiner's children would, she feared, prove a deep anxiety and responsibility; for they were of an age to rebel at the authority of a step-mother.

She wrote to Adeline, urging her to come and pass a few weeks in the home of her childhood, that the bond of sisterly affection, which had been so long in a degree severed, might once more be reunited. But her sister, having now too large a family to permit of her absence from them, sent her eldest daughter, Mary, to aid in the preparations for that event which was to make so entire a change in the life of one whose highest ambition had been the enjoyment of independence and power.

Soon the dreaded day, in its natural course, arrived; for Time will neither move more quickly nor fold its wings in repose at our bidding. An eventful day did it prove, to a far greater extent than had been foreboded.

It was a peaceful autumn morning, and Margaret, wishing to take a farewell survey of the place over which she had so long been mistress, started for a solitary stroll in the grounds, which to her never looked more beautiful. The gilding of the Indian summer mellowed the pas-

tures far and wide. The russet woods stood ripe to be stripped, but were yet full of leaf. On the walks, swept that morning, yellow leaves had fluttered down again. Its time of flowers, and even of fruits, was over ; but a scantling of apples enriched the trees. Only a blossom here and there expanded pale and delicate amidst a knot of faded leaves. The sea lay before her, and the rush of the surf to the sands was heard, soft and soothing. Every thing seemed in harmony ; and the tranquillity of the scene called forth all Margaret's gentlest feelings. The associations of childhood, as well as those of womanhood, clustered round the spot. In these paths had she, day after day and year after year, wandered with one whose attachment had formed at once the pain and pleasure of her life. On these banks had she twined wreaths of ivy with that sister, whose gentle influence had at times seemed like a guardian angel, soothing the emotions which were often aroused in her own tumultuous nature, and whose devoted affection she had so greatly missed since, by her own act, she had forfeited it in later years. Here, too, was the beautiful inclosure in which reposed the remains of those dear parents, whose tenderness she had never before fully appreciated, and around whose tomb were the flowers she had so carefully planted and nurtured.

Overwhelmed by these thoughts, Margaret was slowly retracing her steps, when a servant hastily approached, and informed her that a stranger, in spite of his remonstrances, had, a few moments previous, entered the house and requested permission to see its mistress. Astonished at this unexpected intrusion at such a time, Margaret, fearing she knew not what, peremptorily ordered that the commands which she had previously given should be repeated to her unseasonable guest. The servant, however, quickly returned, saying that the gentleman would take no denial, declaring that his business was of too urgent a nature to admit of a moment's delay. Greatly agitated, Margaret reluctantly prepared to attend the summons. As she opened the door of the room into which she was informed the stranger had so unceremoniously ushered himself, she saw a man standing at the open window, gazing upon the surrounding country, apparently absorbed in thought. His fine form and foreign aspect at an instantaneous glance gave her the impression of one familiar with enterprise and fond of danger ; they denoted gentle breeding predominating over a life of toil and privation. The sun and wind had tarnished his complexion, except where a rich volume of black hair had preserved the original fairness of a high, broad forehead, which, although marked with anxious care, still presented an outline of manly beauty. He turned as she entered, and the expression of these features was not to be mistaken : it was that of the long-absent Edward, much altered, indeed, but still instantly recognized by her who had so long secretly mourned his absence. She uttered an exclamation of surprise, and, had he not rushed to her support, would have fallen. He led her to a seat, and as soon as her emotion permitted, she exclaimed : ' O Edward ! would that this unhappy day had never dawned ! Oh ! why has your return been thus delayed until this unfortunate moment ? ' Struggling to conquer his own agitation, Edward related, almost incoherently, the numerous obstacles which had com-

pelled his long absence. Determined, he said, not to see her again, after their last interview, until he could offer her a fortune, he had visited distant climes, had been dangerously ill, and, from unforeseen circumstances, had lost the labor of years ; but at length had succeeded in again amassing a handsome fortune, and now returned to his native place, to offer it, with the love of a devoted heart, to her who had been his guiding-star through all his wanderings. 'It is too late ! too late !' was her mournful reply : 'the die is cast !'

'Oh ! say not so !' he passionately exclaimed ; 'the fatal words have not yet been spoken which must for ever separate us. Give me authority, and I will seek Colonel Gardiner, and will tell him that long years of painful absence have been gallantly and cheerfully borne, because blessed with the hope that in time my earnest wishes and ardent toil would be crowned with success ; and if he be a man of honor, I feel assured he will not insist on a union which can only create on all sides the deepest unhappiness.'

'You cannot, you must not !' was Margaret's agitated reply. 'I have gone too far to recede : my plighted word can never be recalled. This night seals my fate for ever.'

In vain did the almost distracted Edward plead ; in vain did he endeavor to convince her that it was far better even now to retract than to go to the altar with one who did not possess her heart.

With all the calmness she could assume, she assured him that the irremediable step once taken, he need not fear that any thoughts inconsistent with her duty would be permitted to embitter her own future life, or that of him to whom her faith had been plighted.

Edward could say no more. He once more bade her adieu, telling her he should ever pray for her happiness, that again he should become an exile from his native land, and never more should she be disturbed by his presence.

As soon as he was gone, Margaret rushed to her chamber, and there gave way to an agony of tears. But when evening came, arrayed in her bridal attire, with all the firmness of that pride which conducted her to the altar, she clasped with her own hands the diamond bracelet presented that morning by Colonel Gardiner, and though pale as the marble which has just received the last finishing touch of the artist, her countenance bore no other traces of the struggle through which she had passed.

The day after the wedding, Mrs. Gardiner and her husband quitted the beautiful estate of her ancestors, and took possession of a noble house in the neighboring city, where she was surrounded with every luxury that wealth could procure, and by a large family circle, which she had so often coveted in her lonely hours. But she had not yet found happiness ; her path in life was still strown with thorns. As her fears had predicted, the children of her husband caused her great anxiety and care. Having lost their own mother when very young, their education had been greatly neglected ; and even Margaret's strong energy of character was not sufficient to contend against tempers which were naturally unamiable and head-strong. Sophia, the eldest, spurned all control, and it was a difficult undertaking to guide or restrain so rebellious a

spirit. The younger children were more submissive, but the example of their sister made it almost impossible to exert any paramount influence over them.

In the course of a few years three children of her own gave her an occupation which partially drew her mind from the many annoyances with which she had to struggle. But, as they became older, they seemed at times to add to the pain which the conduct of her step-children gave her; for she feared that they also would imbibed those feelings and habits which she had endeavored so earnestly, but with so little success, to eradicate. Unceasing were her efforts to shield them from evil; but alas! her deepest solicitude could not avert the consequences of such an injurious example.

Her eldest boy, named Henry, was now a beautiful bright-eyed little fellow, between five and six years of age. In character he resembled his mother; resolute and determined, he would often, although possessing many noble qualities, assert his own will in defiance of the remonstrances or commands of others. Earnestly did his mother endeavor to portray to him, sometimes by a few serious words, and occasionally by an anecdote, the importance of implicit and habitual obedience.

The following little incident which she narrated to him appeared to make a deep impression on his mind, as it was connected with the childhood of his uncle Theodore, for whom he entertained a strong affection: 'When your uncle Theodore,' she said, 'was about the age of my little Henry, he was once engaged in games with his older brothers in a room in which was built a large, old-fashioned fire of wood, whose bright blaze incited the highest spirits of the children. As their boisterous mirth was at its height it was suddenly hushed by a loud cry from Theodore. Absorbed in sport, he had heedlessly approached too near the dangerous blaze, and, his clothes taking fire, he was soon enveloped in flames.

'The frightened child rushed immediately to the stair-way, calling for his mother with loud out-cries. She heard his screams, and hastened to his assistance. What was her horror to see her beloved child in this alarming situation! Instantly perceiving that every step increased his danger, she almost shrieked the words, 'Stop, my child!' He heard the voice which was always obeyed, and stood motionless. His mother was at his side in a moment, and with her own garments extinguished the flames, which were now mounting to his neck and forehead. Had it not been for his instantaneous obedience, it is probable that his life would have fallen a sacrifice to his sad waywardness.'

Little Henry listened to this narrative with the utmost attention, and, looking up with tearful eyes,

'I will try always to obey your commands, dear Mamma,' he said 'and be like uncle Theodore, whom I love now more than ever I did before.'

For some time he kept his promise, but the influence of his young companions was stronger than his resolution, and it was difficult for him to struggle against temptation.

It was a damp and chilly April afternoon, and, Henry's health being delicate, his mother gave orders that he should not be permitted to leave

the house to join any out-door amusement. Enticed, however, by the example of the older children, and knowing that his mother was occupied with company in the drawing-room, he made his escape, and, joining his sister and brothers, the youthful party proceeded to a neighboring pond, where they spent some hours experimenting with some little sail-boats, which had been made by them a few days previous.

When Henry's absence was discovered, his garments, which were not adapted to the inclemency of the weather, were saturated with moisture, and his limbs chilled with the cold. Every precaution was taken to prevent any serious consequences from an exposure to which he was unaccustomed ; but it was too late, and that night he was violently attacked with delirium and fever.

For many days and nights did the anxious parents hang over their unconscious boy, but the disease kept on its steady progress ; and as all earthly assistance seemed unavailing, they could only keep their prayerful vigils at his side until the crisis of his disorder, which the physician informed them would probably take place on the ninth day. No words can describe the intensity of hope and fear with which they watched him through the eighth night. To-morrow's dawn would bring to them a day of brightness, or one of such agony that the mother dared not allow her mind even for a moment to dwell upon it, as being within the limits of possibility.

The morning at length came. Little Henry had fallen into a slumber more quiet than any since the commencement of his illness. The mother's hopes grew strong as, with breathless anxiety, she gazed upon him and awaited his return to consciousness.

Suddenly he started up from his couch, and while his eyes sparkled with more than their usual brilliancy, he exclaimed :

'Mother, dear mother !'

The mother's arms were around him, but a kiss was the only answer she could make, as, extending his little arms also, he attempted to return the embrace. 'Do not weep, dear mother, but forgive,' he faintly articulated. He would have said more, but nature was exhausted ; the last effort was made ; that darling voice was silent, no more to be heard. One faint smile, and all was over.

For some moments the stricken mother could not believe that, like a lightning's flash, the spirit had so quickly departed. She pressed her lips to his, vainly hoping that an answering pressure might yet be returned. But no human efforts could recall the pure soul to its teneament of clay ; it had joined the seraphs on high, and perhaps was even then looking down upon its sorrowing parent ; and, if it still retained aught of earthly feeling, was mourning that she should wish to keep him from those realms of bliss.

Unclasping those little arms, now stiffened in death, Colonel Gardiner attempted to draw his wife from that motionless form, when a stupor stole over her senses, and it was long before she could be aroused to any perception of surrounding objects. That pride which had so long enabled her to bear the trials of her situation with unshrinking stoicism, was now felt to be but the shadow of a shade, and totally insufficient to

support an immortal mind in its pilgrimage here ; it was swept away with the vanished form of her idolized boy. Many causes had combined to weaken a frame formerly so firm, and this last shock Mrs. Gardiner felt she could not long survive. Sending for her sister, she earnestly entreated her to take the charge of her two remaining children, whose feeble health already caused her great uneasiness. Mrs. W—— entered with the warmest sympathy into her sister's feelings, and promised to make every effort for the promotion of their future welfare.

In a short time Margaret's prediction was fulfilled. The destroyer made sure and rapid encroachments on the springs of life, and she soon calmly sank to that repose of which she had enjoyed so little while on earth.

Painful were Adeline's reflections as, accompanied by Margaret's children, she returned to her home after this sad visit. She felt that the ties of kindred could not be severed without suffering, and that in the death of an only sister the last cord had been broken which connected her with all those fond reminiscences of infancy and childhood which still clustered around her memory. She mentally contrasted her own life, checkered as it had been by many vicissitudes, with that of her sister. She had, indeed, encountered many storms in life's journey, but, through the ordination of a kind PROVIDENCE, Love had shone through them all, and brightened those which it could not dissipate, while the Pride which had been her sister's polar star, had, like the *ignis fatuus*, only appeared bright for a short time, and then disappeared to leave a still deeper darkness. With a cheerful trust did she look forward to the future ; for, blessed with a home in which were cultivated the highest and holiest principles, she felt that the halo of contentment would ever surround them. And although a cloud might at times arise and partially obscure the horizon, still, while Faith, Hope, and Love brightly gilded its beams, to their gaze would ever be discerned its silver lining. .

L I N E S .

WHILE the evening air grows dim, and the shadows faintly stream
From the hill-tops o'er the vales ; when the night-hawk 'gins to scream,
And the owl from distant wood joins in solemn, lonely hoot,
While the chirping Katy-did lifts its little human note,
Then I wander 'neath the stars, silent climbing through the night—
Wander o'er the lonely hills by their dim and ancient light.
Through the slowly-rising mist then the hills as phantoms seem,
Brooding o'er the vales beneath, where the fire-flies, flitting, gleam ;
Till the distant village lights, faintly shining far below,
Warn me of the falling dark : and I hear the rippling flow
Of the merry gurgling brook, and the deep and solemn roar
Of the distant mountain-fall, dashing wildly in its power.

S O N G O F T H E M E C H A N I C .

THE hum of a thousand wheels in our ear,
Like some old ponderous gong ;
The sledge-hammer ringing alarms in the glare ;
The groan of a press, as if burdened with care ;
The tramp of the iron-horse, fleetest than air,
And his thundering snort, heard everywhere ;
'T is but the orchestra that e'er
Accompanies their song.

Men of the brawny arm are we,
Men not ashamed of labor ;
Though clouds may sometimes veil our face,
Our heart shines through in smiles that chase
The darkness from our neighbor.

We are the men who forge the bars
That link the town and lea,
Where engines, rushing through the vale —
Our children, racing with the gale —
Are shouting lustily !

The mighty ship that proudly rides
Over the restless deep,
Was reared by us. Her noiseless wings
Bend to the evening breeze that sings,
And rocks her into sleep.

The Press — that throbbing heart where beats
The pulse of every thought ;
That clock of mind which strikes the hour,
And a nation rises in its power —
Without our aid is naught.

The pen which, dipped in lightning, writes
At one stroke round the earth,
Ne'er staid by mountain nor the river,
On whose broad face the sun-beams quiver,
Owes to our hand its birth.

These thoughts make gladness in our hearts
Reëcho, like a bell ;
And like her voice who waits to greet us,
Or leads our little child to meet us,
More sweet than we may tell.

Then let the joyous song be heard,
Let all be filled with mirth,
Let it be known throughout the land
That the members of our iron band
Are the happiest on earth.

The sound that lingers in our ear,
Like some old ponderous gong,
Is but the orchestra that e'er
Accompanies their song.

THE ETIQUETTE OF VISITING.

BY THOMAS BIRB BRADLEY.

My readers, there is nothing more delightful than visiting a pretty, black-eyed woman, on a pretty, starry night. I can tell you, a pretty woman is a good thing—a devilish good thing—*bonum ovum!* A man in the presence of a lovely lady should graciously thank Providence for His benignity in creating her. The RULER of the universe arranged all those beautiful curls on that pearly neck, that she might be attractive and pleasant unto man. Those rare lips and that snowy brow, and those heavenly eyes, and that swelling bosom were granted to her to render her a suitable partner for us. In our visits to her, then, let us remember it, and bow obedient to the shrine of her beauty.

Of course, every gentleman more or less frequently visits the ladies. Not to do so argues him unqualified for the balmy atmosphere of a lady's parlor, and unsuited for the sweetest pleasure of this short existence. The man who has no friends among the women is in a sad position. Than to be such a man, I would prefer to be suspended by a hair over the cliffs of Dover, or navigating the Arctic Ocean in a canoe. Even animals are sociable: pigs confabulate, and swine are capable of sustaining a conversation. Elephants visit each other, and alligators enjoy evening entertainments. Horses indeed have an established code of etiquette in their chit-chats. In fact, I once knew a silly beast who associated (by accident purely) with refined horse-company until he imagined himself an excellent riding animal, and full of spirit. The consequence was, he rendered himself ridiculous on all occasions by his intolerable vanity and abominable attempts at the imitation of his superiors.

If fondness for company is thus true of the lower animals, how much more true of man. The great question to be considered then is, how to render society and even a single visit pleasant and profitable. In the first place, it is generally conceded that no one should be present at any entertainment, public or private, or visit any fair lady, or in any manner whatsoever protrude himself upon genteel company, who cannot contribute his share to the interest of the occasion. Such a rule excludes boys with shirt-collars three inches high, and skull six inches

thick ; it demolishes dandies, and depopulates the whole tribe of speckle-faced nihilities. It gives decent men a chance, and consigns to their merited oblivion all red-eyed boobies. Such a rule works cogently, and is a good thing — a devilish good thing — *bonum ovum*. It should be generally adopted in this benighted country. The dominion of boydom would then be over ; it would breathe its last sigh gently as a sick hen. Misses in their facetious teens would no more snicker and blush even to their eye-brows at the compliments and stupid flatteries of some sentimental, kid-gloved, hook-nosed little gallant. Their flounces and furbelows would infest a ball-room or private party no more ; those satinets, and jaconets, and bobinets would net no more minnows ; I say minnows, for trout do n't bite at small baits. They are sensible fish, and know how to appreciate a good thing.

Such a rule, if adopted, would accomplish another great desideratum in all goodly society. It would destroy with a keen and withering frost those rare exotics which silently bloom in their quiet simplicity. I refer to the species wall-flowers. Now they are indeed placid plants, quite content to waste their sweetness upon the desert air, but they always need some other soil than the one they at the time occupy. In fact, to speak the literal truth, women or men stuck up against the wall, with an awful smile of affected contentment, puckering their lips, are fearful to look at. To be thrown within the sphere of their influence is not a good thing — it's a devilish bad thing — *malum ovum*. Methinks it is like a visit from Boreas, or a search after Sir John Franklin — quite cold and uncomfortable. It robs a man of his hilarity, divests him of his conviviality, and deposits upon his countenance an awful expression of stupidity. May HEAVEN have mercy upon all who may hereafter in a gay saloon be thus afflicted, and alleviate their calamity, as far as the circumstances of the case will permit — which is small — devilish small. Unto wall-flowers themselves, of whatever age or sex, Abdallah would politely but positively and pungently suggest a course of conduct : My dear, remain at home, and, folding your arms quietly, gaze at the family clock. It's a good thing, for it keeps time — it's a devilish good thing — *bonum ovum* — and will serve to occupy your rather vacant understandings. There you may snooze the long, long hours away in uninterrupted felicity, and no one can molest you or make you afraid. *Bonum ovum*.

To enjoy a visit where only one lady will be visible in the parlor, one must eschew all companions, and call alone. However congenial and friendly two men may be out of the lady's society, in it they insensibly become rivals, and one of them must temporarily yield his claims. They may smirk at each other, and endeavor to look the agreeable, but human nature is human nature, and one of the rascals is chuckling at his triumph all the time. A man is not a rock, or an old oak-stump : he cannot look at a beautiful woman showering favors upon another man, and displaying her preference for him by the loving gaze of her dark orbs, and not become a little excited. In fact, to be in company with a lovely woman, who smiles upon your companion, and is indifferent to you, is not a good thing — it is a devilish bad thing — *malum*

ovum. But calling alone, one has a free sweep, fine swoop, and full scope. If the visitor be poetical and affects the muses, the moon, the stars, and all troubadour zephyrs are quite at his service. The sun too is obedient, and the various Roman gods and goddesses will come at his call. Homer and Horace are on hand, and he can rhapsodize on blind John Milton and the old English poets. He can sympathize with the sorrows of Burns, or depict with magnificent effect the unholy death of poor Edgar Poe. To be brief, he can very easily make a fool of himself, or on the contrary, if he be capable, confer infinite pleasure upon the fair lady. If he be a political gentleman, he can unbury the often-exhumed Napoleon, or that huge tyrant Cæsar; he can belabor Arnold and eulogize Washington; he can spread himself upon the American eagle, and wave the banner of the Union in the halls of the Montezumas. If he be sentimental, there is the history of Mary, Queen of the Scots, rich in its details and entirely new, or the still more affecting tragedy of Barbara Allen, who murdered in cold blood a gallant youth yclept Jemmy Groves, Esq., A.M. The clerk may interest the lady with a discourse upon calico and Brussels lace, or may complacently allude to 'our commercial emporium.' The lawyer may expatiate upon the importance of his last case, the physician upon his last patient, and the poor devil of a school-teacher upon the flogging last administered to some hopeful scion of aristocracy. In fine, to visit a lady alone, removes all fetters, banishes all unnecessary restraint, and renders one decidedly comfortable. To do so is a good thing — a devilish good thing — *bonum ovum*.

In visiting, one frequently encounters sarcastic young ladies. On such occasions the gentleman should obsequiously bow to their superior wisdom and wit. It is not a supposable case that a man of twenty-five or thirty could have more experience or real sense than a young lady of seventeen, wise in her juvenescence, and sapient in her remarks. Such an idea would be an absurdity — *malum ovum*! Consequently all sagacious Misses should neglect no opportunity of attacking all dignified gentlemen with antique *bon-mots* and concocted good things. All gentlemen should waive their dignity and spare the lady's feelings by the appearance of surpassing humility and absolute awe.

In visiting, conversation should be sustained, though pauses are often agreeable. Some men imagine they must pour forth a stream of words, otherwise they will be pronounced dull and uninteresting. Sensible women do not so think. On the contrary, they rather like pauses. Thus they have opportunity for reflection, and time to analyze their own emotions and the remarks of their visitors. Such pauses, however, must not be rendered stupid. A calm *négligé* air should be visible in the faces of all present, and whoever resumes the conversation should do it with grace and elegance. I have known fools to attempt it, and they made a poor thing of it — a devilish poor thing — *malum ovum*.

In calling upon a bride, ceremony must be observed. If the visitor calls alone, he must not omit presenting his card in a proper manner. If there be several visitors, the bride must be honored with the card of each. Some little suggestions, too, should be made to the servant about

the delivery of the cards. He should be instructed to approach the bride deferentially, handing her the cards one by one, and making his salaam, or bow, with the delivery of each. As soon as the visitors enter they should seat themselves with mathematical precision, and permit a stately pause to ensue. In the interesting interim the gentlemen might ruminate on matrimony, and the charms of a honey-moon. After suitable silence, the eldest and most voluble gentleman present should disturb the stillness with sapient observations on wedlock, and particularly on her marriage. He should conclude his discourse with something jocular, at which his companions should simultaneously snicker. A graceful calmness being thus obtained, the conversation may become general, and the weather especially may be discussed. After an interesting hour thus spent, they can appropriately retire with suitable obeisances and complacent chuckles. To call on a bride in this manner is a good thing — a devilish good thing — *bonum ovum*. There is nothing ridiculous or ceremonious or silly in such a proceeding, and it is well calculated to win the bride's favor, if she be an intellectual lady. Especially will the matter of the cards conciliate her. It is an enormous insult to call upon a lady without a card. In some of the States it is a penitentiary offence. Dr. Samuel Johnson, were he alive, could not be permitted to eschew the card custom. We might indulge the ponderous lexicographer in many of his whims; but we would bind him to the laws of etiquette. The old horse might kick, but we would curb him in. Edward Pinkney, however, and Henry Clay, I have been informed, ventured to call upon some of their lady-acquaintances without cards, and suffered, I was told, in consequence of the enormity, no diminution whatever of political renown or legal reputation. My informant, however, was a great liar, and I did not credit him. It certainly must have been a lie — *malum ovum*!

Upon the introduction of a stranger great attention should be bestowed. In the first place, the name of the lady, and his own, should be pronounced by the introducer in very low tones, so that neither of them can possibly hear the name given. This will produce a magnificent awkwardness, highly entertaining when the stranger addresses a remark to the lady.

It is customary with us, but nevertheless wrong, for strangers to be introduced by their gentlemen acquaintances. One of the parents, or some one of the lady's relations is the proper person to bestow an introduction upon a stranger. Then the ceremony becomes pleasant to him, and he feels at once recognized by authority as an estimable acquaintance. But custom has established a pell-mell introduction in this progressive republic. So we must make the best of it as it is, and, although we oppose, we must assert it to be a good thing — a devilish good thing — *bonum ovum*. As soon as our friend makes the acquaintance, through our instrumentality, of the fair lady, we should at once rest content with our efforts, and throw the gentleman on his own responsibility. If he blushes, and is still as the blessed calmness of a summer eve let him thus remain. If he become restless and perturbed, by no means throw out any initiatory remark calculated to soothe his

dismayed spirit. Offer no suggestion, ask no question, but let him repose in his enviable position, careful meanwhile that a placid smile floats upon our lips, beautiful as the silvery cloud upon October's ruddy sky. *Bonum ovum!*

Engrossing the conversation is a vice so rare in this country that it is scarcely necessary to rebuke it. Occasionally, however, innocent young gentlemen, out of sheer condescension to the elder and more unattractive visitors, (when the parlor is full,) play the regal in discourse. They place upon their juvenile shoulders the burden of rendering every body comfortable and calm.

Sometimes in these their very commendable and insinuating efforts, they rush up against a snag, in the shape of some intellectual gentleman, and, being vital, they are, of course, slightly injured. It should be suggested to very youthful gentlemen, that it requires brain to elicit and retain the pleased attention of miscellaneous companies. Brinsley Sheridan had decided talent in that way, and posterity reckons Thomas Jefferson an elegant conversationist. But my very young friends, they were matured men of remarkable mental calibre. Their contemporaries were delighted with their marvellous wit and most princely humor; but, odds fish! your conspicuous vanity without genius to support and regalize it, your abominable presumption without wit to authorize it, and your awful ignorance without an idea to illumine it, render very poor indeed your claims to present consideration or future glory. My young friends, be wise, and divest yourselves of superfluous agreeability. Acknowledge your errors to yourselves, abandon them forthwith, and commit yourselves to the guidance of a beneficent humility. It will be a good thing — a devilish good thing — *bonum ovum!*

Ladies are frequently highly entertained by visitors of unusual dignity and remarkable gravity. The sacred presence of such gentlemen gives an unusual balminess to the atmosphere of the parlor. Their demeanor, moreover, begets a corresponding solemnity upon the part of all present. One can thus conveniently ruminate upon the delightful themes of grave-yards, coffins, corpses, and the inexorable monster — Death. To suggest such topics of such general interest at such a time is a good thing — a devilish good thing — *bonum ovum!*

If one be particularly interested in any young lady present in general company, American etiquette explicitly demands that one should give unequivocal demonstrations of the fact. The lover must cling, like the clam to a rock, unto the side of his beloved. If the young lady flinches, and intimates in any manner her annoyance, he must not be abashed. Faint heart never won fair lady, and it is exceedingly sensible to woo her in the presence of others. *Bonum ovum.*

Ladies should always make the proper distinction in regard to their visitors. The hopeful scion of the aristocracy of wealth should be treated with more deference than the intellectual poor gentleman. However elegant and agreeable the latter may be, to the former must be accorded all the glory of the visit. He has been nurtured in affluence and bred to luxury; and though noble thoughts have never petitioned for entrance within his cranium, he must be placed upon the eminence of superiority. This, etiquette peremptorily urges and custom

sanctions. Intellect becomes ignominious when compared with gold ; for the last hath carriages, and carpets, and curtains of exquisite device, and ladies love them all. All hail to men of pecuniary resources ! but may the devil take all poor folks who are at the same time intellectual and proud. To be a poor visitor is not a good thing — it is a devilish bad thing — *malum ovum* !

T H E E M P T Y C H U R C H .

JW

THESE upturned cushions in these large square pews,
 These psalm-books, standing in a well-ranged row,
 With here and there a bill of unpaid dues
 Scornfully thrown upon the floor below,
 And motley fans arrayed before each seat,
 More used to drive off *ennui* than the heat.

The spider weaving webs along the wall,
 Where dust lies thick upon the cornice mould;
 The weakly flies, who sluggish crawl and fall
 Along the pane, streaked down where rain has rolled,
 Is all the life I see, and what I hear
 Is not of life, yet speaketh like a seer !

That great old clock, how solemnly it ticks !
 Time's beating pulse — and, measured by the sun,
 Still throbbing when among the world we mix,
 As when we sit and wish the service done,
 Gazing upon it with long-wearied eyes,
 For under sermons Time but seldom flies.

And through the dingy windows pours the sun,
 To drop its beams so like a curtain wide,
 Making all objects seen beyond like one
 Dim, ghostly shade of what is on this side ;
 And spectre pillars, wrapped in dusty shroud,
 Seem waving to-and-fro — a phantom crowd !

And yonder organ-pipes of burnished gold,
 The temple's new-day gift, in recompense
 For viols, tuning-forks, and sounds of old,
 That grate so harshly on the modern sense,
 While yet, before it renders forth a tone,
 Like new-day schisms, must be constant blown.

And, grim and tall, stands there the pulpit, oaken,
 While, like a hand to bless and shield out-thrust,
 Which drops below the word of solace spoken,
 That mounted heavenward for approval first,
 The sculptured sounding-board, so dun and quaint,
 Hangs o'er the desk like halo o'er a saint.

Here as I walk I startle at my tread,
And almost shudder, though I scarce know why :
Beneath me are the charnels of the dead,
Who once have walked these aisles as well as I,
And thrice before this altar have they been —
Baptismal, marriage, and funereal scene !

The restless infant crying out of place,
The nurse's ceaseless soothing, quite in vain,
The parson's imperturbably grave face,
The parents, wishing all was o'er again,
Are things, 't is said, 't were lack of faith to shun,
So, to be faithful, one must see it done.

Another scene is this : two beings here
Ready to be as one — too glad to speak
Quite plainly ; yet what means that trickling tear
That, glowing, steals adown the bride's flushed cheek
As, hand in hand, the lasting bond they seal,
And feelings burst that pride cannot conceal ?

For like a stream that peaceful glides along
Had been the love for parents in that bride,
But now there comes another, and more strong
The love she bears the being at her side ;
And so, like confluent streams, that turmoil make,
These passions meeting make her bosom quake.

But through yon door the future channel lies,
Two little rills, as one, become a stream
That is to sweep amid both smiles and sighs,
Through gorges dark, or where the sun may gleam,
Until they empty in that endless wave,
And earth and heaven do those waters lave.

The one scene more's a melancholy show :
The dismal tread of those who bear the bier,
The train of mourners coming after slow,
The black array, and 'neath each veil a tear
Steals out the reddened eye, below to fall,
Like hopes still coming, and to perish all.

Before the altar rests the coffined dead,
The mourners stand within the nearest pews,
While, further off, are passers, who were led
By feelings that the heart could not refuse ;
Looking in silence, with a constant gaze,
They hear the sighs, and what the preacher prays.

This service done, the coffin-lid is oped,
Grating its hinge to send a shudder deep
Within the breasts of those who long had hoped
For years of joy to come, but now must weep
To see within that winding-robe of Death,
Who once breathed pleasure as he breathed his breath.

And now they part: the mourners go before;
The bier is raised, with dreary creak; the pall
Is lifted, and the heavy tread once more
Resounds and dies along the senseless wall,
Just as the confines of our earthly lot
Can echo names awhile, which soon are not.

Enough! enough! so here we are alone:
Without we hear the jars of busy sounds,
Only the wind gives forth a dying moan
Among the firs that top the grave-yard mounds;
For all is else attuned to notes of life,
The tramp of men, the call, the shout, the strife.

The Sabbath peal shall summon from their home
An equal concourse, dressed as for a play;
And rustling silks shall sound beneath this dome
With all the flutter of a gala-day,
Enough to show the altar of true praise
Is still at home, away from public gaze.

To isolate ourselves were worship best,
But once a week 't is well to go to church,
And sing a hymn at least among the rest;
Society will leave one in the lurch,
Unless he bears a sermon for her sake:
So go; provided you can keep awake!

If one must sleep, 't were better sleep at home,
One's sofa 's softer than a straight-backed pew;
E'en if our fancies through a novel roam,
Perchance we get a pious hint or two:
But church-dreamt dreams of merchandise and stocks
Can bring but anxious spouse's elbow-knocks.

You give a yawn, your eyes persist to droop,
You feel a sharp fan-handle in your side;
Just then an urchin somewhere gives a whoop,
Or heavy psalm-book from some lap doth slide;
Enough to wake you quite in time to go;
Your legs are rather weak from cramping, though.

So home you wend, and home is ever home;
Good dinner, fine segar, and easy couch,
Upon your lap you spread the holy tome;
But still, it may be, I shall dare to vouch
The evening bells can pour their chiming sound
O'er heedless senses, if in slumber bound.

Well, well! Beside your bed there 's place to kneel,
Where none but those you wish may gather, too;
One moment here, perhaps, can better soal
The heart from evil, than an hour can do
In public pomp; for prayer, like much on earth,
Perchance lies less in quantity than worth.

L E T T E R S T O E L L A .

NUMBER ONE.

Now you are gone far from me, my daughter, I know for the first time the full extent of your hold upon me. My heart goes out after you, and reaches and gropes, but comes back empty. You were my first-born; and when you came to me I knew not well how to find food and raiment for another. But the bread for your little mouth, and the raiment for your rounded form were ever to me blessed food and raiment. If you had been near, I could almost have lived upon your happiness without touching morsel myself. You first taught me the bliss of going quite out of myself and living for another. You were to me the first evangel, which brought to my whole nature the glorious practical happiness of unselfishness. I myself thenceforth became, in my own eyes, a secondary consideration, almost as nothing. I would have you to be blooming and happy. I would spread pleasantness in your path, and between you and harm stand, a shield and a shelter. Whatever storm might threaten, I would be as a rock of refuge. My pain was, not to be able to suffer for you. When you have been sick, my eyes have known not the setting nor the rising of the sun. The hours flew rapidly away, and brought exhaustion without desire for rest, until returning beams of health once more rested upon your loved features. And I knew not, my dear child, how my thoughts fore-ran the years, and became as a cunningly-woven web inwrought with your future. Prosperity and plenty smiled upon me, but chiefly from your bright face. Money I counted for what it would buy for you. It would lift your future above the spirit of dependence. I would repel from you the coarse companionship of hunger and want, and be a panoply against the still more gross and humiliating patronage of the vulgar rich.

It was no great pain to imagine for you a humble and modest life, sustained by an honest toil, and surrounded by those whose lot in life was not in its most favored walks; but to imagine your gentle and appreciative character subjected to being looked down upon and patronized by the vulgar kindness which not unfrequently attends the rapid accumulation of wealth, was misery indeed. And the greatest misery of it was, that it might have some tendency to weaken your self-respect, and your trust in God, and lead you unconsciously to make compromises with natures essentially grovelling.

That independence which arises from the possession of property is chiefly valuable for the protection it affords from a consciousness of being regarded as inferior or unfortunate. So far as I am concerned, it has not been won without self-denial and care. But the sweet promise of your noble and womanly character has been my abundant reward. And now that you are distant, I think it will not be unpleasant to receive these expressions which it is my happiness to make. They are the overflowings of a cup more than full. If I could not make them

known, it would be to me as if you were dead ; and it is my pride and my glory that you are worthy of them, and can be trusted with them. Other children have been born to me, whose promise is not less fair, and for whom my love is not smaller ; but you, my daughter, are the only *first-born*, and those thick-coming fancies which first learned to group themselves around you continue to attend you from habit, and will form for you, while I live, a halo, so that you will be to me as no other. You have not received the dangerous gift of physical beauty, but, in lieu of it, a modest and benign presence, which opens the hearts of strangers to you. Your not uncomely person and countenance carry with them a certain breadth and fulness of expression which is of the soul, and will never fail you in winning sympathy and companionship.

You left us a daguerreotype, but it seemed insufficient. The eye and the heart were both unsatisfied with so diminutive a reflection of the largeness of our affections for you. The painter has tried his art, and your likeness now of life-size fixes its calm and happy gaze upon us from the parlor-wall. The portrait was drawn with the touch of a master, but without the time to give it a perfect finish. The softness of touch which might have been expected from the artist is now obtained by framing it with a covering of glass. Nothing has been spared to it which tender love could bestow. It compensates, after all, but poorly for the original. I gaze upon it by the hour, and my eyes fill as I think to myself: 'She is absent.' The artist was fortunate in fixing upon it that expression which most distinguished you from all others. It is as you looked when receiving well-earned praise ; when about to visit some dearly-loved companion ; or when being introduced to some stranger whom it was an honor to know. Your friends supposed it to be an expression of slight embarrassment, but we who knew you better recognized it as a voluntary restraint put upon the expression of a large and abounding joy. The portrait hangs opposite a large mirror, and you are thus always looking in the glass. The painting is still further softened when seen by its reflection from the mirror, and thus beheld, I think nothing earthly can be more beautiful. The glass which covers it and the mirror which reflects it perform the same office for the painting which my partiality performs for the original. My heart does not desire, my fancy does not conceive any thing more lovely. You are the young moon of my sky ; neither the sparkling brilliance of any star, nor the sovereign effulgence of the sun, so wins me and draws up my spirit toward it as the mild and dreamy light which emanates from your sweet and hopeful orb. When I sit at the table I see the vacant seat. I watch the early birds and flowers of spring, and think how you would have cherished them. The dog-handled pitcher of milk with which you used to amuse yourself recalls your playful concern at the hopeless condition of that poor earthen dog which seems always about to reach over the brink of the pitcher and find milk, but never reaches it. He is as far from it as ever.

My heart rejoices in the other children, but it always says : 'She was the crowning glory and the flower of the flock ; she was my companion and my friend.' I reach forward and strive to prefigure your destiny. I seem to see you in the bloom and glory of young life, opening your eyes

upon all new scenes. I picture to myself your advent into gay society as a young lady. I watch your wayward fancies, and seek gently to chasten and guide them. I seem to see you full of all genial and pleasant ways, winning golden opinions alike from young and old. I picture to myself the approaches of a noble youth of the other sex, worthy of your love, and your happiness in bestowing it. I see you the happy mother of children, honoring and honored by the husband of your choice. I go yet forward to the time when experience and trial shall have sprinkled your hair with the signs of approaching age, when your thoughts shall have been fixed immovably upon the habitations of the just, and when you shall move down the gentle slope of a serene old age. I shall then be no more in sight. The turf will have grown old over my resting-place; but it may be that you will plant flowers there, and visit the spot with tender recollections. Perhaps it will be said: 'He was her father, and there was great love between them.' And if it be permitted, my child, for the spirits of the departed to re-visit the earth, I will be ever near you.

This is my news. I can tell you no other. It has been told a thousand times, but my pen runs pleasantly in rehearsing the same old story. I desire only to build up for you a great happiness. And to accomplish this, I would be glad to lead you pleasantly over some of the rough places, the secrets of which I have at least partially learned by having stumbled over and been bruised upon them. In order that you may see in what direction my thoughts concerning you tend, I will add a paragraph to this letter, already, perhaps, too long.

Frankly, then, I think you have some genius. I think you have the capabilities to win much praise and gain a brilliant career. I think you should avoid the ordinary avocations of life and look high for your destiny. My most particular ambition is, that you should shine as an artist. I am sure you have some natural taste that way, and, with the assiduity essential to any great success, I believe that you can produce a piece majestic in outline as the best of Michael Angelo, with a sweetness of finish equal to Rubens. I prefer, however, that you should work upon a more delicate and susceptible material than stone or canvas. It has happened rather seldom that the spirit and genius of an artist have engaged themselves upon the material which I will presently point out; and when this has happened, results of the most rare, sweet, and famous nature have been achieved. The material I speak of is human character, and that character your own. An actual and faithful searching out of the defects of one's own character—a patient, modest, and hopeful study to develop from it a true conception of the noble and the beautiful, are among the most uncommon studies of our kind. It opens up the most inviting field of ambition, and a career for your sex so much the more beautiful, as the material upon which you work is of a finer texture than is found elsewhere this side of heaven. You must form your own ideal, but may in the mean time practise yourself upon the study of such features and parts as must necessarily enter into the composition of all great productions. By-and-by I will explain to you some of the effects of such an ambition, and disclose to you a great secret. More than ever, my dear daughter, I hold you to my bosom, and kiss you devoutly. O my child! my child! you must never forget to love me

S P I R I T L O V E .

BY HENRY P. LELAND.

AGNES O'DONOHUE,
 Born of the 'Mountain Dew,'
 Very delicious and mellow thy spirit:
 Sportsmen will stay for you,
 Love you and pray for you,
 Knowing your merit.

ELLEN M'GREGOR too,
 'Loch na Garr's proud of you,
 Aint you the Prince ALBERT's favorite — say?
 Smoky in quality,
 Great is thy jollity,
 In a 'Punch-play.'

ANNCHEN VON RITTERBERG,
 From 'Schloss Johannisberg,'
 Imperial Cabinets fall at your feet!
 By your charms kings 't is said
 Are under tables laid,
 Quite 'dead beat.'

GRETCHEN 'LIEBFRAUENMILCH,'
 Almost 'as soft as silk,'
 Though you 've a slightly acidulous tone,
 Yet age will improve you,
 And 'Dutchmen' will love you,
 I hope not alone!

'CRUZ DEL HUSILLO,'
 I do n't doubt that MURILLO
 Stole his pale sherry-faced angels from you:
 Color, body, and flavor,
 Each one of them savor
 Of every thing true.

VESUVIA DA VISTA,
 'Lagrima di Christi,'
 Rich, luscious, and rare the charms you display;
 Though born 'mid eruptions,
 If free from corruptions,
 You 'll carry the day!

BLANCHE 'BORGOGNE' MOUSSEUX,
 To my heart you shall go,
 Most delicious and rarest, of Burgundy's clime;
 So sparkling and delicate,
 Perfumed like violet,
 Fit for all time!

ROSE DE CHAMPAGNE,
 'Creme de Bouzy' by name,
 With Fleur de Sillery I press to my lips,
 Who would n't be 'Mumm?'
 From his 'cabinet' come
 Such sweet sips.

KATCHEN MITSCHLOSSER,
 Gutes 'Kirschwasser,'
 Im Schwarzwald, I drinks dat you virst saw der day;
 I trinks you mit bleashure,
 Und dinks you 're a dreaashure
 Over der weh!

'MENESCHER' ELIKA,
 In Hungary seek her,
 Real 'Turks' blood, I love thee, imperial Tokay!
 Most gladly I'll meet thee,
 Most jollily greet thee,
 Whenever I may!

A RECOLLECTION OF NEWPORT.

BY L. WYVHIN.

THE summer of 184 — found me emerging from the senior class at college, a graduate and Bachelor of Arts. What particular arts were referred to, I have never been able to ascertain. Greek I abhorred, Latin I despised, and although the 'Pons Asinorum' had been crossed without difficulty, I never could help thinking that Euclid had little to do, or he would not have wasted his time in concocting those triangular, rectangular, and circular puzzles, to mystify poor Freshmen. It is true that I could play rather a good game of chess, was not deficient in 'high, low, Jack,' understood the 'art of self-defence,' never took odds at billiards, was quite at home on horseback, and could split a bullet over the blade of a knife, at a reasonable distance. Moreover, the Provost had once surprised me in the act of singing, for the edification of a few choice spirits, that cherished song beginning:

'Now we're freed from college rules,
 From common-place book-reason,
 From trifling syllogistic schools,
 And systems out of season:'

had heard me assert, with as much dignity as several glasses of whiskey-punch would permit, that

'NEVER more we'll have defined
 If matter think, or think not;
 All the matter we've to mind
 Is he who drinks, or drinks not:'

and doubtless still has in his possession a likeness of himself, which was too true to be good, and which, amid the convulsions of Sophomores, he once tore from the fly-leaf of my 'Butler.' Still, these 'arts' were not such as our 'Faculty' could openly approve of, and I therefore was forced to conclude that they had the faculty of discovering 'arts' in the respectable body of 'bachelors' to which I belonged, that the youngsters themselves never thought of. But whether deserving or not, I was now a 'graduate,' and very soon the public had the pleasure of hearing my 'essay;' Horace was kicked into the fire, Homer converted into 'lighters,' Euclid resolved into gun-wads, and with a light heart and full purse, I was on my way to Newport. That Euclid well deserved the fate of Horace, there is not a shadow of doubt, and he only escaped the grate because a solemn conclave of 'seniors' decided 'his dryness to be such, that he would certainly set the chimney on fire.' Boys are like wild animals, they detest confinement and pine under restraint, and it is certain that no deer ever broke from the toils which surrounded him, and dashed over the rocks of his mountain-home with more joy, than I felt in leaving my 'Alma Mater.'

Merrily the stage rattled up to the 'Ocean-House,' and walking up to the bar, I enrolled my name among the visitors, somewhat in the decided manner in which John Hancock put his to the 'Declaration of Independence.' It is a fundamental principle of our people never to lose time, and consequently before bed-time, I had been introduced to several beautiful girls, and had actually made an engagement with one of them to ride on horseback the next afternoon, although I had never seen or heard of her until that night. The next morning found me searching a livery-stable for suitable horses, and upon urging the proprietor to give me a quiet nag for Miss E —, he informed me that 'she never rode ladies' horses, but always insisted upon having a gentleman's horse.'

'Probably a very good rider,' I suggested.

'Do not know,' was the reply, 'but she generally sends the horse home in a lather.'

This slight disquisition gave me some insight into the lady's character; so selecting the horses, and taking care to secure the fleetest for myself, I returned to the house. Ten-pins whiled away an hour or two, and I had the satisfaction of seeing Miss E — make numerous ten-strikes, which, although deserving of admiration, were somewhat detrimental to the limbs of the boys who set up the pins. The urchins, however, had probably ascertained the momentum of the lady's balls, for whenever she prepared to bowl, they were seen clambering up in the windows, by which means they escaped without serious injury. Upon being introduced to the friends of my bouncing damsel, I fully expected that they would apologize for being under the necessity of postponing our ride, but they evidently thought that the lady could take care of herself, and did not interfere.

Even college-boys will reflect sometimes, and when I recalled to mind the conversation at the stable and the extreme caution of the ten-pin boys, I began to think that I had been guilty of a foolish act in asking this harum-scarum beauty to ride with me.

The risk of taking a lady to ride with strange horses was considerable, and the idea of responsibility became magnified by reflection. I sat down to dinner, inwardly hoping that her bath had given her the headache, that her sherry-cobbler had disagreed with her, or that some other such reason would have prevented her from going; but it was in vain to wish. In she came like a queen, and the splendid damask of her cheek dispelled my last hope of a sick-headache.

At five o'clock precisely, the horses were at the door. A well-groomed little sorrel, with clean limbs, a devilish eye, and wide nostrils, was destined to carry the lady, while my horse was a raw-boned powerful bay, both showing evidence of blood sufficient to indicate speed and powers of endurance.

Observing that our saddles had each but one girth, I remonstrated with the hostler upon the subject, but hostlers are always immovable rascals, and this fellow was a prince of stoics. He assured me that people in New-England never rode with more than one girth; that there was not a saddle in Newport had two; that every horse and every saddle in every livery-stable in the town was out; in fact, told so many unblushing lies that I yielded the point merely out of consideration for his eternal welfare.

My companion soon appeared, attired in a dark green habit, with an enticing little cap stuck jauntily on one side of the head, and bounding into the saddle, in a few minutes we were cantering through the streets at a pace more agreeable to ourselves than the pedestrians, who kept dodging us as we proceeded. She was a girl of some seventeen summers. Her light brown hair fell in sunny wavelets over a fine brow, and a pair of large, laughing, hazel eyes flashed gayly from beneath their dark lashes, as if life to her had indeed been nothing but a summer. Although bred in a city, her form was of that well-developed description which appertains to milk-maids, and she sat her horse with the air of a 'Die Vernon.' Strange to say, our horses were really good ones, and as my confidence in the lady's skill as a rider increased, my fears assumed a less tangible shape; yet knowing her volatile disposition, I still had misgivings that she might go off from me like a rocket at any moment.

It was a splendid afternoon. Long shadows were falling across the road, and the trees seemed edged with gold, as the sun sank slowly to the horizon. The air was filled with the delicious fragrance of the sea; our spirits rose with the excitement of the motion and beauty of the scene, and the horses, feeling the bracing effects of the atmosphere equally with ourselves, with a free foot dashed over the wide, hard road.

I occasionally offered a word of warning to my companion as to the speed at which we were proceeding, insinuating that if her horse stumbled, she would probably perform a gyration that would endanger her neck; but it was a waste of breath, for the more I remonstrated, the harder she rode.

A boy of nineteen, accustomed to riding, is not easily scared by a gallop, and if there had been some brother or cousin along with us to assume the responsibility of the position, the lady might have ridden at

full speed to Jericho, if she pleased, and I should have kept up with her ; but there was no such valuable relative at hand, and there was I, on my first excursion from home, engaged in a proceeding which seemed likely to result in breaking the neck of one of the most beautiful and dashing belles of Newport. I began to think of what I should say to her bereft family, and revolved in my mind whether revolvers at twelve or rifles at sixty paces would be most agreeable, in case I should be 'called out' the next day by some one of her numerous friends. As for the horses, I had not a hope that either of them would afterward be fit for use. If they escaped with whole limbs, of which there was little probability, they never would draw a long breath again, and I was doomed to take back to the stable two broken-winded, foundered beasts, in place of the high-mettled animals on which we had started. In spite of the rapidity of our motion, I coolly computed their value, and selected in imagination the friend to whom I should apply for a loan, adequate to the demands of the owner ; for although my purse was sufficiently long for the ordinary extravagance of a summer trip, it never had been contemplated that two fine saddle-horses were to come out of it.

On we sped. Newport was five miles behind us, and our gallop had only been broken once. The few endangered vehicles that we encountered drew up to the side of the road as we passed ; pigs and chickens fled vehemently from our path, and tumbled through fences with undignified haste. Countrymen looked aghast from their ploughs ; factory-girls, staring in silent wonder at the Jehu-like performance, marvelled whether it was really a woman that exhibited such disregard of the ordinary rules of locomotion, and whenever we approached a farmhouse :

'THE dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all,
And every soul cried out 'well done,'
As loud as he could bawl.'

At last her breath gave out. I thanked HEAVEN ; for I had concluded that she was as long-winded as our country parson, and no body ever doubted his powers in that respect. Heretofore there had not been much time for talking, so I improved the opportunity by representing to my companion that I was morally responsible to her friends for her safety, and that she would certainly kill either herself or her horse if she persisted in this John Gilpin-like proceeding.

With a gay laugh she shot off again, and finally, as a last resource, I seized her bridle, and brought the whole party to a stand. I determined that the horses should now have a good 'blow,' let what would happen, and resolutely held on, in spite of her entreaties to the contrary.

We had stopped at the foot of a hill ; the sun was nearly down, and the quiet of the country was only broken by the gurgling of a brook at our feet, and the chirping of a solitary sparrow, who was eyeing us askance from a bush.

In such a position as this, the idea of continuing to remonstrate with a beautiful girl of seventeen was ridiculous, and a sudden change came over her, which completely disarmed me ; but she had only 'stooped to conquer.'

The breeze seemed toying maliciously with those auburn curls, as if to remind me of the fate of Tantalus ; my ire was fast cooling ; I was becoming enraptured with her rosy cheeks and sunny smile, and when she at last observed, ' How delicious this intense stillness is,' and fell into a reverie, I nearly fell in — something else. No one could have supposed that the thoughtful and pensive girl beside me, now playfully stroking the neck of her horse with a hand so tiny, was the individual who had lately been engaged in a reckless steeple-chase, and who had the reputation of sending her horses home 'in a lather.'

There certainly was a mistake somewhere ; the identity of persons so totally different was utterly impossible. Reason and philosophy were of little use in such a case as this ; their sternest axioms melted away beneath that smile, as ice beneath the noon-day sun ; the bridle was relinquished, Cupid had conquered, and beauty again held the reins.

When men or boys — it does not matter which — find themselves in a quiet lane, *tête-à-tête* with a pretty girl, with no body but a sparrow to listen to their conversation, they are seldom in a hurry to leave so pleasant a position, and therefore it is probable, if circumstances would have permitted, that I should have been there yet.

But it was getting late, and we were nearly six miles from home, so I reluctantly requested my fair companion to turn back. The perfect composure of her countenance, and the quiet mood which had stolen over her while in the dell, dissipated entirely the recollection of her imprudence, and we ambled slowly up the hill in a sober, rational, market-woman-like manner. Upon reflection, even now, I can hardly realize that deception could have lurked beneath that placid brow, and when it is considered that then

'My only book
Was woman's look,
And folly all she taught me,'

how could I be expected to penetrate behind that demure face and see the mischievous heart that was palpitating against those stays ?

Little did I think, as I hung upon her whispers, that I was riding alongside of an article that in a few minutes would go off like a ball from a Paixhan gun, or that such a centre of gravity was waiting to fly off at a tangent, without the slightest regard for either Newtonian or Pythagorean systems. But so it was. The quiet smiles, the demure glances were merely used as a cloak to cover her nefarious designs.

Her only aim in life was to put that horse to his speed, and I verily believe that if she had been riding a comet through space, at the rate of fifty leagues a second, she would still have tried to go faster. No sooner had we reached the top of the hill than she was off, and before I had fairly recovered from my surprise, she was half-way down.

Overwhelmed with astonishment at the deceit, and mortified at discovering myself to be the victim of a ruthless stratagem, I paused for an instant, and then drove the spurs deep into my horse's flank, inwardly swearing that I would catch her at all hazards ; but although I had secured the fleetest horse for myself, her little sorrel was as tough

as whale-bone, and it was no easy matter to overtake her. She crossed the country like a meteor, over hill and dale, over bridge and brook; nothing stopped her. At last, I had nearly reached her, when I perceived a barrow that had been left carelessly in the road, directly in her path. On one side was a heap of stones; on the other the road had been washed into a deep gully by the rain. There was not room to pass on either side, and her fate seemed inevitable, unless she could check her horse. I halloed to her to stop, but the animal she rode had now got beyond her control, and was dashing blindly and madly along, regardless of obstacles.

Appearances were decidedly against her. The horse must stop short, which would throw her over his head, or he must jump it, which would throw her over his tail. Either way she must be thrown.

I could not reach her in time to save her, although my horse was making gigantic strides, at a full run, and visions of mangled Miss E —s were flitting across my brain, when lo! her horse bounded over the barrow like a stag, and she was still unhurt. A second after, I had cleared it myself, and was nearly up to her, but the little devil she rode, as if reserving himself for the last quarter, no sooner found that I had reached him, than he redoubled his exertions to keep ahead. Deeper and deeper I drove the spurs, and faster and faster we flew. I had reached her again, my hand was almost on her bridle, when her horse shied, snap went the girth, and she tottered for a minute and fell.

Although both horses were at full speed, I managed to reach the ground first, and caught her, how I have not the slightest idea, but certain it is, that in an instant after the girth broke, with one knee on the ground, I was clasping the terrified girl in my arms. There we were, several miles from home, night coming on, and our horses scampering away in the distance. Pleasant certainly, but the lady was safe, and that made amends for the inconvenience of the position. What would be the feelings of our friends when those riderless steeds galloped up to the stable, it required no seer to tell: and the chances were, that before we reached Newport, we should meet at least the 'Ocean-House,' if not the 'Atlantic' and 'Bellevue' riding in cavalcade to search for our bodies. To tell the truth, it was no great punishment to walk home with such a companion as I had, and I should not have regretted if the distance had been doubled.

I shouldered the side-saddle, and we started gayly on our walk, but soon found myself musing on the probable inconvenience of the article I carried, to the horse. To have such a lop-sided thing on his back was bad enough, and when it contained a hundred and twenty pounds and a whip, which might fairly be considered the equivalent of Miss E —, he must have considered that his road, like that to 'Jordan,' was difficult to travel. The result of my meditation was, that if Miss E — had been forced to carry the infernal thing a quarter of the way that I did, even she would hereafter have had mercy on her horse.

A mile of our journey had been overcome, and I was upon the point of pitching my burden into a field, when, on turning a short corner, we

discovered our horses quietly munching the grass on the side of the road. A wisp of the same, offered in a conciliatory manner to my bay, was politely accepted, and before he had time to thank me, his bridle was safely thrown over a snag of the worm-fence. The sorrel was not so easily caught with chaff, and proved himself more difficult to cope with, but by dint of tacking to-and-fro, like a vessel beating against the wind, I at last succeeded in making a sudden spring and catching the rascal by the head.

The girth was soon knotted, the lady mounted, and we were riding home. 'Experientia docet;' so taking the curb-rein over her horse's head, I kept possession of it to our journey's end, although she evidently disliked leading-strings, even in the dark.

As we approached the house, we perceived that there was a great stir about something.

Ominous shadows were passing in and out the door, and we were greeted by some officious voice that yelled out, 'Here they are at last.'

None but those who have actually heard these words, on arriving at home with a young lady, an hour after dark, can appreciate the feelings of the benighted.

The thunder which follows the flash of lightning is a trifle to the thunder of relatives which follows the utterance of that sentence. They seemed to have thought of every thing under heaven, and the fertility of their imagination was only equalled by the dryness of their manner. One thought we had been thrown, which, under the circumstances, was a good guess, although we did not think it worth while to acknowledge the accuracy of the penetration; another thought we had been drowned, as if there was some Solway Frith at Newport for us to get into; and a maiden lady, who lived upon the recollection of imaginary beaux, screamed out, 'Why, we thought you had run off to get married!' I thought of an epitaph I had once read:

'BENEATH this silent stone is laid
A noisy, antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talked till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath;'

and believing that her garrulity was a constitutional infirmity, forgave her. In cases of accident, no matter how prudent they may have been, boys are always found fault with, either in the concrete, for their own benefit, or in the abstract, as a warning to other boys, and I certainly received my full share this time.

It was impossible for me to criminate the lady, and therefore I quietly submitted to the blame of jaded horses and very late hours.

The last I saw of my fair horse-woman she was proceeding up-stairs, surrounded by a number of females, who were scolding and chattering like magpies, while she, game to the last, was waving her handkerchief at me, behind her back, in token of her distinguished consideration for their admonitions.

I N D E P E N D E N C E O D E .

Air : Star-Spangled Banner.

BY W. H. G. HOMER.

WHEN our fathers in vain sought redress from the throne,
 And the tyrant grew mad in his thirst for dominion,
 Earth shook while the bugle of conflict was blown,
 And our eagle unfolded his newly-fledged pinion :
 Men with hair thin and white
 Bared their arms for the fight,
 And the lad of sixteen made the dull weapon bright,
 While gilding the battle-storm, rolling in wrath,
 The sun-light of Freedom streamed full on their path.

Fierce bands of oppression were marshaled in vain,
 Though the cross of St. GEORGE fluttered haughtily o'er them,
 Unmoved as the rock, beating backward the main,
 Frowned the phalanx of Liberty darkly before them :
 With the dying and dead
 Was the battle-field spread,
 And the rain of destruction fell reeking and red ;
 But Britain soon learned that she could not prevail,
 For the war-shout of WASHINGTON rang on the gale.

In earth, by their prowess and fortitude won
 From the grasp of invasion, our grand-sires are sleeping,
 And proud are the columns that gleam in the sun,
 Where moss o'er each sepulchre slowly is creeping ;
 But the triumphs of art
 Can no glory impart,
 When the names of the mighty are traced on the heart,
 And deeds that have hallowed hill, valley, and shore,
 Are linked to the turf that they trod evermore.

The valor that burned in the breasts of our sires
 Is living in hearts of the free-born and daring,
 Who nobly, while poets were stringing their lyres,
 Our flag to the Mexican stronghold were bearing :
 Thronging hosts in the fray
 Veiled the lustre of day,
 With the smoke-cloud of guns, but their march could not stay,
 And earth felt the tread of their conquering feet,
 While the heart of an empire was ceasing to beat.

Proud heirs of a legacy bought by the sword,
 May the South and the North ever live in communion ;
 May the vials of doom on the traitor be poured
 Whose lip ever mutters that foul word ' Disunion : '
 Guard the home of your birth,
 Where the wretched of earth,
 When scourged by the despot, find altar and hearth,
 And the splendor of Rome will be dim to the fame
 That our land in the congress of nations will claim.

S O N N E T .

THE brackish stream that seeks the heaving sea,
 Rose pure and sweet in some far hazy heights,
 Traced out its devious way by pleasant sights,
 Reflected clear each cloud, each bending tree,
 Nor lost at once through all its gathering tide
 The grateful freshness of its mountain source ;
 But wave by wave that measured out its course
 Brought briny drops, till each low shore, stretched wide,
 Lapped up the saltness of the main ; then o'er it spread
 The sombre hue that reigns where sullen billows tread.
 So never man did fall, but that the way
 From the maternal breast to the sad goal
 Was reached by slight gradations : dark the day
 When innocence was spent and vice o'erflowed the soul

Blackburne, (N. J.)

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

San-Francisco, April, 1855.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER :

DEAR SIR : I have just returned from a visit to the Sandwich Islands, and take the liberty of giving you a brief sketch of my jaunt. I left San-Francisco in company with Mr. A. G. I —, of New-York, during the month of November, on board the schooner *Vaquero*. The passage over was a very pleasant one, although we were twenty days going, having encountered light southerly winds nearly all the way. The first land seen was the high peak of Mauna Kea, on Hawaii, which is fourteen thousand feet above the ocean. Sailing onward, the next object which opened to our view was the picturesque town of Honolulu, situated in a valley, surrounded by high mountains. When our craft was seen from the shore the natives instantly put out in their canoes, in order to tow us into the harbor ; the mouth being so narrow, a vessel is not able to enter under sail, except with a fair wind. In the harbor were five men-of-war ; the most conspicuous were the *Portsmouth* and the *St. Mary's* — the two finest ships in the United States Navy. The day was very warm when we landed. Through the kindness of Captain Bailey, of the *St. Mary's*, quarters had been procured for us at M. Du-fois', late French Consul to the Islands. Better accommodations could not be found. During our stay at Honolulu we were treated with great kindness ; the best the country could produce was placed before us. Honolulu contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, of whom one third are foreigners. The houses are principally built of coral, and present a very fine appearance. At a short distance from the town is Punch-Bowl Hill, an extinct crater, rising almost perpendicularly to the

height of seven hundred feet. On the top is a fortification made of adobe. From the summit of this mountain is seen the valley of Nuanu, a perfect fairy-land. Diamond-Hill, situated close to the sea, is very similar to Punch-Bowl, but much higher.

The natives are of a dark olive complexion, with black hair and coarse features. Neither male nor female have the slightest pretensions to beauty. There is a marked difference between the chiefs and lower classes; the former are usually very tall, well made, and more dignified in appearance than the latter. The principal food of the natives consists of dried fish and *poi*; the latter is made of the taro, which is something similar to our potato; it grows in swampy soil. The root is baked in an oven of heated stones under ground until it becomes mealy; it is then mixed with water and pounded with a stone pestle till it is glutinous, after which it is kept for a few days to ferment, when it is fit for use. The natives eat this by inserting their first finger crooked into the *poi*, give it one or two turns, then convey it to the mouth, and suck it off. When made with less consistency it requires two fingers to eat it, and is called two-finger *poi*. I tasted it several times, but do not like it, as it reminds me too much of sour starch. The dress of the natives varies in different parts of the Islands. In Honolulu and the principal towns the European costume is adopted; among the mountains nothing but the *malo* is worn, which consists of a girdle of *kapa* (native cloth) tied around the body. Canoes are still principally used by the natives, although a great many prefer whale-boats, as they are larger and safer; the former are very neatly made, from twenty to thirty feet in length, and eighteen in width, with out-riggers, which consist of poles attached to the side of the canoe, and extending to windward about five feet; at the ends are fastened another pole parallel to the canoe. These out-riggers are for the purpose of keeping the boat from upsetting.

While visiting Kealakekua Bay, I saw the natives surf-bathing. They each had a board seven or eight feet long and a foot wide. Lying on this with their faces downward, they plunged into the surf as it was receding from the shore. When a breaker was met with, they went under it and came out on the opposite side, darting onward until the smooth water was reached; then, placing their boards upon the highest wave, and, standing almost erect, they were carried toward the shore with a frightful rapidity, shouting and yelling all the way. As they approached, I expected to see them dashed to pieces on the rocks; but when within a hundred feet of me, they dove under the water and went out on a recoiling wave. They do not seem to know what fear is, and will sometimes spend hours in this kind of amusement. They are also very fond of diving off from high places. When on my way to the volcano, I passed through Hilo, where are the falls of Waialuku, from eighty to a hundred feet high. There were several females bathing and jumping over the falls. They went in some distance above, where the water rushes over the rocks, laid down flat on their faces in a strong current, which carried them to the edge of the falls, then turning on their backs, they glided off on the sheet of water, feet foremost, into the river below. Throughout Hawaii there are a great many gulches, some

of them from eight hundred to a thousand feet deep. At the foot are beautiful valleys, covered with the choicest flowers and fruits, with a stream of water gradually winding its way through. As the traveller arrives at the brink of one of these precipices he is filled with admiration and awe at the grandeur of the sight. The scenery surpasses any I ever beheld. Niagara Falls, with its rush of waters, and the noble Hudson, with its palisades and towering mountains, were completely forgotten. It would be impossible for me to convey an adequate idea of its beauty; it requires the pen of the poet and the touch of the artist.

Kilauea Pélé (the name of the volcano) is situated on the slope of Mauna Loa, Hawaii, about four thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is the only active volcano on any of the islands. It consists of a huge basin, or crater, the bottom of which is from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet from the surface, varying in different places, and nine miles in circumference; in the centre is a smaller one about one eighth of a mile in diameter, and the bottom, which is eighty feet from the main crater, is one bed of liquid fire. The lava rolls over in waves, like melted lead, and is thrown up into the air some forty feet. The noise is deafening, and can be heard for miles. At times can be seen waving in the wind threads of lava, which the natives call the hair of the goddess Pélé. I amused myself throwing pieces of hardened lava into the abyss below; but this was soon stopped by the guides, who threatened to leave if it was continued. The natives are still very superstitious, and some of them at the present day go up once a year with an offering for the goddess Pélé. Fruit of all kinds can be thrown into the crater without giving offence. The large crater has not been in action for a number of years; the bottom is covered with hardened lava, with fissures interspersed here and there sending forth hot steam, which is quite frequently used by the natives in cooking. There are a large number of sulphur-beds scattered around. Near the crater is a hot spring; the water when cool is excellent, and free from all mineral taste. On Mauna Loa vegetation is scarce; a few cranberry bushes and coarse grass are about all that can be seen. My stay at the volcano was not very long, as I was compelled to leave, having been driven away by an innumerable quantity of insects, which the Spaniards call 'pugas.'

On Friday, December fifteenth, His Majesty Kamehameha the Third died. I went to the palace a few days afterward to see the remains of the late king lying in state. The sight to me was very imposing. In the audience-chamber a canopy surmounted by a gilt crown was erected, supported at the four corners by columns draped in black. On the top of each was a large kahili, made of black feathers; beneath this canopy, and elevated about three feet from the ground, was placed the coffin, covered with crimson velvet, with a long yellow tassel at each corner. Beneath the coffin was spread the royal cloak of Kamehameha the First, and over it was thrown another. (These cloaks are made of yellow feathers, and are very beautiful; only two of the feathers used in making them are taken from each bird, the remainder being of a dark

color ; the birds, being sacred to the king, are never killed.) Four natives stood, one at either corner of the canopy, each waving two large black kahilis over the coffin. This was continued during the lying in state. The royal crown, covered with crape, on a crimson-velvet cushion, was placed at the foot of the coffin ; the throne was at the head. Her Majesty and ladies in waiting were reclining on mats along-side the coffin.

The funeral took place January tenth. The streets through which the procession passed were covered with grass and rushes. At ten o'clock A.M. the people commenced to assemble at the palace. After the religious exercises were over, the canopy with the coffin was carried by the High Chiefs and placed on the funeral car, which was drawn by a large number of natives, preceded by two large yellow kahilis, and the late king's standard. Two green kahilis were carried, one on either side, at the head and foot of the car. Surrounding these were sixteen other kahilis of various colors and sizes. His Majesty Kamehameha the Fourth, H. R. H. Princess Victoria, H. R. H. Prince Lot followed in a carriage led by footmen. Ministers of state, officers of the navy, consuls, soldiers, etc., closed up the rear. A large number of natives joined in the procession. On arriving at the sepulchre, the soldiers were formed in line, and the coffin, borne by the High Chiefs, was deposited in its last resting-place. The day following, the inauguration of Kamehameha the Fourth took place in the native church. The king entered, preceded by two chiefs, each bearing a large kahili of variegated colors. On either side of him was another. Immediately behind was carried the royal standard, the Kuhina Nui, (Premier,) and the king's brother, Prince Lot, bearing the royal cloak, came next. Surrounding the king were numerous chiefs, wearing capes of yellow feathers, and carrying large kahilis. Governors and ministers of state followed. The cortege was preceded by a fine band, which, after entering the spacious aisle of the church, separated on either side, and continued playing until the king took his seat on the throne, which was elevated on a platform in front of the pulpit. The latter was covered with the late king's standard ; over the throne was one of the feather-cloaks. The Kuhina Nui, standing on the right of the king, read the will of Kamehameha the Third. The oath was then administered by Chief-Justice Lee, when the king arose and made a short speech, first in the native tongue, and then in the English. The band played 'God save the king.' The ceremonies over, His Majesty left the church. On the steps he addressed the soldiers, and then returned to his palace.

The present king is a fine-looking man, and well educated, but, unlike his predecessor, is opposed to annexation. Most of the foreigners are in favor of it ; the natives take very little interest in the matter. The United States government offered to pay an annuity of three hundred thousand dollars to Kamehameha the Third and the royal family, provided the annexation of the Islands could be effected. The king assented to the proposition ; and had the signature of the then Prince Liholihe, now king, been obtained, the measure would doubtless have been consummated. The prince was detained at Hawaii at the time

by the high chiefs, to prevent his being induced to give his signature. On his return to Honolulu the old king died, *after a short illness*, and with him all chance of annexation, as Kamehameha the Fourth prefers wearing the royal cloak of his ancestors to accepting the princely income offered by the United States.

Yours, etc.,

ONE OF THE SMITH FAMILY.

S T A N Z A S : T O M Y R A .

BY LAWRENCE LARREE.

I.

I THOUGHT my days were clouded,
That light would never beam
Upon my shadowed heart again,
Or sun-light never gleam
Upon my darkened brow again;
That love, and hope, and joy were vain.

II.

I never dreamed the spell would break;
I never hoped to win
One heart to mine, one soul like thine
To cheer the gloom within;
But now I know God's bow in heaven
A promise to our souls was given.

III.

I'll not despair since thou hast smiled;
My heart renews its bloom,
And pays to thee, with love and prayer,
The debt it owed the tomb:
For from its massive portals, say,
Hast thou not rolled the stone away?

IV.

Oh! both have seen a weary lot,
But mine hath been to weep,
With throbbing brow and aching heart,
While others were asleep;
And e'en when laughter curled my lip,
What poison I was doomed to sip!

V.

But this is past: Heaven smiles at last;
'T is thine the mission blest,
By some kind guardian angel taught
To soothe my soul to rest,
Like radiant stars that shine at even
To point the wanderer's path to Heaven!

THE GLORY ON THE GRAVE.

BY MRS. JULIA MACMASTERS.

Soft streameth down the moon-light
 On cliff, and glen, and wave,
 But its softest shimmer falleth
 On a little grassy grave :
 With tenderest effulgence a tide of pallid gold
 Down issues, brightly bathing the marble and the mould,
 Where my darling lieth lowly,
 In a rest serene and holy,
 Brow and baby-bosom pulseless, and her innocent white hands
 Making no more gentle gesture,
 Fair folded in her vesture,
 As pale and pure a presence as any statue stands.
 Oh ! where she lowly lieth,
 My stricken spirit trieth
 To await the sweet unfolding of this bitter providence ;
 And now the moon-beam hoary,
 With expressive grace and glory,
 Mutely pausing on her marble, to my soul appealeth thence.
 It resteth on the sculptured stone
 Like a messenger from the Great White Throne :
 It watcheth calm by her gentle side,
 As the angels watched when our Lord had died :
 It sitteth still on her little feet,
 Like a brooding memory, pale and sweet :
 It lieth along with a lily light,
 Like her spirit's mantle, dropped in flight :
 It falleth with silver splendor down,
 Like a halo shed from her saintly crown :
 It beameth benignly all over the sod,
 A smile and a blessing straight from God.

Oh ! streameth soft the moon-light,
 Where my blessed one low lies,
 Like a glorified white angel,
 Far leaning from the skies.
 Only the moon-light paleth,
 Waxeth feebler and then falleth,
 And to cumbered mortal vision leaveth dark the grave, and lone,
 While the angel watcheth ever,
 His vigil falleth never,
 For a charge to him is given concerning that white stone ;
 And with Faith's uncumbered vision,
 I may see his shape elysian,
 By that consecrated stone,
 Watching ever,
 Failing never,
 By that lowly, holy stone.

PAUL LE BURG'S MAGIC.

— 'quomodo adolescentulus
Mulleris ingenia potuēt noscere.' — TERNON.

It was already dark when a young man stood knocking at the door of Michael Scheimer, the miller of Adfield, a small village some twenty miles from Heidelberg. His dress and appearance were somewhat remarkable; and to the reader, had he chanced to have met him an hour before, as he strode, with his peculiar swaggering gait, along the highway, his brigandish air would doubtless have suggested unpleasant ideas. Our hero, however, was no freebooter, but a student of the University; and both his dress and bearing were fashioned after the most approved style of the Heidelberg Burschen.

Paul le Burg was the glory of his kneipe. Gay and ingenious, he shone alike at the club and in the lecture-room. Overflowing with animal spirits, his love of fun and frolic often involved him in scrapes, which at the venerable *Alma Mater* where 'it delyteth us to have colleged,' would have won for him the name of a 'hard case.' Such being his character, it is not surprising that the end of the term ever found him at the bottom of his purse. But as his home was distant but two days' journey, aided by a stout pair of legs and a night with a friend, he could reach it without expending a kreuzer.

About half-way between Heidelberg and his home lived Michael Scheimer, a jolly miller, who, in consideration of his wit, and the love which Paul, by his open manners, everywhere inspired, was in the habit of extending him his hospitality whenever he chanced that way. The term had just closed. The student was on his way homeward, and it was in expectation of the accustomed hospitality that he now stood knocking at the miller's door. But for once Herr Bursch was doomed to disappointment. After the lapse of a considerable interval the buxom frau of Michael appearing, bade him good e'en, and desired him to pass on to the inn that night, as her husband was from home, and consequently it was impossible for her to admit him. It was in vain that he urged upon her the pitiable condition of his pockets, and pleaded his long acquaintance; the lady was inexorable, and the colloquy was ended by the door being shut in his face. This state of affairs surprised Paul. Hitherto he had imagined that he held no mean place in the estimation of dame Scheimer, and that the absence of the good man could ever mar his welcome was what he least suspected.

As he stood pondering how, with his empty pockets, he should dispose of himself for the night, a bright light, streaming from a chink in the closed shutters, attracted his attention. Instinctively he drew near and peeped, when, lo! the mystery of his inhospitable repulse was solved. There, by the blazing fire, with a huge tankard of ale at his elbow, sat the village school-master, regarding with remarkably com-

placent looks the roasting of a delicious capon, which, with other good cheer, was evidently intended for the delectation of himself and the worthy frau. Upon his knee was a guitar, to which, as Paul peered in upon him, he was warbling in his tenderest tones those beautiful little verses of Matthisson :

'Ich dente dein,
Wen durch den Hain
Der Nachtgallen
Accorde schallen.
Wann dentst du mein?'

Ichabod, of Sleepy-Hollow memory, was not more deeply 'in clover' at the feast of Baltus Von Tassel, than our pedagogue appeared to be in the kitchen of Michael Scheimer. But alas ! how true is the proverb, 'There is many a slip, etc. !' for at this instant a thundering rap at the door startled the Don Juan of the ferrule from his cosy position, and uncereemoniously hurried both him and his supper into an old disused oven. Paul tarried long enough to see the whole of this somewhat ludicrous performance, and then, hastening around to the door, was welcomed heartily by the miller, whose return, from the frightened looks of the frau, was evidently unexpected.

Michael and his guest were soon seated in his spacious kitchen, and his wife proceeded to spread the board for supper. Paul had already drawn forth and 'adjusted the fragrant charge' of that inseparable of every German student — his meerschaum ; but not even its grateful fumes or the conversation of his friend could keep him from casting occasional sly glances at the table. He soon saw that his supper bade fair to be far inferior to that which he had discovered in course of preparation for the gay Lothario, now trembling and sweating, half-dead with fear, in the oven. Paul was a generous youth, and, notwithstanding the inhospitable treatment which he had received a little before, he determined to extricate the good wife from her difficulty. Not, however, to give him too much credit for generosity, no doubt the aforesaid savory viands had not a little to do with his subsequent actions. In the course of conversation, the student informed his host that during the last term he had devoted himself almost entirely to the study of magic ; and such was the proficiency he had attained in the *ars nigra* that, beside performing many other ingenious tricks, he could raise even 'Old Knick' himself. The worthy miller, being somewhat skeptical, desired some slight proof of his skill. This was just what was wanted ; and so Paul very innocently proposed by means of his art to make some addition to their supper. To this Michael had, of course, no objection. Accordingly our hero entered upon his incantations. After muttering various scraps of barbarous Latin and Greek, he advanced to the door of the oven, and, quietly drawing forth the good things, closed it again, as if nothing more were behind.

The board being thus replenished, Paul, with the astonished miller, proceeded to satisfy the hunger which a long fast had created.

'Tis merry in the hall
When beards wag all,'

says the old English proverb ; and the loud guffaws which arose fre-

quently from our two worthies proved the truth of the couplet. The 'home-brewed' flowed freely, and, becoming warmed by its generous influence, the student was soon ripe for any fun, and so began to concert measures for securing to the school-master a safe retreat. He continued plying the miller with ale, discoursing eloquently all the while of his marvellous power of raising Lucifer in any shape he pleased. At last, when he deemed that Michael was sufficiently fuddled, he boldly proposed to raise the devil in the likeness of the village school-master. This was consented to, provided 'Auld Nickie' should be made to take himself off immediately upon his appearance. Again had Paul recourse to his jargon, which he closed by shouting, in the voice of a Stentor, '*diabole provenito.*' Out rolled the poor frightened pedagogue, covered with soot, and, dashing against the startled miller, whose equilibrium was by this time not over steady, he reached the door and was gone.

Such was the result of Paul le Burg's first and last attempt at magic, the recital of which, upon his return to the University, caused the rafters of more than one studenten-kneipe to ring with merriment.

Easton, (Pa.), 1855.

R. H. V.

T O A M O T H E R

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HER FIRST-BORN.

I.

Aye, *wring* thy hands, wild mother,
 Wail, wail the dark night through,
 Then fold thy grief away;
 In caverns deep
 Thy heart must keep
 The woe that will have sway.

II.

Nay, *fold* thy hands, sad mother,
 Here 's naught for thee to do;
 No tears for thee to dry;
 Each curl so fair
 Needs not thy care —
 Closed is the azure eye.

III.

But *clasp* thy hands, pale mother,
 Kiss, kiss the rod anew;
 And so at last appear
 As spotless white,
 Divinely bright,
 As he that lieth here.

Blackburne, (N. J.)

AN UNKNOWN GRAVE,

TRINITY CHURCH-YARD, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

It is a sad, neglected grave,
Hard by the city's busiest walk,
And o'er its faded turf a flower
Nods mournfully its withered stalk :
A mossy stone, all stained with time,
Half-sunk in earth, leans o'er its head,
Whose tablet, once emblazoned, told
The name and history of the dead ;
But on whose dim obliterated face
Nor age nor name the eye may trace.

I paused amid the jostling crowd
That hurries there in endless flow,
Conjecturing the sex, the age,
And station of the dust below ;
And fain Time's record would unroll,
To read the blurred oblivious scroll.
A hundred rolling years or more
Their dust and shadows may have strown,
Pale sleeper ! o'er thee since thy form
Was sepulchred beneath this stone !

Haply in vanished years thy name
Was honored, without speck or stain ;
Thy warehouses with wealth o'erflowed,
Thy canvas whitened all the main :
Haply men's hearts with transport caught
The eloquence thy lips distilled ;
Haply, sword-girded, thy brave heart
With patriotic fervor thrilled,
While foremost in the ranks of war
Thy proud name glittered like a star.

Haply on Bunker's smoky height,
In Trenton's stern ensanguined fight,
At Monmouth, and at Brandywine,
Thy dripping blade and stalwart arm
Hewed a red circle in the line,
And fenced thy country's flag from harm.
Haply in every stricken field
That signalized that glorious strife,
All gashed with steel and grimed with smoke,
Thou perilled gallantly thy life,
And, dying, honored by the brave,
Here found thy sad untimely grave.

Haply thou wert of low degree,
Of lineage mean, of humblest birth,
Enforced to roam the briny sea,
Or till with laboring hand the earth ;

Yet happy in thy honest toil,
 Revered in life, in death deplored,
 Hither a hundred years ago
 Thy funeral procession poured.
 The sexton knolled thy passing bell,
 The priest the sacred ritual read,
 The clods upon thy coffin fell,
 The hymn was sung, and prayers were said.

Year in, year out, the feet of men
 Molest thy ashes in the shell;
 The idle school-boy saunters by
 Regardless of thy lonely cell;
 The noisy news-boy shouts his wares,
 The tattered pauper begs his bread,
 The belle flaunts past, the fopling stares,
 With listless consequential tread;
 And all the anxious sons of gain
 Unmindful pace thy calm domain.

A T A L E O F M Y G R A N D F A T H E R .

——— 'THE evil donee
 Dyes not when death the body first doth leave;
 But from the grandyre to the nephewes sonne
 And all his seede the curse doth often cleave,
 Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave:
 So streightly God doth iudge.'

In a lovely niche among the Highlands of the Hudson, stands the little old-fashioned country-house that I call mine. It will not long stand there; for already I am urged, even to persecution, by my wealthy neighbors, to raze its time-worn walls, and to build over its foundations an edifice more in harmony with their own elegant or pretentious villas. But there is something about the old mansion — something I dare not whisper to them — for I should speak a language but ill understood in our so rapid age; but it sanctifies in my eyes every gray stone that, weather-beaten and disfigured here and there by accumulating moss, helps to support the roof which has sheltered generations before mine; has witnessed all the little incidents of their home history, and has seen departing from under its portal the long processions which have carried them to mingle with their fathers' dust in the little church-yard behind the hill.

The old house belonged to an ancestor of mine; one who left his mark upon the age he lived in, and whose name is yet honored among his descendants. There is a portrait of him in the possession of one of the branches of the family, but I never saw it; for we have been at feud for many years, and my foot has never been upon their threshold. But our traditions speak of him as a tall, stately man; one who loved

company, and could easily adapt his bearing to the society he was in : he loved the social glass, and had that true dignity which need not fear familiarity. Gayety and wit made his society desirable, even in his more advanced years, and his presence was sought as much in the convivial gatherings of his time, as in the sober and intellectual reunions among men of his own more elevated pursuits. But those few who enjoyed most perfectly his confidence, had at times noticed, even in his gayest humors, a flickering, fleeting shadow that for a moment dwelt upon his joyous countenance, and seemed more than the expression of a passing emotion, though in a second all trace of it had fled. There were certain anniversaries he most rigidly observed, shut up by himself in the room he called his own, and none dared then intrude upon his privacy. Still his face betrayed no unusual emotion when he took his place at the family-table, and he had the same kind, good-natured word and smile for every one. Once, my father told me, his daughter accidentally entered that room. Her father's face was buried in his hands, and his gray hairs fell loose and scattered over them, upon the *escritoire*. A package of letters was lying there, and some were open by his side, while one trembled in his grasp ; a single groaning sob of agony burst forth from the strong old man. Young as she was, my aunt quietly and unnoticed left the room, and never till years after the green sod was planted on her father's bosom, did she utter a word to any, of that glimpse of his secret sufferings. At all other times, he was the kind, affectionate husband, the same tender father, the still sympathizing and lively friend and companion. Never did he allow, even from the sharer of his life, an allusion to the dark sorrow that haunted him ; and she, out of the intuitive delicacy of her love, soon learned to respect the feeling she could not understand, and obtruded no well-meant sympathy upon his solitude.

II.

" 'A JOLLY place,' said he, 'in times of old,
But something ails it now.' "

SOME trifling business or whim brought me, on the swift wings of steam, to my quiet country home, one day in the latter part of January. I soon found myself, after beating my own path through the untrodden snow, shaking off my feet at the low door, while I waited an unconscionable time for the slow step of my good house-keeper. However, bolts were drawn, and chains clanked, and the old key creaked slowly in the rusty lock, and an honest, wrinkled face greeted me, such as I well remember, in all its alternations of ill-feigned anger and unmistakable fondness, petting and scolding ; reproving with its frown the freaks of wayward boyhood, while the suppressed dimple at the corner of the mouth gave a too easily interpreted sanction to its most roguish pranks.

' Well, Aunty, so I've come to visit you in this dreary winter's nest. Truth to say, I am heartily sick of the great city — at least for one day to come — so Aunty, if you will only make me one of your own

cups of tea, and hunt up somewhere the old slippers and dressing-gown I lounged in last summer, I will try to forget there are such things as courts and clients ; for this blessed night I mean to be at rest.'

'O Mr. Hoffman !' the good creature edged in, as well as she could, in the intervals of my voluble greeting, 'who would have thought of seeing *you* here, in this dull, old place ; you who have New-York, with all its parties, and the operas I hear the young ladies talk about ; and Mrs. Hoffman and the dear children, to come up here to keep me company ; why ——'

'Parties and operas !' I broke in, 'and company, and all that ; why, I am sick of the sight of white kid, and have talked myself hoarse with empty words, while my brains ache with the effort to invent nonsense corresponding. You wouldn't, dear Aunty, drive me back to tread over the same tiresome, endless path to-night ? Come, Aunt Sophy, let me live over, for this night, the happy time when no one knew me, and I had nothing to do, and no care for any but my precious self. My wife gives me full leave to play bachelor for this short holiday. Let me draw off these stiff boots, and now for my easy-chair and the last KNICKERBOCKER.

The dear soul had not kept me at the door debating all this while ; her beaming eye and her quick movements gave me all the welcome I could desire ; and by this time I was fairly ensconced in my favorite corner by the fire-side, and was gazing through the small panes in the library-window on the wintry landscape without.

The library is a fine large room, in the old style ; its low ceiling profusely decorated with the curious mouldings of those times. A heavy wooden mantel, abounding in wreaths and Cupids, overhangs the grate, which, from its resplendent brass knobs and brightly-polished fender, reflected back the cheerful coal-fire which glowed between its bars. Heavy book-cases stand along the walls, and on their shelves, in stout leather binding, are ranged the volumes that bear the imprint of Tonsen, and the magnates of the literary mart of the last century. There were Johnson and Sterne, and the bitter satire of Swift, and the no less severe though more polished sarcasm of Pope ; and in long battalions are drawn up the stupid volumes of the 'Gentlemen's Magazine,' with its chronicle of the births of those who have long since departed, and the deaths of those who have long been forgotten ; in its musty pages you shall find many a love-sonnet, and pastorals innumerable, to Sylvias and Anaryllises, Chloes, Phyllises, and Daphnes, whose children's children have listened to the same vain tale, told in more modern phrase, and now count the fast-coming silvery streaks in their own once bonnie hair.

From the library a door opens into the wide hall, on the opposite side of which are the parlors, now closed for the winter. At one end of the hall runs up the broad stair-way, with its heavy square bannister ; it stops abruptly at the wide landing which spans the hall, affording room for the display of a host of flower-pots, crowned with verdure of every varying hue ; and behind which the lofty bow-window admits light and air and blue sky enough to penetrate to every corner of the cheerful hall, and to enliven our hearts, as we gaze through its lozenges of crys-

tal, out on the bright prospect of hill, and field, and river, that lies stretched for many a mile before us. A second shorter flight, springing at right angles from the bending, conducts us to the upper story.

But for me, I will return to the bright fire in the library, and to the treasured magazine, till the fragrant steams of Bohea and the smoking rolls tempt me to gossip an hour away, as I used in the good old time, when I was younger, and a promising bachelor, though it would seem that time has notched no years since then upon the venerable face opposite me.

—
I I I.

'I HAVE heard, (but not believed,) the spirits of the dead
May walk again.'

My gown was resumed when the evening repast was over, and I was again comfortably busied in scenes far away from the Hudson. But as the night drew on, without the roar of omnibuses, or the dismal clangor of the fire-alarm, the type grew indistinct before my eyes, and I instinctively rose to bring out from its well-known recess the decanter of choice Madeira, and sipping and musing over my glass, then lighting one of the bunch of Havanas that had survived last summer's campaign, I settled myself more comfortably in the deep library-chair, to dream over this puzzling riddle of life, whose deep meaning we all with our various plummets so anxiously seek to sound, but whose fearful solution the fool and the wise alike shall assuredly find.

The gray smoke continued to curl over my head, and sport in fantastic rings around the old carved ornaments of the ceiling. How long I continued to dream, I do not know, but I awoke in the midst of a scene so startling that I wonder now at the power I had to witness it. The wide doors of the library were thrown open, and the hall, the library, and the parlors were brilliantly lighted. There upon the heavy carved table was the quaint lamp that had long been treasured up among the relics of our family. Curious ornaments and grotesque girandoles shone upon the mantel; the gilding was fresh upon the carved cornices of the book-cases; elaborately-finished Dutch landscapes, with portraits of a generation of Arcadians, hung about the walls, which were painted with an elegance which made me blush for my own neglect.

The suite of apartments thus thrown open to my astonished gaze was filled with a brilliant throng: there were gentlemen in old-fashioned attire, the hair carefully powdered, in richly-laced waistcoats, and coats of scarlet, or modest blue, glittering with gold, the dress-sword tucked through the broad skirt, leading through the mazes of an old court-dance their ladies, who, their hair thrown back from the forehead, arranged in careless luxuriant masses, and powdered in the style of a former age, managed gracefully their wide-spreading hoops, and sailed with stately ease at the side of their partners. They glided through the strange and intricate figures; they bowed and courtesied with courtly dignity; they passed and re-passed before my eyes, and swam close at my side, so that I could almost feel the fanning air upon my cheek. There were rich dresses and blazing jewels; and satins and

velvets and gay costumes swept before me in one mass of brilliant, bewildering, yet orderly confusion. Not a sound was heard — not the rustling of a foot ; and though in the place where should stand my wife's piano, a lady sat, apparently playing upon an antique harpichord, not a note of music broke the death-like silence.

All wore the air of festival ; the glaring lights, the gay colors, the intermingling, gliding figures ; all but those faces ! — those faces that turned to me their great lustrous eyes, full of anxious, silent inquiry ! — those dumb lips, whereon dwelt no shadow of a smile — those sad, bejewelled brows, where sat weariness and care, and the sickness of long-deferred hope. There were the young and beautiful there, and the men bore deep impressed upon them the seal of Nature's own nobility, and the women moved like queens ; yet when those earnest, beseeching, despairing eyes were turned to mine, a chill like the chill of death ran through me, and my gasping breath was hushed. Shadowy glasses were quaffed, and cards were shuffled, and the forms of pleasure were observed with a sort of despairing eagerness, as if seeking an early release from such tedious mockery. It was all the more shocking, that display of frivolity and pleasure, so at variance with those wan faces, and the air of lassitude and weariness and unearthly sadness that pervaded all.

There were two that I singled out from the throng : their brows wore a deeper expression of melancholy, and there was something in their bearing and conduct which, spite of myself, kept my fascinated eyes upon them. The lady was at that age when female charms owe least to art ; her figure, fully developed, was yet light and graceful ; her clear complexion, just tinged with brown, harmonized well with the bright black eye, and the dark, luxuriant tresses, which, wanting the elaborate care of her companions, were coiled into a heavy knot behind. The color had mantled deep in that fair cheek, and smiles and laughter had chased each other there, before that deadly pallor settled down upon it. So much I could see, that in the days gone by, the loudest laugh and the merriest face in that goodly company were hers.

Her cavalier in the dance was dressed in the rich and picturesque costume of a man of fashion of that period. His hair, powdered to a snowy whiteness, contrasted strongly with the fresh color of youth, and the large dark eye that glanced proudly from beneath the lofty brow, but still settled back into that expression of deep repentant sadness that was the prevalent tone. His features were of classic elegance, and there was upon them the marked impress of a fiery temperament, chastened and subdued by much early suffering.

I observed, in the intervals of the dance, that he stole to the side of his lady-partner, and that he seemed to be paying the homage then deemed most acceptable to maidens ; but though in act and gesture, and the apparently uttered words, they were fond and accepted lovers, yet no expression of pleasure, no bright smile of love or hope once swept away the gloom that dwelt upon their brows. As together they turned their sad eyes upon me, I read there I know not what deep tale of despair ; of fruitless, blasted love ; of hope worn out with patient enduring ; of weariness and silent woe.

Still the dance went on. There was jig, and contra-dance, and the minuet, and the new quadrille ; but oh ! never may I see again such wan faces and care-worn youthful features mingling in the gay measures of the ball-room.

I was not conscious of the lapse of time, but I noticed that the revel flagged, and just as the first gray streak of morn stole through the eastern window, each weary head dropped upon its bosom ; in an instant the throng was gone. I thought, as my eye turned toward the deep bay-window, I could see, on the carriage-road in front, the dim outlines of horses and vehicles, receiving shadowy loads of dames and cavaliers ; but my first step toward the window dispelled the illusion, and I found myself alone. My lamp had burned low ; a few coals, buried in ashes, still smouldered in the grate ; and as I flung wider the shutters to admit the dim light of the winter's morning, all was as it had been, even to the black stump of my good segar, which lay there, as carelessly as any bachelor could have flung it, upon the spotless image of a woollen lamb.

My brain was agitated with curious debate as I performed my morning toilet. That the scene I have described had actually passed before my bodily eyes, I could not dare to doubt : the air of quaint reality ; the shadowy distinctness of every object ; the vivid recollection of those mournful eyes, which followed me even then, convinced me I could not have been dreaming ; yet there, in the same condition as I had left it, was the old table, littered with the same papers and books I had tossed over the night before. The solitary lamp, its chimney darkened with the smoke of the expiring wick ; the decanter and the single glass standing by it, with the few drops I had left untasted ; the old walls as dingy, and the ashy heap in the grate as low as if they had witnessed no midnight revelry.

And if it were so, what could it mean — what sin unatoned, or what long-forgotten wrong could this little lodge of mine have known — that should draw these poor spirits from their long resting-place to reenact here their life's drama ? And why should *I* be made the witness of their weary penance ? My conviction of the reality of the night's vision was such that, after much deliberation, I determined to confide to my faithful house-keeper the whole secret, knowing that, if she did not believe, she certainly would not ridicule.

So, when the blooming lass who is training for the future house-keeper had cleared away the snowy cloth from our little breakfast-table, I drew my chair near to my old nurse.

'Aunty, you noticed I was more quiet than is my wont this morning ; but I have been thinking of a strange scene that passed before my eyes last night.' So I began a full history of the mysterious vision, not without asseverations more strong than it is usual for me to confirm my stories withal.

But as I watched the countenance of my nurse, I did not see upon it that incredulity which I fully expected to find there ; but, as her knitting grew gradually more and more slow, she finally suffered the bristling web to fall into her lap ; and, with her clasped hands resting there, she watched my progress with an expression of unmistakable interest.

When I had concluded, I noticed the muscles of her face twitching with an emotion I had never before seen there. For a moment she said nothing; then, taking my hand, which rested on the arm of her elbow-chair, she began in a steady voice, which gave evidence of the strong control she was exerting over herself.

—
I V.

— 'or wild mirth each clamorous art,
Which, if it cannot cheer the heart,
May stupify and stun its smart
For one loud busy day.'

'My dear George — you must forgive me if I seem to forget the difference between us; you know you were always my child, from the nursery up — it seems to me that the time has come to release myself from a pledge long since given, never broken; one it has been my life's trust to keep, till I could commit my secret to the one whom PROVIDENCE should seem to designate.

'The scene you have described has yearly been enacted before me. About this time every winter, a few weeks before the holy season of Lent, I have watched in that library till the hour of twelve. Then the whole interior of the house is suddenly lighted up; the old appearance of the apartments seems to be restored, as it was long before my day, and they are filled with the same crowd of old-fashioned gentlemen and ladies of which you speak. I, too, have noticed that pair of seeming lovers, and I have felt concerning that gentleman the same suspicions as yourself. But why mine are even stronger you may learn from what I now shall tell.

'You have often heard me speak of my mother; she lived to a good old age, and to her last day her works of benevolence and piety never ceased. Indeed, I often thought her austere; there was a degree of strictness in her religious notions, and in her devotional habits, that was not likely to find favor in the eyes of a giddy young girl like me, and it was long before I began to appreciate the true spirit of her actions.

'She, as you know, like myself, lived long in your family, although born to a much higher, though no happier sphere. All that I have of cultivation, and all the resources in myself in which I find my happiness, I owe to her.

'But, not to weary you, when I began to entertain the thoughts of a woman, I early discovered that something more than the usual devotional feeling, or the anxiety for salvation, formed the impulse of my mother's religious observances. Long before the time consecrated by the church to special religious exercises, I noticed that her own habits became more rigidly devout, and that her mind seemed laboring under a load which, intolerable as it appeared, she had made it her duty to bear secretly and unaided. When the return of the year brought round the same period, I observed that she again withdrew herself from all unnecessary worldly employments, and engaged in a multitude of quiet charities, in which she seemed to find relief from the contemplation of a secret she had determined should die with her.

'But one winter, I well remember, she called me to her; it was about this time of the year; she begged of me to watch with her for that one night. There was something in her manner I could not refuse, even were I not her daughter. That night we passed together in the library. My poor mother never left her knees, in her dark agony, till the bright day-light streamed in over her prostrate form. Oh! how her shrieks still linger in my ears, as she cried out of unutterable torment to her God! how, with groans, that even now, when I think of them, fill the dark night with horrors, she prayed for a release from the burden that was crushing her! how she told her God of the long years she had shut up the secret fire within her bosom! She called Him to witness that in all fidelity she had kept her charge; and now, in softened accents, through the sobs that broke her humble utterance, she implored His final blessing, His approval of what she sought to do.

'On my knees by her side, my hand clasped in hers as I now hold yours, her gray hair streaming over my cheek, I saw that night what you last night witnessed — what we three only of all the living have beheld. And when the vision had departed I heard the faint groan of my parent: 'And now lettest thou THY servant depart in peace!' and, by the first faint gleam of dawn, beheld her lying insensible by my side. She was removed to her bed, from which she never again rose, but survived to tell me, what I now tell you, the little I know of your grandfather.'

Aunt Sophy paused for a few minutes, and neither of us spoke; her eye-lids trembled strangely, and the firmly-pressed lips quivered for a moment: she dropped my hand, but, resuming it, continued:

'Your grand-father, George, was early left an orphan. With what were then abundant means, he was allowed by his guardians to pursue nearly his own course, and it was perhaps well that he soon became interested in the profession in which he distinguished himself.

'With fortune, a fine person, elegant manners, and wit, it was not strange that he should form many and varied acquaintances. Accordingly, in New-York, where he spent much of his time, he was well known in the more refined circles of society, among the British officers stationed there, and with the more aristocratic provincial families who made the city their residence.

'At that time these premises were the property of Colonel Hartley, a retired officer of fortune and family, who had chosen this country for his home. By his influence he had succeeded in gathering about him a number of families of high respectability, and the neighborhood was well esteemed in the city for refinement and hospitality.

'It so happened that your grand-father was visiting friends of his in Colonel Hartley's neighborhood, and, with the frank hospitality of the times, the Colonel's doors were thrown open to the young stranger, and he became a frequent guest at his board. It was not possible for a young man so susceptible to be long on such terms of intimacy without discovering the charms of the only daughter of his entertainer — a lovely young girl, my mother said, whose bright smile and merry laugh set many a young man's heart throbbing in his bosom; and over whom her father watched with an idolatrous pride. From the time your

grand-father's eye first fell upon her face there were attractions here that often drew him from his pursuits in the city, and he made more frequent use of his friend's hospitality. He even left the winter gayeties of the city to join in the festivities that enlivened the season at Colonel Hartley's mansion, and under the roofs of his opulent neighbors.

'The young lady herself was not indifferent to him, and the momentary fancy had fast ripened into deep love on both sides. The father, unconscious of the rate at which the attachment was progressing, and pleased with the frank, easy manners of his guest, urged him to prolong his frequent visits, and the young lovers passed their time together in delicious enjoyment of the present, not caring nor fearing any thing for the future.

'It was at this time that the unhappy strife broke out between Great Britain and her colonies, and deadly feud was set up between many families who, living side by side for many years, had established bonds of intermarriage and interest such as it would seem no earthly power might break.

'Colonel Hartley, by inheritance and predilection a strong tory, at once espoused the royal cause, and advocated it with the bigotry which so marked the course of the adherents of the crown in that great struggle.

'Your grand-father had not sacrificed his independence and self-respect to the calls of love. When it became necessary to declare himself, he avowed, in Colonel Hartley's own presence, his intention of following the American standard.

'Colonel Hartley said nothing; gentlemanly courtesy would not permit him to dispute with his guest under his own roof; but it was then, by an accident, that he discovered the true state of his daughter's heart. His rage was deep and terrible; he poured curses upon the head of the degenerate daughter, who dared to taint the blood of his proud line by union with a traitor. The doting love he had wasted upon her turned to hatred most deadly: the pride with which he had been used to regard her, degraded her only more deeply in his present estimation. Reproaches and privations were heaped upon her; she was watched, and every avenue of approach guarded; all the engines that men use to avert the decrees of fate were employed to bend her will; nothing was left undone to render life intolerable.

'But the daughter inherited the father's proud spirit, and all these obstacles were overcome, and frequent meetings took place between her and her lover.

'Affairs remained in this state for some time, the daughter eluding the stern vigilance of her father, and avoiding as much as possible his dreaded presence. But it so happened that on a summer's day they suddenly confronted each other in one of the paths among the shrubbery, down yonder on the river, to which the young lady's walks had lately been confined; and then it was that the unhappy father first read the story of his name's disgrace in the altered form, and pallid, heart-broken visage of his wretched daughter. With a curse hoarsely muttered between his teeth, he seized her fiercely by the wrist, dragged her,

pale, breathless, fainting, to her chamber, there left her without a word, and turning the key in her door, strode heavily through the hall to his library. The servants found his door closed against them when they knocked, but, pausing there, they heard from within such groans, mingled with imprecations so fearful, that their knees trembled under them, and they gazed at one another in ghastly terror, and stole each one quietly away to his own employment.

Colonel Hartley passed the night in his library without food or light ; but the next morning he appeared calm and taciturn in the breakfast-room ; only once did he open his mouth with a fierce oath, when the uneasy maid wondered at the length of Miss Helen's morning slumbers.

Leaving the table, he jerked heavily at the bell, and ordered his carriage to the door ; then mounted the stairs to his daughter's apartment. She, poor girl, lay there as she had fallen at his feet the night before ; her bonnet had fallen from her head, and her long, dark tresses streaming wildly over her poor young face, lay there in sad disorder on the floor. The agony of the night had been too much for her young strength, and she was now — oh ! for how brief an hour ! — unconscious of her misery. As the father harshly raised the cold forehead from its sad resting-place, he might have seen the traces of tears not yet dry upon her pallid cheek. Oh ! did not the memory of the bright hue that had once been there, and the glad, radiant smile that used to dance there to welcome his approach, soften the fierce wrath that glowed in the father's eye, and that rankled so in his heart ? Oh ! who can say what offering may atone to injured pride, what kind memories may allay the fresh sting of dishonor in the haughty heart ? She was roused, and her shrinking eyes beheld no change, no shadow of forgiveness upon her father's stern brow. Trembling, and in silence, she obeyed his brief commands, and threw hastily together a few articles of clothing, which were put into her father's travelling carriage. As the two rolled off together, the old servant, who stood long at the gate, beheld her last woeful look of parting, and then she buried her poor face in her hands, and the turn in the road took them out of sight.

Months elapsed before Colonel Hartley returned, and then he was alone, and how changed ! His tall form, which had not stooped under the weight of sixty years, was bowed low ; he never raised his eyes to return the salutations of his friends ; his door was closed against them. He dwelt alone, a moody, silent old man ; his grounds were neglected, and he sat by himself in his library all the day long, uttering no word, and caring for no outward thing. Never, to the day of his death, did the name of his daughter pass his lips.

It has been said that during the mysterious absence of Colonel Hartley and his daughter your grand-father, too, was missing from the scenes in which he usually moved ; and, by a strange coincidence, not many days after the desolate old man returned to his dreary home, your grand-father reappeared in the city of New-York, and there indulged in an extravagance of dissipation such as provoked general remark, and excited the worst fears of his friends regarding him. But it soon became necessary for the American army to retire from New-York, and your grand-father, from the reputation he had already ac-

quired, as a young surgeon of much promise, having secured an appointment in the medical staff, soon found the employment his active spirit required, and then commenced the honorable career which terminated only with his life.

'The fate of the unfortunate Miss Hartley remains now, as then, a mystery. The remorse which clouded the latest moment of his existence your ancestor never confessed to the world. When he retired from the service he married, and lived happily with his excellent wife; and for his social virtues and happy convivial habits he was, as you know, renowned.

'When New-York was evacuated by the British, it became necessary for Colonel Hartley to leave the country. He returned to England, and there lived on his ample hereditary fortune. His estates in this country were confiscated, and your grand-father succeeded in purchasing this mansion, which, with the grounds appertaining, he left at his death to his youngest heir, with a strict injunction never to suffer them to pass out of the family.

'On Colonel Hartley's demise the family estates came into the possession of a branch distantly related, and the name he bore so proudly has passed almost out of remembrance.

'Never before this morning have I breathed a word to any living creature of the secret so solemnly confided to me by my mother. It has been a heavy burden to my existence; I have still felt it my duty to watch here at my post till PROVIDENCE should release me; and you well know that none of your kind offers has tempted me away from my trust. Until to some member of your family the same mysterious vision should appear, I considered myself the sole depository of this dread secret, and I have longed — oh! how wearily — till another might share it with me. It has not often happened that this place has been visited at this season by any of the family, and you are the first that has heard this tale from my lips. Have I done well, my master?'

The warm pressure of my hand was the only answer I could make to my nurse's appeal. The old lady sat silent in her chair; her lips moved not, but I knew that her thoughts were far beyond this earthly scene. For a moment she sat thus, then she took up her neglected knitting, and as her fingers rapidly flew, her features assumed their accustomed placid expression, and she was again, to all outward seeming, my quiet, imperturbable old house-keeper.

V.

'AND I can speak of the disturbances
That Nature works, and of her cures, which gives me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and Death.'

How Charles Russell ever came to be a friend of mine, I must confess is more than I can yet conceive. We first met when we were fellow-students in one of the New-England colleges. We were seldom

brought into contact, and then our tastes so entirely disagreed that it could hardly have occurred to either of us that our acquaintance would ever go beyond the simple nod in the village street, or an occasional word exchanged on the existing state of the atmosphere, or the agricultural prospects of the coming season, and similar indifferent topics. So far as I understood his habits at all, he secluded himself in his dingy apartment, where he pored night and day, as the late glimmer in his window testified, over the dusty lore the back-shelves of our library afforded. Only occasionally in my gunning excursions did I meet him ranging among the lofty hills that environed Alma Mater, and then he returned as the broad shadows stole deeper into the valley, and the stammering tongue of the evening bell gave its last summons to prayers, laden with a heavy burden of geological rubbish, or with the wilted remains of bright June flowers, that had opened their sweet eyes in security and innocence, in many a mountain glen, and on many a high, impregnable crag, where they had drooped in soft repose the evening before. I, too, loved flowers then, but it was not to see their gentle limbs dissevered, nor to torture their innocent hearts to confession, nor to make strict inquisition with the cruel knife into the secret of their bright lineage, that I plucked them from their lowly stems; nor did I take much interest in the pursuits of my class-mate, except that when a bird of rare plumage came down at my shot, I gave to him the gaudy skin, to practise over it those mystic rites of his under whose magic power it came forth a new phoenix, in all that life and beauty my ruthless hand had destroyed.

I doubt if ever we should have called each other friends, but for a freak of my own thoughtless curiosity. Wishing, one evening, to ask of him some trifling favor, I entered his room unheard, and found him with his back to me, leaning intently over his writing. Half-mischievous, half-curious, I peered over his shoulder to know what dull problem so absorbed his attention, when, instead of figures, and angles, and lettered lines, there was *poetry* — exquisite poetry, too; for, with ill-bred eagerness, I glanced it over with my eye down to the word where his hand then paused; and that word was a wonderful key to the riddle of a miniature that lay there among the musty papers. 'And not a bad-looking girl either,' as I confessed aloud, bringing my hand down with startling emphasis upon his shoulder. And there we stood and sat, two as astonished college-boys as ever stared into each other's faces, till his hearty ringing laugh gave me the cue I was not slow to follow.

'So, Sir Benedick, let me say, you do not dress the part too well; pretty use, forsooth, you make of your senior leisure! Come, shall we have those lines next composition-day, or are you reserving them for commencement? Why, Miss Anna herself could not blush deeper.'

'Hush! hush! for Heaven's sake, do, Hoffman! don't honor the young lady with so extensive an introduction as you are now giving her: there, if that will stop your mouth, pray take it,' half-throwing toward me an excellent regalia, which had the desired effect. And so we sat, in pleasant chat, much, I fear, to Miss Anna's loss, and parted better friends, and better understanding each other than we had in the whole three years of casual intercourse.

Russell left college without forming many attachments. It was only through my cordial admiration of his early attempts that he began to appreciate the brilliant talents he possessed. The more extended intercourse with the world he afterward enjoyed still farther developed his powers, and I had frequent reason to feel pride in the intimate intercourse I enjoyed with him. Yet he was not ambitious, as the world consider ambition, and when he had amassed enough to accomplish the darling object of his heart, and had acquired reputation sufficient to make him what he wished to appear in the eyes of her he loved, he cared but very little for farther advancement, and devoted himself for his remaining life to the pursuance of his own more precious studies, and the education of the interesting family that sprang up around him.

V I.

It has been among my most cherished plans, for many successive summers, to pay a visit to the little cottage in one of those lovely old villages which lie along the Connecticut shore, and which hang, like scattered pearls, upon the line of the New-Haven Railway, where dwells my friend with his charming wife and family.

So one bright afternoon, in the early part of October, when the forest-trees were blushing in those rich hues which forebode fast-hastening decay, I stood upon the platform of the little depot, dusty and travel-stained, grasping the warm hand of my eager friend, while my trunk was being stowed away under the seat of the family-carriage. Our steeds soon trampled the green sod before his gate, where stood a lively group, vociferous in every key of boyish and girlish greeting, while the bright, matronly face of the mother gave hearty welcome, well qualified with mild reproach, for my delay.

So, when questions were answered and apologies made, and some degree of their original complexion was restored to my dust-begrimed features, I sat down quietly with the friend of my youth, to talk over the incidents that had diversified the course of our lives since last we met. His time had flowed quietly along in its usual course, marked more by progress than events. George, a young graduate from West-Point, and officer of engineers, wrote back frequent and enthusiastic reports from his expedition among the Western mountains, and I could see, as he dwelt on the scientific details of his son's dispatches, that the father's ambition and his hopes of future remembrance were centred in him. He committed to me his playful message to my daughter, which I, in like humor, pledged myself to forward next day to Newport. With this and like gay chat, we whiled away the hours, till candles came to light us bed-ward.

Many happy days I spent with my friend : now rolling smoothly over broad roads in search of some favorite retreat ; to-morrow scudding in our swift bark over the sparkling billows of the Sound, with merry laugh and pleasant tale beguiling our bright way ; another day, with gun on shoulder, toiling up rough hill-side paths, that led to many a forest-clad pinnacle of the ridge that bounded our view inland ; and

each day returning with bags well stuffed, which, with the littered floor of the little library, testified that the love for nature was yet glowing in my class-mate's heart.

When the country Sabbath dawned upon us, we obeyed the call of the tinkling bell, which for a century had summoned the primitive inhabitants of the village to the house of God. Treading the paths white with ocean-shells, and now more thickly sprinkled with the falling leaves of autumn, we mingled with the little throng of villagers, and passed along under spreading branches of oak and elm, and up the gentle rising, consecrated by old New-England custom to the rites of living worship and the repose of the dead. The zeal of many pious generations and well-earned gains of many thrifty farmers, and much rustic skill and taste had been lavished upon the sanctuary, which, from its stunted tower, acknowledging no allegiance to the rules of architecture, and dazzling with its pure white paint, still sent out its echoing peals over the broad plain, urging on the hasty pace of many a goodly team that dragged its full load, flaming with scarlet shawls, along the dusty road.

Within, the old-fashioned glass chandelier that hung from the decorated ceiling, the rich drapery of desk and pulpit, with many elaborate old carvings, dark with accumulated dust, proclaimed alike the piety and liberality of the village ancestry.

The high-backed pews were filling fast, and many blooming maidens and sturdy youth, from whose sun-burnt brows the sweat-drops of six laboring days were newly wiped, stole softly down the narrow aisles. Among the young, smiles went round and low-whispered greetings, while the old bent silently forward, or sank into the deep corners of the pews, with closed eyes and abstracted, unworldly countenances.

'The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him.' Each rose reverently in his place while the solemn opening words of the service were read; each head bowed low in confession of sin and acknowledgment of deep unworthiness; many a voice, trembling with age, joined fervently in the noble Gloria in Excelsis; many a young head that had known no sorrow bent forward with the gray hairs and wrinkled brows that had outlived all worldly happiness; from all alike rose the deep responses of the Litany.

To one so accustomed to the fashionable and frivolous atmosphere of city churches, the simple worship of this little congregation had an air of unwonted solemnity, and with subdued voice and softened spirit I joined the little group without, on their homeward way. The throng broke up into long divergent streams, which, leaving their little knots at each neat gateway, and under many rustic porches, were thinned at every door, and soon only here and there a scattering group was seen, and then the village street was deserted.

It was after the early tea-hour, when I was sitting with my friend on the pleasant piazza, shaded with never-fading ivy, watching the groups of children that stole along the quiet walks and over the broad green patches, each shaded by the arching boughs of elm and maple, and spread with thickly-falling leaves of every hue.

Using my visitor's privilege, I made him throw by the half-written

review, in which, in the next quarterly, should be discussed with delicate, true perception and ready wit and fervent eloquence the claims of the last new aspirant to poetical or literary fame. So we talked cheerily by the soft sunlight, mellowed by the Indian-summer haze, and confusedly blending with faint shadows that fell through the half-stripped branches upon sere leaves and fading grass below. The spirit of the hour was upon us, and we talked of the young days we had seen, that were now verging upon their autumn, and of the bright faces that shone upon them then, that were now mingling, like these leaves, with the soil of many a scattered church-yard, that the setting sun had visited in his pilgrimage this holy day. By such conversation as this my friend was led insensibly back to speak of the father whose bones lay far away, buried under the rolling waters of the ocean.

VII.

'You would hardly guess, from the knowledge you have of me, what was the character and what were the pursuits of my father. He was obliged, from the commencement, to work his own toilsome path through life; and the adventurous profession he espoused, as much as his own ardent temperament, made him remarkable among men on shore for bold, romantic daring, and a chivalry of character such as it is rare to find among those of more peaceful pursuits.

'My father was educated in the first rude principles of learning in the family of an excellent farmer, who lived some miles from here: he was an orphan, and was adopted, in pure benevolence, into the happy family in which he lived. But when he approached the years at which the other sons were sent out into the fields to earn their subsistence by their own labor, my father was allowed the privilege of a more extended education, and was exempt from the more irksome duties of the farm. His love of adventure already began to manifest itself: at this period, when he was planning many new roads to fame and fortune, his good guardian talked often and seriously with him on his future prospects, and explained to him that on his own exertions must depend all the happiness and success he might ever hope to enjoy. He had noticed, he said, that the dull routine of a farmer's life had not been pleasant to him: it afforded him happiness, that by kind assistance from remote quarters, he could place him in a position to earn more brilliant rewards; but he reminded him that in whatever sphere, honor and happiness were the prizes only of industry and unintermitted exertion.

'In due time arrived the midshipman's warrant from Washington, and my father was fairly launched into the ocean of excitement and change, in which he passed his life. The counsels of his guardian were not lost to him, and in the then not crowded list of our navy, his name steadily advanced, till he reached the rank of second lieutenant.

'During the years before he became a commissioned officer, my father depended almost entirely for support upon the meagre pay of the navy. The ship which brought him his lieutenant's commission, with

permission to return from the Gulf, where he was cruising, brought also the sad news of the death of his excellent father by adoption. There was also a business letter from a banking firm in New-York, concisely notifying Lieutenant Russell that they were instructed to place at his disposal an annual sum of very considerable amount; that he need feel no scruples of delicacy in accepting it; but that on no account must he institute any inquiries as to the source whence it was derived. In such a case, their positive orders were to withhold farther payment.

'My father was not a man to trouble himself unnecessarily with questions when his honorable scruples were satisfied — more especially when he had reason to believe that such inquiries would lead to results as prejudicial to his peace and happiness as to his pecuniary interest. Accordingly, when he arrived in New-York, he received from his banker, without question, the sum he required for present use, and continued to draw upon this mysterious fund to the day of his death.

'At that time our navy did not afford a field for much active exertion, and my father remained for many years without promotion, although his reputation as an active officer was second to none in the service. He was not a very young man when the war of 1812 broke out, and that series of brilliant naval exploits commenced which established our flag upon the ocean. Anxious for an opportunity to distinguish himself, my father waited upon the Secretary at Washington; he was received with the usual official politeness, but his application was deferred, with one of those apologies which rise so readily to the lips of men in power, and with an assurance that Lieutenant Russell should be provided for in a position where he would have an opportunity to serve his country.

'An old gentleman was sitting at the Secretary's table, quietly reading the day's news; when my father's name was mentioned, he quickly looked up, and my father noticed that his dark piercing eye was fixed upon him with an expression of more than usual interest; but it soon dropped indifferent upon the paper, and the handsome features wore the same outward air of inattention. The next day, my father received word, in a polite official note, that, owing to influence exerted in high quarters, Lieutenant Russell's petition was granted; and he was requested to report himself forthwith on board the frigate to which he was appointed. My father was not slow in obeying, and he saw service during the war sufficient to give him a proud name among our naval heroes; and, before the peace, Captain Russell's obscure origin was forgotten in the halo of glory that surrounded his name. My father married happily; when he returned home after peace was declared, he received, through his bankers, the deed of the old house where now I dwell, and, in the intervals which his busy life allowed him, he spent many pleasant days here with his family.

'My father was not indifferent to the stigma he believed rested upon his birth, and his life was one continual effort to efface it; still he never allowed the thought to disquiet him, and never cared to draw away the veil from a secret he knew promised nothing of happiness to him or his. Still, there are certain traditions current in a gossiping village like this, that I cannot help feeling have some real meaning, and throw some glimmering of light upon the mystery.

VIII.

"THE superstitious idle-headed old
Received, and did deliver to our age
This tale."

"ONE summer afternoon," says the old crone who is our history and daily chronicle in one, 'just at the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, there drove up to the King's Head, in a heavy travelling-carriage, abundantly dashed with mud, and dusty with long travel, an old gentleman and his beautiful daughter, for such she seemed to be, though in his manner there was little of paternal tenderness, and his few words to her had more of authority than love. While the idlers of the village were discussing in the stable-yard the various points of the stately carriage-horses, the father did not allow himself long repose after his fatiguing journey, but busied himself, much to the good host's consternation, in inquiries after private accommodations in the village. There is no better intelligence-office than a village bar-room, and the stranger soon ascertained that the old parsonage stood vacant, and might be engaged for a limited time. Arrangements were accordingly made, and next day the two were quietly established under this roof.

"Simultaneously with the arrival of these unwonted guests at the good hostelry of the King's Head, the tea-parties of the village were furnished with fresh subject of discourse, by the appearance of a new doctor in their midst. The well-established *Æsculapius* of the town looked with intense disdain upon the new-comer, who, with awkward strides, and raw, unlearned motions, perambulated the village in search of quarters.

"The young Hippocrates, forsooth, was not the most prepossessing of those who practise his art. His tall, stooping form, clad in home-spun not of the finest; his coarse red hair, that hung in matted strings over his forehead; the eyes disfigured by spectacles, and the rough, unsightly beard, were not strong advocates, even with those who dared despise the enmity of the older practitioner. But no sooner was the young man established than the whole neighborhood was aghast with the tidings that the new physician had been seen coming out of the door of the old parsonage; and the wise dames, in their evening conclaves, were busy with their new mystery. But time confirmed the rumor; and more—the first case of the young doctor seemed likely to drag on for a long time, and the old physician, in the retirement of his back-office, in the choice circle of his friends, inveighed with bitter eloquence against the spread of modern quackery, and shook the heavy seals that dangled from his fob, in fierce and weighty indignation.

"Stories were now whispered among the elder dames, amid many sage winks and nods, with solemn eyes up-turned, and long-drawn faces wondering at the iniquity their own hearts devised. The young lady's white face became paler and yet more pale, and her evening-drives grew less frequent; the old nurse, whose services were secured, added her invaluable budget to the choice volume of scandal. For the young-doctor himself, she thought, if he were not the evil one himself, he might at least inscribe that majestic name in the direct roll of his an

cestry ; he had the devil's own temper — she hoped she might be forgiven — but you know, one doesn't like to be dictated to and contradicted by one that no body knows any thing of, especially when one who has been born and bred in a place, and been treated, as you know, with respect ; and good LORD knows, old Dr. Wilson never gave a pill nor a powder, without asking her opinion. Stories, such as were common in country villages then, passed round with the steaming cups, and Satan himself could not have been regarded with more awe, or watched with more curious avoidance, than was the young doctor. And when at last, in the old manse, the wail of an infant was heard, and in a few days the long black coffin passed out from under its roof, and the dry clouds covered all that remained of the beautiful creature who alighted at the village-inn a few short months ago, the story went, that, in the dead of the dark stormy night, the clash of heavy hoofs aroused the keeper of the turnpike-gate ; that, by vivid fast-coming flashes, swept by an iron-gray steed well-known in the village ; flame and smoke puffed from his wide nostrils, and under his thundering tread the earth trembled. A single lurid gleam revealed the stooping form of the young doctor ; his fiery locks streamed far behind him, and his eye-balls were two coals, glowing from bony sockets ; his hot breath scorched the cheek of the astonished man, as the hellish steed rushed by ; the lightning-flash went out in darkness and they were gone, but over rattling thunder and the wild-shrieking tempest came back the feeble cry of an infant on the blast. He heard no more, for he was found at his gate lying insensible, and drenched by the fierce storm ; and as the old doctor felt his pulse next day, his head shook in dread solemnity, and as he drew out his lancet, he groaned audibly, and prayed with unusual fervor to be defended against the assaults and deceptions of the adversary.

“ But true it is, that, after that night, no more was seen or heard of the mysterious doctor ; the bereaved father, after the funeral, ordered his carriage, and rolled out of the village alone ; the child, so spirited away, never was heard of again ; and to this day, the old women of the hamlet, gathering close about the hearth-stone, in low whispers and with suspended breath tell that the arch-enemy received this child as his fee for his services, and the old nurse to her dying day declared, that by unhallowed charms he snatched away, too, the soul of the unhappy mother.

“ Now, how much of truth there is in this idle tradition, I cannot say ; or what possible bearing it may have upon my father's history ; but I cannot help believing that these village-tales do carry more of weight and moment than their hearers think ; still, in my father's spirit, I trouble myself but little with these surmises, and I am too happy here, with these dear objects around me, to feel much solicitude about my origin.

My friend's story made a deep impression upon me, and I sat silent when his voice had ceased ; then, as the dark evening was closing fast upon us, and the October night grew chilly, we removed our chairs into the library, and engaged in various talk till the hour of retiring.

When I had closed the door of my bed-room, I remained long absorbed in thought upon the strange incidents related to me by my

friend, and in curious reverie, I know not by what suggestion, sought to connect his narrative with the chain of revelations made to me by my nurse.

With a sudden start, I was recalled to myself; the last flickering gleam of my candle had gone out; yet I was not in darkness nor alone; for the curtains of the old-fashioned canopy were lightly wafted aside, and there, upon the snowy pillow of my bed, lay such a face—pale and death-like truly—yet, for all the wild gleam of the eye, by the lovely dark tresses that fell in disorder upon the pillow, the beautiful features and the expression that yet lingered there, I recognized the apparition that haunted my own home on the river. By her side lay a lovely baby sleeping; on the parted lips a childish smile was playing, and its soft, round arm was playfully entangled in the mother's dark brown hair. Over her bowed a tall, manly form; the long black locks concealed the features from my view; forgetful of every other object, the man grasped the thin white hand in his, and as the slow gasps grew yet more feeble, the convulsive choking in his own throat became almost audible. One expiring motion, the bloodless lips were pressed upon his cheek; then one long, fearful gasp, and she fell lifeless back. The shape rose erect, still grasping her poor hand, and that face turned full upon me. O my God! what horror was there! what utter desolation! how the furrows of wretched years were ploughed deep into that young brow! How remorse and deathless anguish glowed in the sunken eye! What ghastly pallor was that for a young man's cheek! As I gazed in palsyng terror, my grand-father's features grew dim before my eyes; the dead form upon the bed faded softly away, and there, from the midst of fierce flame and dark sulphurous smoke, a bony arm appeared, and its gaunt finger pointed downward. With a scream of horror, I sprang forward, and fell upon the spot it marked.

—
I X.

THE dusky morning-light found me still lying insensible upon the floor; but when I opened my eyes, there was nothing but my position and the untumbled bed to remind me of what had passed.

As I collected my scattered senses, the recollection of my strange vision flashed upon me, and so impressed was I with it, that I instantly began to tear up the carpet, and soon stripped it down to the spot that I had marked. There was nothing to be found, on the most minute scrutiny, and I was on the point of giving up the search, when a loose joint in the flooring attracted my attention. With much prying, I succeeded in raising a plank, and there, between the floor and the ceiling, I found a lady's work-box. Lifting it from its place of concealment, I brushed the thick dust from the lid, and deciphered upon the silver-plate the name of Helen Hartley. Quietly replacing every thing that could betray my morning's operations, I eagerly broke open the box. But at this moment, the signal for breakfast sounded, and I closed it, putting it safely away, and joined the family at the table.

I surprised my friends by declining their kind invitation to make one

in the excursion of the day, and at the earliest moment returned to my room. Again drawing out the precious box, I raised the cover ; my hand first fell upon a packet of letters ; they bore no outside direction, and were written in a hand I recognized at once, from some old papers in my possession, as being my grand-father's. The first ran thus :

'HELEN : All day long I have lingered near your father's house, hoping for an opportunity to see you ; to implore from you with my own lips pardon for the wrong I have done you. How could I hope for another interview ? how can I even dare to think that you will look upon this letter ? Yet hear me for one moment. Your friend Miss Murray will bring you these few lines ; at four o'clock this afternoon I shall drive out with her, and will pass the lower end of the grove. Be there, and you shall return with me as my bride. As you value your own name and my life, fail not.
GEORGE.'

I opened a number of others, full of affection, and written as from a husband to his wife. Then came one, scrawled on a dingy slip of paper, as if torn from an old book, and dated some months later than the first. It was as follows :

'HELEN : I am your driver to the next stopping-place ; I have learned at the last inn, something of your father's destination ; when you arrive, contrive to send for Dr. Jones to attend you. I shall still be near you.
G.'

Carelessly thrown in among the others, was an unfinished note in a lady's hand :

'DEAR — *dear* GEORGE : How could you run such frightful risks ? How do you dare to meet my father thus ? You will betray yourself ; all your disguises could not conceal you from me, strangely altered as you were. It is too rash ! You do not, cannot know my father ; you would not trust yourself so in his presence if you did. You speak of telling him of our marriage ; you think his dreadful anger would then relent. Never, never, dear George ; though he thinks me *disgraced, lost*, he would sooner, *rather* see me thus, than the wife of a rebel, as he calls you. My heart is full of terror, my husband, when I think of you. Oh ! why did you join this wretched cause ? why will you array yourself in arms against your king ? Think, if you fail — and fail you must — what fearful loss is mine. But I am only making you unhappy ; forgive me, dear George, for the love I bear you. But our marriage ; it cannot be ; I *cannot* acknowledge it to my father ; speak no more of it ; it is dreadful to be thus despised ; to be loathed and hated by the only parent I ever knew ; by the one whose pride I used to be ; but I will *die* thus, be buried thus, and be remembered thus, before I will confess to him my marriage. What reparation would that be to him ? It is your sin that you ever loved his daughter ; and, as surely as he knows that we are wedded, he will drag me across the broad ocean, and under the laws of that country whose allegiance he and I acknowledge, will annul the marriage of his daughter with an attainted man. I cannot speak those words which will sunder us for ever. No, my dear George, we will in

patience and sorrow await the happy return of peace. Oh! but how I shudder at the thought of that peace, and the fate it may bring to you! I know not how it is, from my childhood I have been taught to pray for our good king; yet now your name goes up from my lips to heaven. I wish you safety; I hope there is no sin in that. Oh! may HEAVEN keep you, my precious husband, to return to my arms in happier days. God bless you; don't leave me now, for I am very weak, and I fear much that I shall never look upon the face of my dear babe. My father's stern face never softens toward me; no word of his ever reminds me of the blessed happy old times; there is none left to love me now but you. Oh! be still with me. But no! you risk your precious life; every day your peril increases: no, fly! escape! there yet is time. How foolish, wicked I was, to wish you to remain! It is my father's step! Good-bye! good-bye!

The letter seemed to have been hastily thrown into the box on this alarm. Beside these letters, there was carefully deposited in the bottom of the box a formal certificate of marriage between my grandfather and Miss Helen Hartley, and in addition, an acknowledgment of the same fact, in his own bold hand, and signed in full by himself. As I opened it, a paper carefully folded, dropped out, and it proved to be an acknowledgment, in the same writing, that the infant born as therein stated, known and to be christened under the name of Charles Russell, was the child, born in lawful wedlock, of George and Helen H. Hoffman.

These papers seemed to have been deposited in their place of concealment, awaiting the return of quiet times, when the disclosure could be safely made. The father, anticipating his possible fate in case of an unfavorable termination of the war, had intrusted to his wife these documents, through which she could, at the proper time, clear her own name of dishonor, and establish the legitimacy of her child.

After Colonel Hartley's death, my ancestor could have laid claim to broad lands in England, by proving his alliance with his only child. But while she lived her strict injunction was upon him; while she slept far away in the quiet country church-yard, the withering breath of scandal harmed her not; and neither for himself, nor for his son, did my ancestor desire great estates and a proud position bought with such precious blood. So he cared not to seek enjoyment beyond his own fortune and the happy circle that had now formed around him; and while he still watched in secret over his unacknowledged son, and afforded him opportunities, as his influence gave him the power, to obtain distinction, and to reach an honorable place in life, he coveted not for him the power and wealth his own efforts could not obtain. For himself, he wished not to disturb the peace of his wife and family with the spectacle of his sufferings, and he carried in his bosom the dread secret that tormented him, down to the dark house of death.

Such seemed to be my grandfather's motives, as I sat dreaming over the heap of papers that lay before me. Taking one or two, which I carefully placed in my pocket, the others I returned to the box, and locked them in my trunk.

It was late when my friend returned from his expedition. He had

thrown himself upon the sofa in his library, and was recovering in some measure from his fatigue. Entering the room, as he lay there with closed eyes, I gazed upon his features with strange emotions. Seizing his passive hand, 'Welcome, cousin Charles!' I exclaimed; 'come, rouse yourself enough to read this precious bit of scribbling.' With an indifferent air he took the marriage-certificate, glanced carelessly over it, then handed it back with a languid query as to its meaning. 'Will you read *this*?' and I handed him the certificate of his father's birth. His eye had scarcely fallen upon it, when he sprang upright; he forgot his lassitude; his hand grasped mine with nervous force. 'What *does* this mean? For God's sake, Hoffman, don't mock me; is this real?' His voice was husky, his hand swept wildly over his brow, the philosopher was overcome, and he sank back upon the sofa. I took my seat beside him; I told him that it was all true; that his father, the unknown discarded child, the adventurer, had in his veins prouder blood than I could boast for mine; that from the same ancestor as myself he could trace his own lineage, without stain upon his father's birth. I told him how a good PROVIDENCE had put it in my power to repair the deep wrong done by my ancestor to his child; that there were yet other papers in my possession which should now be his; and, bringing them, I left him alone, absorbed in their perusal.

In a few days my happy visit was ended, and I returned to my city-home: some months have passed since then.

When last I heard from Russell, he was in England. A notice had accidentally met his eye, of the decease of the last member of the family which inherited the Hartley estates. He writes that, by the best lawyers in Britain, the evidence he brings is regarded as incontrovertible; and that, in all probability, his claim will be allowed to the name of Hoffman, and the estates of the Hartley family.

His good fortune he bears with his accustomed philosophy; and, indeed, I more than doubt whether he would not joyfully hail the rival heir who should rid him of the burden of that high position he will so well sustain before the world.

A few cards are scattered on the table where I write, and my wife is busily directing a huge heap of envelopes at her stand in the corner. The cards run thus:

Capt. George Russell, U.S.A.

Miss Mary Hoffman.

AT ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL, TUESDAY, APRIL 25.

LINES FROM THE GERMAN.

MORTAL!—sneer not at the DEVIL,
Soon thy little life is o'er;
And eternal grim damnation
Is no idle tale of yore.

Mortal!—pay the debts thou owest,
Long 't will be ere life is o'er;
Many a time thou yet must borrow,
As thou oft hast done before.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE ODOHERTY PAPERS OF THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D. Annotated by Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE, Editor of 'SHEIL'S Sketches of the Irish Bar,' 'The Noctes Ambrosiæ,' etc. In two volumes: pp. 757. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD, Number 84, Beekman-street. Second Notice.

MAGINN was a scholar, a sage, a poet, a wit, (somewhat RABELESIAN,) a critic, a socialist, (in the best sense of the term,) whose nature craved and who apparently enjoyed to the full the convivial nectar and ambrosia of intercourse among congenial friends. In short, he was a combination rarely to be met; one whose true character might not probably be discerned by the superficial and shallow reader of these collected papers of his, which may appear to him from a hurried glance so vain, trifling, and evanescent. Nevertheless we are inclined to peruse them differently, and with sufficient appreciation to find out the good sense, the philosophy, and satire which gleam on their surface as we are borne pleasantly through them, like the coruscating waves of the sea. Had they not smacked of these qualities and been instinct with real merit, they would not so long have met a cordial welcome from *Maga* at a time when glorious Christopher presided at the festive board. That they have lost something of their former zest is true. If they derived any thing from peculiar adaptations, the effect is of course diminished; moreover, we are in a measure indisposed to turn back to the good things of this nature which made a hit in their day; for they invariably borrow some hue from occasions or circumstances for which we now care not; they lack the interest and sympathy which arise from their being the common talk. We must have new facetiæ, new essays, new settings of thought adapted to the current whim, although they may not be half so good as the old. The most popular papers are thus quietly disposed on the shelves for the mere sake of possession or occasional reference, after they have once served their turn, and meet no more the eager eye and cordial welcome which they once enjoyed. They can not be so well served up anew. Those who supply the ephemeral press labor under this necessity, that they are incorporated in a tide which, however lively and dimpling it may be as it passes, is inevitably setting toward the gulf of oblivion. They know it, and do not pretend to write for eternity. The present has some claim to be served, while those who write for eternity have to wait to all eternity before

their merits are found out. Moreover, we think that papers of this kind do not appeal to us on the score of merit quite so plausibly in their collected form. They are too light and buoyant to be amassed. The book finds us in a mood to criticise, but we snatch the magazine or newspaper with a desire to be pleased.

Nevertheless, the editor has done an acceptable work in bringing together, with much industry and research, and we believe for the first time, the scattered memorials of the renowned ODOHEERTY. The author probably never contemplated such a thing, but while many who have done 'nothing to speak of,' treasure up scrupulously every scrap and fragment of their own, of which they are the rigid custodiers, he with the carelessness and prodigality which are common to true merit, ushered his thoughts before the world; and when they had once gone forth, gave himself no more concern about them. We are inclined therefore to go into a somewhat farther examination of these papers, considering that we shall thereby do a good service, because, while they are too recent to have passed away from the recollection of those who have read BLACKWOOD, there are many readers of this generation and on this side of the water unacquainted with the name or genius of the late Dr. MAGINN. He had the learning and ability to have done far more for himself than will be conceded to him by the present collection; but as mere literary ambition was not his object, we only judge him from what we have received at his hands. Those who gathered with him at the social board are now the sole possessors of the *opima spolia*, the very best treasures no doubt of his varied and versatile acquirements. But alas! how few of them remain! Afflicted and broken-hearted, having at least fallen upon the evil days when the 'grasshopper' became 'a burden' and 'desire failed,' the genial-hearted, generous, noble WILSON passed away, and the blood which leaped from the warm heart of SCOTT is dried in all its channels, and who is left to breathe with kindred zest the mountain air, or dash aside with such a cheerful step the dews upon the Scottish heather?

First, we will introduce the Doctor as a classic, for there is enough scholarship, good, sound, ripe, and mellow, in these collections to retrieve them at all events. His paper entitled '*Pandemus Polyglott*' opens with these true remarks, which will commend themselves to the common-sense of all whom they concern:

'It has been well observed by some body that any man could make an interesting book, if he would only give, honestly and without reserve, an account of such things as he himself had seen and heard; but if a man should add to this a candid history of his remarkable friends and acquaintance, how infinitely would he enhance the interest of his own. Some folks call this method of biography prosy. HEAVEN help their unphilosophical short-sightedness! Wherein consists the charm of *BENVENUTO CELLINI's* account of himself, which no body can deny to be the *ne plus ultra* of all conceivable auto-biographies? Why, it clearly arises from these two sources: first, from his not scrupling to give a straightforward narrative of every shadow of an adventure he lighted on; and secondly, from the number of persons he introduces his reader to, from the magnificent *FRANÇOIS* to the unhappy engraver (I think) whom he dispatched in so judicious a manner by that memorable thrust of his dagger into the back of the poor man's neck, whereby he so scientifically separated the vertebrae, and interrupted the succession of the spinal marrow to the immediate attainment of his laudable object to wit, the release of his fellow-sinner from his worldly sorrows.'

Acting up to this useful suggestion, he proceeds to make us acquainted with his remarkable friend, 'PANDEMUS POLYGLOTT, LL.D., Sugd. Bat. Olim. Soc.,' etc., 'a living character, as fine a specimen of an octogenarian as may be met with in a June day's march, yet he has not done winning to himself those bright scholarly honors which so safely insure to their possessors an enviable obscurity with reference to the generality of people.' 'POLYGLOTT' will insist that there is nothing modern of any value which has not been stolen bodily from the ancients.

'I read him from the Anti-Jacobin, CANNING's Knife-Grinder.'

'The varlet!' cried the Doctor, 'reach me volume seventeen of the MSS.'

By the bye, these masterly sapphics of CANNING are the best adaptation of incorrigible English to a use from which its genius is averse, to a classic metre, that has yet been accomplished in our tongue. It is a perfect triumph of ingenuity, to say nothing of the cutting sarcasm which it involves. To show the dexterous facility with which it is given back again to the ancients, we append a few verses of the original, with the Latin sapphics. We should prefer to quote the Greek, which are more curious, but to prevent mistakes, will be contented with the Roman :

'The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.'

'FRIEND OF HUMANITY.'

'NEEDY knife-grinder! whither art thou going?
Rough is the road, thy wheel is out of order;
Bleak blows the blast, your hat has got a hole in 't,
So have your breeches.

'Weary knife-grinder! little know the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike
Road, what hard work 't is crying all day, 'Knives and
Scissors to grind, O.'

'Have you not read 'the Rights of Man,' by TOM PAINE?
Drops of compassion tremble on my eye-lids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.'

'PHILANTHROPEUS.'

'Hinc ita quonam, Faber o egene?
Et via horrescit, rota claudicatque;
Flat notus, rimis petasus laborat,
Tritaque bracca.

'O faber languens, patet hand superbis,
Appia ut rhed rhedis habet o tiantes,
Quid sit ad cotem vocitare cultros,
Fissaque ferra.

'Nonne nosti 'Jura Hominum' PAINT?
Ecce! palpebris lacrymas tremiscunt,
Inde casura simul explicaris
Tristia fata.'

'KNIFE-GRINDER.'

'Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, Sir,
Only last night, a drinking at the chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

'Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the Justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
Stocks for a vagrant.

'I should be glad to drink your honor's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part I never love to meddle
With politics, Sir.'

'FABER.

'Fata Dii Magni! nihil est quod edam,
Ni quod hesternum ut biberem in popina
Noctis lis orta! heu! periit braccas
Atque galerus.

'Pacis occurrunt mihi tam ministri,
Mecum Prætoris rapiunt ad aulam;
Prætor erroris præparat numella
Figere plantas.

'Iamque gaudebo tibi si propinam
Poculum, tunc mihi dante nummum;
Me tamen stringo, neque pro virili,
Publica curo.'

'FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

'I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first!
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance,
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!'

'PHILANTHROPOS.

'An tibi nummum? potius ruinam;
Perdite, ulcisci mala tanta nolens;
Sordide, infelix, inhoneste, prave
Turpis et excors.'

Very toothsome is the Latin translation of JUDY CALLAGHAN, of which the editor (whose knowledge and research is most praiseworthy and remarkable in all which concerns contemporary men or things) remarks that after having vainly sent to England for a copy, he at last found it in an old number of the '*Southern Literary Messenger*.' Here is the chorus, for which we must find room:

'ONLY say
You'll be Mrs. BRALLAGHAN;
Do n't say nay,
Charming JUDY CALLAGHAN.'

'SEMEL tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGE;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis JULIA CALAGE!'

Here, too, we find our old friend and favorite, 'Back and side go bare, go bare,' done into Latin in the identical, peculiar, particular metre of the original, which we learn for the first time, in a note by the indefatigable editor, was written by JOHN STILL, Bishop of Bath and Wells, who flourished in the reign of ELIZABETH, and died in 1607. The chant was sung by ODOHERTY at the *Noctes*:

'No frost, nor snow, nor wind, nor trowe,
Can hurt me if I wolde;
I am so wrapt and throwly lapt
Of jolly good ale and olde.'

'Me gelu, nix, vel ventus vix,
Afficient injuria;
Hæc sperno, ni adeasset mi
Zythi veteris penuria.'

We notice a free-and-easy translation into English of the Seventh Ode of HORACE, third book. *Asterium consolatur de Gygis absentia, et ad fidem hortatur.* *Anglicè: To Mrs. Kitty Flanagan, comforts her on the absence of her husband, Jerry Flanagan, mate of the Jolly Jupiter, and drops a hint about a light dragoon:*

'QUID FLES ASTERIUM, &c.

Anglicè.

'WHY do you cry, my sweet Mrs. FLANAGAN,
When you will soon have your own dear man again?'

Also, among other classical wealth, the reader will find a very telling translation (free-and-easy) of the First Ode of HORACE, addressed to CHRISTOPHER NORTH:

'MÆCHENAS atavis edite regibus,
O et presidium et dulce decus meum.'

'HAIL, CHRISTOPHER! my patron dear,
Descended from your grand-father;
To thee, my bosom-friend, I fly,
Brass buckler of ODOHERTY!'

See likewise an ingenuity on page sixty-five of second volume: 'Ulaloo! or LUCTUS on the death of DONELLY,' written in Latin and Greek hexameters and pentameters. So much for ODOHERTY the scholar; and the fame of ODOHERTY the poet will be sufficiently established by one or two little gems selected from many others scattered through the two volumes as thickly as daisies in a meadow:

'HOW TO WOO.

'WOULD you woo a young virgin of fifteen years,
You must tickle her fancy with sweets and dears;
Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly
Sing a love-sonnet and charm her ears;
Wittily, prettily, talk her down,
Phrase her and praise her, fair or brown;
Soothe her and smooth her,
And tease her and please her;
Ah! touch but her fancy, and all 's your own.'

Here is an Anacreontic, sung at the *Noctes*, and written in what we shall christen *Delightful Metre*:

'DRINK AWAY.

'COME, draw me six magnums of claret,
Do n't spare it,
But share it in bumpers around;
And take care that in each shining brimmer
No glimmer
Of skimming day-light be found.

Fill away! fill away! fill away!
 Fill bumpers to those that you love;
 For we will be happy to-day,
 As the gods are when drinking above.
 Drink away! drink away!

'Give way to each thought of your fancies
 That dances,
 Or glances, or looks of the fair;
 And beware that from fears of to-morrow
 You borrow
 No sorrow nor fore-taste of care.
 Drink away! drink away! drink away!
 To the honor of those you adore;
 Come charge and drink fairly to-day,
 Though you swear you will never drink more.

'I last night, *out*, and quite melancholy,
 Cried folly!
 What's POLLY to reel for her fame?
 Yet I'll banish such hint till the morning,
 And, scorning
 Such warning, to-night do the same.
 Drink away! drink away! drink away!
 'T will banish blue-devils and pain,
 And to-night for my joys if I pay,
 Why to-morrow I'll do it again.'

The versatility of MAGINN was astonishing. Every form of composition, whether in prose or verse, tales, essays, criticism, odes, ballads, and rollicking Irish melodies he threw off with apparently no labor, as if from an inexhaustible fund, the whole of them informed with an irrepressible spirit of hilarity. The character of ODOHERTY is maintained throughout these varied and multitudinous contributions as scrupulously as if he figured in the pages of a novel, and what he was, gay, rampant, jovial, and somewhat irresponsible, fond of a good song and a good supper, we should know equally well, even if the author had not favored us with a bit of his biography, informing us of his first adventure in the Dublin watch-house, of the Ensign's connection with, and leave of absence from, the Ninety-ninth, or King's Own Tipperary Regiment, and also of his unfortunate alliance with Mrs. MAC WHITER, the widow. In the maxims of ODOHERTY we have the very spice and cinnamon of his great wisdom. They are minute on matters which concern the common weal, and seem to have been written with a keen presage of the *wants* of the present day. One treats of rum, another of arrack, another of shrub, another of rack punch, another of claret, another of Johannisberg, and the remainder of liquors in general and particular, and affiliated subjects, as, for instance, how they ought to be mixed, in what proportion, whether water ought to be put in before whiskey, or whiskey before water, how to squeeze in the lemon, and what particular suppers are suitable for the wines you have used. 'When you have been drinking cold wine or cold punch,' says he, 'your supper ought to be a devil, or at least something of the devil character.' 'Had VOLTAIRE, ROBESPIERRE, BONAPARTE, TALLEYRAND,' he remarks, 'been all a set of jolly, boozing lads, what a mass of sin and horror, of blasphemy, uproar, blood-thirsty revolution, wars, battles, sieges, butcherings, etc., in France, Germany, Egypt, Spain, Sicily, North-

America, Portugal, etc., had been spared within the last twenty or thirty years!' And so he goes on to talk; but in the midst of his grog slips in like lemon-peel some of the slyest bits of sarcasm and appreciation of earthly things that 'ever was 'n the world.' We give one of these maxims, the seventy-sixth, which is on the subject of grog, (by the way, it is a little singular that the number should be seventy-six,) and may be interesting to those who love grog, whose name, we are sure, is legion. He is certainly the best Christian who loves his enemy, and ODOHERTY seems to think that no man who has any heart or bowels despises choice wine, *alias et lunaticé*, RUM!

'MAXIM SEVENTY-SIXTH.

'Grog should never be stirred with a spoon, but immediately drunk as soon as the rum has been poured in. Rum-punch is apt to be heavy on the stomach, and, unless very old, has not peculiar merit as a dram. The American pine-apple rum is fine drinking, and I wonder it is not introduced into this country. In my last maxims I omitted to panegyrize the peach-brandy of our trans-Atlantic brethren, an omission which I beg leave here to correct.'

All those who have entered into a state of *civilization* will appreciate the above. And while we are about it, we think we will just be adding one other maxim, which is:

'MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH.

'It is to be remarked, though I by no means pledge myself to the dead certainty of the fact, that a most particular diversity of taste exists in the several *rum*s. Antigua has a peculiar smack and reliab, by which it is to be known from Jamaica at the first gulp. Yet it is very possible, *experto crede*, to bam even a connoisseur by giving him good whiskey — free from the empyreumatic taste which is frequently observable on several even of licensed whiskeys, and *always* on *potheen* — mixed subdolosously with burnt brown-sugar. It is a great imitation.'

Speaking of rum, however, we think that in one thing ODOHERTY is mistaken, and that there is not so great a diversity of taste with respect to the rums, although there is a great diversity of opinions; but the other day, being in Portland, in the State of Maine, where the inhabitants have got the most immense quantity of rum, laid up by the cistern-full — This, however, is leading us from the point.

We shall conclude our *extracts* from this interesting work by quoting a duplicate letter, which will be found on page one hundred and twenty-three of the second volume, which is a most capital commentary on the kind of sincerity now extant in this model age. It is well done for ODOHERTY. Here it is:

'MY DEAR LADY D —:

'With feelings of the most inexpressible affectionate interest, I take up my pen to congratulate you on the marriage of your lovely and accomplished ALTHEA.

'YOU TIRESOME OLD TOAD:

'You've manœuvred off one of your gawky frights at last, and I must say something on the occasion.

'To you, who know every thought of my heart, it is almost unnecessary to say that, next to the maternal tenderness with which I watch over my own girls, I feel the most anxious solicitude in every thing that relates to your charming family.

'How the deuce did you contrive to hook in that noodle of a lord, when I have been spreading my nets ever since he came of age, to catch him for my eldest girl?

'That sweet love, ALTHEA, has always, you know, been my peculiar favorite, and tears of the sweetest exultation swell into my eyes when I think of the brilliant establishment which you have secured for her.

'Our long friendship, my beloved friend, and my maternal affection for the dear creature are pleas which I shall urge in claiming the delightful office of presenting her at the next drawing-room.

'Soon, very soon, my dearest friend, may I have to congratulate you on some equally advantageous establishment for your sweet, delicate ANNA MARIA.

'I earnestly hope that foolish story about Lord V ——'s keeping a lady at Paris, and having lost twenty thousand pounds at the Salon at one sitting will not reach the ear of our sweet sensitive girl! But people are so malicious!

'Where are your two lovely boys? Dear fellows! We have not seen them since they left Eton, and you know I delight in their charming spirits.

'Etc., etc., etc.

'And remain ever, with the most inviolable attachment,
'My dearest Lady D ——'s most sincere-
ly affectionate friend, M. G.'

'That pert minx, ALTHEA, has always been my particular aversion, and I am ready to cry with spite at the idea of her becoming a countess.

'As you can't hobble to court on your crutches, I shall be expected to present her *ladyship*, and I *must* do it, though I know I shall expire with vexation at the sight of the V—— diamonds in her odious red hair.

'One comfort is, you'll never be able to get off that little hump-backed thing, ANNA MARIA, and you know well enough there is no hope of it, and so hate to be talked to about her.

'You won't care much about it, even if it was true, but I can think of nothing else to plague the old cat. I'll take care the young one shall know it some how.

'I'd as lieve have a couple of wild-cats let loose into the drawing-room as let in those two riotous cubs. But I've nine girls to bring out yet, and the young D ——s will be tolerably good catches, though only honorable.

'Fudge! fudge! fudge! fudge!

'I think I've given you enough for one dose, though I'm afraid you're up to me. I hate you cordially, *that's certain*. M. G.'

In conclusion, we have one observation in defence of our author's scholarship, which ought to have been made at the out-start. In the opening pages of the biography he remarks of ODOHERTY in the Dublin watch-house: 'He was seated on a wooden stool before a table garnished with a great number of empty pots of porter.' And BLACKWOOD takes it upon himself (very impertinently, we think) to remark in a note: 'We beg leave to hint to our Irish correspondent, that if the *pots* were empty, they could scarcely be termed *pots of porter*.' And herewith *we* beg to join issue with BLACKWOOD. First, because the expression is sanctioned by common usage, both Irish and otherwise, and is entirely according to HORNE TOOKE. How the deuce are you going to express it otherwise without circumlocution?

Second: It only requires an inversion of words, which will be entirely consonant with grammatical government, and empty pots of porter signifies *pots empty of porter*.

Third: A pot of porter may mean a pot which is used for porter, in other words, a *porter-pot*, and therefore an empty pot of porter means nothing more than an empty *porter-pot*. Verily we do admit that *porter-pot* is not a common term, the same as *tea-pot*; and that the phrase, 'a pot of tea,' would not be applied to an empty *tea-pot*; yet the difference lies here, that the genius of our language admits of pot of tea and *tea-pot* according to the precise fact of the case, while it acknowledges no such expression as a *por-*

ter-pot. Therefore are we driven to a rhetorical figure which has no name, but whose apparent contradiction only makes it the more striking. Have we not assaulted this petty Sebastopol? What say you to our canons of criticism? If the hero were alive, would he not exclaim, 'Thank you, my friend; consider your hand shaken.' But he is dead. Peace to his ashes! And herewith we take our leave of ENSIGN ODOHERTY, late of the Ninety-ninth, or King's Own Tipperary Regiment.

THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. With Maps and Illustrations. In two volumes: pp. 1277. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

Do you remember, reader, the review given in the pages of '*The Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo*,' by that profound and accurate observer and clear-headed critic, the editor of that journal, MR. WAGSTAFF—the review, we mean, of Sir WALTER SCOTT BART'S '*Life of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE*'? It was a model criticism in its kind; and one passage thereof was to the following purport: 'MR. BART has done a good service to the cause of letters by these vollums, which have now been published some years. It does us good to review the work. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was a man of talents, which subsequent events prove. We think he will yet find his level, and posterity may live to thank us for what we have here said. We have one bone to pick with him, however, which we should have done had we met him among the Simpons or the Twilleries. He hadn't ought, on the score of conjugal affection, for to have divorced his wife, if she *was* a colored woman; and if we had a-met her before he done the deed, we would have said to her: 'JOSEPHINE, stand to your woman's rights!' While we're about it, we may as well say we got another bone to pick with MR. BART. He don't do justice to that poor creetur shut up onto Saintelena, where MR. CIPRIANA couldn't get fire-wood to warm him, nor any good ile to put into his lamp, nor mutton which was wuth a cuss, nor half water enough for his bath nor half wine enough for his water; and what wine he had was made of sour grapes and sugar-of-lead, giving the poor captyve a stomach-ache every day; and yet BART wants to make out that the overseer gin the old hero a good deal more than he deserved. But MR. BART is an Englishman, and an Englishman is a hectoring bully, wherever you find him; and he is n't any thing else.'

MR. ABBOTT is quite of the same opinion with MR. WAGSTAFF, in relation to the treatment which NAPOLEON received at the hands of the English people. In his preface, which is extremely well-written and candid, and outspoken to the last degree, he avows his deep admiration for the subject of his history, and asks only that his *facts*, which he claims to be authentic, shall claim only the consideration to which they are fairly entitled. In justice to MR. ABBOTT, who has certainly been belabored without stint in various quarters for the alleged too partial picture which he has drawn of the 'Great

Captain,' it must be conceded that he evinces a good deal of magnanimity and forbearance in his treatment of his assailants.

'THE world has been bewildered by the contradictory views which have been presented of NAPOLEON. Hostile historians have stigmatized him as a usurper, while admitting that the suffrages of the nation placed him on the throne; they have denounced him a tyrant inexorable as Nero, while admitting that he won the adoring love of his subjects; he is called a bloodthirsty monster, delighting in war, yet it is confessed that he was, in almost every conflict, struggling in self-defence and imploring peace; it is said that his insatiable ambition led him to trample remorselessly upon the rights of other nations, while it is confessed that Europe was astonished by his moderation and generosity in every treaty which he made with his vanquished foes; he is described as a human butcher, reckless of suffering, who regarded his soldiers merely as food for powder, and yet, on the same page, we are told that he wept over the carnage of the battle-field, tenderly pressed the hand of the dying, and won from those soldiers who laid down their lives in his service a fervor of love which earth has never seen paralleled; it is recorded that France at last became weary of him and drove him from the throne, and in the next paragraph we are informed that, as soon as the bayonets of the Allies had disappeared from France, the whole nation rose to call him back from his exile, with unanimity so unprecedented, that without the shedding of one drop of blood he traversed the whole of France, entered Paris, and reascended the throne; it is affirmed that a second time France, weary of his despotism, expelled him, and yet it is at the same time recorded that this same France demanded of his executioners his beloved remains, received them with national enthusiasm, consigned them to a tomb in the very bosom of its capital, and has reared over them such a mausoleum as honors the grave of no other mortal. Such is NAPOLEON as described by his enemies.

'The judgment which the reader will form of the Emperor will depend upon the answer he gives to the three following questions:

- '1. Did NAPOLEON *usurp* the sovereignty of France?
- '2. Having attained the supreme power, was he a tyrant, devoting that power to the promotion of his own selfish aggrandizement?
- '3. Were the wars in which he was incessantly engaged provoked by his arrogance?

'These are the questions to be settled; and documentary evidence is so strong upon these points, that even the blindest prejudice must struggle with desperation to resist the truth. The reason is obvious why the character of NAPOLEON should have been maligned. He was regarded justly as the foe of *aristocratic privilege*. The English oligarchy was determined to crush him. After deluging Europe in blood and woe, during nearly a quarter of a century, for the accomplishment of this end, it became necessary to prove to the world, and especially to the British people, who were tottering beneath the burden of taxes which these wars engendered, that NAPOLEON was a tyrant, threatening the liberties of the world, and that he deserved to be crushed. All the Allies who were accomplices in this iniquitous crusade were alike interested in consigning to the world's execration the name of their victim; and even in France, the reinstated BOURBONS, sustained upon the throne by the bayonets of the Allies, silenced every voice which would speak in favor of the monarch of the people, and rewarded with smiles, and opulence, and honor all who would pour contempt upon his name. Thus we have the unprecedented spectacle of all the monarchies of Europe most deeply interested in calumniating one single man, and that man deprived of the possibility of reply. The writer surely does not expect that he can thus speak in behalf of the Emperor and not draw upon himself the most vehement assaults. Claiming the privilege of expressing his own views freely, he cheerfully grants that privilege to others. It is even pleasant to share the reproach of one who is unjustly assailed.

'It would, indeed, be a bitter disappointment to the author of this work should it not prove to be a powerful advocate of the cause of peace. It is impossible to frame a more impressive argument against the folly of war than the details of the crimes and woes of these awful wars waged by the Allies against the independence of France. All who engaged in them alike suffered. Multitudes which cannot be numbered perished in every form of mutilation and agony upon the field of battle. From millions of homes a wail of anguish was extorted from the hearts of widows and orphans louder than the thunders of Marengo or of Waterloo. All Europe was impoverished. Brutal armies swept, like demons of destruction, over meadows and hill-sides, trampling the harvest of the husbandman, burning villages, bombarding cities, and throwing shot and shells into thronged streets, into galleries of art, and into nurseries where mothers, and maidens, and infants cowered in an agony of terror.

'War is the science of destruction. Millions were absolutely beggared. Every nation was, in turn, humiliated and weakened. England, the soul of this conflict, the unrelenting inciter of these wars, protected by her navy and by her insular position,

succeeded, by the aid of enormous bribes, in inducing other nations to attack France in the rear, and thus to draw the armies of the Emperor from the shores of Britain. Thus the hour of her punishment was postponed. But the day of retribution is at hand. England now groans beneath the burden of four thousand million dollars of debt. This weighs upon her children with a crushing pressure which is daily becoming more insupportable.

'The plan of this book is very simple. It is a plain narrative of what NAPOLEON did, with the explanations which he gave of his conduct, and with the record of such well-authenticated anecdotes and remarkable sayings as illustrate his character. The writer believes that every incident here recorded, and every remark attributed to NAPOLEON, are well authenticated. He is not aware of any well-established incident or remark which would cast a different shade upon his character that has been omitted. The historian is peculiarly liable to the charge of plagiarism. He can only record facts and describe scenes which he gleanes from public documents and from the descriptions of others. There is no fact, incident, or conversation narrated in these pages which may not be found elsewhere; and it is impossible to narrate events already penned by the ablest writers, and to avoid all similarity of expression.'

These volumes are *very* profusely illustrated with good engravings, including two excellent portraits of the earlier and later BONAPARTE.

PEG WOFFINGTON: a Novel. By CHAS. READ, Author of 'CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE.' 18mo: pp. 803. Boston: TICKNOR & FIELD. 1855.

WE have here a very readable book in which are combined harmoniously the apparent opposites of sparkling wit and humor, and soul-moving, tear-forcing pathos. We have antithetically set before us the corroding cares of an unsuccessful theatrical career, and the brilliant though evanescent triumphs of a favorite of fortune in the same race. PEG WOFFINGTON is a remarkable character, developing traits worthy of all admiration. In the course of the work the author introduces his readers to a peep behind the scenes in the good old days of COLLEY CIBBER, MRS. BRACEGIRDLE, etc., etc. PEG WOFFINGTON has no preface, for which we devoutly thank its author. It needs none; it tells its own story graphically and with infinite unction.

Here is a description of one of the accessories to the plot. 'The man was TRIPLET, scene-painter, actor, and writer of sanguinary plays, in which what ought to be, namely, truth, plot, situation, and dialogue, were not; and what ought not to be, were, to wit: small talk, big talk, fops, ruffians, and ghosts. His three mediocrities fell so short of one talent, that he was sometimes in want of food.' Our author is too fond of using foreign words and quotations. We think our mother-tongue sufficient for all common purposes of expression, and hate to see an English work interlarded with Latin words and French quotations. There is much sly humor in the following recipe for writing well.

'First, think in as homely a way as you can, shove your pen under the thought and lift it up by polly-avillables to the tune of fiction: (when done, find a publisher, if you can.) This,' said TRIPLET, 'insures common-sense to your ideas, which does pretty well for a basis, and elegance to the dress they wear.' Then casting his eyes round in search of such actual circumstances as could be incorporated on this plan with fiction, TRIPLET began to work thus:

'HIS FACTS.

'A farthing-dip is on the table.

'It wants snuffing.

'He jumped up, snuffed it with his fingers; burned his fingers and swore a little.'

'HIS FICTIONS.

'A solitary candle cast its pale gleams around.

'Its elongated wick betrayed an owner steeped in oblivion.

'He arose languidly, and trimmed it with an instrument he had by his side for that purpose, and muttered a silent ejaculation.'

Although the main incidents of the work are connected with the stage, and incidental to one of its brightest (though sad to say *frail*) ornaments, yet the tone is highly moral. PEG WOFFINGTON is from the establishment of TICKNOR AND FIELDS, Boston, and is well got up. In these dog-days our readers will find in it pleasant excitement for an otherwise wearisome hour.

THE DIAMOND CROSS AND OTHER TALES. By CLARA MORTON. In one volume. Philadelphia: WILLIS P. HAZARD, Chestnut-street. 1855.

We hail this first-born of one of our most gifted junior female authors with great pleasure. It opens with a highly interesting original story, the 'Diamond Cross,' and contains many beautiful selections, in prose and in poetry, from her versatile pen, some of which have won the highest premium in our leading journals and periodicals.

It is a mooted question whether books should be multiplied *ad infinitum*, by the republication of tales which have already appeared in the newspapers of the day; and the question is fairly entitled to consideration. But such an objection does not lie against the writings of CLARA MORTON. They are not simply the emanations of a speculative and oftentimes sickly imagination, replete with the isms and idiosyncrasies of the author; but they are graphic and truthful pictures, drawn from life, with a quick and observant eye and a discriminating judgment. They hold a mirror up to nature which reflects the virtues and the vices, the beauties and the defects of humanity, not only as they now exist, but as they will continue to exist until the tone of society shall become pure and healthful. They inculcate valuable lessons of warning and wisdom, squared by that inner light which teaches that whatever principle is morally true and beautiful is imperishable. 'The Diamond Cross' abounds in well-drawn characters: the spoiled child, 'CARRIE MORTON,' is a type of a large class of would-be belles; the unfeeling JANE HARDY, hardened in heart by too close contact with poverty, and yet not devoid of the sentiment of gratitude, or insensible to kindness; the good Mrs. EATON, who so freely resigned all pretensions to the noble-hearted MARK HOUSTON, in favor of her daughter.

We have every reason to believe that CLARA MORTON knows her own sex, and therefore accept this instance of self-abnegation as true to nature; but we very much doubt whether any one of the sterner sex could be found who would have treated a son so generously. This much we will ad-

mit, that if any daughter ever did deserve such a sacrifice it was MARY EATON, a specimen of whose angelic nature may be seen in Chapter Fifth, which we had marked for insertion here.

There is no more unmistakable evidence of genius in an author than the ability to describe the various passions of the human heart with such fidelity as to fasten the conviction upon the reader that they were written *con amore*.

'The story of the BECKERTONS alone should give the book a great run. It introduces Mr. and Mrs. BECKERTON to the reader with one of those refreshing *tête-à-têtes* between husband and wife, half in jest, but the biggest half in earnest, in which our author shows, with admirable skill, how futile it is for man to resist the various batteries of love and pumpkin-pies, which the weaker sex know so well how to level at his refractory humors.

'MR. AND MRS. BECKERTON lived in a snug house in Vine-street.

'A very snug house. A three-story brick, twenty-one feet front, with a fine yard in the rear, where their younger children delighted to romp and play throughout the live-long summer mornings.

'But Mrs. BECKERTON was not satisfied. The house had no back-buildings, the kitchen was so dark and dismal, there were no modern conveniences, and last, but not least, the street was by no means a fashionable one.

'Unfortunately, her husband was perfectly satisfied with their present location; and his wife was at a loss what course to pursue to weaken his attachment to the house, and thereby lessen the opposition that she was sure of meeting whenever she should broach the subject of removal.

'She waited in vain for an opportunity, and finally, in sheer desperation, she announced her determination of a change to her husband in the following manner:

'Mr. BECKERTON, I am tired and sick of house-keeping in this old barrack of a house. It's enough to wear one out to keep this old wood decent. I've made up my mind to go to boarding.'

'Mr. BECKERTON looked up from his paper with a stare of amazement, but he said nothing. His wife continued:

'Here's our dining-room way down in the front basement, and not another place in the house for a sitting-room; and if you happen to think of anything you want, up you have to go two pair of stairs, and then down again. I declare to gracious, my back's almost broken.'

'I think if it had been going to break, it would have broken before this,' answered Mr. BECKERTON, dryly.

'That is the way with you men, you have no sympathy. A woman may slave herself to death in your service, and it's all the same to you; before the grass is green upon her grave you are married again, and that's the way the world goes.'

'I wonder that it should be so easy to get wives, if they are so abused and unappreciated,' answered Mr. BECKERTON, in the same dry tone.

'Well, I'm sure I do n't want to quarrel this morning, but I do want to enjoy life a little, and that's what the mistress of this house will never be able to do. I suppose I ought not to expect it. I suppose I ought to be content, now that I have raised a large family. The oldest are capable of taking care of the youngest, if I should be taken away; and so I suppose I should n't be missed any. But it does seem hard, it does indeed. There's the MAXWELLS, and the PEMBERTONS, and the PRICES, all of them used to live in this same row, and now one of them has a house in Spruce-street, and the other two live elegantly out Walnut-street. I am sure we are as able as they to have things handy and convenient.'

'Why do n't you be honest, RACHEL, and speak your mind out at once? You know, in your dictionary, 'handy' and 'convenient' mean *stylish* and *fashionable*.

'Now, Mr. BECKERTON! I have n't the least wish to be fashionable. That's the way you are always doing me injustice. I would n't have nothing to do with fashionable people; no, I guess I would n't; I despise them.'

'RACHEL, did you ever read *Æsop's fables*?'

'No, my dear; what made you think of that?'

'Oh! never mind; I'll buy you a copy one of these days, to remember me by when I'm dead and gone, and ain't missed any, and you are looking out for another husband, and —'

'Mr. BECKERTON, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You ought to have more

respect for my feelings than to talk in this way. Another husband, indeed! I've had enough of one, I reckon; I should n't want another in a hurry.'

'I sincerely hope, RACHEL, you will not soon have an opportunity of testing the truth of what you say. I am not anxious to resign my claim upon you to another, although I have heard it pretty broadly insinuated that I was hen-pecked.'

'Hen-pecked! Well, I never! Mr. BECKERTON, you are the most aggravating person that I ever heard talk. Hen-pecked! Well, if that does n't beat all, when every body knows that you have your will and way about every earthly thing. But I will have my way once; I've a good right to it; and now I say, in plain terms, I am not going to live in this house any longer.'

'I am sorry to hear that,' said Mr. BECKERTON, as he arose, and quietly lit his segar with a taper, 'very sorry to hear that, (puff;) I hope you will come and see me once in a while, (puff;) I shall miss you, that's a fact, (puff; I shall have quiet times; terribly dull, I'm afraid.'

'The segar was now fairly lighted, and, without waiting for an answer, he took his departure.

'His wife sat down and cried, and she felt better after it.

'She was not discouraged; oh! no, not she. She had examples in the past of what her perseverance had accomplished, to reassure her.

'There was a house up Arch-street to let; not exactly the street she would have chosen, but she considered it a beautiful medium between the one she lived in and the more fashionable part of the city. She had seen the house only the day before, and she had made up her mind to have it.

'Mr. BECKERTON did not come home to dinner that day. He was afraid of a scene; not but that he felt able to sustain his part, but, being naturally of a quiet disposition, and remembering that 'discretion was the better part of valor,' he preferred avoiding danger to rushing into it.

'At supper-time, he found the tea-table temptingly arrayed with his favorite dishes. He was delighted at finding his wife in such a good humor. Poor man! although recalling so distinctly in the morning the fable of 'the fox and the grapes,' the equally instructive one of 'the spider and the fly' entirely escaped his memory.

'The preserves were sweet, but Mrs. BECKERTON's honeyed speeches were sweeter. The broiled steak was done to a turn, so was Mr. BECKERTON's heart *done for* before the evening was over. The coffee escaped rich and odorous from the steaming urn; so did his tender words from the depths of his gently agitated affections. The hot cakes were luscious; so were the fond kisses from Mrs. BECKERTON's ripe lips, as, supper over, she drew out the large rocking-chair, and after helping her liege-lord (?) on with his double gown and slippers, she sat upon one knee, and made herself as agreeable as all married ladies can to their husbands when they choose.

'The next day the house in Arch-street was rented.'

We have already exhausted our limits, or we should give our readers one more extract from the BECKERTONS, which does infinite credit both to the head and the heart of our author.

COZZENS' WINE-PRESS. First Volume complete. 'Old Wood to Burn, Old Wine to Drink, Old Books to Read, and Old Friends to Converse with:' pp. 96. FREDERIC S. COZZENS, Number Eighty-five Chambers-street.

THIS is a modest and very handsome little paper, mainly designed, as we infer, to keep the public aware of the best wines, liquors, liqueurs, sauces, and condiments to be found in the metropolis, but in reality also a most entertaining and instructive journal, surpassing many another sheet of more ambitious literary and artistic pretensions. Valuable information upon common things, happily conveyed, is one of its prominent characteristics: in proof of which we take the liberty of subjoining a conversation held by the Editor with the venerable Dr. BUSHWHACKER, a gentleman whom we have

the pleasure personally to be acquainted with. His present colloquy is given under the title of '*The Radiant Dinner-Caster*,' and verily it is 'radiant' beneath his plastic hand:

'We begin to think there is wisdom in Dr. BUSHWHACKER. 'There are other things to study geography from beside maps and globes,' is one of his favorite maxims. We begin to believe it. 'Observe, my learned friend,' said he, 'how the reflected sun-shine from those cut bottles in the caster-stand, throws long plumes of light in every direction across the white damask.' We leaned forward, and saw the phenomenon pointed out by the index-finger of the Doctor, and as we knew something was coming from his pericranics, kept silent of course. 'Well,' said he, inflating his lips until his face looked like that of a cast-iron caryatid, 'well, my dear friend, every pencil of light there is a point of compass, and the contents of that caster come from places as various as those diverging rays indicate. The mustard is from England, the vinegar from France, China furnishes the soy, Italy the oil; we have to ask the West-Indies to contribute the red-pepper, and the East-Indies to supply the black-pepper.' We ventured to remark that those facts we were not ignorant of, by any means. 'True, my dear learned friend,' said the Doctor, with a sort of snort; 'but God bless me! if one-half of the people in this city know it. Mustard,' continued Dr. BUSHWHACKER, not at all discomfited, 'comes from Durham, in the north of England—that is, the best quality. The other productions of this county do not amount to much, nor is it celebrated for any thing, except that here the Queen PHILIPPA, wife of King EDWARD the Third, captured DAVID BRUCE, King of Scots, for which reason no Scotchman can eat Durham mustard except with tears in his eyes. We get our grind-stones from this English county, my learned friend; and when you sharpen your knife or your appetite hereafter, it will remind you of Durham. That long pencil of light from the next bottle points to France, where they make the best wine-vinegar we get. Just observe the difference between that sturdy, pot-bellied mustard-bottle, which represents JOHN BULL, and this slender, sharp vinegar-cruet, which represents JOHNNY CRAPEAU; there is a national distinction, Sir, in cruets as well as men. The quantity of vinegar made in France is very great; the best comes from Bordeaux; sometimes it is so strong that the Frenchmen call it '*vinaigre des trois dents*,' or vinegar with three teeth; but the finest-flavored vinegar I ever met with came from Portugal, and for a salad, nothing could equal its delicate aroma. Well, Sir, then there is the red-pepper, the Cayenne; that I presume is from Jamaica?' We assented.

'The best and strongest kind is made partly of the bird-pepper, and partly of the long-pod pepper of the West-Indies. This is a very healthy condiment, Sir; in the tropics it is indispensable; there is a maxim there, Sir, that people who eat Cayenne pepper will live for ever. Like variety, it is the spice of life, Sir, at the equator. Our own gardens, Sir, furnish capsicum, and in fact it grows in all parts of the world; but that from the West-Indies is esteemed to be the best, and I think with justice. Now, Sir, the next pencil of light is reflected from the Yellow Sea!'

'The soy, Doctor?'

'The soy, my learned friend; the best fish-sauce on the face of the globe. The soy, Sir, or 'soya,' as the Japanese call it, is a species of bean, which would grow in this country as well as any other Chinese plant. Few Chinamen eat any thing without a mixture of this bean-jelly in some shape or other. They scald and peel the beans, then add an equal quantity of wheat or barley, then the mess is allowed to ferment; then they add a little salt, sometimes tumeric for color; water is added also, in the proportion of three to one of the mass, and after a few months' repose, the soy is pressed, strained, and ready for market. That, Sir, is the history of that cruet, and now we will pass on to the black pepper.'

'A glass of wine first, Doctor, if you please.'

'Thank you, my dear friend; bless me! how dry I am!'

'Black pepper, *piper nigrum*, is the berry of a vine that grows in Sumatra and Ceylon, but our principal supply of this commonest of condiments comes from the Island of Java; and we have to pay our web-footed Knickerbockers, across the water, a little toll upon that, as we do upon many other things of daily consumption. The pepper-vine is a very beautiful plant, with large, oval, polished leaves and showy white flowers, that would look beautiful if wound around the head of a bride.'

'No doubt, Doctor, but I think the less pepper about a bride the better.'

'Good, my learned friend; you are right; if I were to get married again, Sir,' continued the Doctor in a very hearty manner, 'I should be a little afraid of the contact of *piper nigrum*.'

'What is white pepper, Doctor?'

'White pepper is the same, Sir, as black pepper, only it is decorticated, that is, the black husk has been rubbed off. Now, Sir, there is not much else interesting about pepper, except that the best probably comes from the kingdom of Bantam; and the

quantity formerly exported from the sea-port of that name in the Island of Java amounted, Sir, to ten thousand tons annually; a good reasonable supply of seasoning for the world, Sir. Well, Sir, we are also indebted to Bantam for a very small breed of fowls, the peculiar use of which no philosopher has as yet been able to determine. Now, Sir, we have finished the *caster*, I think!

"There is one point of light, Doctor, that indicates Italy; what of the oil?"

"Ah! Lucca and Parma! Indeed, Sir, I may say France, Spain, and Italy!

"THREE kingdoms claim its birth;
Both hemispheres proclaim its worth."

The olive, Sir. I remember something from my school-boy days about that. It is from PLINY's *History of Nature*, Sir. (Liber. XV.) The olive in the western world was the companion, Sir, as well as the symbol of peace. Two centuries after the foundation of Rome, both Italy and Africa were strangers to this useful plant. It was naturalized in those countries, Sir, and at length carried into the heart of Spain and Gaul. The timid errors of the ancients, that it required a certain degree of heat, and could not flourish in the neighborhood of the sea, were insensibly exploded by industry and experience. There, Sir! But the timid errors of the ancients are not more surprising than the timid errors of the moderns. The olive-tree should be as common here as it is in the old world, especially as it is the emblem of peace. My old friend, DOMINICK LYNCH, Sir, the wine-merchant, the only *great* wine-merchant we ever had, Sir, imported the finest oil, Sir, from Lucca, known even to this day as 'LYNCH's Oil.' He it was who made *Château Margaux* and the Italian opera popular, Sir, in this great metropolis. Poor Dom! Well, Sir, I suppose you know all about the olive-tree?

"On the contrary, very little."

"Well, the olive is as easily propagated as the willow. You must go boldly to work, however, and cut off a limb of the tree, as big as my arm, and plant that. No twig, Sir. In three years it will bear; in five years it will have a full crop; in ten years it will be in perfection. If you plant a slip, it will take twenty years or more to mature. Its mode of bearing is biennial, and you can prune it every other year, and plant the cuttings. LONGWORTH ought to take up the olive, Sir; and he might have a wreath to put around his head, as he deserves. Well, my learned friend, when the olive is ripe—the fruit I mean—it is of a deep violet color. Those we get in bottles are plucked while they are green. The plums are put between two circular mill-stones, the upper one convex, the lower one concave; the fruit is thus crushed, and afterward put in a press, and the oil is excreted by means of a powerful lever. That is all, Sir; an oil-press is not a very handsome article to look at; but in the South I think it would be serviceable at least; but there is not always of the best quality in summer, and olive oil would be a delightful substitute."

"What of French and Spanish oil, Doctor?"

"Spanish oil is very good, Sir. So is French; we get little of the Italian oil now. The oil of Aix, near Marseilles, is of superior quality; but that does not come to our market. Lately, I have used the oil of Bordeaux in place of the Italian; it is very fine. But speaking of olive oil, let me tell you an anecdote of my friend GODKX, of Philadelphia, of the '*Ladies Book*,' Sir, the best-hearted man of that name in the world. Well, Sir, GODKX had a new servant-girl; I never knew any body that did n't have a *new* servant-girl! Well, Sir, GODKX had a dinner-party in early spring, when lettuce is a rarity, and of course he had lettuce. He is a capital hand at a salad, and so he dressed it. The guests ate it; and—Sir—well, Sir, I must hasten to the end of the story. Said GODKX to the new girl next morning: 'What has become of that bottle of castor-oil I gave you to put away yesterday morning?' 'Sure,' said she, '*you said it was castor-oil, and I put it in the caster!*'" 'Well,' said GODKX, 'I thought so.'

Such are the clever things that in this 'Wine-Press' alternate with rare and quaint gems of verse, original disquisitions upon choice native and foreign wines, the culture of the grape, etc., etc. That the little journal should be popular, might well be predicted of a sheet under the careful supervision of 'RICHARD HAYWARDE,' author of '*The Babylonish Ditty*,' '*The Battle of Bunker-Hill*,' '*Captain DAVIS, a California Ballad*,' and the '*Sparrowgrass Papers*,' with all of which the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER* are well acquainted.

COUNTRY MARGINS AND RAMBLES OF A JOURNALIST. By S. H. HAMMOND, Author of 'Hills, Lakes, and Forest Streams;' and L. W. MANSFIELD, Author of 'Up-Country Letters.' In one volume: pp. 366. New-York: J. C. DEEBY.

Any thing from the pen of Mr. HAMMOND, author of the volume entitled, 'Hills, Lakes, and Forest-Streams,' kindred in character with that most agreeable work, could not fail to compel admiration for the merits of heartfulness, simplicity, and ease of style. As we remarked, in relation to his former work, it is palpable that he enjoys Nature. His is no cockney's affected admiration of those glorious boons to the true and loyal heart, which as they cannot themselves be imitated, can neither be painted by an indifferent observer, nor felt by an artificial 'Nature-alist.' A portion of Mr. HAMMOND's contributions to the volume are running commentaries upon the remarks, in previous letters, of one of his correspondents, (also a favorite correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER in times past,) Mr. L. W. MANSFIELD. We do not wonder at the mutual sympathy between these two writers. There is much, as many of our readers know, in common between them: a kindred love of nature—true feeling—a pleasant style; and, especially with 'JULIAN,' of the 'Morning Watch,' a vivid fancy, to which he has heretofore given the reins, in compositions which have not only been admired, but which will be remembered. We annex a specimen of the mingled bricks which help at least to compose the foundation of their edifice; beginning with a toothsome description of '*Country Luxuries*,' which follows '*An Invitation to Dinner*.'

'We have, sir, lamb-chops, new potatoes, the round squash, peas if possible, and that delicate vegetable, powerful in its way, but still delicate, *the young onion*. How other people's onions may relish this year I know not, but ours have arrived just now at a youthful pungency that is very touching. Boiled to a creamy tenderness, or cut up thin with vinegar, from the pure white globule, (about the size, when cut asunder, of an English sovereign,) they are alike admirable and perfect in their way. I use the word *perfect*, thoughtfully, for you can add nothing to the young onion; or if you do, as in the more advanced onion, you have *too much*—an excess; a wild and giddy nostril-dilating power; which, as I have just said, is *too much*. Thanks, therefore, that things must grow, and not spring up into rankness in a single night. Why, sir, a young lady and her sister in the great city have just written to us that they are coming up this summer (a journey of some hundreds of miles) expressly to have a good time with that delicate plant. I immediately replied with my very best married man's regards, and conceiving it proper to make a few remarks, added the following: 'I thank HEAVEN that there are some people left in these latter days, who are willing and ready to eat onions. It is a good sign. It augurs well for the country. It will give strength and tone to the people—the onion—when all other things may fail.'

'When will you come? It's a good time now, our hay being well housed, and nothing remaining of an urgent character.'

'My father remarked the other day, that with one exception he had not succeeded in getting in his grass without rain, in fifteen years. He usually begins on Monday, so as not to have the eye-sore of hay in the meadow on Sunday. Accordingly, on Monday last, my father sent the men into the meadow, although the clouds were ready, at the very moment, to drop with fatness. He merely remarked that it would have to be rained on, and the sooner the better. Before noon the grass was down, and so was the rain. A fine shower began about that time, and continued at intervals all day. My aunt, who had not been watchful of the grass-cutting, walked into my father's room, and taking a pinch of snuff, remarked in her pleasant and thankful way: 'What a beautiful shower! how good it will be for the garden!' 'Yes,' said my father very briefly, 'and for my grass, too.'

'The little excitement being over, and the grass made into hay and under cover, we are now at leisure again. It remains, therefore, only to point you the way. But I hope, Sir, you will not look for a vulgar and exact chart of the route; as, say, 'Bung-

town train 10:20, stop at Bung, inquire for Bing, and find the same just round the corner.' Horrid! How excessively annoying to be booked in that way! Think, sir, of the nervous anxiety as to reaching station at the precise 10:20; then of the great trepidation as to where *Bung* is, the intense scrutiny of your watch and time-table, or, in your final despair, the hurried exclamations to the flying conductor, 'Is this Bung?' Have we got to *Bung* yet?'

'I never do so. When I travel, (and the mood may spring upon me at any moment,) I kiss my wife *good-bye* between the eyes, and walk directly to the station; she, perhaps, trotting by my side, as I go off with easy strides, hoping, possibly, for more *good-byes* at convenient corners. Well, Sir, at the station I *take the cars*. That's all. I never ask the conductor where he is going, or when he expects to get there. I take it he understands his business. We are going — that is the great point: we are travelling. When it comes night, or whenever I get tired, I motion to the conductor, in an easy way, to let me out; and if there is no coach handy in that part of the country, perhaps I may walk; but then I never programme to do so and so. I programme to do as I please, and as events shall determine.'

Leaving these useful hints to judicious country travellers, we pass to a passage from the pen of the Editor, who loves the hills, lakes, and forest-streams:

'If you do not hear from me soon again, you may consider I am taking a rest.'

'Don't do that, dear sir — don't do it. Don't take a rest. There's something sad in the idea of taking a rest; something that speaks of decay, of energies exhausted, of life-springs drying up. To us the words come freighted with no pleasant memories. We had an ancient friend long ago, a rough specimen of a man, but every inch a man; one of nature's nobility — honest and straightforward as truth itself, whose good opinion we lost for a time by 'taking a rest.' He was a man of eccentricities, of idiosyncrasies, if you please, and it cost us years of effort to get back into our old place in his regards. We said he was a rough specimen of a man, but he was one of giant sympathies and a big heart. He was a man of the back-settlements and the woods. He was a mighty hunter, and the game he sighted might count itself as lost. He loved his friends, and was proud of them. He loved his rifle and his dogs. He loved the old woods and mountains, and the wild streams. He was older by a score of years than ourself, but the icicles of age never gathered around his heart, and the coldness of growing years never chilled the genial warmth of his nature. He has passed to his rest now, and sleeps quietly under the shadow of thick-foliaged maples on a little knoll selected by himself. Calm be thy slumbers, mine ancient friend, and happy thy long future in the world to come. He loved his rifle and his dogs, and his heart was ready to embrace the man who loved the tangled forest-paths, who loved to hear the music of his bounds upon the mountain, and to bring down the flying deer. A marksman himself, he was ready to love the man who could equal him in skill with the rifle; and to be his superior was a surer passport still to his affections.

'On a Christmas day, long ago, when we were younger by many, many years, than we are now, we went to a gathering, known among the border villages as a shooting match. Turkeys were the prizes contended for. A plank was placed at some five-and-twenty rods' distance, with a hole in it, through which was thrust the head of the turkey, while his body was secured behind it. At this mark the 'sportsmen' fired. If blood was drawn, the marksman was entitled to the turkey. Each competitor paid a small piece of money before taking a shot, which went to the owner of the turkey. Well, we were there with our rifle to take our chances with the rest for a Christmas dinner. A number of marksmen had preceded us, and we ourselves had failed in a shot or two, when it was proposed to 'take a rest;' that is, to lay down with the rifle resting upon a block properly arranged, and in that position take sight and fire at the head of the poor bird. Its owner had already pocketed twice its value in shillings, and he consented to the arrangement. The block was placed in position, and the first shot fell by lot to ourself. Among hunters in those days, taking a rest, either at living game or a dead mark, was a violation of all the proprieties of woodcraft. It was opposed to all rule, a practice which, if largely indulged in, would cost one his position among sportsmen, and the regards of every true hunter and woodman. As we said, the first shot fell by lot to ourself, and we were about taking our position, when we felt a hand laid upon our shoulder. Turning, we saw our old friend standing beside us, leaning upon his long rifle. We had not noticed him before. 'Don't do it,' said he; 'SAM, don't do it — never take a rest, stand up like a man, and fire off-hand; if you miss, you can't help it, and no body blames you, but never take a rest,' His voice sounded more in sorrow than in anger, but we saw that his confidence in our woodcraft was shaken, and his esteem for us as a hunter fading away.

'We *did* stand up and fire off-hand, and the head of the turkey was shattered by our

ball. That shot did much toward calling back to us his wandering regards, but it was not until we had hunted with him, and brought down many a noble deer in his company, that the impression of our weakness in 'taking a rest' was effaced from his mind. We admonish you, therefore, our very dear Sir, in the language of our ancient friend, 'Don't do it, never take a rest. Stand up like a man, and fire off-hand. If you miss, no body blames you, but 'never take a rest.' There's a moral in the admonition, a moral and deep philosophy in the advice. Always, and at all times through life, whatever temptations may beset you, however misfortune may darken around you, yield not a foot to the tempter, bend not a joint to misfortune, but 'stand up like a man and fire off-hand.'

Beautifully printed, pleasantly written, various in subject, and portable in form, this is the very 'book for the season.'

MY CONFESSION; THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S LIFE, AND OTHER TALES: pp. 306. New-York: J. C. DERBY, 119 Nassau-street.

If Women cannot have their part in making the laws of our country, if they find yet in a measure closed to them the paths of science and the avenues of trade, they are with a most wonderful rapidity taking their places side by side with the sterner sex in the literary world. Our side of the world at least is called continually to wonder anew at their astonishing success. The instances are so numerous and so striking that we need not enumerate them. The work before us is another striking instance of literary genius in a young, beautiful, and accomplished lady of our city. Coming before the public without any prestige of literary celebrity, she may not expect immediate success; and beside, a collection of stories is never so popular as a novel complete in itself. The volume before us contains eight stories. The first, from which the book derives its title, is a story we should never have supposed was written by a young lady if we did not happen to *know* the fact. It is exceedingly high-wrought, and the style has all the ease and vigor of a practised pen. The strange, unnatural conduct of a mother in educating a beautiful and only daughter in perfect seclusion from the world that she might thereby escape the risks of love, is well told, and the result is about what might be expected from such a visionary project. The other stories in the book are, 'SYBIL RIVERS;' 'LORRAINE GORDON, a Biography;' 'A Fragment of Auto-biography;' 'ZOE BELL's Birthday;' 'An Old Man's Story;' 'The Swallows in Mr. PR's Chimney;' and the 'Story of HAGAR,' which last will interest many, more than any other in the volume, being the history of a young musical prodigy, whose fate leaves a sad impression on the mind of the reader.

The interest of the reader in all the tales is never allowed to flag, and the volume is one we should recommend all to take with them if they are travelling, or sojourning at any of the watering-places. We think they will agree with us that the production of such a book by a lady yet in her teens will make her future and more complete works to be looked for with eager interest. We should be glad to make some quotations to establish our opinion, but this department is more than full.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE have just finished the perusal in manuscript of a volume of poems by an old contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER, and from which we are permitted to make a few extracts in advance of their publication. The originality with which subjects already trite are treated, and the passionate as well as poetical power displayed in others will recommend them to the reader. Take the following for example:

'Give me your tender cares, your dear caresses,
Your bright approving smile, frank as a brother;
Give me your *mind*, whose graceful wisdom blesses:
But ah! your love, give that unto another.

'So my heart argues in its tranquil moments,
Laved in the dream-like bliss you have inspired;
Then comes a pain, filling my soul in torrents,
Like some green hill to a Vesuvius fired

'In its most verdant hour. Oh! scathing lava!
Oh! cruel, pelting hail! oh! torture hideous!
As to some laboring ship the ruthless 'Ha! ha!'
Of the weird Storm-King, in his reign malicious.

'Tell me, ye powers of Heaven, whose loved control,
Like the sweet south-breeze on a wind-harp playing,
Wakes soothing music, tell me of a goal,
A tranquil haven, where the billows swaying,

'My wearied soul, riven, tempest-tossed, forlorn,
May sink to ripples as of moon-lit streams,
And keep the peering sun-beams of the morn
In cooling shadows veiled; for in soft dreams,

'Lulled by the ebbing tide, my hope would wander!
And let kind angels dimly at the helm
Be visible; oh! let their watch be fonder
Than a young mother's; let their sway o'erwhelm

'All power of retrospect, all future longing:
Swathed like a captive warrior let the sinews
Of my imperious soul be bound; and dawning
O'er the cleft furrows of my path, 'mid dews

'Which soften where they fall, let cheerful star-light
Keep the mild moon sweet company; so, haply,
Some constant beam from out my heavy night,
Cleaving the dark, may light my life-path calmly.'

The following short description of a rain-bow, from a piece entitled, 'A Summer Afternoon,' we think possesses great beauty :

'A PHANTOM drapery 'twixt sky and earth,
Of blending tints, spans in impulsive birth
The entranced view. A heavenly arch it forms:
Is it suspended by some seraph's arms?

'Ethereal Rainbow! daughter of the shower!
Thy beauty lends enchantment to the hour!
'The seraph arm grows weary, now is furled
The gleam in dreamy vapor from the world!'

We next extract from another rural piece :

'WHY do n't you come?' said the flower to the bee.
'Waking to-day with a heart light and free,
I turned to the sun, and bent to the breeze,
And listened to the birds that sang in the trees,
And to every gay wooer I yielded a smile,
But ah! it was only the time to beguile.
Why, why do n't you come?'

'A light winging sound and musical hum
Brings a glad answer: the bright bee has come!
Fluttering and glowing the flower droops her head,
While her low-breathed sighs a sweet perfume shed;
The bee heard the call! was he truant the while?
Ah! no; it was only the time to beguile;
At least, since he's come.
'Tis thus she interprets his musical hum.'

The following will find a response in our own — in many a heart. In refutation of the supposition (which 'the bard has sung') that the soul watches and waits for a particular love :

'THE wild bud yields its sweetness to the bee;
The sun woos not his votive flower in vain;
The breeze is welcomed by each waving tree,
'The bard has sung,' but oh! how false a strain!

'Ask of the night, whose silence lends an ear
To the wild 'plaining of the nightingale;
Ask of the listening woods, where, low and clear,
Murmurs the river down yon darkling vale;

'Ask of the little brook, whose bosom pure
Mirrors the loving branches, drooping low
To woo its freshness; ask the skies, which lure
The trembling vapors from the melting snow;

'Ask of the fresh, young heart in girlhood's morn,
Where, slumbering like the music in a shell,
Love's echoes lie. No light-winged hope the dawn
Has yet betrayed of love's unconscious spell.

- 'Ask all that's beautiful, and pure, and sweet,
If to the voice of any genial air,
Let but the note be love, which comes to meet,
Soft and insidious, the music there,
- 'Some deep responsive chord will not be stirred
To gushing rapture at the thrilling tone,
The latent frown awaked, its torrent poured
In wild exuberance toward the radiant throne
- 'Where sits the beckoning Cupid. What if all
Love's maddening ecstasy in one glad thrill
Should live and perish, and the spirit fall
Back to the common level, can it chill
- 'The fresh, bright, blooming Hope which that dear dream
Sweetly unfolded? The white dove may pine
To find the sparkling water's luring gleam
Upon the fountain's brim, her destined shrine,
- 'Has waked a quenchless thirst; but lo! she droops
Her willing wings, nor knows but she has quaffed
Love's fountain dry. She falters not, nor stoops
To other springs, and seeks no other draught.'

Is there not a new idea conveyed in the following lines on Solitude?

- 'THE mind at ease may find a charm
In solitude's repose and calm;
The stolid soul, from fancy free,
May brook its insipidity.
- 'Here Fashion's sated votary
May find a joy, an ecstasy,
In throwing off the cumbrous dress
Which swathes her spirit's artlessness.
- 'And Science, Learning, Grief, and Love
May deem its sweets all sweets above:
Ambition here may dream its dream;
Chagrin here find a Lethe stream;
- 'Here Hope may spread her glowing wings,
Philosophy here find the springs
Of all the joys the bosom throng,
Which Solitude's rapt shades prolong.
- 'But, Solitude! thy deep control
Binds not *all* powers that away the soul;
Thou canst not aid, and ne'er restrained,
Love's longing for the unattained!'

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY. — A recent visit to this admirable collection of paintings has afforded us so much pleasure, that we desire to call the attention of our readers to it again. The room formerly occupied by the American Art Union is now filled with these fine pictures, which no one should fail to see.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We have bent on a new snapper this month, gentle reader. Our friend and publisher, Mr. SAMUEL HUESTON, who has been 'cavorting' among the mountains of Lake George, and eating lake trout to repletion, at SHERRILL's famous Lake-House, brings with him such abundant health and spirits, that we gladly resign the editorial chair to him for the nonce. So now we can pack up our carpet-bag for the West — razors, brushes, six shirts, two white waistcoats, half-a-gallon of bay-rum, one portable boot-jack, (to fold up,) thirty-two pairs of stockings, one pound of sealing-wax, the family breast-pin, one cravat and a half, ditto trowsers, one thousand segars, eleven tooth-brushes, one small mosquito-net, and the 'Editor's Table.'

Gentlemen and ladies, editorially we make you acquainted with Mr. HUESTON.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'The reader will no doubt be gratified to learn that since the beginning of our new volume, the circulation of the KNICKER-BOCKER has increased ten ——'

That will never do, HUESTON. Try again; dip into the easy, button-holding, colloquial, L. G. C. style.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'The sun was just gilding the spires of Hoboken, when a jaded pair of horses might have been seen rapidly approaching the Albany steamboat.'

Never do, sir. G. P. R. J. Once more.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'There is nothing in America that exercises a more delightful spell over my imagination than the power of a great steamboat, as it leaves the crowded wharf, and glides majestically upon the broad bosom of the Hudson.'

No go, Mr. HUESTON. W. I. Try again.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'There was the old steamboat lying at the wharf: the old steamboat, with its old rotten timbers, its mysterious machinery, with, here and there, an iron limb bound up in cloths, as if it had been in some battle, where every body had come off second best. There were the wretched passengers on the upper-deck, and the wretched emigrants on the lower-deck; there were the wretched news-boys, darting about like blue-bottle flies; there were the wretched firemen, and the wretched orange-women; there was the dark, slimy water below, suggestive of suicides, and the white plume of steam above, suggestive of an unlimited number of coroners' inquests. Then the old steamboat pawed the water, and struggled to get free; and then she relapsed again, and gave it up. Then the wretched captain said, 'Let go;' and with a shriek, a gasp, and a snort, her wheels revolved, the hawser splashed in the dock, and the old steamboat sluggishly cut the slimy waters, and struggled up the river.'

O. D., Mr. HUESTON; and in his worst style. Try once more.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'We laughed 'somedele' at our friend and publisher, Mr. HUESTON, yesterday, 'we did.' Being a man of 'weak nerves,' he took it into his head to evacuate the city on the glorious Fourth of July, by taking a 'passage' on the 'Rip Van Winkle.' To be sure of a 'good berth,'

he engaged his state-room on board the 'Rip Van Winkle' two days before-hand. The polite clerk promised to select a good cool one, so as to let Mr. H. enjoy a comfortable night's rest, so that he could wake up 'aw ri' in Albany the next morning. On taking possession of his room, number eighteen, our friend and publisher found the window opened upon an interesting little machine used on these boats to blow the fire; and instead of sleeping, he had the uninterrupted pleasure of enjoying its music all night. He says he never was so well 'blown up' in his life; but next time he wants to know before he pays in 'advance' for a state-room, whether it is a state-room 'simply,' or a state-room with an 'Æolian attachment.'

That will do. Go on, HUSTON; you hit it there. That's L. G. C.!

(HUSTON speaks.) '*Lines on Leaving the City*,' by G. W. A., is respectfully declined. Did G. W. A. ever read the following? or is the striking resemblance of *his* lines merely 'accidental?'

'To one who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven—to breathe a prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
 Who is more happy, when with heart's content,
 Fatigued, he sinks into some pleasant lair
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
 And gentle tale of love and languishment?'

Who is more happy? - - - That was a capital reply of the Rev. SIDNEY SMITH to a lady who wanted a 'motto' to engrave on the collar of her poodle. He at once suggested a quotation from SHAKESPEARE: 'Out, damned Spot!' which the lady did not think sentimental enough, although thoroughly SHAKESPEREAN. We 'opine' the Rev. SIDNEY SMITH did not 'cotton to' poodles more than we do. - - - We 'plead guilty' to the 'soft impeachment' of loving a good story. Two gentlemen, not long since, visited our 'sanctum,' and in the whole course of the evening we managed to pick out one, that had the merit of being 'new.' It is no doubt good, from the mirth it excited in the relator himself; and we jot it down '*verbatim et cachinnatum*.' 'Tell that story,' said the gentleman with the pink cravat. 'What story?' said the one with the brown striped tie. 'That one about the dog.' BROWN STRIPED TIE, suddenly catching his face in both hands, and exploding: 'Oh! yes—ho! ho! ho! ho! You see, we were walking up Broadway—ho! ho! ho!—and met a dog—oh! ho! ha! ha!—a dog—ha! ha! ho! (stamping his foot); and in front of him was a Frenchman—oh! ho! ho! ho!—a little Frenchman—ho! ho! ha! ha! he! oh! my!—in a gingham coat—ho! ho! ho!—and the dog a little way behind—ho! ho! ho! ha!' PINK CRAVAT joins in 'ha! ha! ha! ha!' and for the rest of the time makes a sound as if he were jingling a watch-chain in his windpipe. BROWN TIE: 'Says I, JOHN, I'll bet you that dog belongs to that Frenchman—oh! ho! ho! ho!' Says he: 'That's what I want to bet'—oh! ho! ho! ha! hi! So we watched 'em—ha! ha! ha! ha!—to the next corner—ho! ho! ha! (hysterical tears in the eyes of BROWN TIE)—to the corner—oh! ho! ha! ha!—and there the little Frenchman turned down—oh! ho! ho! ho! (increased jingle of chain in the windpipe of

PINK TIE)—and we found the dog didn't belong to him at all, but to another man—ho! ho! ho! ho!—oh! my!' Does any body see the 'goak?' - - - THE unparalleled sorrows of PEPPER (compared with which those of 'WERTER' were unmixed happiness) have elicited the annexed feeling letter from an unhappy young lady in Pennsylvania, following which is a copy of our Pote's characteristic reply:

'A PETITION FROM A VICTIM OF A TYRANT TO THE GREAT MR. PEPPER.

July 2d.

'DEAR SIR: Your kindness in answering Mr. VUGHT's letter has encouraged me to hope a line from one, whose heart is suffering from a grief like that which has prostrated your noble genius for so many months, might meet your indulgence. O Mr. PEPPER! *you* can feel for me; *you* who have suffered and grown strong. Tell me where is the balm that has comforted you, or reconciled you to your loss of the object of your affections; and would you please send me a bottle of it, with directions how to take it? Dear Mr. PEPPER, I am *alone*. I have loved. My mother forbade my adored THEODOSIUS HORATIO the house. I ran to the horse-pond. I cried: 'Cruel mother, you have killed me; I go to the eternal shades; farewell, my beloved, your ANGELINA dies for you.' I tore my hair; I scattered it on the winds. (Also my frock that caught on a nail that SAM had put to hold the tin pail.) I threw myself in. The cold waves surged around me. I struck the bottom. I cried out aloud. A strong hand seized me. The hideous sound of laughter grated on my nerves; SAM had rescued an unwilling victim to his kindness. O Mr. PEPPER! what can I do? They keep me shut up, for fear I'll do it again. They make me eat without any knife, for fear I will cut my throat. They have taken my object's letters; for, as he could not write, they soon heard from the man who wrote for him. I saw him last night. I wrote to him on a little card, and tied it to my cat's neck, and beckoned him to call her. He did. I threw her out of the window, for the door was locked, and he came as near to the fence as he could; but she ran to my mother, and she sent SAM to drive my object away. O Mr. PEPPER! Mr. PEPPER! take pity upon me, and help me to some of your balm, if you can get it to me. If I die, if I perish, will you not write my epitaph, and oblige the sad sorrow of the broken heart of

'MR. K. N. PEPPER.

ANGELINA EUPHROSYNE TUTT.'

'N. B.—As I am very sure I shall not long survive, when I die, would you please write the epitaph, and let me see it in print in the KNICKERBOCKER before the world closes on

MY LIGHT FOR EVER.'

'North-Demosthenes 4 corners July 10. 55.

'DERE MISS TOOTY: Yours hes cum! & ef Mr. PODD hes red it to me onct hese red it severil tymes at leest. wot hapines i fele wen discoverink a spirit like yourn! so full ov felink & onhapines generally! o i no Genus is a serkelatin around your hart in Torrens, and wants to cum into your hed. let it cum, Miss TOOTY, let it cum, doant stop it. it cant do no hirt, and it may releve you cuite onexpected. o wot a relefe it wos wen i compoged that pome about HANAH g. W. last sumer! i felt better direckly, & even wile a ritink ov it, i was strong enuf to pich into old WATERS imejitly. (bi the way, you want to no wy ime so cheerle after suferink so much. heres the cecrit, onhappy i, wich you air to kepe as long as the warm wether wil allow. you no i disapered sum tyme sens in a Miss Terious maner, & hed strong intenshuns ov doin sumthink—peraps a Pond like you. al that wos onto Hanahs account. i felt bad, Miss TOOTY. o how Genus ken sufer & fele

meloncolly! i hed wondered along amaikin up mi mynd, & afrade al the wile my dere fren Podd wood ketch me be 4 ide dun it, wen gitin tyred i saw a shed. this brot to mi mynd the 'SOLILEKY, ADREST TO A BIRD ON THE FENS,' wich i did wylst reclynk onto a bilding ov that speshy, as you hevent forgot, i supoge. as i felt the same meloncolly felinks, i got up; & in a dreme i saw HER! yes, their she wer a looking lik a smal swete wite Roas, wich a large red l hed ben a pickin onto. al to onct a cheerfle vois sed — '*Cheer up, mi boy, the old feler is a goink!*' Was it a aingle? no, it was Podd! how i huged him! in the confushun we roald of the shed, wich not myndink we rose with a smil & went direckly hoam. So you se theirs a chans for me yet, Miss TOOTY.)

'you alood to Bam. the oanly bam i use now is bam ov columby wich (the litle as is left) youm welcome to, in a vyal. is *your* har loos?

'you hev sufered a grate dele aflicted l, but not ekal to HANAH, wich hes got a crule Faither, & youm is oanli a mother — wich we supoge her milk of human kyndnes hesent al dryde up into nothink. The pond must have felt rayther coald; and ov coars a yung lady is indignant at gittin al wet & not hevin the satisfackshun ov drowndink herself. it aint elegant to pich out ov a winder or you cood do it that way. ime astonisht at your hevin eny apetyte, wich i hadent, & ov coarse dident nede no nife. did you experiens eny difficulty in shrikin wen you wos onto the bottom of the pond? sum ken holer under water, but them as stays out alus swares they cant here nothink. you must hev ketched coald wen gerked out by the roothles han ov the yung man. ef you cood git Consumshun now, that wood be a good way, oanli it taiks a lifytyme to doo enythink, onles it fortunately hapens to be a Galup.

'But o Miss TOOTY, ef we shoold Boath loos the obgecs of our afleckshuns, (onplesant thougt!) we cood liv sum tyme by consolink ov ech other. youm onhappy — ime meloncolly, & Consolashun shel be the Bitters as shel kepe us up.

'i woodent advyse you to di wile thays the lest chans. your crule mother may cum around — so may HANAH's onnateral Faither. but ef you cant help goink, i shel taik much plesyour in compogink your Epitaf: wich shel appear imejitly after youv gon up.

'So now onhappy 1, Fairwel, from your meloncolly fren,

K. N. PEPPER.'

'Sweet are the uses of adversity.' Witness the tender sympathy of PEPPER, in behalf of Miss TUTT. - - - THERE never was a better exemplification of exquisite wit than in the following anecdote of Dr. TYNG. It seems the Doctor had been dining with the late Commodore CHAUNCEY, and toward the close of the entertainment, one of the guests was puzzled concerning a bottle of wine of most curious nature. 'Commodore,' said he, 'I have exhausted your decanter, and for the life of me cannot decide whether it be sherry or Madeira.' Whereupon Dr. TYNG arose and said promptly: 'Allow me to propose a toast —'

'Hold, hold, HUESTON! put on the brake. Here is a large package from the West. L. G. C.'s 'hand-write' by all that is gossipy! See there! piles of the Simon Pure material! Room for the Editor! (CLARK speaks.)

DEAR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS: The EDITOR is on his travels: having joyfully accepted the invitation of an esteemed friend and neighbor, to accompany him through certain portions of the unvisited West.

He hopes that his readers will hereafter, in some degree, be enabled to partake of the enjoyment which he anticipates. In the mean time, as he leaves early in the month, he must crave indulgence for any short-comings which may be apparent in the present number, many editorial pages of which, hastily prepared, must pass without the usual supervision.

Nor long since there was held in this city a large and enthusiastic 'gathering,' without distinction of party, so far as spectators and participators were concerned, to do honor to the late beloved and lamented HENRY CLAY, it being the anniversary of his birth. When we read the proceedings in the journals of the day, we called to mind some lines from the fertile pen of GEORGE D. PRENTICE, editor of the *Louisville Journal*, which we had long contemplated publishing. How the voices of the great statesman's admirers would have rung through the hall, could the following have been repeated on the occasion referred to! But here are the lines:

HENRY CLAY.

'With voice and mien of stern control
He stood among the great and proud,
And words of fire burst from his soul,
Like lightnings from the tempest-cloud:
His high and deathless themes were crowned
With glory of his genius born,
And gloom and ruin darkly frowned
Where fell his bolts of wrath and scorn.

'But he is gone, the free, the bold,
The champion of *The Country's* right;
His burning eye is dim and cold,
And mute his voice of conscious might.
Oh! no! — *not* mute — his stirring call
Can startle tyrants on their thrones,
And on the hearts of *Nations* fall
More awful than his living tones!

'The impulse that his spirit gave
To human Thought's wild, stormy sea,
Will heave and thrill through every wave
Of that 'Great Deep' eternally:
And the all-circling atmosphere,
With which is blent his breath of flame,
Will sound, with cadence deep and clear,
In storm and calm, his voice and name.

'His words, that like a bugle-blast
Ere rang along the Grecian shore,
And o'er the hoary Andes passed,
Will still ring on for ever more!
Great LIBERTY will catch the sounds,
And start to newer, brighter life,
And summon from earth's utmost bounds
Her children to the glorious strife!

'Unnumbered pilgrims o'er the wave,
In the far ages yet to be,
Will come to kneel beside his grave,
And hail him 'Prophet of the Free!'

'Tis holier ground, that lowly bed,
In which his mouldering form is laid,
Than fields where LINNÆA hobbled
Beside her broken battle-blade.

'Who now, in Danger's fearful hour,
When all around is wild and dark,
Shall guard with voice and arm of power
Our Freedom's consecrated ark?
With stricken hearts, O God! to THEE,
Beneath whose feet the stars are dust,
We bow, and ask that THOU wilt be
Through every ill our stay and trust!'

Does not this stir your heart? - - - In the following '*Distinction without a Difference*,' from PUNCH, there is more of condensed satire than could be crowded into a column-leader of '*The Thunderer*.' 'The following appears to be the distinction between two Admirals, who have not achieved much distinction of any kind: NAPIER was expected to do *something*, and he *did n't* do it: DUNDAS was expected to do *nothing*, and *did* it!' - - - In the course of our 'experience,' it has often occurred to us, 'What *would* poor MRS. PARSHALLS, who had sought a 'new home' in the West, have done if she had broken her 'dish-kettle'—a vessel so utterly indispensable in her 'household economy?' Some idea of the daily round of duties which it performed may be gathered from the report thereof, as recorded by the author of 'A New Home: Who'll Follow?'

'THIS vessel cooked the potatoes for breakfast, and was then put on to heat water for washing the dishes. When this same washing process was about to commence, the dish-kettle was always hoisted to the table, since where was the use of washing out a pan, when a dish-kettle did just as well, and kept the water hot longer, too?

'By the time the dishes were washed it was time to feed the pigs; and then poor Aunt, being sadly scanted in pails, carried this heavy iron vessel up the rising ground, at the top of which the pen was placed. Then the kettle was scoured and put on for dinner. After dinner came the whole washing process over again, and then the factotum was cleaned once more and put on to heat water for mopping the floor—a daily ceremony.

'At this point of the diurnal round I confess to a discrepancy of opinion between Aunt PARSHALLS and myself, since I could never quite like to see mopping going on in and out of the dish-kettle. But as she said, in reply to a very sharp remonstrance on this head, 'Why, bless your dear soul, I sca-oured it!' I will answer for it she *did*—but we all have our prejudices.

'The kettle has still *another* 'sca-ouring' process to cook the supper, wash the dishes, carry the pigs' mess up the hill, and come home to be cleaned again, in order that the beans may be put to soak for to-morrow morning's porridge.'

It is *almost* affecting to imagine what a loss this kettle would have been! - - - SELDOM do we meet in this work-day world with a more beautiful instance of benevolence and humanity than the one recorded in the following paragraph from a late Scottish journal:

'THE island of Rona is a small and very rocky spot of land, lying between the Isle of Sky and the main land of Applecross, and is well known to mariners for the rugged and dangerous nature of its coast. There is a famous place of refuge at its north-western extremity, called the 'Muckle Harbor,' of very difficult access, however, which, strange to say, is easier entered at night than during the day.

'At the extremity of this hyperborean solitude is the residence of a poor widow, whose lonely cottage is called '*The Light-House*,' from the fact that she uniformly keeps a lamp burning in her little window at night. By keeping this light, and the entrance of the harbor open, a strange vessel may enter with the greatest safety.

'During the silent watches of the night, the widow may be seen, like Norna of the Fitful Head, trimming her little lamp with oil, fearful that some frail bark may perish through her neglect: and for this she receives no manner of remuneration. It is pure and unmingled philanthropy. The poor woman's kindness does not rest even here, for she is unhappy until the benumbed and shivering mariner comes ashore to share her little board, and recruit himself at her glowing and cheerful fire; and she can seldom be prevailed upon to accept any reward. She has saved more lives than any light-house on the coast, and thousands of pounds to the under-writers. This poor creature, in her younger days, witnessed her husband struggling with the waves, and swallowed up by the remorseless billows:

'In sight of home, and friends that thronged to save.'

This circumstance seems to have prompted her present devoted and solitary life, in which her only enjoyment is doing good.'

Here is a fine theme for a poem. - - - We thought, when we first saw an account of the following instance of *Yankee Enterprise* going the rounds of the press some months ago, that it would not circulate alone on *this* side of the water, and now it reaches us from abroad: 'An American newspaper states that a little steamer, built to run on the Androscoggin River, in the State of Maine, having become frozen in, her owners drew her upon the shore in a cove, built a saw-mill over her, and used the engines as a motive-power for the mill, while the mill itself serves as a boat-house!' What do you think of that, 'JOHNNY BULL?' - - - 'If a man die,' says JOB, 'shall he live again?' 'All the days of *my* appointed time will I wait, until my change come!' But what will our modern 'spiritualists' say to the following perfectly well-authenticated statement, adduced by a writer in a late number of the *North-British Quarterly Review*? 'Can such things be, without our special wonder?' Let the reader answer:

'THE condition of trance can be induced by suppressing the respiration and fixing the mind; and we cannot convey a better idea of it than by giving after Dr. CHEYNE, of Dublin, the following account of the case of Colonel TOWNSEND, of Bath, a gentleman of a high and Christian character.

'Colonel TOWNSEND could die or expire when he pleased, and yet by an effort or some how, he could come to life again. He insisted so much upon our seeing the trial made, that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first; it was clear and distinct, though small and thready; and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself upon his back, and lay in a still position for some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. BARNARD laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. SKRINE held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, until at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. BARNARD could not feel the least motion in the heart, nor Mr. SKRINE perceive the least sort of breath on the mirror he held to his mouth. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not by the nicest scrutiny discover the least symptoms of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could; and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far; and at last we were satisfied that he was actually dead, and we were just ready to leave him. This continued about half-an-hour. By nine in the morning, in autumn, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and, upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe heavily and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change; and after some further conversation with him and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it. In repeating this remarkable experiment on a subsequent occasion, Colonel TOWNSEND actually expired.'

'WHEN I take my eye, and throw it around this assembly' has been considered, by an English 'travelled' authority in this country, as a 'figure

of speech' not only peculiarly American, but as involving a physical impossibility in that 'cute and far-seeing nation. Let that croaking censor peruse the following, 'specimen of eloquence' from an authentic speech made by General BUNCOMBE, in the House of Representatives, in the days of 'Fifty-Four Forty or Fight:'

'MR. SPEAKER: When I take my eyes and throw them over the vast expanse of this expansive country: when I see how the yeast of freedom has caused it to rise in the scale of civilization and extension on every side; when I see it growing, swelling, roaring, like a spring-freshet — when I see all *this*, I cannot resist the idea, Sir, that the day will come when this great nation, like a young school-boy, will burst its straps, and become entirely too big for its boots!

'Sir, we want *elbow-room!* — the continent — the *whole* continent — and nothing but the continent! And we will *have* it! Then shall Uncle SAM, placing his hat upon the Canadas, rest his right arm on the Oregon and California coast, his left on the eastern sea-board, and whittle away the British power, while reposing his leg, like a freeman, upon Cape-Horn! Sir, the day *will* — the day *must* come!'

A 'gel-lorious ked'ntry' this! - - - How much hard study, how continuous the labor, how unrelenting the exertion required, to be a proficient in any profession or in any art! Ask of all the 'learned professions,' ask of all artists, ask of all mechanics, learned in their elaborate arts, and *they* will tell you what long-tried '*practice*' it requires to '*make perfect*.'

Listen then to one — an actor, and the first of his class, who is passing away, not only from 'the stage,' *as* such, but from the busy stage of life — while he tells you what study, what care, what practice, are necessary, even to *seem* to be a proficient in the realities and observances of actual, '*real* life.' We quote from the unpublished note-book of the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, a young man of the highest promise, whom DANIEL WEBSTER pronounced to be 'one of the very first scholars and thinkers of his time:'

'September 23, 1845. — Mr. WILLIAM B. WOOD, the well-known manager and actor — a gentleman of irreproachable character, in a moral, social, or *any* point of view — passed the evening at my house. He was speaking of the immense labor, in the way of study, of a capable actor's life:

'I never omitted,' he said, 'any labor that could make me more perfect in the *graces* of my profession.

'Finding myself somewhat awkward in opening and shutting a door, in coming upon the stage, I asked the manager to permit me to come out and announce the play; and for *two whole years* I practised *that*; and when I was not *in* the play, I would come down and dress, in stockings, shoes, etc., merely for the purpose of announcing the play; so as to wear a sword and a cocked hat. I made a point of doing both these, at home and in my own room for years, so that this costume should be as natural and familiar to me as my ordinary one.

'The manager said to me: 'I never saw any one in my life to whom the use of a sword seemed to be so natural and unconscious. You sit down, get up, and move about, and yet never seem to think of the sword at all, which I have remarked never gets in your way.'

'Just so,' continued Mr. WOOD, 'I had worn it until I thought no more about it than about my ordinary gloves. So I wore a cocked hat in my bed-room, and took it off and put it on a dozen times in an afternoon.'

'It may be necessary to explain, that this was part of the dress of the characters played at that time, and gentlemen meeting ladies in the piece, were obliged, in court-*es*y, frequently to take off their hats in the course of the play.

'To put on the hat easily, and at once,' said Mr. WOOD, 'and without a second motion of adjustment, was very difficult. I acquired it by this familiar use.'

'This was a process of assiduous labor, certainly; but Mr. WOOD felt that any thing that was worth doing *at all*, was worth *doing well*. Moreover, as he himself tells us, he 'derived great advantage from associating all his life with *gentlemen* — off the stage, and on.'

'I had no genius,' he said, modestly, 'but I had quickness of observation, and

indefatigable labor.' That he had *more* (every one will say who ever saw him) than these last qualifications, must be admitted, or he never could have attained to the exalted position which he held for over forty years.'

It has always seemed to us that Mr. EVERETT 'touches nothing that he does not ornament.' With thoughts clearly conceived, carefully polished, and skilfully marshalled, he approaches and carries forward his theme, with a manner that is enforced by all the graces of practised eloquence. Witness the following passage from the admirable and widely-commended speech recently delivered at Dorchester :

'It has been stated, in one or two well-authenticated cases of persons restored after drowning, where life has been temporarily extinguished in the full glow of health, with the faculties unimpaired by disease, in perfect action, that in the last few minutes of conscious existence the whole series of the events of the entire life comes rushing back to the mind distinctly, but with inconceivable rapidity—that the whole life is lived over again in a moment. Such a narrative, by a person of high official position and perfect credibility I have read. We may well suppose that at this critical moment of WASHINGTON's life a similar concentration of thought would take place, and that the events of his past existence, as they had prepared him for it—his escape from drowning and the rifle of the savage on his perilous mission to Venango, the shower of iron hail through which he rode unharmed on BRADDOCK's field—would now crowd through his memory; that much more, also—the past life of his country—the early stages of the great conflict now brought to its crisis, and still more solemnly the possibilities of the future for himself and for America—would press upon him; the ruin of the patriotic cause if he failed at the outset; the triumphant consolidation of the Revolution if he prevailed, with higher visions of the hopeful family of rising States, their auspicious growth and prospering fortunes hovering like a dream of angels in the remote prospect—all this, attended with the immense desire of honest fame, (for we cannot think even WASHINGTON's mind too noble to want the last infirmity;) the intense inward glow of manly heroism about to act its great part on a sublime theatre; the softness of the man chastening the severity of the chieftain, and deeply touched at the sufferings and bereavements about to be caused by the conflict of the morrow; the still tenderer emotions that breathed their sanctity over all the rest—the thought of the faithful and beloved wife who had followed him from Mount Vernon, and of the aged mother whose heart was aching in her Virginia home for glad tidings of 'GEORGE, who was always a good boy'—all these pictures, visions, feelings, pangs—too vast for words, too deep for tears—but swelling, no doubt, in one unuttered prayer to HEAVEN, we may well imagine to have filled the soul of WASHINGTON at that decisive hour, as he stood upon the heights of Dorchester, with the holy stars for his camp-fire, and the deep-folding shadows of night, looped by the hand of God to the four quarters of the sky, for the curtains of his tent.'

The close, in natural, simple eloquence, is scarcely less effective. We are not surprised to find that 'the eloquent orator exhibited much emotion as he concluded, and the cheering which had broken out frequently during the delivery of his address, again rose in one vehement and overwhelming and prolonged shout, which made the hills ring again.'

'Thus, my friends, in the neighborhood of the spot where, in my early childhood, I acquired the first elements of learning at one of those public schools which are the glory and strength of New-England, I have spoken to you imperfectly of the appropriate topics of the day. Retired from public life, without the expectation or the wish to return to it, but the contrary; grateful for the numerous marks of public confidence which I have received, and which I feel to be beyond my merits; respecting the convictions of those from whom I have at any time differed, and asking the same justice for my own, I own, fellow-citizens, that few things would better please me than to find a quiet retreat in my native town, where I might pass the rest of my humble career in the serious studies and tranquil pursuits which befit the decline of life, till the same old bell should announce that the checkered scene is over, and the weary is at rest.'

A RECENT English paper states, that in a small town, not a hundred miles from London, the *curate* belonging to the parish preached a sermon on

Trinity-Sunday, which was recognized as a masterly discourse of the great TILLOTSON'S. In the afternoon, the *rector* returned and preached the same sermon! A 'hard-working clergy' that! - - - We have not unfrequently spoken, of late, in the KNICKERBOCKER, of a capital master of the broad burlesque, who signs himself 'John Phanix,' in the San-Francisco (Cal.) 'Pioneer' monthly magazine. Rail-road officers and operatives say that his description of opening, or rather of surveying the route of a rail-road from San-Francisco to the Mission Dolores, which we lately published, is one of the most amusing and sarcastic things to be found anywhere. We think the following, sent to the editor, ridiculing the glowing descriptions, often furnished to the papers, of clipper-ships arriving at that port, will make ship-owners and ship-captains 'let out a reef' in their waist-coats. The vessel is called the *Highfalutin*:

'I SEND this by special current express, calculating that it will drift along a few days ahead of us; and you can have it all ready to put in, while we are within the usual 'two hours' sail of the port for twenty-four days.' Do n't forget also to mention the fog, loss of sails, heavy we-ther, etc., and particularly 'the light and baffling head-winds for a couple of months.' But you can regulate that by the length of our voyage. No matter if you do make a little error of ten or fifteen days in our favor, in reporting us. If not noticed, we won't correct it; but if it is, then pitch into the compositors, and call it a typographical error.

'She is one hundred and fifty tons register, and carries two thousand, as measured in Boston, with the measurer's thumb inside the callipers, which (the thumb) being much swollen and tied up in a rag, may have made a few feet difference in the measurements; but that do n't amount to much. Her extreme length on deck is five hundred and ninety-seven and a half feet; eight feet breadth of beam; two hundred feet deep; twenty-four feet between decks. Her bow is a great rake, and the head is composed of a female carved figure, with one thumb resting on the extreme tip of her nose, fingers extended in the act of gyrating; the first finger of the left hand in the act of drawing down the lower lid of the eye; which the captain explains to us as a simile from the Heathen Mythology, denoting curiosity on the part of the figure to ascertain if any body discovers any thing verdant.

'The '*Highfalutin*' is finished with the patent '*Snogrostickars*,' indicating the millenium when it comes. She is rigged after the recent invention of Captain BLOWHARD, which consists of three topsail-yards on the bowsprit, the halyards leading down through a groove in the keel, up through the stern-windows, and belay to the captain's tobacco-box. She has also the '*skyfuntargarum*,' a sail something like a kite, which is set in light weather about seventy-five feet above the main-truck, and made fast by a running double hitch under the binnacle and aft through the gallery, and belayed to the cook's tea-pot. It is sometimes (when the captain carries his family) made fast to the baby-jumper. Her windlass is rose-wood, inlaid with clam-shells. She has also a French-roll capstan, with musical bars. The caboose is elaborately carved with gilt edges, a Pike-county galley-sliding telescopic stove-pipe, of gutta-percha, and a machine for making molasses-candy for the sailors.'

'MUSIC hath charms to soothe,' etc., but when an essayist of the *calibre* of HAZLITT can write as follows of '*The Opera*,' does it not behoove the managers of such an institution, the love of the true spirit of which is so general—for few there be who have not 'music in their souls'—to labor to divest opera of all its *needless* artificiality? Few opera-goers but must have seen and lamented the wholly unnecessary violations of nature which remain unpunged from the *action* of even some of our most popular operatic representations:

'THE opera is the most artificial of all things. It is not only art, but ostentatious, unambiguous, exclusive art. It does not subsist as an imitation of nature, but in contempt of it; and instead of seconding, its object is to pervert and sophisticate all our *natural impressions of things*. At the theatre, we see and hear what has been seen, said, thought, and done elsewhere; at the opera we see and hear what was never said, thought, or done anywhere but at the opera. All communication with nature is cut off; every appeal to the imagination is shattered and softened in the melting medium

of syren sounds. The ear is cloyed and glutted with warbled ecstasies or agonies, while every avenue to terror or pity is carefully stopped up and guarded by song and recitative. Music is not made the vehicle of poetry, but poetry of music; the very meaning of the words is lost or refined away in the effeminacy of a foreign language.

'A grand serious opera is a tragedy wrapped up in soothing airs to suit the tender feelings of the nuralings of fortune; where tortured victims swoon on beds of roses, and the pangs of despair sink in tremulous accents into downy repose. Just so much of human misery is given as to lull those who are exempted from it into a deeper sense of their own security; just enough of the picture of human life is shown to relieve their languor without disturbing their indifference—not to excite their sympathy, but with 'some sweet oblivious antidote' to pamper their sleek and sordid apathy. In a word, the 'business' of the opera stifles emotion in its birth, and intercepts every feeling in its progress to the heart.'

Strongly put. - - - SONNET to '*A Country Post-Office*' needs correction. 'Murder' and 'further' do not rhyme. - - - SELDOM have we read a more vivid account of the accessories of a night-battle, than may be found in this passage from one of the letters of a correspondent of one of the London daily journals, in the camp before Sebastopol: 'For the last hour, (it is now a quarter to eleven o'clock at night,) a furious fight has been raging all along our front. To a person standing in front of the Fourth Division, the whole of the Russian lines are revealed in successive glimpses by bursts of red flame, and the bright star-like flashes of musketry, twinkling all over the black expanse between us and the town, for three or four miles in length, show that a fierce contest is going on before the trenches of the Allies. Shells, each marked by a distinctive point of fire where the fuse is burning, describe their terrible curves in the air, and seem to mingle with the stars; and fiery rockets, with long tails of dropping sparks, rush like comets through the air! Above all, the pale crescent moon is shining from a deep blue sky, covered with the constellations of heaven. The roar of the cannon, the hissing of the shells, the intermittent growl of the musketry, the wild scream of the rockets, and the whizzing of the round shot, form a horrid concert!' A terrible thing is WAR! - - - THERE are two or three recent inventions of our ingenious countrymen which might be turned to good account in the American department of the French 'Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations.' We have already mentioned in these pages the successful experiment of the inventive Yankee, who, convinced that a silk purse *could* be made out of a sow's ear, contrary to the maxim, 'went and *made* one that could n't be beat;' and which, he said, had 'become very '*popular*' among the women-folks.' Moreover, a mechanic of Genesee county, in this State, has rendered useless another maxim of a similar purport. 'Making a whistle of a pig's tail,' says the *Buffalo Courier*, 'has long been quoted as a synonym for an impossibility; but orators might as well let the comparison 'dry up,' for we have in our sanctum a *bona-fide* whistle made of a veritable pig's tail, 'and nothing else!' The manufacturer is Mr. WILLIAM HICOX, of Batavia, who has overcome all the obstacles that have hitherto prevented the use of pigs' tails for musical purposes, and *proved*, that after the last squeal has died away in the throat of the incipient swine, the latent elements of a melody still more pleasing to the ear, still exist in the caudal appendage."

How many desperate cases are saved at the bar by legal ingenuity and eloquence! Here is an instance directly in point, and is entirely authentic. It comes from an eminent judicial source in a Southern State:

'A MAN in the town of — committed murder — a black, diabolical murder. There was not a single feature in the case that Mercy could render available. It was 'red murder,' in the truest acceptation of the term. A lawyer of considerable eminence was called on by the prisoner, but after hearing his own statement, he could give him no other advice than the following:

'My friend, if you are not hanged, it will be because you have broken jail, cut your throat, or — or — *shammed mad!*'

'The murderer took the hint. He was not able to accomplish the first; he was unwilling to do the second; so he attempted the third.

'He came into court on the day of his trial with one glove and one boot on; listened with apparent delight to his arraignment; and when asked, at the conclusion, if he was guilty or not guilty, answered, with a horse-laugh, such as I never heard before nor since:

'Yes — I thank you, Sir, and no mistake!'

'In this philanthropic age, this was quite sufficient to arrest the torrent of indignation which had been rightfully setting against the offender, and to substitute in place thereof a feeling of intense sympathy.

'He is mad,' says one.

'Poor fellow!' muttered another.

'What a mercy we have discovered it before he was tried!' ejaculated a third.

'Why do n't they take him out of the box?' demanded a fourth.

'By this time, the prisoner, in great glee, had put his glove upon his foot, and thrust his hand into his boot.

'Of course, this was too much for the feelings of the crowd. It was the last hair that broke the camel's back.

'Shame! shame!' was muttered by a dozen philanthropic souls.

'Take him out of the box!' muttered the mob in general.

'Certainly,' said the Judge, 'take him out by all means. Mr. District Attorney, you can have no objection?'

'Not the slightest, may it please your Honor, provided you let two or three of the bailiffs stand between him and me.'

'The by-standers made a rush to execute the mandate of the Court, but the prisoner checked their zeal, though not their sympathy, by knocking down half-a-dozen of them with his boot!

'The Court briefly addressed the jury: 'It was unnecessary to enter into the evidence. The unhappy prisoner had certainly destroyed the life of a man — a husband and a father, leaving his widow and helpless children to misery and want. At the same time, it seemed evident that this was the result rather of misfortune than of crime. We have the evidence of our own senses that the prisoner is *mad* — mad, gentlemen of the jury, as a March hare.

'Would any man, gentlemen, conduct himself so strangely in a court-room — wear his boots and his gloves in so eccentric a manner — if he were *not* mad?

'Gentlemen: I have studied the anatomy of the human mind with much industry, and I think I may say with considerable success; and I flatter myself I am *particularly* conversant with the subject of insanity.

'The brain is a delicate organ. Its membranes are of still more delicate organization. These are the *dura mater* and the *pia mater*. These, intertwining with and intersecting, as it were, the porous substance of the brain, contribute largely to the exercise of its transcendent powers.'

'Our Judge *knows* something, do n't he?' said one of the sympathizers.

'*K-n-o-w*?!' said his interlocutor; 'KNOW?' I should think he *did*! All I have got to say is, that I never know'd a man as knows as much as what he knows!'

'But,' continued the Judge, 'these membranes become impaired, and even *Reason*, Gentlemen, *Reason* reels, and totters on her throne!'

'The most prevalent species of intellectual wandering, however, is denominated '*Homicidal Insanity*,' the prominent symptom of which is a desire to take away human life. Such, I doubt not, is the case with the prisoner.'

'May it please your Honor,' interposed the District Attorney, 'do n't you think that the jury might pronounce this a case of *malicious prosecution*?''

'Perhaps *not*, Mr. District Attorney,' responded the Judge. 'I honor your humanity, Sir; I am rejoiced to see that you can rise superior to the feelings which, I am compelled to say, too often prompt public prosecutors. But, Sir, I think, as a man has really been killed, it *might* be considered a bad precedent to declare this prosecution a malicious one!'

Is there a particle of exaggeration in this, aside from the (perhaps) exaggerated charge of the Judge? Certain it is, that the foregoing is from the pen of an eminent Judge at the South, (now, alas! deceased,) who *saw* what he here describes. - - - WHOEVER has been in Edinburgh, the noble capital of Scotland, cannot fail to have remarked the immense height of the houses in what are called the 'closes' of that romantic and picturesque town. All the artisans to be found in a common village are often congregated together under one roof. This multifariousness of avocation in the same building gave rise to the following lines from a stranger, who was struck by this peculiarity in the Scottish metropolis:

'You may call on a friend of note, and discover him
With a shoe-maker over and a stay-maker under him:
My dwelling begins with a periwig-maker;
I'm under a corn-cutter, over a baker;
Above, the chiropodist; cookery too:
O'er that is a laundress — o'er her is a Jew;
A painter and tailor divide the eighth flat,
And a dancing-academy thrives over that!'

In the republic of letters we sometimes meet with some specimens of the *Scientific Burlesque* so grotesquely amusing, that the wisest heads can hardly help laughing at them. The London *Punch* has had many examples in this kind, some of which gave grave offence to learned professors, and other officers of learned societies. The following is good:

'If twenty-seven inches of snow give three inches of water, how much *milk* will a cow give when fed on Ruta-Baga turnips?

'ANSWER: Multiply the flakes of snow by the hairs in the cow's tail — then divide the product by a turnip; add a pound of chalk, and the sum will be the answer!'

PROFESSOR JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, of Cambridge, Mass., now absent in Germany, to perfect himself in studies which he will be called upon to supervise in others, in the exercise of the new office which he has been unanimously chosen to fill in Harvard University, has the clearest *Yankee Thoughts* and the most felicitous skill and tact in expressing the same in flowing Down-East Yankee verse. Here is a little specimen from a piece of his called '*A Courtin' Scene*.' Observe how naturally the 'courtin'-room' and its accessories are described:

'Ag'in the walls the crook-necks hung,
And in among 'em, rusted,
The old Queen's-arm, that Gran'ther Young
Brought back from Concord, bu'sted.

'The very room, 'cause she was in 't,
 Looked warm, from floor to ceilin',
 And she looked full as sweet ag'in
 As the apples she was peelin'.

'She heard a foot, an' *knowed* it tew,
 A-raspin' on the scraper;
 All ways to once her feelin's flew,
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

'He kin' o' listened on the mat,
 Sum doubtful of the sekel,
 His heart kept goin' pitty-pat,
 But her'n went pity-ZEKIEL.'

which same ZEKIEL was, of course, the name of the lov'yer aforesaid.

Apropos of 'courtin': that was a 'cool' man who, after having given over a marriage which it had been currently reported was about to take place, on being asked the reason, said: 'I had been with her, you know, a good while, and noticed that she was rather cool in her remarks, and hinted that she would rather go home alone than have me with her; but I did n't mind that, you know. Well, one night when we got to the door, says she: 'Mr. —, I do not wish your company any longer, and I'll thank you to keep in your place, and away from me.' That was a little too hard, and I would n't stand it. *I sacked her that very night!*' - - - WHEN you hear a man, swelling with self-importance, derived solely from the accidental possession of mere money; without intellect, without sentiment, without feeling, read to him the following: 'Our minds are like ill-hung vehicles: when they have little to carry, they raise a prodigious clatter: when heavily laden, they neither creak nor rumble.' - - - 'Is it true,' writes a friend, 'that the KNICKERBOCKER 'crowd' have for several years had up a standing reward of a brass quarter, to be awarded to the first man who rhymes to *window*? Here goes! Exchanges please credit:

I.

'YE BAKER.

'Ys Baker stumbled ore ye Troffe,
 Where hee was kneadyng in Dough.
 Hys Ladye Loue began to loffe,
 As shee peeped thro' ye Windowe.

II.

'YE LAST DYING SPEECH OF YE BEETLE.

'Ys cruell Man a Beetle tooke,
 Ayeust ye wall hym pynned — oh!
 Then spake ye Betyl to ye Crowde,
 'Tho' I me *stuck up* I am not proude!
 And hys soule flew out at ye windowe.'

Take the 'quarter!' - - - 'I have no recollection,' writes 'W.,'

of Troy, 'of seeing in print the following, which occurred in one of our Sabbath-schools. I send it to you, because I think it too good to be lost: A teacher who had seven or eight urchins under his charge, on a certain Sabbath asked one of them the question which is found in one of the 'Union Sabbath-School Question Books,' which is as follows: 'What is a vision?' None of the boys promptly answering, the teacher asked whether any one of the scholars could refer to an apt illustration from the Bible. The boys could not think of any. The teacher then called their attention to the vision which is related in the tenth chapter of Acts from the ninth to the nineteenth verse, inclusive; in which PETER witnesses a vision, which was a sheet let down from Heaven, and on it were beasts, fowls, etc.; and PETER was commanded to kill and eat. One of the boys, who seemed to feel a greater interest in the bodily wants of our nature than the spiritual, looked up into the face of the teacher, and wanted to know, if that was a vision? 'Why,' says he, 'how can it be? — was it not *provision* instead of a vision?' The teacher nodded an assent, satisfied that it was really both a *vision* and a *provision*.' - - - We do not know that we shall be able to make a 'permanent engagement' with the 'author' of the '*Verses on the Death of Mr. Thompson's Child*.' Our port-folios are full. But we are willing that he should 'show what he *can* do;' and therefore present a specimen of the Elegiac Poem in question: Scene, Rock-Island, Mississippi:

'THE solemn news I now relate,
Twas in Rockisland in this state,
A Boy was drowned in the Stream,
the Son of Mr. THOMPSON.

'Away from home this child did go,
it was on one holy Sabbath day,
he went on the Ice to wash his Sled
where he was numbered with the dead.

'the ice give way, this Boy Sunk down,
this little Son of high Renown.
the news quick to his Parents flew
they for their Son then did pesue.'

We forbear to harrow up the feelings of our readers with farther details of the catastrophe hinted at above. - - - We very often receive articles, both in prose and verse, which as a whole are imperfect, but *parts* of which are striking and original. Of such is the following, from an effusion entitled, '*Shadows*:'

'It is an awful sorrow, when the Heart
Hath memories in it brighter than its hopes;
When Life's lone march is westward, and the light
Is evermore behind. Love is Life's light.
Love, spring-like, breathes upon the tree of joy,
And all its branches blossom, gush to fruit!
'Tis but for once: exhausted by the one
Full answer which it gives unto the call
Of its first season, it can bear no more,
And barren mocks the eye.'

In the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER we have often spoken of '*The Southern Literary Messenger*,' and always in the terms of praise which its

merits demand. It deserves the liberal patronage of the South, which we hope and trust it receives. Its capable editor, recently returned from Europe has written for his magazine many interesting letters, from one of which we take a passage describing the great Cathedral of Cologne, which gives us the best idea of that wonderful structure that we remember to have seen :

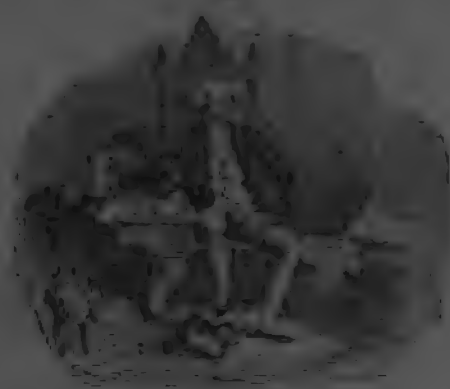
‘Or the Cathedral of Cologne, I scarcely know how to state my impressions, so marvellously unreal did it seem to me in its unspeakable beauty. The tracery of the frost-rime on the window-pane, in the drear December, is not more delicate than its rich details of sculpture ; and as one gazes upon the exquisite creation, he half-fears that, like the frost-rime, it will melt into nothingness before him. The loveliest objects in nature are the most transient ; the meteor, the rainbow, the sunset-cloud, the early bloom of womanhood, endure but for a brief season, and the brightness, the glory, the *lumen purpureum*, is gone for ever. And so of this Cathedral, as the visitor lingers in its long-drawn aisles, and drinks in the delight of its purpled atmosphere, a sort of apprehension oppresses him that it will presently fade away as a dream. Begun at a period so remote that the very name of the architect is lost, and never yet completed except in fragments ; half a ruin and half perfection ; with the moss of centuries clinging to its defaced and mouldering towers, and the hammers of a hundred workmen clanking on the splendid gable ; its pavements irised with hues which the sun of the middle-ages first shed through the stained oriels ; and the superstitions of a long period of mental debasement yet mingling with the gloom of its cloisters, it stands the most interesting link that connects our own time with one long gone by, and the best symbol, perhaps, of the mediæval idea of religion. It is wonderful how that idea worked itself out, in these enduring and graceful forms, gradually advancing from the grove in which the earliest Christians worshipped God, and borrowing from the lofty arch of interlacing branches the vaulted ceiling, until the temples of the true faith became only the temples of the beautiful, and the spiritual part of devotion was lost in the sensuous.’

—

READER, if you wish to escape the warm weather, and see some of the most bold and picturesque scenery on this continent, we commend to you the following excursion, to wit : take one of the splendid North-River boats for Albany or Troy, then by rail-road to Whitehall, up Lake Champlain to Rouse's Point, then to Ogdensburg, where you should remain all night. Then take the morning boat for Montreal, which will give you a fine opportunity to see the noble St. Lawrence : passing through the Thousand Islands and over the rapids, you will arrive at Montreal in time for tea. Go to the ‘Montreal House,’ where one of the great COLEMAN family will receive you and take great pleasure in showing you the lions of the place. When you tire of staying here, after supper, you can go on board the ‘JOHN MURN,’ or any of the fine boats that run to Quebec, which city you will reach in time for breakfast, and where you may spend some time with great pleasure and profit. Then take a trip to the great Saguenay River, where you will find such scenery as you must *see* to get any true idea of ; then, if you choose to return as you went, you can vary the trip by going into Lake George at Ticonderoga, where you will find the neatest, cleanest little fairy-like steamer to be found on any lake or river in the world. A sail of three hours through the finest lake scenery in the world will bring you to the large hotels at the head of the Lake, where you can spend all the time you can spare most delightfully. Such a tour can be performed comfortably in ten days or two weeks, and will form an era in your life, a joy that will not pass while memory lasts. Now is just the time to go.

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THE number for July, 1855, begins the FORTY-SIXTH VOLUME of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

Since the price of subscription has been reduced from FIVE to THREE DOLLARS a year, the circulation of the KNICKERBOCKER has been increased nearly four to one. In many places ten are sold where there was but one before, and through the year it has been steadily increasing. It is now offered as cheap as any of the Magazines, all things considered. Instead of making new and prodigious promises, we submit a few extracts from notices of late numbers, which we might extend to a number of pages.

'Those familiar with the Editor's monthly Gossip with his readers, have doubtless, with ourselves, admired the parental source of its pleasant wit and joyousness. In this number 'The Gossip' holds on its way like some fair rivulet glancing and dancing in the sunshine of a May morning. We used to wonder how Mr. CLARK held out, expecting he must certainly 'snow brown' in the coming number; but this number gives no sign of exhaustion.—*National Intelligencer, Washington.*

'Pleasant, genial, delightful 'Old Knick.' Thy name is a suggestion of all things delectable; too slight of thy modest, fresh cover, a balm to spiritual sore eyes; a glance within thee, best antidote for the blues. Thou hast given to kindly humor, to piquant delineation, and to side-splitting fun, a 'local habitation,' without which they might go wandering over the domain of letters, calling now and then where a friendly door opened to them but refusing to be comforted for the loss of their old dear home.'—*Courier, Burlington Vt.*

'The great care evinced in the selection of articles that adorn its pages, is a sufficient guaranty that no contribution meets the eye of the reader but those which are known to be worthy of his perusal. When storms and wild tempests are sweeping o'er our hill-side village in these chill winter hours, and all is drear and desolate without, we ask for no more agreeable companion than the 'KNICKERBOCKER,' for while its contents impart valuable information, its sallies of genuine wit are a sovereign specific for all fits of the blues or attacks of the horrors, and time passes merrily on.'—*Democrat, Doylestown, Pa.*

'The KNICKERBOCKER has been and will be a fact of its own; a genuine living thing, all the more desirable now that the new crop of magazines, filled with articles pirated from English authors, makes fresh home creations more conspicuous and welcome.'—*New-York Christian Inquirer.*

'No one ever rose from the perusal of the KNICKERBOCKER a disappointed reader. Whatever may have been his anticipations, they have always been rewarded. When he took up a new number, he felt sure of a literary treat; it was no mere showy repast he was invited to. Did he seek the grave or didactic essay, the touching story, poetic gems, or the humorous tale, he was always sure of finding the object of his search. And then, besides, there was the 'Gossip' of Old 'Knick,' always looked to with eagerness, never put down except with regret that there were not more pages of inimitable random sketches—the Knick-snacks of that repast.'—*Courier, Natchez, Miss.*

THE KNICKERBOCKER. New-York: Samuel Hueston. This best, decidedly best, of the American magazines seems to have improved in appearance and in the quality of its literary matter—always good—even upon its reduction in price. It is a luxury of which no man who has three dollars to spare—and who that has a taste for good reading has not—should deprive himself, to sit down in a retired corner, when the mind has been wearied with the perplexities of every day pursuits, and pore over the well-stored pages of 'Old Knick.' We even now read the old volumes of this work, of a dozen years ago, with more real pleasure than half the new publications of the day. Each number will "bear the wear and tear of half a dozen readings," and then the volume be "worthy of good binding and a place on the shelves," and that is what can be truly said of but few of the magazines of the present day.

The contents of the Knickerbocker are so varied, that almost every one will find something in its pages to please him—to instruct and amuse. The articles are marked by the highest order of merit, and in a long series of years we have found nothing in this work to which the most fastidious could object. It is a work which should be on the centre table of every family.—*Knoxville Times.*

REV. F. W. SHELTON, Author of Letters from Up the River, etc., will be a regular contributor.

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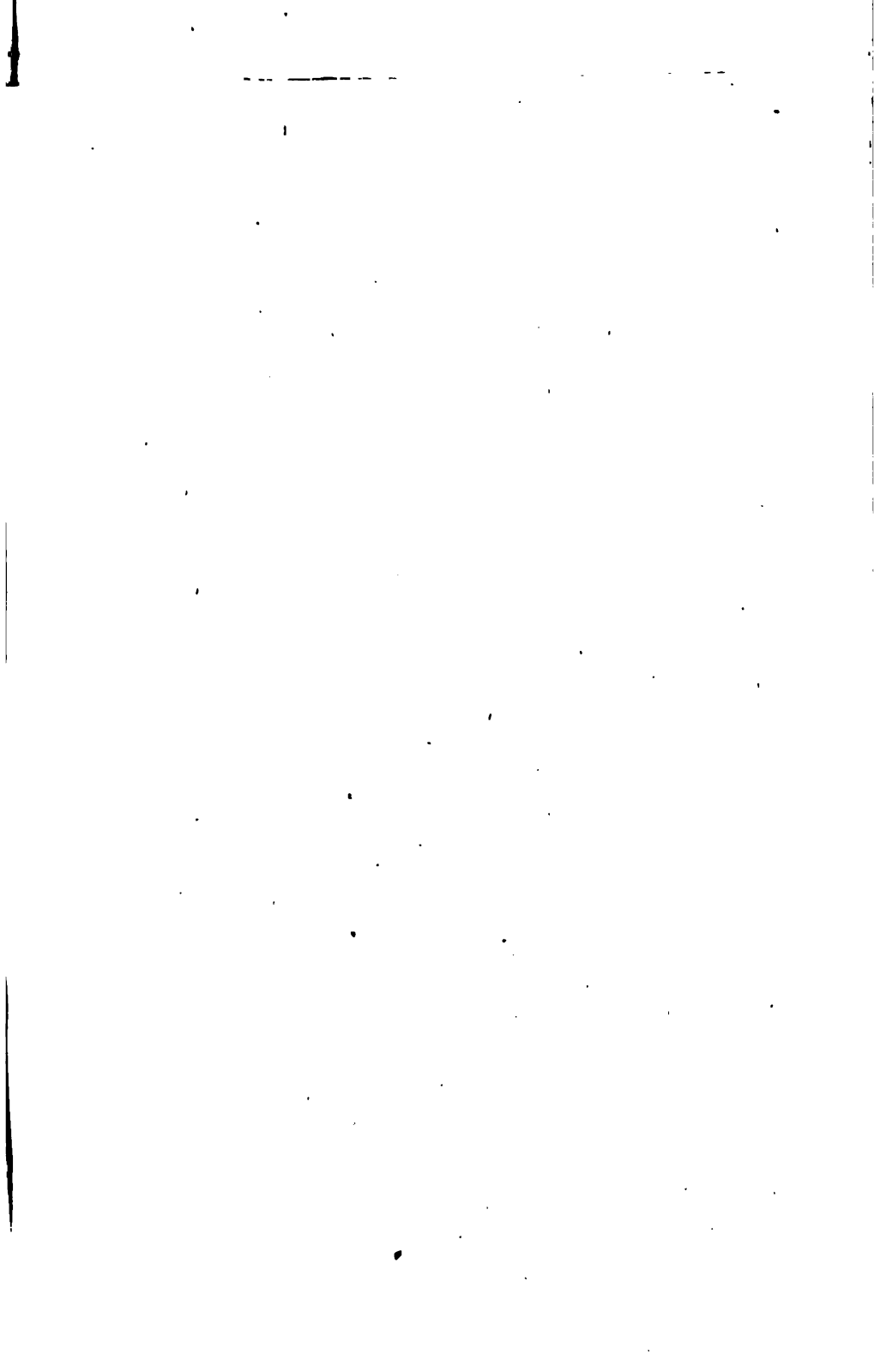
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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ENGRAVING: 'BURNETT HOUSE,' CINCINNATI: Ed.'s TAB., p. 828.

ART. I. SKETCHES FROM THE COUNTRY. BY W. L. TIFFANY,	221
II. STANZAS: 'DAWNING,'	227
III. THE LOVERS' LEAP: A SENECA LEGEND,	228
IV. THE PRIDE OF OUR VILLAGE: A TALE,	234
V. 'NIGHT-PIECE' TO JULIA,	239
VI. A MOTHER'S LAMENT. BY THE 'PEASANT BARD,'	240
VII. THE PORTRAIT. BY L. A. RANDALL,	241
VIII. THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE,	253
IX. STANZAS: 'MUSIC,'	254
X. THE HISTORY OF CAPTAIN SAMPSON STRONGBOW,	255
XI. LINES: 'THE DYING GIRL,'	261
XII. PLEASANT MEMORIES OF THE OLD WORLD,	262
XIII. STANZAS: 'THE LITTLE GARDEN,'	268
XIV. THE HUDSON RIVER,	269
XV. STANZAS. BY H. W. ROCKWELL, ESQ.,	274
XVI. BURIED TREASURE. BY CHARLES M. DENNIS,	275
XVII. MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES. PAPER NINTH,	276
XVIII. LINES TO MYRA. BY LAWRENCE LABREE,	287
XIX. TIP-TOP BALLADS, IN THE MODERN STYLE. BY MEISTER KARL,	288

LITERARY NOTICES:

1. POEMS BY ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH,	289
2. CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE: A NOVEL. BY CHARLES READE,	295
3. A VISIT TO THE CAMP BEFORE SEVASTOPOL,	298
4. SMITH'S 'SPELLER AND DEFINER'S MANUAL,'	300
5. LAYS FROM THE GLEN: 'MUSINGS OF LEISURE HOURS,'	301
6. ARIEL, AND OTHER POEMS. BY W. W. FOSDICK,	308

EDITOR'S TABLE:

1. A DAY'S ANGLING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS,	304
2. A NECESSARY WORD TO NEW CORRESPONDENTS,	310
3. INTERMINGLED LEAVES OF GOSSIP AND TRAVEL,	311
1. A TRIP ON THE NEW-YORK AND ERIE RAIL-ROAD FROM NEW-YORK TO DUNKIRK.	
2. NEW WORKS IN PRESS: 'BITS OF BLARNEY.' BY DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE: GRATAN, O'CONNELL, AND CURRAN. 3. THE FIRST MOSQUITO OF THE SEASON: 'LINES TO A 'SKNETER.' 4. THE 'LAKE SHORE RAIL-ROAD' FROM DUNKIRK: APPROACH TO CLEVELAND: LAKE ERIE. 5. ANECDOTES OF DR. H—, OF NORTHERN NEW-YORK. 6. FROM CLEVELAND TO SHELBY, OHIO, 'BY RAIL.' 7. THE 'E. CLAMUS VITAS' ORDER OF CINCINNATI: INTERVIEW WITH THE 'GREAT GYASTACUTUS.' 8. AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM S. T. COLERIDGE. 9. TEMPTATIONS OF 'GENUS.' OVERTURES OF MISS TUTE TO MR. K. N. PEPPER, ESQ.: ALLIANCE DECLINED. 10. JOURNEY TOWARD THE OHIO RIVER, THROUGH EASTERN OHIO. 11. A PLEASURE EXCURSION TO MADISON, WISCONSIN. 12. FOMBERT, PERRY COUNTY, OHIO, AND ITS ENVIRONS: THE 'SCARLET WOMAN' AT LARGO: VISIT TO THE COAL AND IRON MINES OF EASTERN OHIO: A PIG-IRON FURNACE IN 'FULL BLAST.' 13. A 'SICCATIVE MARVELLEUX,' FOR THE AMERICAN MARKET. 14. APPROACH TO PORTSMOUTH, OHIO: FIRST VIEW OF THE OHIO RIVER. 15. RENOVATION OF THE REVOLUTIONARY CLASSICALITY OF 'OLD TAPPALE-TOWN.' 16. 'FIRST IMPRESSIONS' UPON THE SOIL OF 'OLD KENTUCKY.' 17. THE 'OLIVE LEAFLETS' PUBLICATIONS. 18. THE OHIO RIVER, FROM PORTSMOUTH TO CINCINNATI. 19. ARRIVAL OF THE 'SWINETTE A PISTON, OR PIG-TAIL WHISTLE. 20. CINCINNATI AND ITS ENVIRONS: THE 'BURNETT HOUSE,' WITH AN ENGRAVING. 21. THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION AND COLLEGE REVIEW.' 22. FROM CINCINNATI TO LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY. 23. A WAIL FOR 'POOR LONE HANNAH.' 24. VISIT TO MR. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH'S WINE ESTABLISHMENT, ETC. 25. GOSSIP FROM WASHINGTON CITY: GENERAL CUSHING: CARPENTER, THE PORTRAIT-PAINTER, ETC. 26. A 'TURNED-ROUND' ABOLITION 'ARGUMENT.' 27. 'ORIGINAL PAPERS' FOR OCTOBER. 28. THE CITY OF LOUISVILLE. 29. THE COMET IS COMING!—LOOK-OUT! 30. THE HOTELS OF LOUISVILLE. 31. FIRE OF SPECULATORS IN BREAD-STUFFS. 32. NEW EDITION OF 'THE FEDERALIST.' 33. A NEGRO FAIR IN LOUISVILLE. 34. BARNUM'S 'GALLERY OF BEAUTY.' 35. 'HOME AGAIN!' 36. HEINE'S 'PICTURES OF TRAVEL.' 37. GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. 38. GEMIN'S HAT-TRICK. 39. DEFERRED ARTICLES.	

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SKETCHES FROM THE COUNTRY.

BY W. L. TIFFANY.

GATHERING BIRD'S EGGS ON THE SEA-BEACH.

JUNE 4. — The coast line of New-Jersey consists of a continuous chain of long narrow islands, known as 'beaches,' which are separated from the main-land by wide creeks and sounds, running parallel with the sea, and connecting with the same by various inlets and channels.

The beach islands comprised within the limits of this county (Cape May) vary from two to ten miles in length, and from one to four miles in width. The most noteworthy among them are called respectively Peck's Beach, Seven-Mile Beach, and Five-Mile Beach. (The well-known watering-place, Cape May, is situated upon a small island, which, being almost entirely bare of trees or other vegetation, is chiefly known to our country people as Poverty Beach.)

Next the sea, the beaches are generally composed of a dreary range of white sand-hills, which are reared and destroyed by the waves with a steady alternation. Behind these hills, and sheltered from the salt spray, a strip of forest, comprised of oak, gum, red cedar, and holly trees, is usually met with, beneath the shade of which flourishes an almost impenetrable under-growth of alders, briars, bay-berry shrubs, prickly pear, grass and weeds. This strip of timber stretches landward from the hills, until repelled by the extreme saltiness of the soil adjacent to the sounds, when a growth of salt-grass, interspersed with elder-bushes, prevails. Such are the ordinary features of the beaches; but owing to the work of the winds and waters, of whose peculiar domain they are the planted boundary, their aspect greatly changes from year to year. The shifting sand-hills constantly engulf portions of the adjacent woods, leaving barely the brown and withered branches perceptible above the earth. The swift currents of the sounds and inlets steadily carve out fresh courses, thus either changing tracts of the marshes into sand-flats, permitting their fresh formation, or obliterating

them altogether, and the trees hasten to cover every congenial spot of upland as it is formed.

Along the strand, (where the beach joins the ocean,) an abundance of the simpler kinds of shells, and those great delicacies, 'soft clams' and sand-crabs may be found. In the sounds, 'hard-shell' clam-catchers, fishermen, and oyster-men steadily ply their different callings, and the banks of these water-courses are also the feeding-places of vast numbers of shore and aquatic birds. Large droves of cattle and sheep are bred on the beaches with great profit; for as we have already seen, they produce an abundance of grass, and moreover are dotted with numerous fresh-water ponds, which, beside furnishing drink to the cattle, abound with eels and snapping-turtles, and in autumn and winter are the haunts of myriads of geese and wild ducks.

The greater share of the forest-trees found on the beaches are shorter and more knotty than those produced on the main-land, while, as a singular exception, the holly here attains a far sturdier growth than in the interior, and is frequently seen growing within a bow-shot of the sea, measuring full forty feet in height. Notwithstanding this general deficiency in length and smoothness of grain, beach timber is held in great esteem by ship-builders and house-carpenters, on account of the preëminent qualities of toughness and endurance which it is imputed to possess.

Beyond a few wreckers and charcoal-burners, all the sea-beaches of this county, save Poverty Beach, are uninhabited by the human race; but their native untamed birds and animals, ospreys, herons, gulls, terns, foxes, raccoons, and rabbits are here resident in great numbers. Indeed, in some portions of these wastes, the ospreys are so numerous that their huge nests not only crown almost every tree, but even the decayed trunks, which are no more than eight or ten feet high, are appropriated by them. (Where the ospreys thus establish themselves in communities, the approach of no other species of hawks is for a moment permitted, and even the bald eagle is fain to keep his distance.)

In the thickest of the red cedar groves, well sheltered from the sharp sea-winds, the herons roost and breed. All the different species of this genus of birds are apparently extremely well disposed toward each other; for night-herons, snowy-herons, green-herons, and little-herons construct their nests so closely together that four or five hundred of them may be counted upon twenty or thirty cedars. The earth beneath these breeding-places is so thickly covered with excrement, old nests, broken eggs, egg-shells, and decaying fish, that one is driven to the reflection that the herons would do well to avail themselves of the services of a few turkey-buzzards.

On the bare sand-hills, the terns deposit their eggs, while in the marshes the black or dusky duck, willet, black-headed gull, and clapper-rail or mud-hen rear their young. At this season of the year, while all the above birds are laying and hatching, it is customary with the younger portion of our inhabitants to form parties and make frequent excursions to the beaches, for the purpose of gathering eggs, which, when simply boiled, are most delicious eating, but when skillfully con-

cocted into omelettes, seem altogether too exquisite for the refreshment of so spotted a creature as man.

As egg-hunting is viewed by our country people as a species of 'pic-nicking,' lovers and their mistresses, with a few buxom matrons to give tone to the affair, are the principal actors in these excursions; and while the gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves climb the trees and throw down the eggs, the ladies catch the same in their aprons and skirts, and pack them snugly away in baskets and buckets.

When the egg-hunter despoils an osprey's nest, the enraged proprietors thereof at once set up a wild shrieking, and dart to-and-fro over the spoiler's head with the utmost fury; nay sometimes stout battles ensue, in which the hunter is fain to make his retreat, fortunate if he gets off with no worse treatment than a scratched face and a round of dry blows administered by an osprey's wing, which measures quite two feet in length.

The meek herons submit to the rifling of their breeding-places with an amiability that would not fail to meet the approbation of the most exacting member of a Peace Society, and upon the approach of the egg-gatherers, with little or no dissenting clamor, they rise up in one vast, dangling-legged body, and at length alight upon the tops of the neighboring trees, to watch the progress of the ruinous work with complete unconcern.

Having procured all the ospreys' and herons' eggs desirable, the hunters proceed along the strand and inlets in search of terns' eggs, or traverse the marshes in pursuit of the nests of those already-mentioned birds who choose their breeding-places therein.

No little ingenuity and knowledge are requisite to the discovery of the black-duck's nest, as this fowl rears its young amid the most hidden recesses of the tussocks and sedge. The nest of the willet is composed of coarse grass and rushes, and its three or four eggs are found curiously arranged therein, with the large end uppermost. The mud-hen's nest consists of a mere bunch of dry weeds, sufficiently hollowed and built up to contain its ten or twelve eggs, over which the long salt-grass is artfully arched and knit. The eggs of the black-headed gull are found carelessly lying on bunches of sea-drift.

What with their varied coloring and harmonious forms, the eggs of these birds are quite as attractive to the eye as flowers. The egg of the osprey, which is almost as large as that of the domestic hen, is white, and beautifully mottled on the largest end with a rich brown. The heron's eggs are chiefly colored with the different shades of blue, and are exceedingly graceful in shape. The egg of the mud-hen measures one and a half inches in length, and its straw-colored shell is most tastefully decorated with spots of deep red. The willet's egg, save being smaller and somewhat bolder in figure, greatly resembles that of the osprey. The tern's egg measures one to three-fourth inches in length, and is tinted with a yellow brown, in which rufous blotches are mixed. The egg of the black-headed gull is quite as large as that of the barn-yard hen, and in color it is of a dun clay, mingled with small irregular touches of a pale purple or brown. The eggs of the black or dusky duck can scarcely be distinguished from those of the domestic

duck, and are seldom eaten by our country-people, but placed under a setting hen to be hatched. (These young wild ducks preserve all their characteristic shyness and vigilance in captivity, and having attained sufficient strength, they are almost certain to make good their escape to their native marshes and bays.)

An experienced band of egg-hunters not unfrequently collect a hundred dozen or more of eggs of a morning,* when, what with the effect of their exercise and the fresh sea air, they are fain to make preparations for dinner; and now, while some of the party build a fire beneath an inviting clump of trees, others gather oysters, crabs, and clams; the girls and matrons display their familiarity with the culinary art, and also produce bread, ham, and cake from their baskets and pockets, and ere long the whole company are busily engaged in discussing this hastily-improvised banquet with a zest which the city epicure, whose senses are daily jaded with turtle and champagne, would give millions to know.

Having dined, our friends will probably beguile a few hours with romps and sentimentalism; but before returning home, should the tide be at the proper stage to permit the curlews (which species of snipe are larger than barn-pigeons, and of most inviting flavor to the palate,) to feed upon the bars and sand-flats about the mouths of the inlets, the most sportsman-like of the lovers will not fail to betake themselves to a sail-boat, (by which means this excessively wary and vigilant game is most readily approached,) and fusillade the coveted birds according to the best of their skill.

To the stranger from the interior, the scenery afforded by the sea-beaches is of a most engaging and interesting character. The white dreary waste of sand-hills, contrasted with the black foliage of the cedar-woods; the boundless expanse of ocean; the ever-rolling, resounding, white-tipped breakers; the wreckers engaged in unloading and dismantling stranded vessels; the graves of shipwrecked mariners which dot the sand-hills; the numerous troops of porpoises rolling upon the bosom of the blue deep; the gulls screaming in the air; the ospreys diving like thunder-bolts into the wildest spray, and emerging therefrom with talons laden with fish, which they bear with loud piping to their nests on the trees near at hand; the successive flocks of ducks, plovers, and snipe, which whirl so swiftly across the eye-path; the seine fishermen and clam-gatherers at work in the sounds; the cunning red-fox scenting along the strand in quest of birds'-eggs; the broad, slimy leaves of gigantic sea-plants, which wave sluggishly back and forth in the still, transparent depths of the inlets, as if endowed with a repulsive life like that of serpents and sea-turtles; all these exciting novelties realize what his imagination has before conceived to belong only to dim, legendary regions lying far away. But however delighted the tourist may be with the beaches in spring, he will carefully avoid the same in summer, as the flies and mosquitoes with which they abound quite endanger human life.

Although, as we have said, the immediate ocean-shore is mostly un-

* If their nests are not destroyed, the birds proceed to laying again.

tenanted by mankind, yet the neighboring main-land is possessed by a race of men who, as a body, are so excellently and variously accomplished, that in this respect we believe them to be unmatched in this or any other country. Not in patent schools and universities do these sages gather their lore, but in the fields, woods, roads, and upon the waters. In the fields they learn the best of all methods of agriculture, namely, that which ordinarily enables them to gain a good living on poor lands. In the forest they are thoroughly familiarized to the use of the axe, lumbering, and wood-craft. In the sounds and surf they attain masterly insight into vessel-building, navigation, wrecking, and oystering, and along the roads the art of driving the shrewdest bargains is acquired. Armed thus at all points, a general failure of the crops or the bankruptcy of the country is viewed by this portion of our inhabitants with small concern; and when the mere professional or literary man would be sorely anxious as to how his bread was to be got, these versatile shoremen, shaping their efforts according to circumstances, turn from farming and trading to wrecking, wood-chopping, boat-building, oystering, musk-rat hunting, net-making, or chicken-vending with most enviable adroitness and effectiveness. But it is only during those fearful winter storms which cast so many vessels on our shores, that these men show the real nature of their blood, and with every shipwreck, whether by day or night, although the north-east wind may blow so strong and cold that the breakers run mountains high, and the flying spray covers each man with ice from head to foot, they launch their surf-boats into the war of elements, and in the face of steadily impending death, carry succor to the distressed, without desire of other reward than the blessings of the relieved and the peace of their own brave souls.

A WEDDING AMONG THE WOOD-CHOPPERS.

JUNE 6.—Last evening, in accordance with an announcement previously made, a wedding took place among the denizens of our woods. The festivities were conducted in an extremely free, off-hand manner, and whosoever chose to participate in the same, was welcome so to do, whether he had been especially invited or not.

The bride's father and likewise the groom, are known in the forest as axe-men and shingle-makers, of more than ordinary thrift, and the friends of the bride (who is a sun-burnt, moon-faced lady of twenty-five) assert that none are better fitted than she to fulfil the duties of a help-mate, inasmuch as 'she knows nothing but hard work, and is able at all times to earn her dollar a day, either at basket-making, gathering sumach-leaves for the store-keepers, or cutting hoop-poles in the maple swamps.'

The nuptials were celebrated in the one-story 'ten-by-six' log-built mansion of the bride's father, at which place the guests began to gather with the approach of sun-down; and ere long, merry, smirking groups of brown, bare-footed foresters, in their shirt-sleeves, and brown, bare-footed forest women, dressed in gay calicoes, thronged the house and blocked up the door-ways.

The groom, who was a well-looking young fellow of about two-and-

twenty, had arrayed himself in a pink and white calico shirt, and a new pair of shining black satinet pantaloons, the bottoms of which were well rolled up for the better display of his handsome pepper-and-salt stockings and calf-skin slippers. His thin, swarthy visage had been so closely shorn that it fairly glistened, while his well-greased, sandy hair was disposed on the top of his head in the figure of a short ram's horn. He was evidently becomingly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, for he preserved a most serious expression of countenance, answered all questions with extreme brevity, and while one hand was fast clutched in that of his lady love, who sat by his side on the end of the bed which occupied one corner of the dwelling, with the other he held a small Methodist hymn-book upside down before his face, from whose pages he scarcely once averted his eyes.

Beside a pair of stout cow-hide bootees, a naked pair of huge, red arms, and a string of scarlet sealing-wax beads about her neck, the bride wore nothing which showed that she had attempted the use of any unusual display, and with a subdued air of intense delight she steadily contemplated the yellow sprigs which relieved the blue ground of her 'Merrimac calico' frock.

While the twilight was yet at its height, the jokes and fun of the merrier portion of the company were stilled; for the 'Squire (who is an elderly 'fore-handed' farmer, and who, in the absence of a clergyman, holds authority to perform marriage ceremonies) made his appearance, dressed in a suit of magisterial black, and bearing several portentous-looking law octavos and the Bible, partly wrapped up in his bandana handkerchief.

Of all the dignitaries known on earth, none are so feared and venerated by our country people as the 'Squire. For this reason a complete and attentive silence now prevailed throughout the company, and after the 'Squire had steadily looked about him for a few moments, he gravely laid his books upon the dresser, spat out his tobacco, wiped his spectacles and placed them upon his nose, all of which doings signified that the ceremonies were about to begin.

The preliminary rite consisted of a prayer, which the 'Squire, drawn up to his fullest height, fervently read from a tract secreted in the corner of his hat, (although he pretended to keep his eyes shut all the while,) and during the recital of which those who possessed aprons and hats reverently buried their faces therein, and those who were without, leaned their foreheads against each other's shoulders. Having finished his prayer, the 'Squire invited the betrothed couple to rise, and in an impressive speech, in which law phrases and apt quotations from the Bible sonorously abounded, he discussed the nature and duties of the matrimonial compact for a full half-hour or more.

At the close of the homily, the bride hung her head and pinched her arms, the groom became perceptibly nervous, and the guests crowded toward the 'Squire (whose coolness and happy demeanor was most enchanting) with intense eagerness depicted on their countenances, for the climax was obviously at hand.

In a few moments, all was brought to the happiest termination; for the 'Squire read a few sentences from one of his law-books without the

smallest accident or interruption, and the lovers were now man and wife, much to the satisfaction of the bride, who received the congratulations of her friends with the broadest of grins, while the groom again strangely sat himself on the bed, and gazed about him with the same abstracted air, as if he had lost his jack-knife, and was trying to bring the time to mind when he had last seen it.

Another short prayer concluded the 'Squire's duties, when the bride's thin, wiry, shrill-tongued mother appeared on the scene, who directed the men to construct a table of planks and barrels, beneath a clump of oaks in front of the dwelling, and led a train of girls and matrons to a little smoking out-house near at hand, whence numerous plates of boiled pork, potatoes, fried eels, loaves of ginger-bread, pots of coffee, jugs of molasses and whiskey were taken and arranged upon the festive board.

In the mean time, the boys had built several fires of pine-knots within a comfortable distance of the table, and at length the guests sat themselves thereto with marks of high satisfaction.

When the 'Squire had rapidly but largely partaken of fried eels and whiskey-and-water, he borrowed a plug of tobacco of the bride's father, and after reminding the company that he had 'got a good ways to go,' and engaging the groom (whose pensiveness by-the-bye still continued) to do a couple of days' 'hoeing,' (which service every body understood the 'Squire intended to accept as a compensation for performing the banns,) he departed for the place whence he came.

Relieved of the awe-inspiring presence of the 'Squire, the guests at once delivered themselves up to the freest revel and jollity. Discordant tunes, the accompanying words to which the maudlin singers suddenly forgot, were bawled out over the whiskey, and peals of the loudest laughter at nothing rung forth over the pork and eels. With the disappearance of the victuals, the squeaking of a fiddle announced itself, at which signal the revellers set to sprawling through various rude, high-legged reels and 'hoe-downs,' and so continued to disport themselves until the newly-married couple had retired for the night to a loft that was hastily arranged in the upper portion of the house, when each man procured his gun from a secret place in the woods, and an incessant *feu de joie* was kept up until after midnight.

L I N E S : ' D A W N I N G . '

'Less than a Lover, more than Friend!'

Ah! let us never part,
But bid these blissful torments end,
And take me to thy heart!

Sweet heart! — the hope thy speech denies
Thy beaming eyes confess,
In which I see the dawning rise
Of days of happiness!

July 5, 1855.

Though faint as is the early ray,
When Day with Night contends,
The light still conquers, and in day
The conflict ever ends.

I'll read my future in thine eyes,
That promise me my bliss;
Nor trust thy blushing lips' sweet lies,
But stay them with a kiss!

W. H.

THE LOVERS' LEAP: A SENECA LEGEND.

BY O. S. O. A. H.

ONCE through these vales the Indian roved,
 A hunter fleet and free;
 Proudly his well-tried bow he bore,
 And proud his eagle feathers wore —
 No slave to care was he;
 But indisputed ruler moved
 O'er hill and dale and sea.
 Here forest swains and maidens loved,
 And constant hearts were tried and proved,
 As constant hearts must be.

Unchanging hearts which idols make,
 Of hearts as true, though frail as they,
 Are ever doomed to bleed or break,
 And learn their gods are but of clay:
 But though thrice shattered to the dust,
 And all deformed the image lies,
 The true heart, in its boundless trust,
 Will deem it kindred to the skies.
 For love, though tarnished by the fall,
 Survives to every age the same,
 And wigwam, cot, and lordly hall
 Lights with its sanctifying flame;
 And, like its great ORIGINAL,
 Is prompt to shield and slow to blame.

Ah! Indian maid, thy heart was tried,
 Long, long ago, as legends tell,
 When in its fresh and virgin pride,
 By the lone death-doomed captive's side,
 Thy tribe's born foeman, dire and fell,
 Love oped its gushing founts all wide,
 And sealed thee as his martyr-bride,
 Too rashly loving, and too well.

Let us recall this legend hoar,
 Of Canandaigua's sylvan shore,
 Which floats adown tradition's stream
 Not as a vague and shadowy dream;
 But as a high, heroic theme,
 A stern reality of yore,
 Which, hallowed once, can die no more
 Than the fixed star's eternal beam.

Record may fade and pile decay,
 And tower and rampart waste to dust,
 And nations rise and pass away,
 And Time blot out their names with rust;

While deed and sacrifice sublime
Live freshly in the memory then,
Defying all the assaults of Time,
While live and beat the hearts of men.

On the dread war-path, worn and red,
The fierce and hostile tribes have met,
Stern is the strife and thick the dead,
And tomahawk and knife are wet,
Dripping with hated foeman's gore;
Strong warriors grapple in the fight,
And louder swells the battle's roar,
Till fall the curtains of the night.

Now rings the wild whoop, loud and shrill,
In triumph, as the vanquished flee,
A broken band, in all save will,
And hate, which burns unquenchable,
And never shall extinguished be.
They break, they fly, no arm can save,
Or turn the fortunes of the day,
And he, the young Algonquin brave,
Is captive of the Seneca.

Of all his tribe, he earliest wore,
And proudest wore, the war-bird's plume;
His eagle glance out-flashed the sun;
His war-cry rung presage of doom;
His foot out-spied the prey-bird's wing,
When joined the hunters in the chase;
His bound was like the panther's spring,
Where lurked the foemen of his race.
Tall, beautiful, and lithe of form,
Where'er his streaming war-plume led,
More fiercely raged the battle-storm,
More thick and ghastly lay the dead.
Though few his years, his deeds of fame
At war-dance and at feast were sung,
And cowering fear came with his name,
When whispered by a hostile tongue.

Now all secure and doubly bound,
And guarded by a watchful foe,
High on GĖ-WUN-DE-WAUGH's dread ground,
Round which of old the serpent wound,
Lies the proud brave, disarmed and low.
Around, base cowards jeer and rail,
And sting with taunt like fiery dart;
His warrior spirit must not quail,
Nor give one sign of shrinking heart.
But fettered thus with many a thong,
While conscious of his doom he lies,
Calmly he cons his last proud song,
His death-hymn of defiance strong;
His boast of wrong, thrice paid with wrong,
To show, when flames should round him rise,
And gloat his savage captors' eyes,
How bravely the Algonquin dies.

The council has been called, and met,
And promptly with one voice decreed,
That ere the morrow's sun shall set,
The captive shall a victim bleed;
And that meantime their Sachem's daughter,
Custom according, shall be sent
With ample gourds of cooling water,
And choice and savory nourishment,
To cheer the prisoner doomed to slaughter:
All timidly alone she went.

Oh! she was graceful as the fawn,
The young, the peerless WUN-NUT-HAY,
And lovelier than the dappled dawn
On the blue skies of flowering May.
Of Indian maids she was the flower,
The sweetest of the wild-wood bower:
Through all the tribes her praise was sung,
Hers was the star which ruled the hour;
And braves of fame and chiefs of power
On her enchanting beauty hung.

She saw the prostrate warrior there:
High and unconquered was his mien;
More manly was his form, and fair,
More regal was his dauntless air,
Than aught her maiden eye had seen.
And must he die, so young, so brave,
And seek alone the spirit-land,
Through the dark portals of the grave,
Where wait his slain, but faithful band?
Is there no arm to shield and save?

Swelling pity forced a sigh,
Melting pity thawed a tear;
Love as ever lurking nigh,
Armed and prompt in archery,
With his torch to light and cheer,
Marked the tear steal from her eye,
Shot an arrow and slew fear,
Then fired her soul with purpose high.
And she resolved, come weal, come woe,
To share the hapless captive's fate,
With him, unbound and free, to go
And roam where his bright waters flow,
Or with him pass the dark death-gate.

Love hath more devices far,
When instant need to rescue calls,
Than all the strategy of war,
Investing long-beleagured walls;
And courage more sublime and true,
Than the scarred warrior ever knew.
One thought, and to the lake she fled,
Like arrow from the strong-bow sped:
Her light canoe and trusty oar,
Which idly rocked along the shore,
She drew with quick and noiseless tread,
To a secluded spot grown o'er

To screen it from all passing eyes ;
Then back to the 'death-cabin' hies.

There soundly at the entrance sleeps
The weary, night-worn sentinel ;
But in his vivid dream still keeps
His waking vigil, keen and well.
The coming vengeance to his foe
Is in his fierce but wandering thought,
And a grim smile and fiendish glow
His sleeping countenance hath caught.
With stealthy step and agile limb
The unconscious sentinel is passed,
And now she stands alone by him,
On whom her soul's great stake is cast.

Fear not, young brave, the soft, fair hand
Which nimbly wields the knife,
And severs every thong and band,
Menaces not thy life :
An angel comes to set thee free,
From torture and captivity,
And give her heart and life to thee.
Nor needed he or word or sign,
Her high, bold purpose to divine ;
And deeply in his soul he prayed,
That the GREAT SPIRIT would them aid ;
For now his life was doubly dear,
And fain would he prolong it here,
Her deep devotion to repay,
With love by night, and chase by day,
Till life should peaceful pass away.

One instant, and his limbs are freed,
He rises painfully and slow,
Oh! for the bounding pulse and speed
With which he rushed to meet the foe :
It comes not, nor the battle-glow,
Now in his hour of direst need,
As breathless he essays to go.

Safely the guarded door is passed,
The outer picket gained at last :
The freshness of the morning breeze
New life diffuses through his frame,
And glow his slackened energies,
With something of their former flame.
And now the uncovered way they take,
With the swift speed of startled deer,
Whose bounding hoofs are winged with fear,
To gain the skiff upon the lake.

Gained is the lake and light canoe,
But as they quickly push from shore,
With whoop and yell and wild halloo,
Louder than battle's stormiest roar,
A hundred dusky forms are seen,
Rushing along on either hand,
Now plunging through the tangled green,

Now madly leaping on the strand.
Fleet barks dart quick upon the wave,
Strong sinewy hands grasp every oar,
Fell vengeance nerves each maddened brave,
The troubled lake with foam is hoar,
The eager blood-hounds snuff the gore.

Now, lovers, every sinew strain,
Let no false stroke your speed delay ;
Your fierce pursuers on you gain :
Row for your lives ! away ! away !

With answering whoop and startling yell,
The Algonquin hurled defiance back,
The vengeful Seneca to tell,
Though close and furious on his track,
He feared not, but still hated well,
And would avenge his kindred slain,
When he the war-path trod again.

The western beach is gained at last,
But scarcely have they sprung to land,
And vanished in the forest vast,
Ere the pursuers gain the strand,
And leap like wolves, a howling band,
Up the steep bank, and follow fast.
The maiden speeds her lover past,
And fleetly leads upon the trail,
But sees with heavy heart, at last,
His pace and strength begin to fail :
His stiffened limbs well-nigh give o'er,
His unhealed wounds are red with gore,
And higher, nearer swells the roar.
She turns, a rocky steep is near,
Which lifts its flinty summit high —
A land-mark, desolate and drear,
Piercing the blue encircling sky —
And leads her panting lover there,
Not to surrender, but to die.

Far, far below, a depth profound,
A brook is sweeping through the glen,
And sends a deep and murmuring sound,
From haunts unvisited by men —
Meet place, beneath the cloudless skies,
For love's last solemn sacrifice.
Far down, from crag to crag swift leaping,
With eagle plume and eye of fire,
Heading his band and upward sweeping,
WUN-NUT-HAY sees her wrathful sire ;
Above one lightning glance he threw,
Then notched an arrow to the string,
And firm his trusty bow he drew ;
But ere he gave the death-shaft wing,
He bade his eager warriors go
And seize alive the escaping foe.
The maiden sprang before her lover,
His form with her slight form to cover,
That when the whizzing shaft should fly,
She, she alone, or both, might die.

Still held the sire his bow on high,
Nor shook his hand, nor quailed his eye;
And well the desperate lovers knew
His arm was strong, his aim was true.

All bootless now the daughter's prayer,
The parent heart is dark and stern,
No throb of mercy softens there,
But fiercest fires of vengeance burn.
In vain she warns her maddened sire
That, sooner than yield up her brave
A helpless victim to his ire,
They both would seek a fearful grave,
And slumber in the embrace of death,
Far down the yawning gorge beneath.
He heard, but deigned her no reply,
And bade his warriors quicker fly.

They come! and from that beetling hill,
In close embrace the lovers leap;
Two forms are flying down the steep —
A sullen sound, and all is still.

Death is a grim and ghastly priest,
And fearful is his nuptial rite;
But oh! beware his marriage-feast,
'Tis for the vulture and the kite.

The warriors stand like wolves at bay,
When baulked all sudden of their prey,
But as that sound greets the quick ear
From the deep glen, they blench and start,
And a strange awe and chilling fear
Creeps through the Seneca's bold heart.
The chieftain with his bow still high,
Lets no avenging arrow fly,
But at his feet it idly falls;
One hurried glance he gives below,
Then calmly readjusts his bow,
On, on his awe-struck warriors calls.

Little dreamed he, relentless chief,
That thus his soft and timid dove,
By the transforming might of love,
Would the bold, tameless eagle prove,
And shame her sire to shield his foe,
And, to avert the avenging blow,
Plunge fearless to the gulf below.
Inly he mourned, but hid his grief.

Far down that glen, by the sounding brook,
Where the flickering sun-beams faintly look,
Two hollow graves were hastily made
By savage hands, without pick or spade;
And there they laid them, side by side,
In their fearful wedlock, bridegroom and bride.
And still those hollow graves are seen,
Dressed in fresh moss, all velvet and green;

And the brook moans on in the shaded glen,
 Telling the legend to pale-faced men,
 Chanting for ever that mournful air
 To the faithful lovers still sleeping there.
 And ever yet, in leafy June,
 When full on the lake shines the round bright moon,
 And the winds are hushed, and the wave is still,
 And the echoes sleep on the sacred hill,
 Two forms steal out from the covert shore,
 With shadowy bark and spectral oar,
 And, with never a wake or a ripple, glide
 Slow and serene o'er the silver tide;
 But the whoop, and the yell, and the wild uproar
 Of fierce pursuers, are heard no more.

THE PRIDE OF OUR VILLAGE.

'You see that grave? The Lord, He gives,
 The Lord, He takes away :
 O Sir! the child of my old age
 Lies there as cold as clay!'

Did you ever pass through our little village of Thorntonville? It lies deep among green hills, alumbering there so peacefully that the traveller, as the stage slowly tops the last eminence, and then goes groaning and staggering heavily down the steep declivity, thrusts forth his head in pleased astonishment, and dreams of Rasselas and the Happy Valley. But when the four jaded horses spring forward once more upon the level road, and prance through the dusty village street, and the great creaking stage, swinging and pitching on its leathern springs, rolls thundering on, and the brattling horn rings out its blast, lo! what a buzzing throng of curious idlers swarms into the porch of the great white tavern! And how wondrously important is the post-master's air, as he snatches up his letter-bag and runs across the street! And while Jehu swaggers in the bar-room and distributes his manifold parcels, should you watch, you would soon see village merchants bustling out from the office with great business-like letter-packages, and youths and maidens scattering slowly from the door, tearing open precious envelopes, or else soothing their disappointment with the promise of another mail. And when the fresh horses are brought out, and the driver braces himself anew in his uneasy throne, and cracks his long lash, and off you roll again to the music of clanking traces and hollow-rattling wheels, should you look back, the street lies as still and deserted behind you, the little shops as dull, the loungers as lazy, the little village sleeping as soundly in the arms of the hilly sisterhood, as it did before the avalanche of passengers thundered down upon its slumbers.

From the old wooden bridge a straggling row of houses drags along, ingeniously climbing up and down as many steep little knolls as possible. The narrow dusty track of road scarce holds its own against the green patches that threaten its borders on either side; and great elms stand like staunch sentries before the better houses, and sometimes a little white office, with green shutters, just peers out through the twinkling green-and-white foliage of low shrubbery, bashfully swinging its tin sign, and peeping from its leafy veil to beg for custom. But the two or three groceries, and the printing-office, and the ambitious hotel strut out boldly, glaring white in the mid-day sun; and the dry-goods store, scorning the verdant shade of nature, shelters itself under its blackened awning, and flaunts out its great gilt sign, and blazons on its new-painted weather-boards a blue and gold, red, yellow, and green catalogue of every possible article that it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive, or of woman to desire.

On the barest and boldest eminence of all stands the village church, not the only one; for another, less fortunate, stands on the sultry flat where the three roads meet; and yet another just shows its four white pinnacles above the waving tops of a cluster of young trees that crowd together at the opening of the glen, where the brook comes tumbling and sparkling down from the hills.

The 'new street' goes straying along the winding rapid river, and you may know by the nests of sprawling, creeping, unwashed children that you stumble over in your way, that here dwell the poorer, laboring class of Thorntonville.

The society of Thorntonville, as declared by the village paper, and quoted in his card by our host of the 'National,' has long been distinguished for its refinement, its hospitality, intelligence, and morality; and the advertisement of the Thorntonville Young Ladies' and Gentlemen's Select Academy and Collegiate Institute, after enumerating the remarkable advantages of paternal care and religious supervision, healthful atmosphere, and delightful scenery, with which the advertising columns of religious papers teem, dwells with peculiar unction upon the opportunities of intellectual and social improvement afforded by the polite and elegant society of the place.

Though it may be most excellent of its kind, our society, to say the truth, is rather limited, and our aristocracy, though unquestionably select, is, I must confess, somewhat uncomfortably exclusive. We include in the circle of our best society the family of good Mr. Merriman, of the 'National.' The old gentleman himself is rather too uncultivated to shine in so high a sphere. The dry-goods dealer is our Brummel; he goes to New-York every year, and is a perfect oracle in fashions; last spring he brought back a moustache from the city, whereupon the whole lay male population of Thorntonville became afflicted with diseases of the respiratory organs, to a degree beyond all precedent in those parts. His wife is the very mirror of elegance, by which all the ladies of the village dress and form themselves. The lawyer and the village doctor are the great intellectual lights of our firmament. Mr. Capias excels in poetry, and is a very Junius in the weekly leaders; the doctor is rather jealous of his literary fame, and whilom would tilt

roughly with him in the lists of argument ; but after a few lances were broken, to his infinite discomfiture, he was fain to leave the field to his rival, and now confines himself to the realm of natural sciences, wherein he knows no peer. It does not in the least detract from the awe in which he is held by the younger portion of our community, that he is suspected of a leaning to skepticism, and once was heard to speak disparagingly of the Shorter Catechism. The post-master is a most important member of our confederacy ; and the minister of our own — the orthodox — church, is always invited to our sober tea-drinkings. The editor is hardly *comme il faut*, but we none of us like to neglect him, printers are so disagreeable when they are offended, so he always receives a formal invitation when some great affair comes off ; and if he comes, no one hinders him from enjoying himself if he can ; and, in return for our condescension, the whole world for ten miles round is edified on the succeeding Wednesday with a minute account of Mrs. S — h's brilliant *soirée* on Thursday evening last ; faithfully recording how Miss B — n was bewitching, and Miss J — s enchanting ; how Mrs. Th — s — n looked *distinguée*, and the aristocratic Mrs. J — k — ns was *superbe* ; and how, after all, the lovely Miss P — t was the belle of the evening, the cynosure of neighboring eyes, the leader of the starry host, and was dressed in simple white muslin, with three roses and a japonica bewitchingly implanted in her hair. The rich shoe-and-leather dealer's family rank very high with us, and since the old Nantucket captain has set up his splendid span of grays, and talks of a conservatory, all Thorntonville delights to do him honor.

But the very head and front, the beginning and the end of our fashionable society, is Colonel Thornton and Colonel Thornton's family. With Colonel Thornton's family Thorntonville began ; in them it lives and moves. Colonel Thornton's grand-father owned Thorntonville ; Colonel Thornton's father buried Colonel Thornton's grand-father, and speculated in Thorntonville, and was gathered to his fathers ; and then Colonel Thornton settled in the old place, and practised law for a little while, was elected to the Senate, retired from public life to Thorntonville, and by-and-by he too will journey by the same broad road from Thorntonville to another world.

The noble-looking, proud old man walks erect through the shady village street, so lofty, so unapproachable, his keen black eyes darting such vivid fire, and the thin lips so firmly pressed together, such an air of haughty condescension in his brow, and such a consciousness of lordly sovereignty upon his lofty forehead, that the man never lived in Thorntonville who did not hastily uncover as he passed, and return his bow with one of low deference, and answer to his salutation in respectful, subdued tones.

Years ago, when Colonel Thornton, ripe in honors, and sated with the toil and tumult of public life, came back to the shady green retreats of Hawthornden, he looked out in pride over the rich acres that stretched away from his window, and over the green lawn before his door, to the noble grove of oak, and elm, and maple, and down to the village that lay slumbering along the silvery winding stream down in the valley ; and then, as he thought of the great wealth and the proud

position he enjoyed, he remembered the four beautiful girls who sat down at his table, and the noble boy who should bear his name down to another generation.

Who will ever forget little Sidney Thornton, that beautiful boy of thirteen summers? Who does not remember his flashing dark eyes that were as full of fickle feeling as ever were a woman's, one moment filling fast with tears, and then sparkling through the drops with boyish glee? or the sweet childish lips that were for ever moving, quivering now with fleeting sorrow, or pouting in momentary anger? Old men used to gaze upon his broad sunny brow, so clustered round with glossy curls, and bless the child. Every body loved the boy; who could help it? and the gruff blacksmith, who had his shop down by the river, used to wipe off his smutty face when he heard his clear laugh of an afternoon, and would let his iron cool to follow him about the shop, answering all his questions, and teaching him to use his tools. And the surly old shoe-maker, that was never known to sleep, nor ever to be really awake — stitching, and hammering, and boring holes the live-long day, and far into the dark hours of the night — even he used to look up through his great brass-rimmed spectacles with a strange grim smile upon his care-worn face, when little Sidney stood in his shop-door; and he would stop his endless 'rap-tap' upon his lap-stone, and get up to hunt about among the odd strips of leather and many-colored morocco for the best and softest piece for his ball-cover; and they do say that he stitched and stitched away all his odd minutes for many weeks upon the straps of Sidney's first pair of skates; and, in sooth, when they came forth from his hands, the new and strange devices wherewith they were decorated excited the admiration and envy of the whole villagery of boys.

Down in one corner of the Thornton property dwelt poor Adam Locke, in his little cottage. Adam Locke had grown up from a boy upon the estate, and while the hardy enterprising young men of the village were pushing their fortunes westward, he remained still upon the old place, without a dream of changing his condition, till he took to himself to wife a pretty little bustling house-maid in the Thornton family, and went to dwell with her where his father had lived before him; and, furbishing up the old hoes and spades, he took up regularly his father's duties in the great garden, and the orchards and groves of Hawthornden. While Adam's locks were growing gray and thin, and in his sweaty, sun-burned brow the simple story of laborious years was being written line by line, one year after another brought up around him a growing group of healthy daughters, as pretty, as bustling, and as industrious as their mother; but he had to wait long before a son was born to him; and when little Johnny came at last, the old man's simple heart was full, and he used to spend the long summer evenings dandling and hushing his infant boy; and when the little fellow learned to walk, and could call his father by name, the two would go forth together into the broad alleys of the garden, and while the old man hoed up the heaps of weeds the little boy chatted away to him, and he would stop to answer him as if he knew every word of his baby-talk; and he

found a deal of comfort and great help in the company and childish prattle of his only little son.

When Johnny Locke grew up — a homely, sun-burned boy, square, stout, and clumsy — it would puzzle you to know why the old man used to stop and lean on his spade and watch him so proudly; and why he would talk about 'My John' so much, as if no other John was ever half so good, or smart, or wise. But he was a brave, active lad, passionate and generous, and all the boys in the village liked John Locke, and the school-master used to say that he studied harder than any boy in his school.

Little Sidney Thornton would find his way to the garden-bed, or the hedge where John was working, and the two boys soon became fast friends; so that whenever they could get a holiday they were sure to be wandering together into the forest, or up among the hills, or along the river's banks, fishing, or nutting, or swimming; and Colonel Thornton, proud though he was, could not find it in his heart to interfere with the pleasure of his darling son. So the two were left to enjoy themselves in their own way, and grew in favor daily with the villagers.

One summer afternoon there was something flying about, and wafted on whispering breath from house to house of the village, and from knot to knot of anxious, inquiring men in the street; and as each one heard it he held his breath, and gasped in horror, and hurried to his home. Foaming horses came clattering in, and each rider was stopped, and eager groups thronged about him, hanging on the reins and clinging to the stirrups; and as the horseman galloped on from group to group, dismay and terror spread through the town. At each gate-way were frightened mothers and clusters of weeping sisters; for a party of boys had gone to the lake to bathe, and two of them were drowned! Fathers heard it, and remembered the missing face at table; one pale face met another in the street, and quivering lips gasped out the fearful question: 'Is it mine?' Horses and carriages were flying through the town toward the lake, but before them all was gray-haired Colonel Thornton, spurring on his black steed covered with foam and dust, reining up to inquire of each group of affrighted boys on their homeward way, and spurring on again. In heavy wagons, on foot, on horse-back, the village poured out to the lake; and Colonel Thornton was galloping madly up and down before the throng on the bank, calling for ropes and drags; and the blacksmith was in his boat, and ropes were thrown in, and grappling-irons, and stalwart oars-men took their places; and boat after boat was manned, and swept over each foot of water, up the swift current, and over the deep pools, and round the whirling eddies, down among the roots of trees, and amidst floating logs; the crowd so mute lining the shore, and Colonel Thornton, on his panting horse, shouting the word of command, and holding up his heavy purse. One boat was drifting far down the stream into the river, its long lines sweeping the bottom; silent and swift it glided on, till the blacksmith shouted from the stern. A heavy body was entangled in the grapnels; and, as he hauled and hauled away, it came to the surface, just glancing in the red light of the setting sun, and something was lifted in, and away sped

the skiff to the shore. The crowd rushed down to the beach ; Colonel Thornton threw himself from his saddle and broke his way through. One moment they pressed around, swaying and pushing for a sight, then they shrunk back in awe and terror, as the old man lifted up his gray head from the bodies and turned his face toward them, and fell away silently on either side to let him pass.

Then such a wail arose ! sobbing and sighing low upon the evening breeze, and rising and swelling into fierce, loud lamentations, as one after another drew near and recognized the bodies ; for there was John Locke, in his coarse garments, clasped firmly round the waist by the naked arms of Sidney Thornton, and dragged down to death by him !

Slowly they turned away, and slowly the straggling groups and single foot-men stole home at dusk ; and the stout blacksmith, tenderly wrapping up the poor bodies, drove softly, late at night, into the village.

The rusty hinges of the old family vault did not open for little Sidney Thornton. It was not for him to lie in his chill, damp niche until the resurrection-morn. They chose out a place where the sun-light fell bright and warm, where the dank, thick shade of the trees might not fall too cold upon him ; and they dug there a grave for two. And one bright morning of July the whole village thronged together there as mourners. Nearest stood Colonel Thornton, his gray head uncovered, and the silvery locks blowing about in the summer-breeze ; and on the other side of the grave knelt Adam Locke, bending over the edge, and gazing down upon the coffin-lid that covered up the face of his only boy — two old men, so much unlike, and yet so near, stricken down by one blow, looking into one grave, burying together there their hope, and pride, and joy ; helpless and feeble alike, and needy and desolate !

There is an old book that I found once on the top-shelf of my library, buried in rubbish, and covered thick with dust. I read many strange things in its tattered pages, and, among others, it told how one man and one woman were the parents of us all. I soon forgot the curious story, and the old book is as dusty as it was before ; but as I turned away from that wide, deep grave, I could not help thinking that perhaps the great haughty Colonel Thornton and poor Adam Locke were pretty near relations after all.

NIGHT-PIECE TO JULIA.

HEN eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting-stars attend thee ;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like sparks of fire, befriend thee.

HEBRICK.

A M O T H E R ' S L A M E N T .

BY THE FRAGRANT BARD.

'T WAS when the rye was in the blow,
And Summer's breath was sweet,
My baby from my arms did go
The LORD OF LOVE to greet.

Thou 'rt now a little angel, dear!
And dost thou mind me yet?
Thy mother's love, so fervent here,
Can Heaven's bliss forget?

I feel it wrong to mourn for thee,
But who unmoved could keep?
'T were fitter thou shouldst weep for me,
If angels ever weep.

Again the rye is in the blow,
And Summer's breath is sweet;
But fairer flower than June can show,
Is dust beneath my feet.

Again the sheltering maples fling
Their shadows round my door;
Again the social warblers sing
As cheerly as before:

But there 's a gloom around my heart —
No shadow of the tree;
And, would I tempt the tuneful art,
Mine is the minor key.

You hang-bird, swinging in her cot,
Is joyful with her own:
O bird! thou 'rt happy: I am not:
My nestling 's early flown.

The gloaming shadows tint the vale,
The sober moon I see;
And lonely sounds the piping quail
Out on the darkening lea.

There 's something gone I do not meet;
Lost, that I may not find:
True, Summer smiles around me sweet,
But joyless is my mind.

O Memory! stern or pleasing be
The phantoms of thy power;
Would that the vision I can see
Were real for the hour!

T H E P O R T R A I T .

BY L. A. RANDALL.

It was an old, old street, such as you would hardly expect to find within the corporation bounds of a city of such comparatively modern growth as New-York. So narrow and dim was it, that the venerable houses, tall and skeleton-like, seemed leaning forward toward one another, as if for support, and the tufts of grass and clusters of yellow dandelions growing between the crooked and sunken bricks of the pavement, caught scarcely a glimpse of the glad sun-shine that played over all else, in its prodigal luxuriance of May brightness.

The city seemed absolutely to have grown away from this ancient quarter. What consanguinity could it claim with all the stately avenues and widely-paved streets that stretched far away to the westward? Dim and silent and antiquated it stood, like some aged person, bent and hoary with years, whom death and decay seem to have passed by and forgotten long ago. Now and then a rattling cart clattered through its lonely precincts, as if bewildered to find itself there, and eager to get clear of the unaccustomed neighborhood. The very echoes, driven from the bustling marts of life and activity, sought refuge amid these weird-looking old buildings, and wandered, like homeless spirits, through this lonely and dream-like monument of the past.

But on this particular May morning there was a slight degree more bustle and animation than usual around a certain old house, which was more respectable to outward view than its ruinous brethren, and seemed to retain the most thread-bare pretence and miserable gentility of all the street. Every morning, as regularly as the first sun-beams slanted across the hoary roofs, the staid-looking maid-servant came forth to polish the brass door-handle until it shone again, and to sweep the dust from the rusty grass before the steps; and the solitary cat sat blinking behind the narrow window-panes, which always glittered with housewifely care, although the heavy curtains of faded tapestry shut out all glimpses of the two old maiden ladies, who, save the prim servant-woman, were the only inhabitants of the domicile.

This bustle was satisfactorily explained by a flaring red flag which hung from one of the upper windows, and by the loud and ceaseless din of the well-known auction-bell, borne up and down the street by one of Mr. —'s myrmidons. The old oaken-paneled door was gaping wide on casual passers-by; the rooms were one and all thrown open, and the vulgar gaze of curiosity revelled at will on the long-silent and secluded domains of those two stately, gray-haired old women.

I was one of the first comers, induced thereto by a long friendship which had subsisted between my mother and these ladies. I knew very well the cause of these unfortunate proceedings, which had long been dreaded, both by the Miss Haynes and their constant friend, my

kind mother. Years and years ago they had held their rank among the aristocrats of society, but fortune had deserted them in latter times, and friends grown cold. Their only brother had run largely in debt to purchase shares in some tempting bubble, whose bursting reduced them all to the lowest circumstances. Henry Haynes died, full of remorse and sorrow for thus having ruined his poor sisters, and left them encumbered with a heavy debt. What with accumulating interest and long neglect, this incubus had increased fearfully in the few years that had elapsed since their brother's death, and now, in the dreary autumn-time of their lives, Harriet and Clarissa Haynes saw no alternative but the sad one of disposing of their all, and even this expedient would not suffice to liquidate that haunting debt that sat on their hearth-stone by day, and hovered over their pillows by night, like some evil spirit. Harassed by their importunate old creditor, agonized by the consciousness of their complete helplessness, what else could these poor ladies do?

I found but a few minutes to whisper sympathizing and consoling words to my friends, ere the rooms began to fill with spectators. Some came in from curiosity, some because they happened to be passing at the moment, but most because they really wished to purchase, and hoped to find things cheaper in such an old-fashioned and secluded place.

And oh! how sadly elegant, how miserably stately were all these relics of long ago! The faded curtains, the stiff-backed, uneasy chairs, cushioned with ancient embroidery, wherein the yellows were a soiled white and the crimsons a muddy purple, no colors retaining their original brightness; and the distorted mirrors in their worm-eaten frames! An old piano, with long, spindling legs and elaborately-carved case, stood in a corner. It was open, displaying the narrow bank of yellow keys and a pile of discolored and venerable music, such as our grandmothers used to sing in days of lang syne. The carefully-mended carpets, in which the dim figures were undistinguishable from the dull, brown ground; the quaint old vases, from whose twisted convolutions peeped forth grinning apes and satyrs, and beautiful children's faces, filled with faded *immortelle*, whose white and purple globes were yearly renewed from the narrow garden-plot behind the house; the wrought rug, with its border of stiff roses, over which had ached and smarted many a pair of bright eyes, now mingled with the dust; all these things seemed to convey one backward to the dim echoes of a former generation.

But the one object that caught my eye most in the low-ceiled room, boasting the title of parlor, was a portrait hanging over the fire-place: a beautiful young female head, crowned with ringlets of paly gold, and with deep, liquid hazel eyes—that rare and peculiar combination of colors which artists so seldom see, and always find so exquisite. Old Time had spread a dull brown tint over the whole, but he could not hide the bloomy roses in the dimpled cheeks, nor the sunny shadows of the bright hair. The face looked out from the black canvas as fresh and lovely as a peep of blue sky smiling between gray storm-clouds. I had seen this picture, and revelled in its exceeding beauty, many and many a time before. I knew that it was the likeness of poor Miss

Clarissa's youngest sister, who was dead long, long ago, and it shocked me beyond description to see it hanging up among the other things, as if for sale.

'O Miss Harriet!' said I, turning to the sister, who stood with tearful eyes beside me, 'you are not going to have poor Ellinor's picture sold?'

'I must, my child,' said Miss Harriet with a fresh burst of tears; 'old Mr. Whiteleigh is a hard and cruel creditor; he says all the house contains will not satisfy his debt, and we have not the power to reserve a single article. I had rather lose every thing else than that poor baby's image. Is it not lovely, my dear? Hush! don't let Clarissa see you looking at it, or she will break her heart. Oh! it is a hard, hard thing!' She drew her hand across her eyes and went on:

'And that was her piano, too. Ah! yellow and old as it looks now, it was a fine instrument when Ellinor was sixteen: my father was so proud of her beautiful singing; it sounded just like a bird in the green woods. Pianos were costly enough in those days, and people wondered that Henry went to such an expense for her; but we were rich then, and thought nothing could be too good for such a pretty young thing as Ellinor. There's all the music she used to play; it must be sold, every sheet of it. We used to sit in the old garden, years before it was all built up around, and listen to her playing; father used to say it was more like heaven than earth. I am almost glad to think he died before all our troubles came. Cousin Philip used to love her music too; he worshipped the very ground that Ellinor walked on. I have seen him pick up a ribbon that dropped from her hand, and treasure it away, as if it were some costly jewel!'

Poor Miss Harriet turned away, wiping off a furtive tear, as a curious group poured in, and I sat down on the stiff old sofa, pondering over the little kernel of romance shut up within her words. The sisters had oftentimes told me of their gallant and true-hearted cousin, Philip Ayler; how he had sailed away for the far-off India long, long ago, in the very flower of his youth, and even before the mould was heaped over those shining curls of the loved and lost Ellinor. I resolved to ask Miss Harriet or Miss Clarissa all about it at some future day; but now the elder sister tapped me lightly on the arm.

'Do n't you want to take a last look at the old book-case, Lizzy? It is to be sold in about an hour, they say. Clary will go with you.'

I rose to follow the hint conveyed by Miss Harriet's quick, appealing eye, especially as the swaying crowd now approached the spot where hung that glorious young face, whose regal loveliness attracted every eye.

Miss Clarissa slowly ascended the creaking stairs, and we entered the little chamber, scrupulously neat, where the snow-white muslin curtains were looped back with knots and bows of discolored blue ribbon, and the tall old-fashioned clock told off the lagging seconds with loud, monotonous tick.

'This used to be mother's room,' said Miss Clarissa, 'and afterward Ellinor's. It was a pretty little chamber then. Mother was no great

reader ; she used to keep her work in the old book-case. Ellinor selected most of the books.'

'Your mother died, then, when Ellinor was very young ?'

'Only thirteen, my dear, and that is very young to be left without a mother's care, especially for one so giddy and so lovely as she was. We all spoiled her, and though she was sometimes wilful and headstrong, she had such a sweet winning way, that we were all ruled by her.'

Miss Clarissa opened the time-stained mahogany doors of the tall book-case and took out one or two of the volumes, with a sigh.

Old yellow-leaved things they were : 'Clarissa Harlowe,' 'Sir Charles Grandison,' essays, travels, volumes of poems, and I observed that nearly all were marked with fairy penoil-lines in the sweetest passages, with dried rose-buds falling in a shower of scented dust from between the leaves.

She replaced them, and turned absently toward the window. I put aside the curtains and looked down upon the little yard below, with brick buildings rising on every side. There were two or three borders of gorgeous carnations there, and rows of stunted heart's-ease, and in the corner was a giant rose-bush, crimson with its load of blossoms — all that remained of the arbors and gravel-walks and evergreen-bowers of long ago. I asked Miss Clarissa some casual question concerning the garden ; she did not answer me. I placed my hand on her shoulder softly, and she started.

'I beg your pardon, dear ; you must excuse my stupidity, but indeed I am so anxious about that picture. Harriet and I have scraped a few dollars together, with your mother's aid, to try to bid it in, but old Mr. Whiteleigh counted a good deal on what it would bring, as he said it was such a fine fancy head, and I much fear we shall be out-bid. I loved the girl very dearly once, and my love clings round the frail representation of her beauty yet.'

How my heart ached as I looked on the poor old lady's melancholy face ; the dull eyes strained with watching, the ears inclined toward the closed door, as if to catch a sound of what it was utterly impossible to hear.

'Harriet sent me up here, without thinking I knew the reason so well. She feared I should be weak and nervous, and may-be faint away if we were disappointed ; well, perhaps I should.' And she sank down dejectedly into a chair.

Just then we heard the quick, light patter of little Miss Harriet's footstep on the stairs, and she came in, vainly striving to repress her tears. Miss Clarissa instantly put her withered hand before her eyes.

'Do n't mind it, Harriet,' she said, faintly ; 'sit down and have a good cry.'

Her sister seemed to think that course about the best that could be pursued, so she let her head fall upon my shoulder and sobbed heartily. I could only reply by gently smoothing her gray hair with my hand, and wanting very much to cry myself.

'Well,' she said, raising her head in a few moments, 'I do n't think

it's of any use to cry, Clary. The darling child's sweet face is gone ; but then we have a better image than that — one that age or sorrow cannot dim — engraved deep in our hearts.'

'Who purchased it?' inquired Miss Clariassa.

'An old gentleman was there, all bundled up with furs, so that nothing but his eyes were visible. Such keen, restless eyes! they were on every body and every thing at once, and I thought his sharp gaze would pierce me through and through. I suppose he must be one of Mr. Whiteleigh's friends, for he seemed to know all about the place. He bid in the poor old piano and music for a hundred dollars, and gave one hundred and fifty for the portrait. I offered fifty, but he bid higher than I could venture to go, by a full hundred. I went to him and told him the whole case, how much we loved the picture, and how sorely we longed to keep it, and asked him if he could not let us have it still. 'No,' he said; 'it was a bright, pretty face, and he liked such portraits; he was a great admirer of fancy heads. No, not by any means.' And then he turned abruptly away to another part of the room. I could not beg further, of course, so I came up here in despair.'

'I suppose it was the best that could be done,' sighed Miss Clariassa, dejectedly.

'And now that you have nothing remaining here that can call for your presence, do come and make your home with us for the present, both of you,' urged I, 'at least until you find another.'

'A thousand thanks, my dear,' said Miss Harriet, cheerily; 'but we can occupy this old place for a month or two yet, they say; and Mr. Whiteleigh told me to use freely whatever furniture he had bid in, which would remain in the house until I could make shift for better. After all, people are not always so hard as we think them. I'm sure it's very kind of Mr. Whiteleigh.'

I could not help admiring Miss Haynes' bright, cheerful disposition, which always found a little gleam of sun-shine even in the darkest spot.

'But come with me for to-day at least,' continued I, 'until the house is cleared. It can only annoy and vex you to remain.'

'Perhaps we had better,' said Miss Harriet, glancing toward her sister; 'and as our things, what little we have, are all safe by themselves, I'll bring our bonnets, Clary, and we'll go with Lizzy.'

We hurried past the parlor-door, but not so swiftly as to prevent me from catching a momentary glimpse of that lovely face, with its rippling fall of golden curls and transparent, rose-tinted complexion. What was the stream of romance which flowed past the grave of dead Ellinor Haynes? I would ask Miss Harriet that very afternoon. She was not averse to talking of that beautiful departed sister, nay, she rather loved to linger on all her loveliness and grace and accomplishments. With this secret resolve, we reached our destination; my mother welcomed the two forlorn sisters with even more than her usual cordial kindness, and they sat down beside our hearth-stone, not altogether desolate.

The tea-things were all cleared away, and Miss Harriet and I sat

together in the cozy back-parlor, by the dancing light of the cheerful wood-fire, which an unseasonable chilliness of the evening had rendered a positive luxury. My kindest of mothers, agreeably to a slight hint that a little variety would prevent the younger sister from brooding too sadly over her misfortunes, had gone on a little shopping expedition with Miss Clarissa, whose judgment and taste she had requested in such flattering terms that the poor old lady found it impossible to refuse.

'Dear Miss Harriet,' said I, coaxingly, taking the little shrivelled hand in mine, 'I've a great favor to ask of you.'

'What is it, my child?' asked the old lady, smiling benignly on me.

'Do tell me all about poor Ellinor and your cousin Philip; for I know there is a rich vein of romance under all your reminiscences. I would like much to hear it, especially after looking so attentively upon that sweet old portrait.'

'No, there is not much of a tale,' sighed Miss Harriet, 'not more than almost any one can relate from sad experience. I often think, Lizzy, that there's a deal of unwritten romance in every woman's existence. Truth is stranger far than fiction, they say. But I will cheerfully tell you of it, my dear; for I love to linger on the memory of that dear, dead sister. The portrait is a good one, very; but there was a look in her face that no artist could ever transfer to canvas — a bright, child-like expression that used to flit across her features as swiftly as a sun-beam across a summer brooklet. You could not trace it, nor know whence it came, but there it was, beautiful and transitory as a vision.'

Miss Harriet patted my shoulder softly, and gazed musingly into the fire for a moment, as if she saw some familiar shadow there, and then resumed:

'We all loved and worshipped her, more perhaps than was right, either for her or for ourselves; but every one admired her just the same; and you might easily guess that an ardent, high-spirited boy of nineteen, like Cousin Philip, could not meet such a lovely creature every day, and yet keep his heart whole. He watched her every glance and motion; he treasured up the faded flowers that dropped from her hand; indeed he was like one under the influence of a spell. He was a noble, true-hearted fellow, and my father used to wish and hope that she might come by degrees to like him, and they might thus be brought together for life.'

'But as soon as she perceived the whole extent of her power, she began, as maidens will, to use it waywardly and wilfully. She never noticed his little attentions; she laughed at the wounds she herself inflicted. When he came in the summer twilight, she would steal away into the garden and remain there for hours; and when the chilly autumnal evenings came on, she would nestle down in the chimney-corner, beside my father's chair, and be so absorbed in her book or needle-work, that she had never a glance or smile for poor Philip. Yet Clarissa and I could not help thinking that she liked him after all, though we could never convince him of it, or make him believe that she did not scorn and dislike him.'

'One time in particular, I remember distinctly. We were in the large, shady old garden, a merry party, Philip and Ellinor among us.

We talked, among other things, of the language of flowers; young people, you know, my dear, love to indulge their bright fancies thus; and two or three of her gayest young suitors — for she had hosts of them even then — laid fragrant blossoms at Ellinor's feet, which she twined in the yellow rings of her lovely hair, laughing as she did it. Poor Philip mustered courage to offer her a little red rose-bud just peeping through its green covert of leaves. She took it, but without speaking; held it for a moment, and then dropped it carelessly, to take some other flower. I never saw such a flush as came over his forehead for a moment, and then left it pale as death. He turned away into another path. I followed him in a moment, and found him in a little arbor, with his face hidden in his hands. I tried to comfort him. I told him that Ellinor was a thoughtless young thing, who scarcely knew as yet that she possessed a heart, and begged him not to put too bitter a construction on such trivial looks and deeds; but he did not stir nor answer me, so I left him and went back to the party.

'Ellinor was looking her brightest and loveliest that evening. There was such a delicate tracery of bloom in her cheeks, such brilliancy in her eyes, and so much vivacity in her looks and manners, that it almost alarmed me, and brought uneasy ideas of something supernatural before my mind. It was growing twilight very fast, when I turned around by chance, and saw Philip in the deep shadows of the evergreens, leaning against a tree; he was watching Ellinor with an intent, earnest look that took in every flutter of her hair and every beam of her bright eye. I felt ready to weep myself from sympathy with him, and regret at her inscrutable conduct.

'It was not long before our group broke up and separated. My father called from the porch that it was growing damp and cool, so when Ellinor saw Philip coming toward her, she slipped her round, dimpled arm into mine, and left him to escort Clarissa. I began to reprove her well, you may believe, but she only laughed at me, and put her little white hand over my mouth, so that I had no alternative but to kiss it, and look reproachfully at her.

'Father scolded a little because we had remained out in the evening dew so late, but when she came to coax and kiss him, he called her his darling little one, and bade her go and sing one of his favorite songs. She complied, but Philip, instead of lingering beside her, as was his usual wont, took up his hat, as if to depart.

'Are you going already, Philip?' I asked, springing eagerly toward him.

'He nodded, and beckoned me to accompany him as far as the door. I went, but as he paused on the outer steps, apparently about to speak, Ellinor came tripping to the door with a newspaper which my father had desired her to give to Philip. He took the paper, and in so doing took her hand, and drew her gently to his side, and murmured something in her ear. I had drawn back some paces, but I heard her respond scornfully, and with a derisive laugh, throwing back the bright curls from her brow as she spoke.

'He appeared to urge his request, for she again exclaimed:

'Now and henceforth, never! Do not hope it!'

'He said, in a slightly elevated tone of voice, something about India : she replied, still laughing :

'India or Greenland, 't is all one to me,' and broke from his detaining hand. Such a look of agony as passed over his white face ! I could see it, even in the faint star-light. She flitted past me up-stairs, and I followed, grieved and amazed.

'It was some time before I mustered courage to enter her room, which at length I did, very softly. She was sitting with her back toward me, and her head reclining on the table before her, sobbing and weeping as though her heart would break. Revealed by the dim light of the lamp, lay a tiny dark object, within the relaxed clasp of her slender fingers. I looked a little closer : it was Philip's neglected rose-bud !

'In a day or two, we heard people talking of Philip Aylmer's intended voyage to India. It seemed a long way further off in those days than it does in the present time, and sorry enough we all were to lose him. He departed very suddenly, and without bidding farewell to any of us, except my father, whom he saw at his counting-house ; and after he was really gone, for good and all, I began to see a change in Ellinor, who up to this time had been as gay and lively as ever. I do not think she believed him really in earnest, when he spoke of leaving his native country ; and when the wide ocean lay between them, it seemed as though she began, for the first time, to realize his absence.

'Since-then, many and many a weary year has rolled past, and we have never heard the slightest tidings of him. For a long time we cherished the idea of seeing him again ; for we did not think he could ever learn to forget the ties that were once so dear to him ; but we were at length forced to abandon even the faintest shadow of hope.

'Alas ! it is a melancholy thing to see the dim fires of hope waning and dying in their secret shrine, and know that the young heart is breaking beside their ruins ; yet such was the sight that we witnessed daily in our poor Ellinor. It was many months before she would believe that he was dead, or had forgotten her ; indeed, she never ceased to watch and wait, and start convulsively whenever there was a sudden knock at the door, until Death muffled the beatings of her chilled heart, and put an end to all her mournful vigils. We could not trace the degrees by which the transparent bloom — at first rosy and delicate as the tintings of a curved sea-shell — faded away from her cheek, and the slight, fragile figure grew slighter and more fragile ; but we knew that the constant remorse and anguish of her heart were leaving their certain impress on the outward form.

'With this gradual though not less fearful change of the external, we could not fail to perceive a visible alteration of her spiritual health also. Her manner lost its wild, exuberant joyousness, and took a milder, softer tone ; her voice seemed to have forgotten its clear, laughter-loving intonations, and retained but the low, sweet music of its tenderest tones. All the gay thoughtlessness and wayward sportiveness were gone ; there only remained the trustful, loving, child-like yet broken-hearted maiden, whose young life was fading 'in its sweet spring-time.' Ah ! poor Ellinor ! she had at length discovered that she possessed a heart ; alas ! only to feel its dying pangs.

'My father sorrowed much to see the gradual fading of his cherished flower; to feel the little hand grow lighter day by day, as it lay in his own, and to trace so plainly the azure flow of those blue veins on her pure forehead; but no sage physician was ever able to penetrate to the hidden fountain which was poisoning the waters of her young existence. No change of air and scene had magic to bring back the roses that had departed. She still warbled the old melodies in the dim autumnal twilight, and still watched and cherished the garden favorites; but when the bleak November blasts brought snow and ice upon their furious pinions, we knew that ere the little spring-blossoms peeped above their frozen tombs, she would be a bright-robed angel in the flowery vales of Paradise.

'It was the evening of a lovely April day of sun-shine and shower when she died. The varying clouds were tinted with burning gold and rich crimson around the setting sun, and the air was full of the perfume of budding trees and springing grass. I was alone in the little chamber with her; the rest of the family, not dreaming that the end of all things with her was so near, had gone, at her urgent request, for a short walk; for she was quick to detect a weary eye or languid step, and feared that they had been watching too closely at her bed-side.

'Hush!' she said, softly, 'did I not hear a foot-step on the stairs?'

'I told her it was but her own fancy.

'Darling,' she said, after a short silence, as I laid my head gently on her pillow, 'I hear the sounds of angelic trumpets calling me away, and I know that my time is come. Take this little flower and treasure it carefully for my sake. If *he* should ever return, restore it to him, and tell him I loved and hoped to the very last. Tell him that, even while the shadows of death were falling around me, I listened for his foot-step on the stairs; that, wayward and wild as I always was, my heart has ever been true to him.'

'She still held the withered rose-bud to her breast, as if she could not bear to relinquish her hold of its tiny stem. I begged her, with many tears and caresses, not to despair of long and happy years of life still; for her unnatural bloom and beauty had deceived us all.

'My poor father!' she said, with a deep sigh; 'who will comfort him when his erring and misguided but still most loving and faithful child is gone?'

'Her head drooped on the pillow again, and she seemed to slumber quietly. I withdrew softly to the window to hide my emotion and check the convulsive sobs that would have way. Presently I heard her soft voice murmuring strains of some melancholy old chant she had been wont to love. At length the dying cadence floated away upon the golden twilight air, and a deep silence reigned throughout the room. I stole to her bed-side with a strange foreboding at my heart.

'She was dead! Beautiful as a carved statue she lay; the sunny curls flowing round her head like a halo of glory; the red flush of sunset still lingering on the marble cheek, and tinging the white hands that were crossed so meekly on her breast. In the odorous silence of that twilight hour her young spirit had gone forth into the land of light.'

A deep unbroken silence ensued for some moments. The waning

fire danced and flickered with dying radiance on the walls, and turned the slowly-trickling tears on the poor lady's face to glittering diamonds in its reddening flash.

'It is long, long since,' she resumed, 'and I thought that Time had nearly healed the wounds; but now I feel how powerless are years and months to erase the old sympathies, the old loves and hopes. Had she lived, she would have been old and withered like me; like me she would have tasted the bitter cup of want, and woe, and poverty; it is better far that she slumbers quietly in the peaceful earth. 'Whom the gods love, die young.''

The next day Miss Harriet and I, followed at a short distance by Clarissa and the faithful old Phebe, set out for the quaint dwelling-place of the forlorn spinsters; for we were anxious to restore some sort of a home-look to its dreary walls as soon as possible, for the sake of the younger sister; for Miss Harriet was very tender of Clarissa, whose failing health and dejected spirits indeed stood in need of kindly allowance and unwearyed care.

Lonely and deserted enough it was. The front-door wide open; the broad light of day peering boldly into the undraped windows; the bare floors echoing sadly to the foot-steps; the very articles of furniture, which were as yet uncalled-for by their new proprietors, wore a strange and unfamiliar aspect.

'It is rather curious,' said Miss Harriet, 'that the doors are all open. I suppose, however, that the purchasers of yesterday are here claiming their respective property, although it is quite early for that.'

We opened the parlor-door and entered. Directly before the picture which hung over the mantel-piece, and regarding it intently, stood a gentleman closely muffled in fur wrappers.

'It is the man who purchased the portrait,' whispered Miss Harriet, and I felt her hand trembling on my arm like an aspen-leaf; 'do not let us come in now.'

We retreated as softly as possible, but the rusty old hinges creaked and groaned mournfully as we strove to reopen the heavy door. The stranger turned quickly, and looked at us with a peculiar smile.

The poor maiden stood for a moment white and motionless. So pale was she that I feared she was about to faint; but she instantly recovered, and, springing convulsively forward, exclaimed in a shrill, tremulous voice:

'Philip! Philip Aylmer!'

He came, smiling gladly, to meet her, and in a moment she was sobbing and trembling on his supporting arm, her face buried on his shoulder. I felt that my presence was no longer needed in that little room, and slipped softly out, weeping for very joyous sympathy with my friend's emotion in that blessed hour. As I approached the door, Miss Clarissa came up the steps, leaning heavily on her maid's arm.

'Where is Harriet? Why are you weeping?' she asked, placing her hand quickly on her heart.

'Go in, go in, dear Miss Clarissa.' I could hardly speak, but I pointed toward the parlor. 'Go, and HEAVEN's blessing go with you!'

She sprang quickly past me, and was gone. As the door opened I heard the wild wail of an anguished human heart :

'Oh! too late! too late! Oh! nevermore! nevermore!'

I drew the astonished maid-servant away, explaining to her in broken words the cause of my emotion and that of her mistresses, and bidding her tell them by-and-by that I had gone home, stole away with a heart full of grateful rejoicing for my poor friends.

In the frosty evening twilight (for it was cold, even in the fickle month of May) the staunch old servitress came, with a loving message from the sisters that they would like to have me come and spend an hour or two with them. Of course I immediately bonneted and shawled, and set forth with Phebe, whose garrulous happiness formed a pleasing accompaniment to the sympathetic beatings of my own heart.

What miracle had metamorphosed the dark, low-ceiled, gloomy parlor of old into that bright, cheerful apartment, where the glorious anthracite fire sent up spires and sheets of blue and emerald light from its deep, glowing heart of fiery red; where the flowing crimson curtains seemed to shut out and exclude all chill and darkness, and the shaded globes of the solar lamps diffused a softened radiance throughout every corner? They were sitting before the cheery grate, one on either side. Miss Clarissa's face seemed almost young again, with its unwonted smiles and sunshine; and Miss Harriet, well-nigh buried in the capacious cushions of her great easy-chair, looked like the very impersonation of joyous hope and renewed vivacity.

'It is all *his* work,' she said, smiling, as she caught my eye wandering over these new regulations. 'Ah! you may well gaze and marvel; it seems almost as though he were gifted with the magic wand we used to read of in our old fairy stories. Only to think, dear Lizzy, of his having become so rich and famous in the far-off countries, and coming back at last to spend the autumn of his life in the dear old haunts and places of long ago!'

For a long time we talked of this strange reëpppearance of him who had been so long mourned as dead. She told me how his heart had ever turned, like the constant magnet, to the one home that was more to him than all the world beside; how he had toiled patiently through slow-rolling years to win wealth and reputation to lay at the feet of that one who dwelt ever in his thoughts, on whom he mused and dreamed, aye, even after she had long looked down, a bright-browed angel, on his fevered vision—his one all-absorbing object. She told me how his pleading letters, dispatched across the waste of waters, eloquent with his depth of love and earnestness, brought back no answering word of hope. Alas! how could they, when none ever reached its destination! How, in spite of all these convincing proofs, he trusted fondly on, and closed his heart against conviction; how time crept on, and he was no longer the free, enthusiastic, visionary youth, but a bowed and wrinkled man; then, with failing hope and dying energy, he came to learn his doom. He reached his native shores; he came again to the dear accustomed spot; and then, O human heart! it is well that thou canst break and yet throb on; it is well that the crushed and torpid principle of life still

beats on, when hope, and joy, and thought itself, are buried for ever in the great ruins.

'But oh!' sighed she, in a mournful voice, 'it was a terrible and fearful shock to learn, all of a sudden, that she for whom alone he had been amassing riches and a name, had been mouldering away under the daisies for many a long year! For a while it seemed as if the whole hope and stay of life were gone; as though the weary time he had spent in India was a useless blank and waste, and as though the years that lay between him and eternity would never roll their shadows away from the gates of life. But after a short season, when he heard how we were in want and tribulation, a new spirit dawned within him. The pleasant memories of the old times woke in his heart a melancholy gladness; and for her dear sake he resolved that we whom she had so loved and trusted should never know sorrow or destitution more.'

Miss Harriet's busy fingers paused, the work dropped upon her lap, and something glittered brightly beneath her eye-lashes. Here the younger sister took up the thread of the discourse:

'Was it not a well-contrived surprise! How should we suppose that he, whom we thought far across the seas, should be the one to purchase the picture and the piano, and how hard and cruel we thought it that they should be the property of another! But it is all settled now; he says that this poor old house shall be his dwelling-place always, for the sake of lang syne. None, no, not even a palace, could be dearer, he says; and we two lonesome old maids shall be his house-keepers, and help to comfort him whenever he is sad.'

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Cousin Philip himself, and I now had a fair view of him for the first time. A noble figure, somewhat bowed, a pleasant, cheerful countenance, bronzed by tropical suns, and a bright, penetrating eye, in whose deepest well-springs you could not but read the melancholy shadows of some one great sorrow — this was his *tout-ensemble*.

He sat down before the glowing hearth and talked pleasantly, even gayly, of things past and present. I was pleased to see the brotherly tenderness, the thoughtful kindness, with which he listened to the chirping voices of the two sisters, and the affectionate cordiality with which he replied to their manifold questionings. Ah! there was no more indigence or suffering or loneliness for them now. Safe in the assurance of wealth and comfort, the declining suns of their lives might set in tranquil peace and brightness. These were my musings when I had reached my own home, and in the silence of my chamber was mentally revolving all the events of the past twenty-four hours.

Many bright suns have risen and set since the unexpected dawn of better days upon the solitary spinsters of the deserted street. Their stream of life flows gently and smoothly along, in its quiet and secluded way, toward the great sea of eternity. Sometimes in my daily walks I meet that bowed yet stately man, moving through the busy streets with dreamy face, and eyes that see through a mist of years some lovely vision afar off. I never saw its golden shine, but the sisters once told me, in subdued whispers, that a tiny locket, gleaming with precious stones, lies day and night on Philip's faithful breast, containing the

scented dust of that withered rose-bud, whose colorless petals had risen and fallen with the last beatings of Ellinor's heart.

I go often to the venerable house — pleasant, even in the gloom of its dim antiquity — and spend the summer evenings amid the peaceful group, while Philip, sitting dreamily at the piano, improvises sweet, mournful strains, like the dying cadences of some grand old requiem, breathing through the vaulted arches of vasty cathedrals, or like the heavenly, half-remembered melodies that start up suddenly in our hearts, as angels from enchanted slumbers. And the rosy twilight fades gradually around us, and the cricket sings softly on the hearth, while that glorious young face, in its seraphic beauty, smiles from the dark canvas, for ever brightening and gilding the cherished memory of the loved and lost.

F I F T H O D E O F H O R A C E .

'CUIUS MULTA GRACILIS.'

WHAT graceful boy, with rose-crowned brow
 All sprinkled o'er with fragrant dew,
 Pressing his suit to PYRRHA now,
 In shadowy grot his love renews
 With eager vow?

With simple charm of braided hair,
 For whom does PYRRHA weave a lure?
 Poor Heart! that hopes thee true as fair;
 Poor Heart! that in thy love secure
 Forgets all care.

Too soon, for smiles shall be all tears,
 And prayers unheard, and hopes all wasted:
 The tempest, with fast-gathering fears,
 To dash the joy-cup down ere tasted,
 Already nears.

Ah! hapless they, for whom untried
 Thy wanton, mocking graces shine!
 A ship-wrecked sailor from the tide,
 I've sought the Saviour-Sea-God's shrine;
 Its walls beside,

My wave-drenched garments have I flung;
 And gladder for the sorrow past,
 The votive tablets all among,
 To the fierce RULER of the blast,
 My offering hung.

H. V.

M U S I C .

———' How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices in the midnight air.' — MILTON.

ALL through the air dwelling,
All through the earth swelling,
Deep from the sea welling,
Music comes with gladness or with melancholy moan :
How the death of Time knelling,
And of spirit-land telling,
Or the joy of life quelling,
Roaring from the depths like the voice of spectro-gnome.

Glimmering in the moon-light,
Or sparkling through the spray ;
Flashing with the noon-might
Of sun in summer day ;
Pattering down with rain-drops,
Or thundering in the cloud ;
Murmuring through the tree-tops,
Or hanging like a shroud,
Congealed by snow in wintry day, it seems
Like night-mare horror hovering o'er our dreams.

Beautiful Music !
With joy and gladness '
Lovingly blended
With grief and sadness ;
With grief sobbing
Mysterious ;
With joy throbbing
Delirious,
And grand as hidden harmonies of God :
New life foretelling
Victorious,
With grandeur swelling
All-glorious,
And full as His great wonders spread abroad.

It breaks out into joyous glee
When Spring bursts into life,
And laughs in all the brooks set free
From Winter's storms and strife :
It fills the arches of the groves
With gladdening songs of birds,
And softens like the moan of doves
The lowing of the herds :

It whistles in the autumn wind,
As it comes rollicking by ;
And crystallizes in the tint
Of gorgeous painted harmony,

Which splotches here and there the leaves,
So softly mellowing, like a smile,
Their ending life, and slowly weaves
The grain in waves of lingering melody.

Music swelling everywhere,
In the earth and through the air;
In the bottom of the sea,
O'er the bright and blooming lea;
In the cloud by thunder riven,
In the wind which sighs, then roars,
In the rain before it driven,
When it shrieking heavenward soars.
All the world is harmony,
All the universe abroad;
All the flowers a melody,
All Nature but a hymn to God.

Columbus, July, 1855.

THE HISTORY OF CAPTAIN SAMPSON STRONGBOW.

CHAPTER ONE.

THERE once lived in a lordly house, with four great chimneys and a spacious cellar, a certain peer of the realm, with a red face, a choleric temper, and two wives. John, Lord Beef, was the name of this robustious old Turk. He was a man broad and solid of frame. His legs, like two stalwart pillars, rested upon a pair of pedestals which seemed to have been designed by nature solely for the sturdiest use. In fact, that sagacious artisan having received an order to furnish a proprietor for a certain hideous and howling wilderness, which was afterward known throughout Europe, Asia, Africa, the two Americas, the East and West-Indies, and all parts of the world habitable by fish, flesh, and fowl, under the name of *Bullscrown Manor*, very wisely said: 'It plainly matters little what kind of feet I bestow upon this image, so that they be square and solid, and not easily to be fretted by thorns and rocks; but I will give to the poor creature hands of the most excellent pattern, in order that he may combat triumphantly with the wolves and savages which will fly at his throat the moment that he sets his foot in that region abandoned of Heaven, and that he may build for himself a good and strong house, suitable to dwell in, and be with his dame and children exceedingly comfortable.' Accordingly; having fitted on the extremities of his shanks two feet, which, though not of the neat clipper-build of those belonging to the swift-footed Achilles, were still most massive and substantial; and having also, in the kindness of her heart, encased them in a pair of shoes of the most durable cow-hide, (although it was not in the agreement that he was to

have shoes,) she next sat down over her box of knuckles, and with great care selected the very best in the assortment, and with them formed the nucleus of a bunch of fives, which the whole world will never tire of admiring when shaken, as is often the case, under the world's nose, and with which future generations will become acquainted in history, poetry, music, and the fine arts, (according to their particular turn of mind,) till they become as thoroughly bored with them as I am with Napoleon's cocked-hat and long-boots. Of such perfect pattern and workmanship were they, that if they had been driven against the ribs even of Goliath of Gath, they would have excited disgusting sensations in the epigastrium of that unwieldy son of Anak. The upper frame of our worthy nobleman was, as I have said, broad and square. It was laced and braced by thews of the toughest fibre, so that when his lordship stood in the ring, stripped for an Olympic contest, (which his partiality for learning and the ancient authors sometimes induced him to do,) I publish, declare, and avow that since the son of Jupiter and Alcmena mauled the nob of that gipsy bruiser Antæus, long before the pramids were littered, there has not been seen a sweeter pair of shoulders or a more elegant back than rose above the waist-band of the Earl of Beef.

The face of our amiable Earl was of a lord-like circumference, and richly endowed with color. His eyes were light-blue, and widely separated from each other by a most comely nose. His neck appeared to have been modelled in main after that of a bull, and when he was affected by a rising of choler, the sounds that issued from his gullet were a kind of hoarse bellowing, like that of the lord of the meadows when afar off he espies a scarlet pennon, and charges across the field with levelled horns and foaming mouth. Thus it is here seen, and will hereafter be further shown, that the master of Bullscrown was a goodly man to look upon, as well as discreet in business, orthodox in religion, handy in a skirmish, and mighty at the trencher.

Although this excellent and puissant nobleman boasted that he came of a prime old family, and vehemently argued to his neighbors that their own blood was the veriest slop compared with that which flowed in his veins, yet was he no fop or Nancy. The nails in the leather of his soles were such as they drive into horses' hoofs, and when he walked about the house, in his cow-hide shoes, all corns in his line of march instinctively shrank from the square-toed phenomenon. His coat was a rough one with big buttons, in the hale old times. His hat was but rustic in design and construction; and the staff which he carried in his hand was a mere cudgel, fitter to rap the crown of a vagabond withal than to indicate the dignity of its bearer. Nevertheless, his lordship was not without a sentiment of grandeur, and sometimes amazed the popular mind by displays of pomp, with which the triumphal processions of the dead heathen world, recounted with so much relish by the ancient historians, were not, in the estimation of this mighty nobleman, to be compared. To see him on such an occasion riding in solemn state in the grand coach, enveloped with robes and furs, bedecked with ribbons like a prize-ox, his head surmounted by a gorgeous coronet, and his face beaming from the midst of these paraphernalia with the com-

posure of the rising sun, was a sight at once imposing, fearful, majestic, and very uncomfortable. Before his coach walked the steward, bearing the great seal of the House of Beef, on which was graven for a device a bull with his head lowered and eyes shut, with the motto, '*Fænum habet in cornu.*' Him the butler followed, bearing a standard, on which were inscribed the various titles and dignities by which his lordship was known to the nations of the earth, to wit: 'John, Earl of Beef; Viscount Strongbow, of Strongbow; Baron Greatguns and Shiver-timbers of the Channel, Esquire; Justice of the Peace; Grand-Master of the Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Shoe-buckle;' and a dozen more, which I cannot recollect. A squad of clowns, blowing horns and beating drums in distracting style, formed the van of the procession; and a score of sturdy fellows with cudgels walked as a guard of honor beside the coach. In the spacious carriage rode by the side of our nobleman his two wives; and Masters John and Sampson, the sons of his lordship, and by far the most obstreperous brats in the world, struggling in the arms of their sweating nurses, and scratching, biting, and pummelling each other like young bears, completed a spectacle which would have moved the muscles of an anchorite.

Yet no one could contrive to laugh openly at these Beevine grand-eurs. The Marquis de Quivretoes, who considered himself the finest gentleman in the country, and prided himself greatly on his taste, knew very well what was best for him when he was tempted to amuse himself at the solid pomps of Bullscrown. He knew perfectly well that if the choleric Earl, gazing complacently from the belly of his coach, detected a grimace on the face of any spectator, he would bounce forth, regardless of purple and paraphernalia, take him by the cravat, and with a slap of the knuckles send the untimely jester home with bleeding jaws. Of such awkward temper was John of Bullscrown.

The Earl of Beef had a lordly house. When he built it, as he intended that his posterity should always occupy the fair inheritance which his hands had won, he determined to make a house that should last for ever. So he digged a deep cellar, laid a square and substantial foundation, and built thereupon one of the lordliest mansions that the whole earth holds. Master Gulielmus Joannes, a very learned clerk, hath, in a poem of six books, each of which books contain two thousand verses, written in the Latin tongue, described this mansion, with the parks, ponds, moors, mills, streams, rookeries, piscaries, and properties thereunto appertaining, which poem all persons who take pleasure in the contemplation of riches and prosperity, like that which was of old possessed by Job the patriarch, and Solomon the wise king, will do well to read. And concerning the mansion of Bullscrown and its goodly structure, thus he saith:

'Of stones was it made, square (stones) and solid, with great labor hewn from quarries dripping with water. With mortar, excellently concocted, were the said stones cemented together, in order that strident Aquilo and Eurus, remarkable for whistling, joined with giddy Auster and Boreas, rushing in a tumultuous manner from regions much resorted to by the walrus and ice-monkey, might not prostrate the walls, and ruin the valuable labors of the artificers. Chimneys four at the four

corners of this marvellous and mighty edifice erected themselves; wide chimneys, not smoky, but of great girth. The same did audibly chuckle when with a poker the cook did tickle them, and many bushels of sparks, the faggots having been punched, flew up like hornets provoked in their nests. Therefore this was an admirable building, similar to which, upon the entire globe of the world, none other was. Afar off, one resting on his staff upon a hill, might behold it partly concealed by oak-trees of much magnitude, and beholding it, doubtless would exclaim: 'Lo! what dux or lordly man, having returned from fortunate wars with spoils of great value, has sold the same for brass, and afterward reared yonder mighty and comfortable edifice, whereunto, without doubt, Jupiter Best and Greatest, having inadvertently strayed to a great distance from the nitent summits of Olympus, in order that he might with craft lure the spotted trout from the grottos of the Nereides, (having previously impaled a fly on the barb of a fish-hook,) would joyfully resort, when Night erected her dusky tent over the heads of tired mortals, he then — the king of gods and men — hoping to obtain in this lusty mansion supper of corned beef, cold and cut into slices, with bread, and excellent cheese pressed from white curds, and washed down with ale, poured into a pewter goblet by a damsel with rosy cheeks and a check-apron.'

Thus and much more does tuneful Gulielmus Joannes sing in unctuous verses concerning this unrivalled mansion. In truth, it was an edifice of most masterly construction. Once fairly built and pronounced finished by the Earl of Beef, it bade defiance to all enemies. The captains of flood and tempest led their blustering forces against it, only to meet ignominious discomfiture. A chimney might be toppled on the roof by some tornado of extraordinary energy and perseverance in the middle of the night, rousing Viscount Strongbow from his slumbers; or a water-spout might come spuming up from the sea to drown the pigs and poultry in the inclosures of this noble lord, but not an inch did winds or floods budge the impregnable walls of Bullscrown. I verily believe that if a gang of conspirators should attempt to blow the old house up, by exploding a hogshead of gun-powder in the cellar, it would go off like some huge mortar, hoisting floors, furniture, family, etc., to the clouds, while the four stone-walls would stand unmoved, and, to all appearance, be as it were refreshed by the sneeze, and ready for new beams and floors, and possibly for gas-pipes and 'all the modern improvements.' How different was it when the chateau of Fooleries blew up, and the poor Marquis de Quivretoes was flung to the crows. Bless me! the old chateau tumbled to pieces, as though it had been bowled over by a thunder-bolt.

'T is the chimneys, Lord John,' quoth Dr. Punch, an astrologer and physician of vast learning, and tutor to my lord's two sons. 'D'ye see from these four flues do incessantly rise into the nostrils of Jove, king of gods and men, such a wholesome and grateful savor of beef, mutton, and pudding, that every morning, after snuffing the multitude of detestable stinks that rise from the earth, he turns his face, all seamed like a visage of gutta-percha, with ghastly wrinkles of disgust, to bathe his nose in those four blue coils of smoke, and straightway his counte-

nance becomes placid like an infant's; and as he draws the pleasing fumes into his lungs with the noise of a blast-furnace, he takes oath upon the Styx that so long as these odors mingle with the nitrogen and oxygen, of which the atmospheric fluid is constituted, (as I shall show to my interesting and most promising pupils when they arrive at a proper age to understand the stupendous mysteries of nature,) so long shall these chimneys stand to impregnate the air with vivifying fragrance, and to promote virtue, health, and happiness among mankind.'

And in truth it is not improbable that the conjecture of this acute thinker may have been correct; for there went forth from the four lungs of the portly mansion a savory breath, like the breath of a healthy ox, which it needed no chemist to tell was far more delectable than the stench of onions and cabbage which was eructated from the castle of Baron Von Krout, or the titillating vapors of the knick-knacks that were perpetually simmering in the frying-pans of the Marquis Quivrettes.

Yet our doughty lord was sometimes thrown into horrible alarm for the safety of his house. The neighbors were to a man covetous rogues, who scrupled not to increase their flocks and herds, and to replenish their strong-boxes with gold and silver coin, and chosed in action, by the same means which the Sabeans and Chaldeans adopted to gain possession of the property of the patient man of Uz. The Earl of Beef, if the truth must be told, (and in this history it *must*,) was quite as enterprising a Sabean as any of his neighbors, but was nevertheless no more willing to submit to depredation in his turn than if he had gained all his herds and long-horned oxen by the lawful modes of descent and purchase. For, as was profoundly observed by Dr. Punch: The biter delighteth not always in being bitten, nor doth a hoof propelled against the ribs always gratify him that kicketh. Therefore, whenever any of our Earl's freebooting neighbors made a descent upon his pastures, or prowled around his hen-roosts after night-fall — and in them it was altogether probable that the marauders would find some of their own kine and chanticleers — instead of acquiescing in the justice of these laudable attempts at reprisal, he would fall upon the intruders with the utmost vigor, and generally dismiss them with many woeful bruises.

When our stout peer of Bullscrown discerned indications of a meditated *coup de main* on his house, it was well worth the while of one who admires forecasting greatness to witness how discreetly he prepared for the approaching storm. First of all, he would tramp vigorously over all the house in his square-toed shoes, and with his own hand put up the defences with which the building was abundantly provided. Then having crammed his blunderbuss to the muzzle with powder and slugs in equal proportions, he put up the shutters, barred the doors, armed the servants, and carried numerous pails-full of water to the roof, and afterward assembled all the household for the performance of Divine service; for he valued himself greatly on being a religious man, and no heathen. Then hearing or imagining that he heard the marauders approaching, he would in great choler throw open an upper window and cry: 'Now, come on, you sons of ——,' (no matter what,) and let fly the blunderbuss.

I remember how once a dark-visaged fellow, of a damaged reputation, mustered a great crew of buccaneers, and came floating over the lake to Bullscrown on a raft, with the avowed design of cutting the throat of our estimable Earl, ravishing his wives, and seizing upon his property. One of the placards of this audacious ruffian, setting forth in detail his wicked scheme, and advertising for stock-holders or purchasers of his 'Bullscrown bonds,' having been put into the hands of our pugnacious nobleman, he broke out in a loud laugh, and with a dozen of his stoutest followers, pushed off-shore on a float made of a few sturdy beams. When Don Thumbscrew, the pirate, approached the island on which the mansion was situate, my lord, with a mighty shout, drove his own float plump into the unwieldy raft, in the manner of the ancient naval commanders, and with such dexterity, that the raft was utterly broken to pieces. Many of the scamps were drowned; others had their backs broken by blows from the setting-poles of my lord and his men. A few only managed to escape on fragments of the wreck.

For this exploit, Lord Beef gained the naval title of Shiver-timbers, which, as has been seen, was duly entered in the family Bible, and borne on the standard of the house.

It is also told how our sagacious Earl, once hearing that one of his neighbors, who had been a notorious filibuster and freebooter in his youth, had made a large battering-ram for some unknown purpose, took it into his head that the engine was designed to butt down the gates of Bullscrown, and afford entrance to the cellars and strong-boxes thereof, to a most rampant enemy of our innocent nobleman:

'Ah ha! you scoundrel!' quoth Lord John, between his teeth, 'I'll mutton your ram.'

So then he slyly crept to the garden-wall of the said gentleman neighbor, leapt over, and with an axe fell upon the mysterious engine with all his might. Nothing availed it that tough old Commodore Skagger-Rack swung the beam remorselessly against the bowels of the depredator. In a short time the engine was laid in ruins, and the Lord of Bullscrown went home vastly relieved in mind, although his body was black and blue with grievous bruises.

I do not consider it necessary to the lucid development of the historical work which I have undertaken, further to set forth in this place the power and riches of this mighty nobleman. They who would know more fully concerning his horses, hounds, estates, followers, dignities, or pedigrees, will do well to purchase, pay for, and read the *Narratio* of the tuneful clerk, Gulielmus Joannes. Therein will they find these things inventoried and appraised with the accuracy of a bill of sale, and at the same time with the poetic majesty of the *Æneid*. My own task being to trace the fortunes of a scion of this noble house, no more space or time shall be devoted to the household affairs of Bullscrown than is necessary to show how from the loins of John, Earl of Beef and Baron Strongbow, sprang a son, strong of arm, swift of foot, and clear of eye, and how he fared within the gates of his father's house.

T H E D Y I N G G I R L .

So young to die! to feel each day
The precious life-blood ebb away,
To feel the pulse grow faint and weak,
The color fade from out the cheek,
The drooping form, the languid step,
The trembling hand and blanching lip,
And know there is no balm to save,
No rest but in the deep, dark grave!
And must I die, who am so young,
With all the joys from youth that sprung
Scarce tasted, and Love's sunny hues
Just tinging life's young sky, and lose
My brightest dreams in darkest night,
When all seemed gilded o'er with light?
And now the summer's coming on,
The bleak, drear winter's come and gone,
The violet blue is peeping up,
The daisy, and the buttercup:
The air is heavy with the scent
Of perfumed flowers, and beauty's lent
To all things earthly; all is fair
That blooms on earth or swims in air. •
O God! and must I, must I leave
These scenes so dear? My soul doth cleave
To every tree, to every flower
That blossoms in our Eden bower.
Yes, I must die! Death's fatal dart
Hath struck its ice-bolt to my heart;
Or love, or tenderest care is vain
To win me back to earth again.
Yet when I look upon ye, friends,
And think of all of earth that lends
Its joy to fill my happy cup
Full, e'en to overflowing, up,
My soul forgets that realm of bliss
That brightens thoughts of leaving this;
My soul forgets that glorious crown
Only by pain and suffering won;
Forgets the self-same path was trod
By dear ones long gone home to God.
Oh! earth recedes, and Death is dear
When thoughts of these my bosom cheer.
The goal is near, the shortening breath
Warns that I soon will sleep in death.
Raise me, dear mother, and I'll tell,
While joy and peace my bosom swell,
How, as in feebleness I lay,
Just when the night broke into day,
A heavenly vision o'er my sight
With radiant glory poured its light;
The clouds rolled backward like a scroll,
While angels, beckoning on my soul,
In pure and heavenly raiment stood
Before the holy throne of God.

And as, bewildered, still I lay,
 The sweetest music came this way.
 Such sweetness! still around me rings
 The music of those golden strings.
 It filled my soul with peace divine,
 It spoke of joys that soon are mine,
 Of griefs assuaged, those griefs that here
 Have cost full many a bitter tear.
 And now, dear mother, now I know
 They call me hence; I long to go,
 Yet grieve to leave you so alone
 To miss me in our saddened home.
 You'll miss me from my olden place,
 And as upon my pictured face
 You look, no answering smile
 You'll meet to gladden you the while;
 For soon they'll bear me from the door,
 And o'er its step I'll come no more.

Pleasant Memories of the Old World.

BY JAMES W. WALL.

HAMPION COURT.

'Gross by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
 Where stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.' — POPE.

It was a bright and lovely morning when we started for Hampton, by rail-way, from London. On arriving at this delightful spot, which is only twelve miles distant from the great metropolis, you are struck with the beauty of its position, and the magnificence and variety of the scenery that surrounds it. Hampton occupies a charming peninsula, which the Thames delights almost to encircle. In the distance, mighty masses of foliage fill up the landscape, on whichever side you cast your eye. In one place are plains covered with the richest verdure; in another may be discerned the stubborn grasses, intermingled with ferns and heath, where the 'wild deer love to haunt.' Well might a modern traveller exclaim rapturously, as he looked upon the unrivalled beauty of the landscape here spread out: 'That nature at Hampton built up aisles and transepts, courts and halls of her own mighty pillars, far excelling in sublimity the memorials of the magnificent Wolsey.'

But let us turn our steps toward the noble pile, which, after all, to the generality of tourists affords the greatest attraction. And when it is remembered that here it was that Wolsey lived in more than royal state; that here Elizabeth called Shakspeare to entertain her on the stage; that here the unhappy Charles first found himself a prisoner

among his subjects, and he who so rudely pushed him from his throne, in this very spot afterward led a life of suspicion and never-ceasing fear, one does not wonder at the interest excited by the mere contemplation of this venerable pile. Hampton Court too, during the reign of that royal pedant, James, was the place of meeting of that celebrated conference on faith and discipline between the divines of the Church of England, and the Puritans, in which the sign of the cross in baptism, the ring in marriage, the use of the surplice, and the bowing at the name of Jesus, were severally attacked by the one and defended by the other party.

At the Restoration, Hampton Court passed into the hands of that shrewd soldier, Monk, Duke of Albemarle, offered to him by the grateful monarch as a reward for the conspicuous part he played in that great event. But he was too politic to hold a place that he had not the revenue to support, and accepting a large sum of money in lieu of the palace, it reverted back to the crown, in whose possession it has ever since remained. We believe that since the reign of the second George, it has not been honored as the residence of the sovereign, and at this present day, many of its apartments are occupied by the widows of soldiers who have rendered some service to the State, but whose limited means compel them to accept this asylum offered to them by a grateful sovereign.

Pope has rendered Hampton Court classic ground by locating within its calm and beautiful retreats the scene of his 'Rape of the Lock.' Here, side by side with the beautiful Miss Lefell, afterward Lady Hervey, he was in the habit of wandering, and here he drew from nature the illustrations that make that poem so charming. How exquisitely does he depict the mode of killing time, in vogue with the courtiers of that day :

'HITHER the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court ;
In various talk the instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ?
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian-screen ;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff and the fan supply each pause of chat,
With singing, ogling, laughing, and all that,'

But let us hasten to enter the palace, thus rendered interesting by the historic and literary associations that cluster about it. Of the five courts composing the original palace of Wolsey, only two now remain in the condition they were during the time of the celebrated Cardinal. The first or outer court is said to be precisely in the condition it was left by him, but it is by no means improved by a long line of stables and barracks, always unsightly, but never more so than when they disfigure walls hallowed by the traditions and remembrances of the past. Standing beneath the colonnade, at one end of the middle quadrangle, you have a good view of the south side of Wolsey's Hall, with the great windows. The octagonal turrets at either side the gate-way are highly characteristic of the architectural taste of the time. The medallions of Roman emperors in *terra cotta*, placed in the brick-work

of these towers, and on that of the adjoining court, are said to have been the gifts of Leo X. to the Cardinal. The oriel windows on both the gate-ways of this court, adorned with the escutcheons of Henry VIII., have great richness, and are most exquisite in their proportions. You enter the building through the above-mentioned colonnade, and pass up what is called 'The King's Stair-case,' into the grand chamber. The ceiling of this stair-case was painted by Verrio, the subject a mythological one, with supposed allusions to the marriage of the Thames and the Isis. Upon the ceiling also may be observed Jupiter and Juno, seated upon a rich throne, with Ganymede riding upon Jupiter's eagle, and presenting him with the cup. Juno's peacock is in the front, and one of the fatal sisters is waiting, scissors in hand, ready to cut the thread of life by the orders of Jove. This pictorial nonsense, it is said, conceals a courtier's compliments to royalty: the peacock being an emblem of the grandeur of William and Mary; the destiny denotes their influence over their subjects; while zephyrs represent their mild and courteous disposition toward them. This is indeed flattery laid on with paint, and both so very thick.

From the landing of this grand stair-case you pass through the guard-room, and on through room after room, filled from the ceiling to the floor with a great collection of paintings, good, bad, and indifferent.

In the room called 'Her Majesty's Gallery,' may be seen portraits of Queen Elizabeth, taken from life, in infancy, girlhood, and old age, all by Holbein. There is the faintest blush of beauty on the baby-cheek of the future Queen, gone, entirely gone in the face of the young girl of sixteen, who stands before you at full length, with attenuated features and a neck disgustingly thin. But what shall I say of the concentration of ugliness that looks down upon you from the portrait of the queen in her more mature years? Hair of the brightest brick-dust hue, a face over which the plough-share of Time has passed with a sub-soil pressure, and an expression frightfully horrid; and yet this hideous hag had the vanity to have herself painted in an allegorical picture, in which Venus is represented as hiding her eyes from the dazzle of her beauty, and Juno retiring from the vain and useless competition. There are also several portraits of Henry VIII. in this chamber, taken at different periods of his life, but all revealing in the face the base soul that lurked within; the sensualist glares out at you from those tell-tale eyes. A portrait of the Earl of Surrey, also in the same chamber, possesses considerable interest. It represents a curious illustration of the costume 'of the gay and gallant' at the court of Henry VIII. It is a full-length, dressed entirely in scarlet. The character of the Earl of Surrey reflects splendor even on the name of Howard. With the true spirit and dignity of an English nobleman, and with a personal courage almost romantic, he united a politeness and urbanity at that time almost peculiar to himself. Near the portrait of Surrey may be noticed that of Will Somers, the celebrated jester, who is reported to have said so many severe and truthful things to his lustful master. This extraordinary buffoon is portrayed behind a glazed lattice, tapping the glass with his knuckles, seemingly to arrest the passenger, that he may play

off some sallies of his wit. His countenance is replete with that expression of peculiar humor which speaks a volume upon the character of such whimsical retainers of the court. In 'The Prince of Wales' Bed-Room,' there is a full-length of Mary Queen of Scots, by Zuccherò, taken at the age of thirty-eight — a sweet, melancholy face, such as would haunt one in his dreams. She is dressed in full mourning, her left hand resting on a table, upon which is placed a breviary, the right hand holding a rosary. A most interesting picture by Holbein is in the 'Queen's Audience Chamber,' being a portrait-group representing Henry VIII. and family. The King sits on his chair of state under a rich canopy, with Queen Jane Seymour; his son Prince Edward on his right; Princesses Mary and Elizabeth are standing by. The scene is an open colonnade. Will Somers, the jester, with a monkey on his shoulder, is on the right; the wife of Somers appears through the open door on the left. A very interesting portrait of Margaret, Countess of Lennox, may be also noticed near this last picture, also by Holbein. This illustrious lady was united to the royal families of England and Scotland by the ties of a multiplied relationship. I remembered the inscription upon her tomb in Westminster Abbey, setting forth that she had to her great-grandfather, King Edward IV.; to her grandfather, King Henry VII.; to her brother, James V. of Scotland; to her son, King Henry I. of Scotland; to her grand-child, King James VI., afterward James I. of England. There is a right royal-mien about the portrait of this illustrious lady worthy the race, whose blood coursed so richly through her veins. But I took more interest in looking at the picture as the portrait of the mother of Darnley, and thought I could discern in the sweet expression of the countenance the original of that effeminate beauty which in Darnley so captivated the too susceptible heart of Mary.

As a climax to picture-viewing at Hampton Court, it is well to enter last the Picture-Gallery erected by Sir Christopher Wren, to contain the cartoons of Raphael, which by themselves would form sufficient attraction to draw the sight-seeing tourist to Hampton Court. These drawings were designed by Raphael about the year 1520, by the order of that most munificent of the Popes, Leo X. They were sent afterward to the famous manufactory at Arras, in Flanders, to be copied in tapestry, two sets of which were ordered; one set of these tapestry copies I had the pleasure afterward of seeing in the Vatican at Rome, but so faded that the general effect of the coloring is destroyed. The other set was presented to Henry VIII. After the death of Charles I., they underwent several mutations of fortune, first taken into Spain, then brought back again by a British consul, and exhibited as late as 1833 at the Haymarket, London. After that exhibition, they passed into the hands of some princely German, who took them with him to his native town, where they are now said to decorate the dining-hall of his elegant mansion. The cartoons, the originals from which the tapestries were copied, met with a no less adventurous fate. They were originally purchased in Flanders by Rubens for King Charles I., at Buckingham's recommendation. At the dispersion and sale of the royal collection, after the death of the King, they were purchased for three hundred

pounds by Cromwell. In the reign of Charles II., they were for a long time consigned to neglect in the lumber-rooms of Windsor. King William III. found them there, had them carefully cleaned and restored, and finally George III. ordered the present gallery to be erected, where they have since remained, the admiration of artists, and of all who have any appreciation of art.

These cartoons display not only great dignity and grandeur of form, and an intelligent and harmonious arrangement of groups, but great depth and power of thought, and a most surprising dramatic development of each event they represent. Hazlitt has well said of them :

‘Compared with the cartoons, all other pictures look like oil and varnish : we are stopped and attracted by the coloring, the pencilling, the finishing, the instrumentalities of art ; but here the painter seems to have flung his mind upon the canvas. His thoughts, his great ideas alone prevail ; there is nothing between us and the subject ; we look through a frame and see Scripture histories, and are made actual spectators in miraculous events.’

The fine engravings we have of these cartoons have rendered their merits known to the civilized world. Never was a greater eulogy passed upon a painter’s power and skill than that by Garrick, when he attempted by a personation to improve upon the figure and position of Raphael’s ‘Elymas the Sorcerer,’ in the cartoon of that name. A select party, among whom was our American painter, West, and Mr. Garrick, visited, by invitation, the Earl of Exeter at Burleigh House. After dinner, the conversation turned on Garrick’s beautiful villa at Hampton, then on the neighboring palace. As an obvious subject, the cartoons were noticed, when Garrick, turning to West, said : ‘These cartoons are spoken of as the first works of art in the world, yet I have often passed through the gallery in a hurried manner without being much impressed with them.’ West expressed his surprise, and replied : ‘That the superior excellencies of these pictures can only be discovered and appreciated by study ; but that such a man as Garrick should not be struck with them was quite extraordinary.’ Mr. Garrick asked : ‘What figure was calculated to produce such an effect?’ ‘Several,’ was the answer ; and ‘Elymas the Sorcerer’ was particularly instanced. ‘Ah!’ replied Garrick, ‘I was struck with that figure, but did not think it quite in character. This man was an attendant at the court of a Roman Governor, and could have been no vulgar fellow, yet he stands with his feet straight forward like a clown. Why did not Raphael make him, in his distress, extend his arms like a gentleman, while seeking assistance?’ The company, highly interested in the conversation, united in requesting the favor of Mr. Garrick to personate the Sorcerer as he would on the stage, adding the compliment that he was always led by the strong feelings of his mind into such perfect expression of look and propriety of attitude, suitable to the character he represented, that the theatre and the actor were forgotten in the impression of reality with which he governed his audience. He consented, closed his eyes, and by the time he was in the middle of the room, appeared the exact counterpart of Raphael’s design. Mr. West softly approached him, and desired him not to alter his position, but suddenly to open his

eyes. The actor did so, and exclaimed at once : ' I am Raphael's Elymas ! I am Raphael's Elymas ! ' to the great delight of Lord Exeter and his guests. ' I perceive,' he added, in reply to a banter of Mr. West's about the elegance of attitude, ' that a man deprived of sight will not present the foot incautiously to obstacles, or think of a graceful extension of the arms. Fingers and toes will, like feelers of an insect, be advanced for discovery and protection.' This was certainly a high and remarkable tribute to the accuracy with which the noblest painter that has ever lived delineated nature, and that too from the greatest actor the world has ever produced.

One of the most beautiful chambers at Hampton Court is undoubtedly what is known as the ' Great Gothic Hall,' designed by Cardinal Wolsey, and completed after the great churchman's disgrace, by Henry VIII., when Anne Boleyn was in the height of her favor. The roof is very elaborately carved, and richly decorated with the arms and badges of Henry VIII. Entering beneath the Musician's Gallery, a blaze of light, gold, and glitter attract the eye ; and yet, according to the promptings of strict taste, it might be suggested that the decorations are somewhat too showy, and the colors of the banners suspended from the ceiling rather tawdry than otherwise. The proportions of this fine apartment are perfect — one hundred and six feet in length and forty in breadth. The sides are lighted by seven lofty, well-proportioned windows, placed at a considerable distance from the floor, while the walls between the windows are hung with ancient faded tapestry, representing the stories of Abraham and of Tobit. This hall has some historic interest, as it is said to have been the scene where the youthful Shakspeare appeared before Queen Elizabeth, an actor in one of his own plays. It is well known that it was used as a theatre during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

Around this hall are stags'-heads carved in wood, with very fine antlers of the red-deer and the elk, above which are banners displaying the arms and badges of Wolsey, and the different offices he held under the crown.

It is delightful, after wandering from room to room, filled with fine paintings, or interesting from their associations, in such a palace as Hampton, to pass out from the exhausting work, to refresh one's self beneath the shady yew-trees of the Park, or inhale the limpid air, pregnant with a thousand odors, which blows cool over the beautiful gardens. Nothing that you have gazed upon within can compare with the pictures that are without. Nature is now allowed in the grounds about Hampton Court to dress after her own fashion. Formerly, the formal style of the Dutch school prevailed. From the terrace parallel to the Thames there is a most delightful prospect of the river and the verdant meads on the opposite side. One could almost fancy, looking out upon this water-view, that Pope's Belinda is again seated beneath the rich awning of her gilded barge, in conscious beauty :

——— ' THE painted vessel glides
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides ;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds upon the waters die ;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
BELINDA smiled and all the world was gay.'

T H E L I T T L E G A R D E N .

I.

WELL I know a little garden
Circled in by ruby walls,
Having for its high-born tenant
Primal heir of Aidenn halls;
And it waiteth for the sun-shine,
Waiteth for the dew and rain,
That it may be green and fruitful,
And reward the laborer's pain.

II.

Filling up its secret fountain —
Crystal mirror of its worth —
Till it overflows with blessings
For the supplicating earth.
And it waiteth all the spring-time
For the good seed to be sown,
Hidden germ of future harvests,
For an unseen garner grown.

III.

Yet without a constant watching,
And the tenant's earnest care,
Weeds will spring and blight his prospects,
Poisoning all the garden air,
Till the Eden-tinted blossoms
That might grow in beauty there,
Find no place to gather greenness,
And put up their incense-prayer.

IV.

And the streams that go to water,
Lands beyond the garden-walls,
Grow unclean and cease to gladden
Where their willing offering falls;
Till we wait in vain for blessings,
Wait in vain for fruits and flowers,
Sad to see so fair a garden
Thorn-grown in a world like ours.

V.

Pilgrim, to the unknown hastening,
Made almost an angel here,
Thou hast such a little garden,
And the harvest draweth near!
Give it, then, thy constant labor,
Stock thy HEART with Heaven's own flowers,
That it bear thee fruits of Eden
In a better world than ours.

T H E H U D S O N R I V E R .

WHILE the surrounding mountains are shading the river that ripples at their feet, the opposite hills are studded with villas, smiling with a coming harvest, and clothed with variously-tinted foliage. The river is glistening in an early summer sun, while the loitering schooner and graceful sloop are slowly overcoming an opposing tide by the aid of 'the sweet south' breathing gently over the surface of this beautiful estuary. The panoramic displays of the river are, if possible, surpassed by those of the atmosphere. The lights and shades of the surrounding heights, formed by the alternately thickening and dissolving mists; the more dense creations in the higher atmosphere, and the occasional sunshine breaking through all, form a whole that cannot be surpassed, even in our favored land. There is no river-scenery in the country to be compared with it. The Juniata is beautiful, but, wanting in the accessories of commerce, is comparatively lifeless and inanimate; while the Upper Mississippi, with its many low-wooded islands and tall bluffs, although possessing great natural beauty, is still unaided by art, and will always be inferior to our own beautiful Hudson. Villages, it is true, are rapidly springing up on its shores, and while the scenery at Rock-Island, the broad expanse of water at Lake Pepin, the junctions of its tributaries, St. Croix and St. Peter's, and the Falls of St. Anthony, are all exquisite when individually regarded, the combination of the whole would not possess the great natural beauty of the passage of the Highlands.

I am now located on the banks of the Hudson, a denizen of an admirable hotel, with old Fort Putnam frowning from the western heights, and the most cultivated portions of the Highlands immediately in view from my open window. Within short distances are the homes of the gifted Wier; of our best lyric poet; and of that successful authoress who has superadded a European to her American celebrity.

But while I write, I am interrupted by a sound that resembles distant thunder, and is reverberated from the mountains. It now startles the ear, and is now indistinct, and now bursts forth with redoubled noise, while a train of cars rapidly emerges from the gorge on the opposite side of the river. The locomotive sends forth sparks of fire like the fabled dragon slain by the infamous * George of Cappadocia, the tutelary saint of England; the shrill whistle proclaims the advent of the traveller to a neighboring station, while the long pennant of smoke trails slowly behind, befouling the heavens, until its grosser materials are separated and commingled with the purer element.

Such sights and sounds were unknown on the virgin banks of the river in the time of good Hendrick Hudson, whose marvellous adventures have been so graphically described by one whose modest residence on the eastern shore of the same stream puts the creations of vulgar opu-

* Gibson's Roman Empire.

lence to the blush. Hudson slowly wended his way up the unknown waters, startled into admiration by the prodigal display of natural beauty. Each fairy cove, or half-hidden meadow, or jutting promontory must have pleased his fancy, if there was any fanciful ingredient in the composition of the adventurous skipper. As he progressed with proverbial national prudence and courage, he was surrounded by the wondering natives, in all their simple finery of feathers and shells, the tributes of the air and the water to the savage children of nature; and as he proceeded on his course, he doubtless considered each apparent lake formed by the circuities of the river, the terminus of his voyage. He never dreamed of the marvels germinating in the prolific womb of the wonderful future.

And years afterward, during the Dutch rule, when Fort Orange existed in its primitive simplicity; or later, when some needy scion of nobility or fractured adventurer was sent out from the mother-country to misgovern the infant colony; or later still, when the oppressed colonists had shaken off the chains of servitude, the broad sloop, with her white sails, slowly navigated the winding river; now sailing in the shadow of the palisades, now boldly adventuring across the Tappaän-Sea, doubling Verplanck's far-reaching point, winding through the Highlands, passing the Catskills in the distance, or floating slowly over the shallows of the Overlaugh. A voyage then frequently consumed more time than is now required for a passage to Europe; for the cautious navigators of those days anchored in the face of an adverse wind, and frequently waited for the change of an opposing tide. Tacking and jibing were terms unknown to their nautical vocabulary; and, as they were honest and straight-forward people, they made as much of a bee-line for their destined harbor as the sinuosities of the stream permitted. When the breeze freshened, a reef was taken in; while the portentous black cloud that threatened a squall, summoned all hands to lower sail. In pleasant weather, too, when there was no favoring wind to help them along, they anchored quietly by some shady beach when the roomy yawl conveyed the passengers to the land. Here the hospitable door of the early settler was ever open to them, unsuspecting of river-thieves and other 'vagrom men.' They purchased the produce of the dairy and farm for refreshment and comfort on their long voyage; or, separating into merry parties, they wandered along the shore, or penetrated the fastnesses of the neighboring wood, shaking the hickory or chestnut from the tree, or gathering the blushing strawberry from its humble bed. Or they may have entertained the good people of the house with the latest news from the great city; or, under the shade of some wide-spreading sycamore, they spoke of their homes and their friends, of their hopes and their fears, and made love and made jests, as men have done and will do, from the great overflow of water to the ignition of all things. There were many groups which might have reminded the Florentine of that pleasant party who, in cool shades, and inhaling the perfume of flowers, beguiled the time with their immortal narratives, while the angel was emptying the contents of his vial upon their devoted city. A passage on the Hudson in those days was a serious undertaking; for it extended from the Vlie Market slip to the dock at Albany.

Crowds gathered on the wharf to say their last farewells to the daring adventurers; and hands were shaken, and prayers uttered, as the rope was thrown on the deck and the vessel slowly moved into the stream. It has even been said that the more prudent of our fore-fathers frequently made their wills before undertaking this wild adventure. But the craft that conveyed them rarely or never met with accidents, and it has often been asserted that one of the first vessels that visited the waters of China from this country was one of these identical Albany sloops, which, as the legend tells, was mistaken for a boat of one of the larger merchant-ships.

At that point of land, terminated by a half-sunken wharf, the first steam-boat was launched. It was built by Fulton and his associate, Chancellor Livingston, and was the first wind-defier and tide-compeller that floated on our beautiful river. The revolution in river navigation soon became complete. The cabin of the sloop was robbed of its tenants; the horse-boat, which had superseded the tub-like scow, with its heavy lugger-sail, was in its turn displaced by the steam ferry-boat; while the pettiauger, with its centre or side-boards, and without jib or bowsprit, sailing as gracefully as a gull from the quarantine to Whitehall, or groping through the Kills to Richmond or Newark, almost disappeared on the approach of its more speedy rival. The ark, the broad-horn, and the flat-boat have almost vanished from our inland rivers; and at a later period, when the philosopher, Lardner, proved conclusively in his closet the impossibility of crossing the Atlantic by steam, the *Sirius* and *Great-Western* passed from Liverpool to the harbor of New-York. At the present day, the atmospheres of the Atlantic and Pacific, of the Mediterranean Seas of the East and the West are blackened by the smoke of the steamers. The people of all nations have been much benefited, commerce greatly increased, and civilization advanced by this application of steam to the purposes of navigation; but where is the stone that proclaims the resting-place of the public benefactor? Foreign adventurers have been followed by gaping crowds, accumulators of great wealth have been almost canonized, and mere soldiers have received the highest public honors, while the benefactors who have left valuable legacies to their country have either been totally neglected while living, or knaves and fools have quarreled over their graves, denying their merits and contending for their honors. Of such men may we truly say, by simply altering one word in the lines of the poet:

'ASSAILED by scandal and the tongue of strife,
Their only answer is a *useful* life.

And it is pleasing to reflect that when their memories are honored by posterity, their detractors will be consigned to a merited oblivion; or, if remembered at all, it will only be from connection with the illustrious objects of their scandal — the Stephen Ducks, and Settles, and Shadwells of future times.

The *Car of Neptune*, and *Paragon*, were among the first boats on the river, and actually made the voyage within the twenty-four hours. In those days Commodore Wiswall and Captain Bartholomew were the largest Shanghaies on the Hudson. Their word was law, and none dis-

puted their edicts. The Governor has been known to throw away his segar when informed that he was smoking on the wrong part of the deck; and in those days a governor *was* a governor, and respectable birth and good education were not serious impediments to his political advancement. The authority of the captains was recognized to such an extent, that when a troublesome fellow annoyed the passengers, and was set ashore at night on a rock in the Highlands, the jury refused to compensate him with damages, and the public approved of their verdict. The price of a passage from New-York to Albany varied from six to eight dollars, which was not considered exorbitant. Nor did the worthy commanders condescend to stop at all the landings on the river, but the passengers were put ashore or taken aboard in the small boat, attached to a rope and dragged after the steamer, which continued her course at a moderated speed. Legislative enactment soon terminated this dangerous practice, much to the offence of the gallant captains, while the patriotic owners regarded the law as dangerous to the rights of property, if not to the liberties of the country. But this was in the days of the great steam-boat monopoly, which was struck down by the Supreme Court of the United States. It was then that the pioneer boats were speedily displaced by others more skilfully constructed, and with improved machinery. And with improvement came competition, and with competition, trials of speed; and the Hudson was a magnificent race-course. The 'Ohio' and 'De Witt Clinton' raced side by side, the piles of wood rapidly diminishing in size, the firemen perspiring at every pore, and the engineer straining the boiler to its utmost endurance of pressure. Leaving New-York at five P.M., you approached Newburgh after dark, and your coming was heralded by the firing of cannon and the shouts of an acclaiming mob. For in those days each boat had its partisans, who demonstrated their joy on the success of their favorite. There was hardly a city or a village, a mansion or a cottage on the river, that did not more or less participate in the interest of this struggle. Hats and money were lost and won, and much liquor absorbed on these interesting occasions. There was no *ism* then on the Hudson but steam-boat-*ism*. In those days, too, our river bore upon her heaving breast the twin 'Lady Barges,' gallantly escorted by the 'Commerce,' like some village beau with a smiling beauty hanging on each arm. This mode of conveyance, was slow, it is true, but as luxurious as the most dainty Sybarite could have desired.

But it was in winter that the value of the steam-boat was best understood. The land journey was fatiguing and hazardous; the roads, compounded of slush and mud, of ruts and holes, were so many sloughs of despond, and it was a weary and dreary travel from New-York to Albany. It was then that the immaculate lobby-member or disinterested office-seeker worked hard for his reward. The trees that bore the golden pippins were difficult of approach. Packed with eight other misera- bles in a post-coach, whose motion was suggestive of sea-sickness and indicative of fractured limbs, he toiled his weary way from the pavements of New-York, along the borders of Westchester, over the now forgotten roads of the Highlands, climbing the hills of Dutchess, or mired in the clay turnpikes of Columbia or Rensselaer. He arrived at

Albany, travel-soiled and weary, attenuated by bad fare, and sleepless from acquaintance with animated beds. But lobby-members and office-hunters were numerous then as now; and it is traditionary that on the occasion of a political revolution the throng of applicants was so great as to break down the stoop or piazza of the Albany Eagle Tavern, where two of the members of the new council of appointment resided.

But the scene changes. Bad roads are avoided, and steam-boats are 'assisted' by other vehicles of travel along our favorite river. Spring and autumn, winter and summer, indifferent to sun-shine and careless of storms, the locomotive sounds his whistle along the Hudson, darting through the tunnels and shooting over the bridges, emulating the flight of the bird, almost annihilating time and space, and making many lovers happy. Even while I write, a train is flashing along, bearing the merry and sad, the reluctant and willing, to their respective destinations. It is impossible to conceive a greater revolution than has thus been effected in the convenience and speed of travel, by combined science and skill; and when the comparative cheapness is taken into consideration, it will be admitted that few greater boons could have been conferred upon our restless and migratory people. The rail-road ~~car~~ is the true republican carriage, accessible to all on equal terms and with equal privileges. The master and servant, the employer and clerk, the millionaire and laborer, the highest officer of the government and the humblest voter in the land, are here placed on an equal footing; and here, perhaps, in the whole length and breadth of this great republic, is the only place where social equality is perfectly understood.

It approaches to caricature when my eye dwells upon the strange contrast that is now presented to view. I have before me a rail-road train whose speed almost realizes the story of the magic carpet in the 'Arabian Nights'; a steam-boat making rapid progress against the wind and tide; an eastern schooner slowly beating up the river; an Albany sloop that, in sheer disgust, is quietly dropping her anchor, and a raft imperceptibly moving with the current. This latter is a most apt representative of old-fogyism; while the former may symbolize Young America in one of his fastest moods. And here comes a steamer with some dozens of vessels in tow, puffing and blowing, but still going ahead, like our own good mother republic, in spite of all the political empirics and speculative tinkers who hang upon her skirts.

Such is the Hudson at the present, and such was the Hudson in the days that have gone for ever. Improvement has succeeded improvement, invention has given birth to invention, and we seem now to have reached that point beyond which human ingenuity cannot go. But who will aver that we have accomplished the highest attainment when he remembers the past? 'You might as well try to light London with a piece cut from the moon as with gas,' said Sir Humphrey Davy. When Fulton's boat first started from the wharf, 'There goes that madman!' exclaimed the learned Thebans of the day. 'What nonsense to try to make water run up-hill!' was the observation of a sapient legislator from the city of New-York, when Clinton was pressing the construction of the Erie Canal. And 'Morse may know something of painting, but he is a fool when he talks of

sending messages by electricity,' was observed by many unbelievers at a recent period. But, in spite of this almost universal pyrrhonism that attends the announcement of all new discoveries, invention and improvement have not discontinued their research nor exhausted their ingenuity. As the sloop has given way to the steam-boat and the steam-boat to the locomotive, so at some future day the latter may yield the palm to some more wonderful invention. But whether we are borne along in the commodious steamer, or drawn by the panting locomotive, or carried through the fields of air by some future creation, we are happy to know that all conduce to the good of our race and the advancement of our country. With the printing-press as the dispenser of intelligence and guardian of liberty, the telegraph 'girdling the earth' for her alimment, and the iron-horse distributing her lessons, there is nothing to furnish hope to the enemy of popular liberty. It will be as perpetual as the flow of our own bright river; and as his waters contribute to sweeten the waves of the ocean, republican sympathies will gradually but surely intermingle with the pulsations of the European heart.

: *Commons' Hotel, June, 1855.*

X. a.

S T A N Z A S .

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

I HAVE one wish, and only one:
That when life's weary race is run,
Some angel may be standing by
To bear my spirit to the sky:
In some sweet planet to unfold
Scenes by the tongue of seer untold,
Where I may make a home for thee,
When thou at last shalt follow me.

No other boon than this I ask:
Life is at best a thankless task;
Nor vain is it that I would crave
A little rest beyond the grave.
There would I live some song to frame
Wherewith to consecrate thy name,
And build a bower of peace for thee,
When thou at last shalt follow me.

Love linked with love, and heart with heart,
At DEATH'S cold touch must surely part;
Yet with the good we leave behind
That which doth sorest try the mind,
To seek the Soul's eternal youth,
Where naught comes near to break its truth:
Be this our fate, and not in vain
Shall life and love be ours again.

Utica, Aug., 1855.

B U R I E D T R E A S U R E .

BY CHARLES M. DEWIS

ALL glorious in the summer-time,
I met a maiden in her prime,
And my young heart broke forth in rhyme.

With beauty she was all affush;
I strove my foolish heart to hush;
In vain — the melody *would* gush.

Her soft blue eyes had kindly gazed
Into mine own — a love-fire blazed
Upon Life's altar: I grew dazed.

And o'er my wayward nature stole
A soft, mysterious control,
While flower-like thoughts bloomed in my soul.

One eve I held her hand in mine;
She trembled like a fragile vine
When wind-kissed, and she said, 'I am thine!'

Dear Heaven! these words were very sweet
To me: with all my soul, I weet,
I loved the ground touched by her feet!

Those bright-winged love-hours, how they flew!
The happiest they that e'er I knew,
Though life to me as yet was new.

When Autumn's hand had with the flowers
Played till they'd wilted; when cold showers
Sobbed plaintively through dismal hours:

The angel Death pressed on her cheek
A kiss: on Jesus' bosom meek
She bowed her head: oh! *words* are weak!

Her music-voice for aye was hushed,
A bright joy in my soul was crushed,
And a great darkness therein rushed.

Gold plumes have silvered in Time's wing
Since died the loved one whom I sing,
But to her memory I cling.

And when the stars sole vigil keep,
I sometimes go and child-like weep
Upon the spot where she doth sleep.

Ah! the dark shadow in my heart,
That o'er its sunniest moods doth start,
Will never, nevermore depart!

MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER NINTH.

'It looks, Sir, as if we were to have some warm work!' A smile played over the face of Sergeant Lynedoch Muir as he spoke; then, as he glanced side-long at his right arm in a sling, he seemed a little fearful lest he might be debarred the felicity of joining in the assault.

'Aye, you may well say that,' was the return, as my field-telescope discovered the minutest objects of attack. 'You'll have a chance of rubbing off some of the rust that has gathered since you were carried into the granary at Churubusco. But then that wound——'

'The merest trifle in the world; beside, my left arm is as strong as ever, and can swing a sabre or handle a pistol with the stoutest. It will be one of the prettiest affairs of the season,' he soliloquized.

The skill of a notable prophet was not necessary to foretell that much. The splendor of the unveiled sun, as it over-leaped the rocky mountain-rampart, like a steed rejoicing to run its course, illumined a beautiful valley in activity, and gilded huge wreaths of smoke, then ascending from our batteries in full blast. The latter circumstance was by no means novel just about that period; for the same war-dogs had been barking for fourteen hours on the preceding day, so as to sustain a projectile in the air the while. The guns were so carefully trained that each shot told upon some mark. Whether the mark were the cupola, windows, walls, or the automaton-like figures which gazed from them with all the indifference of confirmed fatalists, all alike confessed the accuracy of aim, and not unfrequently bowed in homage to the same; nor did the enemy fail to reciprocate the assiduous attentions showered upon him by new acquaintances, but returned the compliment in a manner that was at once lively as refreshing.

We were then much nearer the metropolis than at any preceding time, and the prospect of soon reaching the *ultima thule* of our enterprise was as exhilarating to ourselves as annoying to the repellants.

GLORIOUS AZTEC VENICE! how invitingly she reposed in all her queenly magnificence upon the bosom of the glistening waters. The dazzling white marble palaces, and the stuccoed walls—like those which the over-anxious eyes of the *conquistadores* took for burnished silver—and spires and domes rose majestically from the water and green fields on which their bases seemed to rest. The several causeways leading to the city favored the idea that she still sat throned upon a number of islands unconnected with the main-land save by them; yet the ground had become firm and stable since the waters of the lagoon had been furrowed into waves by the prows of the brigantines, the handicraft of Martin Lopez and his *confrères*; and the enchanting isles no longer floated as when the vessels spread their snowy wings to the breeze and sped past the gondola-like canoes of the natives. The

castle of Chapultepec, like a faithful watch-dog, guarded the entrances to the city of our hopes. Was it a wonder, then, that our longing to possess that fortification increased in proportion as the struggle to retain it became more desperate and intensified? The fiat had gone forth; it was to fall.

From the renewed vigor with which the artillery was plied, and the satisfied air of the knowing ones of the General's staff, as they inspected the grounds and the men who were to occupy them, it was manifest that something was to be done, and that soon. All resource was cut off; and had there been any disposition on our part, there was no chance to retreat. Before our shadows had perceptibly shortened, the signal-note was given. The attack was made on different sides, but I will confine myself to one or two. The column of assault opened the ball with a grand gallopade across the marshy meadow-grounds and cactus-planted fields. Avant-couriers hurtled over-head as an intimation to the opposite side to prepare for visitors. Then every body saw the expediency of an accelerated pace; nor did any one show a disposition to let the grass grow beneath his feet, when a few raking discharges playfully knocked over a score of officers and men.

My friend Captain Van Olinda then fell. He had been so debilitated for a number of days that his recovery was doubtful; but when he found that there was to be an engagement he resolutely forsook his bed and sought the head of his company. The surgeons remonstrated, and the commander of the regiment threatened to place him under arrest for disobedience of orders; but all was of no avail. The temptation was too strong. He requested his brother-officers to see to his family at home, for he felt a powerful presentiment that with the battle he was to cease for this world. Was it a coincidence? Some said it was. The victim plainly foresaw his fate, but could not avert it. A mere random shot from a great distance singled him from among his fellows, penetrated his forehead, and he was instantly no more. His commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Baxter, immediately received a mortal wound while heroically leading his regiment.

Nothing daunted by such a reception, the columns boldly advanced; and at that time were thrown out what the enemy, in a grandiloquent report, was pleased to call, 'a cloud of skirmishers upon either flank.' The advancing was much more agreeable than loitering in the vicinity of a battery, as the artillery-men were constrained to do; and although they returned with interest the loans made to them, still each moment some one of the poor fellows paid the forfeit of having too long legs, and lost his head by a shot over the parapet of the works. 'What music!' exclaimed a soldier, whose face, begrimed with powder, showed that he had been at the big guns. Ancient philosophic worthies would have us believe that the 'music of the spheres' is caused by the smoothness and solidity of their circles, which, as they rub and touch each other, evolve delightful harmony, the changes and cadences of which in their turn compel the evolutions and dances of the stars. We had practical illustration of the truth of the doctrine to some extent, except as to the music part. The idea of a solid, smooth sphere coming in con-

tact with one's head drove away all disposition to argue the question. Talk of the music of the spheres compelling the evolutions and dances of the stars ! If they were more rapid than those of our fellows, they must have moved rapidly indeed. As to the character of the music, the selection thereof in the present instance was not such as would suit an acutely chromatic ear. The grape-and-canister whistled their shrillest ; the bright tubes in the grenadiers' hands rolled in their trilling volleys ; and, with the diapason's swell, the heavy guns contributed a deafening sub-base to the chorus. Shock answered shock, steel rang upon steel like cymbals, and every peal emulated its predecessor in loudness of tone. Each moment the combatants became the plentier under foot, and the work went bravely on. There were the case-hardened men who rallied under the Excelsior banner, vying with the chivalry of the Palmetto State ; while the noble New-Englanders, the Ninth, contested the palm with the sons of the Keystone. But it were improper to particularize when all so manfully asserted their claim to a more than honorable mention. What could be more natural ? The eyes in which many of the bold warriors first learned love were strained from afar to watch the colors beneath which their gallants fought. Donna Maria perhaps sighed when our meteor-flag soared upward, for her husband was there ; but the Señoritas Guadalupe and Lucia were unpatriotic enough to be the less sorry for their country's imminent danger, when their northern beaux would be the gainers thereby.

The ditches were reached and crossed ; how, no body knows nor cares ; but many do still have a lively recollection that the long thorns of the cactus were almost as formidable as the bayonets beyond. The walls were scaled in some places, and entered through apertures in others ; and the crows and picks finished the business so roughly begun by shell and round-shot. The novitiate of acquaintance passed, intimacies were formed which lasted for life. Solon has said that no one can be deemed happy until dead. Assuming that to be correct, and such a respectable old gentleman is certainly good authority, then each man on his side of the fence was exerting himself to the utmost to anticipate the bliss of the stranger before him.

Before that, however, the forlorn hope under the leadership of Casey and our old friend Twiggs, major of marines, had marched up the road leading to the castle-gate. They stepped off at the *pas de charge*, and met not only a warm, but an intensely hot reception, that nearly smothered them all. The Major was instantly killed. He fell not alone, nor unavenged. The detachment had been thrown out ostensibly to carry one of the works, and really did draw much attention from the main body of our force. It was a striking illustration of the familiar fable of the monkey and the cat. Jocko could afford to singe Grimalkin's paw in raking the roasted chestnuts from the hot embers. The stormers had need to have been asbestos-skinned to escape scorching from the fire that blazed in their faces. But let us return to the main body.

In doing so we must pass an interesting group by the road-side, although separated from it by a ditch. There stands a well-built, manly form, with no superfluous flesh to clog his muscles. His dress bears the

designation of a major-general. As he coolly smokes a segar he, from under a crescent-shaped green eye-shade, scans the movements of his command, and gives his few brief orders as gently as if he were superintending a militia-muster or a sham-fight of the Shanghai. He thinks not of danger; for his soul, charmed with war's rude minstrelsy, is actively engaged at the hardest-fought points. It is Quitman. He was not always thus gentle and calm. During the battle of Churubusco he was stationed at San-Augustine, miles from the reddened field, and his post was considered to be the post of honor, as it was expected that the enemy would attack the place; but he saw with much chagrin that the desperate foe had his hands full without any thing more to do; and when he stood upon a roof, and with a strong spy-glass brought the scene before him, he could not restrain himself, but tore out handfuls of his whitened beard — so it is said. By his side, and talking to him, stands another who has also dismounted. A *sombrero* protects his head from the sun; his coat is doffed, and his left shirt-sleeve is crimsoned up to the shoulder. A gun-shot has torn through half the length of the arm. He declines to quit the ground; for, like the one beside him, his mind is absorbed in the fray. A black moustache bespeaks him the junior in years, as he is in rank, of the other, whose moustache has turned an unequivocal gray. The keen quick glances that shoot from his eyes betray a restless spirit; and an expression of anger, a malison, escapes him as his attention is called to a spot hard by. The orderly, to whom his favorite charger was intrusted a half-hour since, has forgotten his instructions, and, by careless exposure the beautiful animal lies bleeding. The horse gives a piercing token of recognition of his master's voice, and rolls on the ground in agony. It is Brigadier-General Shields.

After getting over a moat eight yards in width and three in depth, the contest became so engrossing that the pioneers and ladder-men, throwing down what they then deemed to be ignoble implements of toil, seized weapons and joined in more congenial exercises than breaking mortar and stone. The place was already penetrated and entered in many points. Scathing fires darted from the azoteas and windows, and flew from every wall and work beside, but were insufficient to more than stagger the assailants, as with an inspiring cheer they bounded onward and upward. There was quite an uproar.

‘They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-away, and with lances thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air:
Oh! life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair!’

From the woods on the south side our voltigeurs became the more harassing because concealed; their incessantly-cracking rifles telling so well that the least exposure was sure of drawing their instantaneous and marked attention. The endeavor to unman the guns in the bat-

teries for a time seemed futile ; for all vacancies were promptly filled, and they continued to breathe forth death like destroying angels, sparing neither tree, nor flower, nor flesh. Then every rock, shrub, or magney-plant served as shelter for the active sharp-shooters of our side, who in their turn covered the progress of those ascending the acclivities. Each point of consequence gained drew forth renewed cheers from the successful party. The resistance was so fierce and determined as for a while to keep the scales equipoised, although our ultimate success was not for a moment doubted by the northern invaders. Sometimes a touch slips from the painter, or a happy thought starts into the poet's brain so surprisingly as to elicit the unrestrainable admiration of the author ; the time inspired analogous feelings in the soldier. Back were the cheers of the besiegers echoed in taunting notes of defiance, to tell us that the day was not yet won.

The giddy subaltern, R — , whose command was supporting artillery, forgot his rôle, and, moving his men forward, he left the cannon unprotected from any force that might assault them. He saw our flag dancing on its winding way, and very wrongfully became excited thereat. Followed by his trusty grenadiers, he rushed up the height in the face of hand-grenades and other fire-works aimed at him ; nor stopped he to surmise upon the chances of his swelling the rich harvest that Death was reaping by the thunder-bolts that flew on every side ; indeed, as each metallic shower rattled through the variegated foliage and brought a windfall to the grim old tyrant, he waved his sword aloft, and thought but of Guadalupe and glory ! He had reached the foot of a high hill, when a musket-ball in his right thigh persuaded him to stop and think. His men had got so into the humor of the thing that they dashed at the wall, and by the aid of cracks and projections worked their way up, though roughly checked. With merry jest they went. ' Keep your head out of my face ! ' said one, jocosely, as his next comrade's skull, cracked by a shot, grazed him. Thus it went. That fire failed to restrain those influenced by such an indomitable spirit — a spirit that asserted even the control of circumstances. Several regiments were already on the hill. Fearlessly they climb the craggy porphyritic rock, whose every inch was disputed. During the heat of the combat the explosions were so continuous that it was as a pillar of fire gleaming through clouds of rolling smoke. A commotion showed that a man of rank had fallen, and our men respectfully hesitate. It reminds us of an incident in our revolutionary history, when an American officer stood over his fallen leader, and exclaimed, ' Save ! oh ! save the Baron de Kalb ! ' and the British fell back.

Xicotencal, a Mexican colonel, then fell. To the last he upheld the fame of the noble Tlascalcan chieftain whose name he bore — the name of a family shorn indeed of its might, yet perpetuated in the history of centuries. Almost at the same moment Colonel Ransom died at the van of his regiment, the Ninth, but not until he had attained the crest of the cerro. The immense loss in him might have dispirited the troops under more favorable circumstances ; but they well knew that they stood upon mines and pit-falls, and their least danger was on the bayonets and in the cannons' mouths in front ; and they knew that Seymour led them.

The crisis had come. Did the light-footed stormers pause? At their very feet lurked an unseen danger. It was the train communicating with the magazine in the vault of the castle. With the rapidity of thought its springing might hurl them as lifeless as the toppling crags which may settle upon and crush them. Already the port-fire spit forth its envenomed blaze close by the fuse of the mine. No! their ingenuity had discovered and intercepted the serpent-like hose; and a ball from a faultless aim had struck down the youthful officer of engineers who at duty's call was about to involve himself, his friends, and all in one common immolation.

Now, while business is so brisk on the hill, let us look to our neighbors elsewhere engaged. Brevet-Brigadier-General P. F. Smith, who had recently thrown down his goose-quill, and forsaken the haunts where Justice is supposed to preside, was handsomely guiding the movements of his brigade. There might be seen the disciplined soldier who had forgot the clock-like precision of parade, busy in spoliation with willing heart and nimble hands; and scattered here and there were amateur performers, followers of the army, who waited for neither order nor invitation to mingle in the *mêlée*; and they were all sorts of men, who showed as great a contempt for life as for the æsthetics of dress. Those hardy teamsters in red shirts and half-franchero costume were not less terrible to the foe than were the most spruce of the *élite* of the army. Many of them had apparently private accounts to settle. The temerity with which they sprang yelling into the midst of groups of ten times their numerical strength, and the effect of their mad efforts, as they plied the bayonet or the bowie-knife, instanced miracles of faith to which war as well as religion has a claim. Higher and higher our colors danced in the artificial breeze, which bore away small ribbons, and each step gave striking examples of confidence and valor.

'Ha! — again we have met. That for the Alamo!'

The exclainer was just such an one as we might expect to fall in with upon the horizon-bounded plains of the Far West. The unkempt locks of his sun-burnt hair fell in a mat upon his broad shoulders, and from his unshorn face depended a patriarchal beard — one that without inconvenient crowding might afford nest-room for a family of swallows. His *tout ensemble* was in keeping with his upper gear. He was a personage with whom an encounter would scarcely be coveted in a waste and savage region, to which he seemed best fitted, were his heart half as fierce as his huge, red, aquiline nose, or the fire that blazed steadily from his large black eyes. Those few words too, which, in a second's lull, burst from him, did they whisper consolation to the man to whom he spoke? Alamo! — how portentous! That was the watch-word of the vengeance-seeking Texans — the name of the Aceldama, the field of blood, where their fathers, brothers, friends were decloyed into a surrender, and then massacred! — the name that to this day is the password given by the frontiers'-man as he sends his ancient foe into eternity — the name most expressive of deadly revenge, more than '*Guerra al Cuchillo!*'

Were the two who thus strangely met former actors in that tragedy!

Doubtless they were : one an instrument of that most perfidious act ; the other an avenger of blood, against whom no city of refuge closed its portals. As an accompaniment to his shriek of recognition, the Texan dashed his hat, a slouched, mis-shapen thing, into the eyes of the Mexican. The latter could not conceal his amazement at the untimely renewal of such an unpleasant acquaintance ; but starting back, he gave vent to a loud ' Caramba ! ' — a *quasi*-oath in which his kind much indulge. Not improbably the wild-looking man had been schooled to sudden emergencies in contests with the red-men of the forest ; for by what he deemed legitimate tact, he had thrown his adversary off his guard, and gained time to complete the loading of a long rifle. The dreaded crack was followed by a leap into the air and a howl of rage. Unfair, was it ? Good reader, be not more scrupulous than all the world beside. Agree with Lysander, that ' When the lion's skin is too short, we must eke it out with the fox's case,' as witness Crimean warfare.

' *Por amor de Jesus ! Miserecordia !* ' bawled some miserable fellows, as they still quakingly clung to their offensive weapons. ' *Quartel !* ' demanded others boldly in an unflinching tone, as they brought their arms to a rest, and stood in the firm, erect attitude of the soldier.

Quarter ! The demand was futile. Bid the mill-stream stay its fleeting course, or the swift cascade return up the face of the rock, rather than hope for quarter at such a moment.

' *Remember El Molino !* ' was the cry that hoarsely rose above the tumult. It was caught up and repeated, blending Anglo-Saxon, Milesian, and Allemanic into a confused jargon, a dissonant hum.

Then the victors did remember what was so ineffaceably traced on their memory. Only five days — five days of comparative quiet — had elapsed since the action of El Molino del Rey. There the wounded of our army — and their name was Legion — who fell into the hands of the semi-barbarians, the lancers, were ruthlessly slaughtered, and that too within sight of comrades, who could stretch forth no arm to save. Exasperated as were now the Americans of the North by the sullen resistance they met, that appeal to their feelings of retaliation wrought them up to such a molten degree of intensity, that for some minutes they were carried beyond the control of officers. The demand for quarter fell but coldly on the ears of those whose burning thoughts recalled some friend who, when incapacitated for defence, had perished by assassin-steel. Nor was it heeded by others who well knew that, were the relative positions of the contending parties transposed, none of the benignant spirit of mercy would have beamed on them. Like baleful lightning, flash fell the bright bayonets to the horizon, and quickly found sheaths in palpitating bosoms. Cold steel and feverish breasts ! The scale had not yet preponderated in our favor, although so soon to kick the beam. The expiring hymn of the doomed was the thundering music of battle. Thus raged the strife below.

Nor had the carnage upon the hill-top abated a whit. That was fully attested by the mangled figures which ever and anon crimsoned the rocks. Hurling headlong from the windows and walls, some dashed

from peak to crag down a declivity which had not so much as a foothold for fifty feet, appearing as messengers of bloody tidings to those below. It seemed as if a communion with visible nature had imparted some of the savage wildness of the dizzy rocks to the hearts of those engaged. Certain it is, that our men exhibited more ferocity there than at any other time during the war; excitement acted upon their souls as wine upon the physical system. Our troops on the azotea were playing a game of bodily agility, and they scrupled not to avail themselves of the readiest means of terminating the conflict.

The castle had been used as a military college, and it contained about forty *élèves*, most of whom were boys just at that age when the sentiments of chivalry are the strongest, before unworthy motives are apt to creep in and influence the mind. Like the many mere boys of our own army, no class did better service. To do the little officers in embryo (the cadets) the justice they deserve, they contributed considerably to the resistance made to the substitution of our hunting for theirs, and they would not give in until the ephemeral light of victory, which for some instants had flickered upon their standards, left them in deepest gloom, and the full-grown men gave up their arms. The nation did well to trust its military honor in the charge of such youths; and unless a future mingling in demoralizing political contests contaminate them, they bid fair to re-brighten the tarnished escutcheon of their degenerate native land.

The partial subsiding of the noise and clangor announced that the struggle had passed the culminating point, and our flag floated upward in the zenith whence the tri-color had been torn. Then Reason resumed her sway. Noble fellows sprang forward to ward off the avenging blows of their infuriate comrades. In many instances they shielded from harm foemen, who, in the blindness of despair, perceived not the flight of all hope, and who still wielded their arms. It was fortunate for such that the net of the fowler had not ensnared them a few minutes earlier, at the time when some infatuated sub-chieftain — so it was said and believed — caused to be displayed a black banner, inscribed, '*Doi no Cuartel.*' There is little doubt that was the case; for it was spoken of on the spot, although soon invisible. In the event of success, the intention of the enemy was manifest, and a pirate's flag might strike terror into assailants less daring.

During the engagement, the attention of more than one was attracted to the spectacle of a plain civilian with belted sword, who appeared more anxious to get a good position, from which he could view the scene, than to slay his kind. It was Walker, the artist. From the sketch then made he subsequently portrayed the battle upon canvas in an able manner. He saw the whole with a professional eye, as if so many mannikins had suddenly been imbued with life and motion for his especial benefit. 'A little more dark in this spot; a fine smoke. Ah! that's better! Major of Marines hit; it breaks the stiffness of the picture. Upon the hill, eh? Good dresses make a pleasing variety. Now, a touch more of crayon in this place. Capital! — the effect is fine. Must thin out those ranks; must indeed. Splendid!

Who'd a thought it!—last charge of grape just the thing. Good again! general shot! Whew! what a-a-dust they do kick up! Assault on redan; hit me, I suppose. Just a touch more of shade in this corner; yes, that does help it; relieves the smoke. Beautiful!—a shell right in the middle of 'em! Could n't be nicer; very kind, I'm sure; will hit—me—if—don't—look out! That will work up finely. There! rim shot off of sombrero! Must leave—leave as soon—soon—as—get—this—part, part done. Now, think that'll do!'

We can easily imagine his soliloquy. It was time for him to leave, after unconsciously sketching through the worst of the turmoil. All who came within the sweep of his eye were put down by his facile pencil; and when he subsequently called forth his blade to protect his picture, and as an incident thereto, his life, those who were so rash as to oppose him shared a similar fate.

PART TWO.

CERTES, it needed no reference to the notes in my minute-book to make this feeble transcript of the occurrences of that day; for although like old Bernal Diaz, I have permitted years to interveningly roll between the action and this record of it, yet the whole tableau rises as vividly before me as if it were but of yesterday.

The plantain, which, emblematic of repose and cooling airs, Egyptian superstition has consecrated to the Genii of the Shades, now flung its umbrageous mantle over many forms, who, in the long sleep given to recover from a life-long fatigue, were for ever unmindful of the maddening strife. Each face seemed to say:

‘I DIED no felon's death:
A warrior's weapon freed a warrior's soul.’

Their firmly-compressed lips told of determination. It was a place for a poet to die. The only one in my regiment then fell, and but for one or two trifling considerations that made life still palatable, his remains would have enriched the soil upon which he lay. The last act of the Chevalier Bayard, when from faintness he could no longer fight, was to command his steward to set him with his back against a tree, that he might die facing the enemy. When R——, for he it was, kissed his mother earth, under what was thought to be a mortal wound, his anguish was much alleviated by the reflection that his name would be historically associated with the famed Chapultepec—the hill of the grasshopper—whose glories the copper-skinned poet so often had sung; and waving his hand to his nearest men, he bade them to bear him to the nearest tree, that he might expire with the halo of glory on his brow and the psalm of triumph in his ears. And then, as he took a pull at a flask, he gave a sigh of satisfaction, took a lingering look in the direction of Tacubaya, from whose house-tops many of the soft sex witnessed the doings, and sank back with the words: ‘Fare-you-well,

Gnadalupe! — they 've done for me!' and died? No, he did nothing of the kind. A swig from a mess-mate's spirit-flask revived him; he lived to be borne into the city of Mexico on a litter raised on men's shoulders, the admiration of all the young misses, who peeped through the lattices when they heard the martial strains; and to this day he has indefinitely postponed his epithalmium or his exit.

On one side of the castle were *haciendas*, with orchards and planted fields in a state of luxuriant cultivation; on another, the green savannahs left by the receding lake, which once had washed the base of the hill. Within the garden rose the gigantic trees whose tops, when the blue clouds of battle enveloped them, became as indistinct as a mountain in a mist, though towering almost to a level with the troops on the summit of the Cerro. I would not risk drawing upon credulity by a description of those prodigies of vegetable creation, were it not for their well-authenticated loftiness and dimensions. The girth of one of them near the ground is one hundred and seventeen feet and ten inches. They loom up as monuments of an age so long ago, that the royal eagle, which, perched upon a nopal, furnished a design for the national arms ever since in use, might also have perched upon them; and in a hale old age of many centuries, they still stand as sentinels who were posted long before the first descent of the Aztecs from the North.

How I can recall the whole scenery as first we entered its precincts! Incongenial was it with the air-drawn picture wrought by the enchantment of distance. The time and place, with all its attendant train of circumstances, could not fail to awaken thrilling emotions in a bosom more immobile than mine. In the grove that girdles the great rock is the spot where the ill-fated monarch Montezuma was wont to seek that refuge from the noon-tide heat denied him by his shadeless city. There, surrounded by sweet-smelling flowers, which spring not less spontaneously than worthless weeds in climes not so highly favored, he gave audience to the few, and inhaled at every breath the fragrance of medicinal herbs. There, surrounded by courtiers, he sipped the delicious vanilla-flavored *chocolatl*, amid the carolling of melodious and brightly-plumed songsters, which fluttered through their capacious aviaries. There too were the fish-ponds, upon whose lilled margins the courtly companions of the angle could loiter and discuss good living and earn a meal. The permanent abode of beauty is no longer there; she only hovers over the place with a sad countenance. In the entangling thicket we might vainly seek the marks of ancient state, where nature and art combined to make it the hallowed haunt of royalty. The government or people that could remorselessly demolish the bas-reliefs cut in the living rock, to represent the faces and perpetuate the memory of the two Montezumas, would hardly delight in the preservation of minor legendary curiosities. The Vandals deserved to have their own faces chiseled likewise. Peering through the untrimmed vines that know not a gardener's care, and half-covered with dead-leaves, soil, and rubbish, are remnants of fountains that shall warble forth no song again. Elaborately cut in hieroglyphics, they are so stained and disfigured that the mystic designs are untraceable. What charm may lie hid in the undeciphered stone, which ignorance or want of refinement has thrust

into some out-of-the-way corner, or broken into building materials for walls, who can tell?

The gloomy cypress now waved mournfully over the many braves who had sunk among the graceful branches of the Peruvian pepper-tree and the red-berried myrtle — the scarcely audible sighing of the breeze and the medley of battle their only requiem, as, shrouded in smoke, they lay clasped in the cold arms of death. From a platform raised in the circuit of the botanical garden — the wall of which had served as a parapet to the infantry there stationed — had tumbled scores of the defenders in that fierce assault; and piled one upon another, their mouths foaming and countenances distorted, they vainly struggled against rolling into the moat. The muddy flood was so marbled over with a crimson tinge as to be almost opaque. The bubbles were the last dying sighs which escaped to the surface as each one sunk toward the bottom. The net-work of creeping plants, too, hid much of the carnage. The mutilated trunks over which we tripped had lately been quickened with living souls! There they were to lie until the scent should mingle with and pollute the atmosphere, and the earth-worm was to be cheated of his prey until the restoration of order; then the sad relics were to be tossed without prayer or priest into the trench.

Truly the aspect of the place was amply sufficient to awaken saddened reflections, when passion had time to cool. It read a homily upon the mutability of human affairs, evidenced in unmistakable characters all around. There the lords of the land held their councils until others, more stern and tyrannical, from an unheard-of country toward the rising sun, appeared upon the stage. The corselet-clad foreigners, with their terrible weapons that emitted the noise and flash of the storm-cloud, and some of them swiftly riding upon beasts the like of which had never been seen there before, rider and horse in one, like the fabled Centaur, spread dismay throughout the land. Three centuries later, it did not seem so harsh to us, as, under somewhat similar circumstances, we stood in the tracks of Cortes and his devout followers, and the earth was again moistened with streams of life released from opposing swarms. We gloried not in our cool moments, as the late boasting masters of what they deemed an impregnable fortification now lay blackening in the sun; they seemed to chide the exultant spirit. Their morning thirst for glory and victory had not been slaked; a consciousness in their last moments of having done their duty, was — as, alas! is too often the case — the soldier's only reward. Under the system of theology of their ancestors, their spirits would at once have passed into the highest place in Paradise, because they had fallen in battle; but a new faith denied them that consolation. Were the victors to be envied? Their guerdon was indeed the laurel, but the laurel robbed of most of its charms by the intermingling cypress. When Apollo would have embraced the chaste Daphne — so it is fabled — she was changed into the laurel, identically the same, yet how worthless on being attained! Let us take things as philosophically as did the god when the fair form eluded his grasp, looking calmly into the ever-alternating mirror of life's chances, else the laurel-wreath will be found less verdant than ourselves.

Why do we longer linger in these precincts? — and have been moralizing too, eh? Only a few moments indeed. In that time, General Bravo has delivered up his sword to a lieutenant; our noble chief is directing further offensive operations; the light troops are moving; we must advance; the day's work is not half-done. Five minutes' breathing-time, and we again plunge into the strife.

W. H. BROWNE.

T O M Y R A .

BY LAWRENCE LAUREN.

O MYRA! how you bother me!
 I cannot sleep at night;
 For elf-like round my pillow
 You're ever in my sight.
 Go where I will in Dream-land,
 By lake or ocean's tide,
 O'er hill-slopes, or through flowery meads,
 You're ever by my side.

In every whispering echo
 That murmurs in the air,
 With most delicious melody,
 Thy voice is ever there:
 I know it, and I feel it,
 'Tis this that makes me moan;
 I think it very hard, MYRA,
 I cannot be alone.

'Tis but the other eve, MYRA,
 While dozing in my chair,
 I couldst have sworn that thou didst run
 Thy fingers through my hair;
 While bending down with modest blush,
 Thine eyes in half-eclipse,
 I'll take my oath that we embraced,
 So tempting were thy lips.

It must be that you are a witch,
 And I am one bewitched:
 For be you present or away,
 I'm all the same — just wretched:
 So I will be revenged, I will:
 I'll ne'er forgive thee — never!
 I'll pay you day by day — give notes,
 And make them run for ever!

Tip-Top Ballads,

IN THE MODERN STYLE OF ORIGINALITY.

BY WHISTLE EAR.

●
THE AZURE ADOLESCENT.

'SLEEP'ST thou or wak'st thou, jolly shepherd,
Thy sheep are in the corn,
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy flock will take no harm.' — SHAKESPEARE.

CERULEAN youth, arise!
And wind your bugle-horn,
Till like a spirit through the skies,
I hear its echoes borne;
For flocks are in the dewy mead,
And sheep in the golden corn.

Ah! fainéant! is it thus
Your fleecy flock you keep?
Embraced by MORPHEUS;
Lost in the realm of sleep,
By the fragrant hay-cock high,
Where nut-brown maidens reap?

—
THE DREADFUL LEGEND OF THE DARK LADIE.

THEY said she was a sorceress,
Who studied grammarie,
So in a donjon's deep duress
They cast the dark ladie:
And many a warder watched without,
Lest she should flit or flee.

They brought the stern witch-ladie forth:
She gazed with quenchless pride.
'Ho! wretched grobians! would ye tell
How Sorceress NORNA died!
Beware, lest this should prove a sell,
Ye low-flung, base outside!'

They tossed her in a blanket — lo!
Uprose the dark ladie
Upon her magic broom: 'Ho! ho!
Think ye to sport with ME?'
'NORNA! NORNA! NORNA!' said I,
'Whither, ah! whither dost venture so high?'
'To sweep ARACHNE'S toils from the sky,
But I will be with ye by-and-by,
Ere yet the dew on the grass be dry!'
The mocking witch-tones faded away,
And NORNA was lost in the depths of day.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

POEMS BY ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH. In one volume: pp. 272. Hartford, Connecticut: F. A. BROWN.

It is a fashion of the critics to preface the slightest notice of a poet, actor, or painter, with a long-winded dissertation on matters in general. A double row of colossal sphinxes, a mile in length, and leading to nothing but a sand-heap, would bring less sense of disproportion and disappointment. In truth, the sphinxes themselves would be more intelligible than most of these profoundly empty essays. To be sure it is a labor-saving process, it being much easier to expatiate in generalities than to make a careful examination of a work of art; but the labor saved to the writer is thrown upon the reader, in a way to remind one of the rather profane apothegm about 'easy writing.' It is usual to begin the preliminary remarks at the remotest possible point of association with the business in hand—very much as if the Allied Armies were to make the Cape of Good Hope their 'base of operations' in the Crimea. Perhaps, as huntamen inclose a forest and beat it up in a narrowing circle, so the critic fancies that he will make surer of his game by commencing at a distance. Like the single-handed Hibernian, he would surround the enemy. Or possibly the motive is purely to enlighten the reader, after the manner of DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER's History of New-York, from the creation downward. Of course there must be a more worthy purpose than to display a small stock of ideas, or of information, which may bravely cloak a hasty and careless judgment of the work to be considered.

But we must leave the critics, or we shall run into this very absurdity of theirs. We propose no leonine roaring and roaming to-and-fro in the earth, and up and down it, ending in the merest asinine kick or lick (as the case may be) at the man and thing in question. The reader may be referred to a thousand reviews, if he would be refreshed on the subject of poetry in general and the universe in particular. Our business is briefly with Mr. ELLSWORTH and his volume.

Our young poets are too often poets of promise rather than of performance. But it may be gathered from this volume that its author is not in the

first effervescence of youth; and we infer that he is not likely to be diverted from his aspirations by the usual press of professional or other business. There is evidence, too, that he has laid the foundations of excellence more broadly and deeply than is common, and that he loves the studious retirement and communion with nature favorable to a worthy success in the tuneful art. A manifest intellectual courage and force of will seem to complete the conditions of a safe augury of such success.

Not that entire independence of mind is to be looked for, or found, in these poems. A mixture of bold originality and of resemblances to well-known authors, is one of their most obvious and perplexing features. And yet the first essays of the truest poets even are apt to remind us of their predecessors in song; it seems almost a necessity of young genius to fall into the tone of one and another great master, before reaching the clear pitch and quality of individual music. Accordingly, not a few pages of this volume awaken in the reader, more or less faintly, a note or two of some remembered air. To a listless ear, the best of the poems might sound somewhat as echoes. We could specify a dozen pieces that remind us of the manner of as many different poets; and one of Mr. ELLSWORTH'S most vigorous efforts is an undisguised casting in the mould of SCHILLER'S 'Song of the Bell.' Indeed, we shrewdly suspect that he has more than once availed himself of others' musical forms of expression, in a conscious and defiant way, as if, like sovereign minds before him, he would freely appropriate any thing to his own purposes, by virtue of some divine right. Were these resemblances all, the book would not be worthy of notice. But a careful reading persuades us that some of the very pieces which suggest to memory the poems of others, are as true and distinct creations as a newly-found species of honey-suckle or magnolia. There is a clear, strong conception — a fertility of thought, a heartiness of spirit, a quaint variety, and fearless energy of utterance, all together indicating a native spring of the waters of poesy, not a mere artificial fountain drawn from old reservoirs of inspiration. Under all his assumed or accidental disguises, Mr. ELLSWORTH is his free, self-possessed, and purposed self. A mind with the qualities of his, if it have also the prime requisite of toilsome persistence, will come wholly to itself by the very process of trying all the great forms and moods of song, and so will be thenceforth entirely itself. Though it may wander about at first in such channels as it finds ready-made, it will gather volume enough to mark out its own.

It is unfortunate that a poem has been placed first in the book so little enriched with the author's various merit, and so open to cavils about imitation, as the one entitled 'The Chimes.' More to be regretted is the occasional excess of colloquialism, descending in some instances to slang, as in the pieces named 'The Seasons,' and 'The Cock of the Walk.' It may be well enough in 'The Yankee,' and 'A Domestic Lyric,' and in passages of the good downright 'Ballad of NATHAN HALE,' or wherever the author does not speak in his own person, and only aims at bold faithfulness to character. To us, such audacities — ventured upon by a writer of manifestly pure and elevated mind — are signs rather of promise; they evince an old-fashioned,

lusty strength, and a contempt of mincing monotony and euphemism — a freedom from sickly taste. As they stand, however, many of these phrases are blemishes, offering a temptation to critics to dismiss the volume with an unfair quotation and a sneer. But they are confined to a few poems.

A like discrimination applies to the author's humor. When he writes in his own person, it tends to overflow too broadly, becoming more like a muddy freshet than a mellow, pervading moisture, which is the nature of true humor. In some instances it is very happy, as for example this description of a barn-yard king:

‘ WITH breast so sleek, and eye so bright,
As if you were the pink of honor,
You’re stuffed as full of wrath and spite
As Bishop BONNER.’

Good as this is, we feel hardly safe with our poet when he is in a jocular mood. Our fastidiousness is in a state of anxiety lest it receive, not a very severe, but some degree of shock. The merry passages appear to us somewhat as those of most writers of the olden time appear — indiscriminate, blunt, far-fetched, or awkward and forced. Yet, when Mr. ELLSWORTH enters into and assumes a specific, humorous character — such as that of a Yankee or a gossip — he succeeds admirably. His playful vein is good wherever it is subservient to a dramatic purpose, for there it is either excused or limited by some sharply-conceived character.

There are many who object to TENNYSON's recent battle-song, on the score of such lines as, ‘Some one had blundered.’ Some verses in the book before us may raise a similar objection. We think, however, that it is unfounded whenever a poem as a whole satisfies the imagination. Every line in such an organic whole, if it be needed to tell the story, is pervaded with the vitality of the work, though taken separately it may be prosaic. An arm-bone or muscle of a beautiful woman may be a prosy thing in itself, but the whole living woman is a perfect poem. Mr. ELLSWORTH has command of a lofty poetic diction; and an occasional letting down of this gracefully is a charm and a relief. As to the pieces of indifferent merit throughout, it is perhaps well enough to include some of them in the collection. They show the different sides of the writer's nature; they may have a special value to his friends. We see no occasion to make a book of verse so small and select that nothing is left but riddles for the critical, as the manner of some volumes is. The poet speaks to all classes; it is well that common-place minds find something congenial in a work of miscellaneous contents. Any one of eight or ten of the poems now under consideration, is sufficient to save the book from the fate of the thousand and one tomes of mediocre poetry issued in this country.

Thus much by way of exception and volunteered excuse. The merits of the author may be touched upon in the order first of his manner, then of the matter. One of his obvious excellencies is a familiarity with old English words and idioms, together with a measurable avoidance of the mere affectation of using obsolete words and orthographies. He seems to have steeped himself in the spirit and language of SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, and the ancient

masters of our prose and poetry, until their feeling and expression have become quite his own. By communion with these writers, or else by more direct sympathy with those of older time, he has also much of the Greek and Roman classic spirit and grace. Witness any part of the longest poem in the collection, 'ARIADNE,' a nobly-conceived and charmingly-written masque. Take for example the light opening song of the Dryad :

'We shadowy Oceanides,
Jove's warders of the island trees,
The tufted pillars tall and stout,
And all the bosky camp about,
Maintain our lives in sounding shades
Of old Æolian colonnades;
But post about the neighbor land,
In woof of insubstantial wear:
Our ways are on the water-sand,
Our joy is in the desert air.'

Further on may be quoted at random a higher strain of verse, to illustrate the same qualities :

'What is that girdle of the Queen of Love?
Wherewith, as with the shell of ORPHEUS,
Things high and humble — the exalted gods,
And tenants of the far unvisited huts
Of wildernesses — she alike subdues
Unto the law of perfect harmony?
What else but sweetness, tempered all one way,
And looks of social benignity?
Which, when she chooseth to be all herself,
She doth put on, and in the act thereof,
Such thousand graces lacquey her about,
And in her smile such plenitude of joy,
The extreme perfection of the immortal gods,
Shines affable, as, to partake thereof,
Hath oftentimes set Heaven in uproar.'

Next to a mingled English and ancient flavor of classic style, there are apparent in the poems an ease, directness, and force of versification, and often a fine musical adaptation of sound to sense, seldom so well sustained in first volumes of verse. We infer, however, that force is rarely or never sacrificed to smoothness; the impression left is the contrary of laborious polish; nor is there evidence of much thought given to rhythm, rhyme, and questions of metre. More attention to the philosophy of versification would have secured more novel and uniformly happy effects. Looking beneath this outward texture, we find uncommon strength and continuity of fibre in the fabrics of Mr. ELLSWORTH'S muse. He has a tenacity of intention, a grasp and singleness of subject, which prove him equal to his themes, and able to mould them according to his will and mood. His shots are not a scattering of grape, but a well-aimed ball; he sees the end of his subject from the beginning, and is not turned aside from his object. Several of the poems—for instance, 'Tuloom' and a 'Millennial Psalm'—are very noticeable for their thorough immersion in the mood of imagination which inspired them. Looking still more intently, we discover proof of deep passion, of keen intuition of character and sympathy with its phases, which argue well

for the writer's success in high efforts of a dramatic or narrative kind. The changing feelings and fancies of *ARLADNE*, from her first discovery of *THESEUS'* desertion, onward to the climax of her indignation, when she imprecates on him the vengeance of the gods, exclaiming :

'THOU too, great NEPTUNE of the lower deeps,
Heave thy wet head up from the monstrous main ;
Advance thy trident high as to the clouds,
And, with a not-to-be-repeated blow,
Dash the sin-freighted ship of that rash man !'

All the course of her outraged love is sweetly and powerfully conceived. Her concluding lapse from tragic emotion into a calm, unrevengeful disdain that almost sinks into the tenderness of pity, is especially true to her womanly nature, as it is also a fitting close of the scene.

Mr. ELLSWORTH'S sincere sympathy with his own age and country, with our national traditions and hopes, is not less evident than his susceptibility to the past. Many of the poems deal with the scenes and actors of American history, and breathe a fresh fragrance of the soil ; they glow, too, with an enthusiasm so plainly earnest as to give one proof of genius, namely, an identification with home and country. Through these pieces, as well as others, runs a vein of homely wisdom likewise — a tone of sound good sense and sterling virtue. The meditations entitled 'Mount Vernon' — too long and indivisible to quote — may be instanced as exemplifying these traits, and as quite Bryantesque in solemn dignity of diction.

A few 'disjecta membra poetæ,' a few bricks, offered not so much to show the style of the poet's architecture as the quality of his mental soil and the fire of his mental kiln, must close our remarks, unless we add a sample-poem or two.

Beauty, the author calls the

'Daughter of Time betrothed unto Death ;'

and says that it

—— 'is but dross,
Being but the outer iris-film of love.'

A brook in the wilderness

'Sings and skips on, nor knows its loneliness.'

The 'wandering bride of sorrow' was

'Wrecked with false lights on *THESEUS'* rocky heart.'

The airs of spring come

'To warm and wake their nestling broods
Of buds in sylvan solitudes.'

Old soldiers sit by a household fire,

'THEIR features flickering in the ingle blaze,
Flashing, as if with startled thoughts of other days.'

Death is well imagined in these words :

'DEATH will rise and drop the curtain
On the windows of our day.'

Memory searches back the past,

'LIKE one who searches with a light,
Upon a midnight track.'

The idle cynic is exhorted to

'SHAKE off this hideous death!
Be man! Stand up! Draw in a mighty breath!'

Among the poems most worthy of mention are 'Putnam's Awakening,' very good in design, and in parts; 'The Mayflower,' with its quiet picturing and sweet refrain; 'Tuloom,' a grandly-toned vision of a ruined temple in Yucatan; 'A Rail-road Lyric,' every way an admirable idealization of the great mechanical romance of the age; 'Brevities,' being eight very bold and felicitous sonnets; 'What is the Use?' a vigorous putting of the questions and the solution of Life, in the spirit of Ecclesiastes; and 'A Millennial Psalm,' which soars into a majestic sweep of prophetic vision and language. 'Tuloom' is perhaps the most terse, finished, and imaginative production of all; its sonorous recurrence of rhyme, its intense imagery, and well-sustained tone of mystery, haunt the reader. The hissing serpent in the last stanza is a magical touch, and the 'rushing upward' in the following lines is an effect especially novel and vivid:

'WHEN the night is wild and dark,
And a roar is in the park,
And the lightning, to its mark,
Cuts the gloom,
All the region, on the sight,
Rushes upward from the night,
In a thunder-crash of light,
O'er Tuloom.'

The 'appendix' of enigmatic poems is not behind the bulk of the volume in poetic merit. On the whole, Mr. ELLSWORTH is not of the metaphysical or ideal school of poets, nor of the simply sentimental. He deals best with things actual, that are and have been, and with the great patent realities of life and existence. He is eminently substantial. Of course he needs no advice from us, except it be to follow his own best instincts and judgment. But we trust he will try his strength on dramas of the fullest scope; not necessarily acting dramas, which require a peculiar aptness and training in the writer. The 'dramatic lyric,' also, which BROWNING has worked so well, is a vein in which Mr. ELLSWORTH would no doubt delve successfully. Still better adapted to his powers, perhaps, and to the public sympathies, are the romantic and historical ballad, and the patriotic song and metrical tale, those earliest and truest inspirations of every nation. He has the true New-England spirit and old American fire; and it is high time for the rich, vinous fermentation of American history to appear in more than one or two poets' brains and hearts.

CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE: A NOVEL. By CHARLES READE, Esq., Author of 'PEG WOFFINGTON.' In one volume: pp. 345. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

WE do not wish to place another novelist on the same platform with DICKENS. Reviewers are in the habit of thus elevating several 'small celebrities' each quarter, and yet the list of really great living novelists may be written on your thumb-nail. But we *do* wish to say, that the author of 'PEG WOFFINGTON' and 'CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE' *deserves* the distinction we have indicated. The author says of the second-named: 'I dedicate all that is good in this work to my mother.' Claiming under this patent, the author's mother is entitled to the whole book; for it is *all* good.

'Lord IPSDEN, (the hero,) age twenty-five, income eighteen thousand pounds per year, constitution equine, was unhappy.' Having nothing to do but to amuse himself, of course he can't do that. This unfortunate Lord falls in love with his cousin, BARBARA SINCLAIR, and his declaration is answered as follows: 'The man I marry must have two things, virtues and vices: you have neither. You do nothing, and never will do any thing but sketch and hum tunes, and dance and dangle.' Soon after this 'heavy blow and great discouragement,' Lord IPSDEN's man (a model gentleman's gentleman) discovering that 'My Lord' is growing pale and languid, sends for Dr. ABERFORD.

Mr. READE'S Dr. ABERNETHY enters, shouting: 'This is my patient lolloping in pursuit of health. Your hand,' added he. 'Tongue. Pulse is good; breathe in my face.'

'Breathe in your face, Sir! How can I do that?' (with an air of mild doubt.)

'By first inhaling, then exhaling in the direction required, or how can I make acquaintance with your bowels?'

'My bowels?'

'The abdomen and greater and lesser intestines. Well, never mind; I can get at them another way. Give your heart a slap, so. That's your liver, and that's your diaphragm.' His Lordship having found the required spot, (some people I know could not,) the ABERFORD makes a circular spring and listens eagerly at the shoulder-blade. The result of this scientific pantomime seemed to be satisfactory; for he exclaimed, not to say bawled: 'Hallo! here is a Viscount sound as a roach!'

The Doctor makes a correct diagnosis of the case, and with a view to adapting the remedy to the patient, inquires: 'What are your vices?'

'SAUNDERS,' inquired the patient, 'which are my vices?'

'M' Lord, Lordship has n't any vices,' replied SAUNDERS.

'It seems I have n't any vices, Dr. ABERFORD,' said Lord IPSDEN, demurely.

'That is bad: nothing to get hold of,' says ABERFORD. The Doctor finally hits upon the suitable treatment, and requests his Lordship to write down:

'DR. ABERFORD'S PRESCRIPTION.

'MAKE acquaintance with all the people of low estate who have time to be bothered with you; learn their ways, their minds, and above all, their troubles. Relieve one fellow-creature a day, and let SAUNDERS book the circumstances. Fish the herring, (that beats deer-stalking.) Run your nose into adventures at sea; live on tenpence a day, and earn it. Is it down?'

'Yes, it is down, but SAUNDERS would have written it better.'

'If he had n't, he ought to be hanged,' said the ABERFORD, inspecting the work.'

The ABERFORD leaves, and his Lordship inquires of SAUNDERS if he knows what the Doctor means by the lower classes?

'Perfectly, my Lord.'

'Are there any about here?'

'I am sorry to say they are everywhere, my Lord.'

'Get me some,' (*cigarette*.) The result of this slightly *stage* order is the production by SAUNDERS of two lovelier women than he had ever before opened a door to in the whole course of his perfumed existence. They were CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE and JEAN CARNIE, her bosom-friend, young fisher-women both. The scene between these two marine goddesses and his Lordship is capital, but we can't make room for it.

CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE sends her 'baddish' brother, ætat fourteen, to convey his Lordship to the house of JESS RUTHERFORD, as being one of the class Dr. ABERFORD's prescription requires him to relieve: 'For many years her life had been unsuccessful labor: if any thing had ever come to her, it had always been a misfortune; her incidents had been thorns, her events daggers.' His Lordship leaves her some money and his card, with the request that she will call on him for any little sum she may have use for, and then asks her to make him acquainted with any little troubles she may have encountered in the course of her life. No answer being given to this, his Lordship is about to go, when JESS RUTHERFORD bursts into a passion of tears.

'My troubles, laddie,' cried she, trembling all over. 'The sun wad set and rise, and set again ere I could tell ye a' the trouble I ha'e come through. Oh! ye need na vex yourself for an auld wife's tears; tears are a blessin', lad, I shall assure ye. Mony's the time I ha'e prayed for them and could na ha'e them. Sit ye doon! sit ye doon! I'll no let ye gang frae my door till I ha'e thankit ye; but gi'e me time, gi'e me time. I canna greet a' the days o' the week.'

'THICKER JOHNSTONE' (the baddish boy, ætat fourteen,) opened his eyes, unable to connect the shillings and tears. Lord IPSDEN sat down and felt very sorry for her. And she cried at her ease. His bare mention of her troubles had surprised the widow-woman's heart, and now she looked up and examined his countenance: it was soon done. A woman, young or old, high or low, can appreciate sensibility in a man's face at a single glance. What she saw there was enough; she was sure of sympathy. Then the old fish-wife told the young aristocrat how she had borne twelve children, and had buried six of them as bairns; how her man was always unlucky; how a mast fell on him and disabled him for a whole season; and how, after numerous other troubles, her husband was in a dark and gusty night

drowned by slipping from the pier, and left her to struggle with fortune single-handed.

She told him of hunger, cold, and anguish. As she spoke, they became real things to him. Up to that moment they had been things in a story-book. Indeed she was a woman acquainted with grief. She might have said: 'How hard sorrow sits! This is my throne, bid kings come and bow to it.' Her hearer felt all this, and 'in tones gentle as the south wind on a summer evening,' offered her such consolation as he was able.

'Madam,' said he, 'let me be so happy as to bring you some comfort. The sorrows of the heart I cannot heal; they are for a mightier hand, but a part of your distress seems to have been positive need; that at least we can dispose of, and I entreat you to believe, that from this hour, want shall never enter that door again. Never, upon my honor.'

His Lordship had risen to go. She began to thank him rather coldly and stiffly.

'He says ye are a Lord. I dinna ken, and I dinna care; but ye're a gentleman, I daur say, and a kind heart ye ha'e,' (then she began to warm,) 'and ye'll never be a grain the poorer for what ye ha'e gi'en me; for 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.' (Then she began to glow.) 'But it's no your siller; dinna think it; na, lad, na! Oh! fine I ken there's mony a supper for the bairns and me in yon braw bit metal; but I canna feel your siller as I feel your winsome smile, the drap in your young een, and the sweet words ye gied me in the sweet music o' your Soothern tongue. Gude bless ye! Gude bless ye! and I bless ye.'

She blessed him as one that had the power and the right to bless or curse. She stood on the high ground of her low estate and her afflictions, and demanded of their CREATOR to bless the fellow-creature that had come to her aid and consolation. She blessed him by land and water.

She knew most mortal griefs; for she had felt them. She warned them away from him one by one. She knew the joys of life; for she had felt their want. She summoned them one by one to his side: 'And a fair wind to your ship, and the storms aye ten miles to leeward of her.' 'Many happy days and weel spent,' she wished him. His love should love him dearly, or a better take her place. Health to his side by day, sleep to his pillow by night. A thousand good wishes came like a torrent of fire from her lips, with a power that eclipsed his dreams of human eloquence, and then changing in a moment from the thunder of a Pythoness to the tender music of some poetess-mother, she ended: 'An' oh! my bonny, bonny lad! may ye be wi' the rich upon the earth a' your days, and wi' the puir in the world to come!'

CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE is a herring-fisher, a sailor, a story-teller, (*raconteur*.) She does the play of the 'Merchant of Venice' into Scotch prose for her friends, and astonishes them as much as CORINNE does hers with her improvisations. She is, with all her masculine pursuits, a womanly woman, and worth all the men in the book. Let the author give us as good a hero in his next, and he will make a still more satisfactory book than either 'CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE' or 'PEG WOFFINGTON.'

A VISIT TO THE CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL. By RICHARD MCCORMICK, Jr., of New-York. In one volume: pp. 212. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

WE scarcely know which most to admire in this work; its entire *unpretendingness*, or the great amount of intelligent observation and valuable information which it evinces and conveys. It is a plain and succinct narrative of facts, without any attempt at fine writing or exaggeration; and we venture to say that a careful perusal of the work will convince any reader that he has before him, in a brief and comprehensive form, a clearer and better view of affairs before Sebastopol than any which he has hitherto been able to obtain. The writer wisely abstains from any attempt at an exposition of the intricate causes of the war, or its probable course or termination. He judiciously contents himself with setting forth what he saw and experienced, and that in such a natural, matter-of-fact manner that the reader cannot but choose to see and feel with him. Our limits are small this month, and we can afford but brief space for extracts. One thing is apparent in the volume, and that is, that the complaints which have been 'loud and deep' in relation to the manner in which the brave British troops were cared for by their 'superiors,' as the phrase is, both at home and at the seat of war, have been well-founded and just. We take the following passages as an evidence of the individual indifference which a familiarity with active warfare begets in the mind of the soldier:

'In a sortie made by the Russians one night in December, the guard of the Fiftieth regiment was killed, and the enemy took possession of the picket, only to remain for a short time, however; for the Rifles, hearing the alarm, soon came up and slaughtered the intruders without mercy. A patrol-officer coming along some time after, and finding an Irishman of the Rifles on guard, addressed him: 'Well, my man, what are you doing here? You do not belong to the Fiftieth.' 'May it please yer honor,' said Paddy, 'the Rooshins relieved the Fiftieth, and we relieved the Rooshins!'

'A facetious Scotch friend who had his lodgings in Balaklava, was aroused by the violent ringing of bells and general confusion throughout the harbor on the demise of the old and the inauguration of the new year. Forgetting the occasion, he sallied forth into the dark, cold streets, thinking that there must be a fire somewhere. Soon convinced of his mistake, but ready and anxious as ever (the wicked fellow!) for a bit of fun, he carelessly said to a shivering Erinite, whom he found standing on guard: 'Well, sentinel, if a fire should break out here, what should you consider it to be your duty to do first?' 'Indade, Sir, I should think it my first duty to warm myself,' was the off-hand and witty reply.

'Lieutenant EDWARD WYLDER, R. N., an active and intelligent gentleman, who had the arduous duty of superintending the embarkation of the larger portion of the sick and wounded ordered to the hospitals at Scutari, related to me many remarkable instances of the wonderful *esprit de corps*. In assisting one poor fellow, who had lost a leg, and been shot through the thigh, as well as through the breast, but who was very coolly smoking his pipe, he remarked: 'Well, my good man, I see that you keep your spirits up in the midst of your trouble.' 'Oh! yes,' said the sufferer, with a smile, 'I never allow such trifles to put out my pipe. I paid the Russians for damaging me, I can tell you. No sooner was my bayonet into one fellow before I jerked it out and drove it into another, and so I went on to the tune of a dozen of them; and if I ever get well and have an opportunity, I'll be at the beggars again, you may be sure of that.'

'This is but a sample of the manner in which the mangled victims expressed themselves. Who will say that war does not harden and degrade the human heart?

'Captain BENSON, pay-master, whom I met frequently, said to me: 'After the battle of the Alma, I met a Highlander with a broken leg, limping about the field. I said to him: 'Pray, my good man, what are you looking for? Why do you not go to the hospital-tent and have your leg set?' 'O Sir!' he replied, 'I'm looking for my piece.' 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Why, my musket, Sir.' 'Oh! never mind that,' said I; 'the govern-

ment will furnish you with another, if you ever need it. Do take my advice, and go and have your broken limb attended to immediately.' 'The leg be hanged!' said he in an excited tone. 'I must find my piece,' and I left him wandering about the field anxiously searching for his 'piece.'

The difference between the English and French armies is set forth, and partially accounted for in the following short but sententious and truthful passage :

'The English and French armies presented a strong contrast in their condition during the entire winter. The former, over-worked, poorly fed, and suffering from a complication of maladies; the latter, well-provisioned, well-clad, and comparatively free from sickness.

'By nature the English and French are vastly different, and no one who has seen the camp-life of the latter can for an instant deny that it is in every way superior to that of the former. An Englishman has no faculty for encountering the thousand vicissitudes of a tedious campaign. He fights well, doggedly, desperately; Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann are late and satisfactory demonstrations of his indomitable bravery. The Frenchman fights well and lives well, wherever it may be his lot to locate. He appears as contented, hearty, and happy under canvas in a strange and barren land, as in the luxurious cities of *la belle France*.

'Where the Englishman eats his salt-beef and biscuit in the same style day after day, the Frenchman has a half-dozen palatable dishes from the same monotonous components.

'The Frenchman loves war by nature. By nature the Englishman dreads it. So utterly disgusted were nine-tenths of Her Majesty's officers and men with their miserable life, that they would have gladly abandoned the deathful Crimea at any moment, could they have had an honorable pretext.

'The French had the benefit of a well-organized wagon-train, and thus, having taken the precaution to prepare suitable roads, (in most cases,) they very readily transported their provisions to the respective divisions. The English had no wagon-train whatever. The French had a baker connected with every regiment, and large quantities of fresh bread were distributed throughout the camp every other day. A present of thirty-five thousand loaves was sent to the English at one time.

'But I did not intend to institute a comparison between the advantages enjoyed by the armies. It has been repeatedly shown that the greatest difference existed, and the world wonders at the striking contrast.'

Of the sick and wounded in the hospitals at Scutari, our author thus speaks. He makes mention of the French Hospitals in terms of high praise, as being in all respects superior to the English, and marked by even signs of *luxurious* comfort :

'The manner in which the sick were brought into Balaklava from the respective divisions was shockingly rude; yet perhaps, with the desperate roads, and a destitution of a proper supply of ambulance wagons, it could not have been bettered. I remember that on one morning Lord RAGLAN sent orders from head-quarters, that one thousand sick might be expected to embark for Scutari during the day. I do not know that so large a number did actually appear; but all day long, files of stumbling horses were to be seen wending their way toward the village, with their ghostly riders enveloped in huge white blankets, and often with a comrade in attendance, to prevent them from falling from their precarious position. The sight was one of the most frightful that ever came to my eyes.

'The Scutari landing was about a quarter of a mile from the Barrack Hospital, to which the sick were borne upon stretchers, hour after hour, day after day. Though, as Mr. OSBORNE remarks, 'One wounded man borne on a stretcher in the street of a town, attracts universal attention, and excites a painful sympathy from any beholder; at Scutari, the dying were so often encountered, carried in boats, lying on the pier, or borne in long processions on stretchers, that they ceased to attract any but a moment's notice, and did not, even for a moment, excite any particular emotion.'

'We noticed victims of the bayonet, sword, and shell, as well as of virulent disease. Cases of dysentery, diarrhoea, and Varna fever were lamentably numerous. I shall never forget the haggard look depicted on the faces of those whose dull eyes met mine at every step. It seemed as though I trod in the presence of a great charnel-house, where the decayed flesh and dry bones had, for the instant, assumed partial life.

'Every variety of mutilation to which the human frame could be subject was to be

found, and to many life appeared to have no attraction; death was looked to as a joyous release.

Those of the men who were possessed of sufficient strength were absorbed in the reading of the newspapers, regularly received from home; of this Mr. OSBORNE speaks with his usual graphic interest: 'Many of the soldiers read aloud remarkably well; I have seen a black-whiskered, fine-looking man, propped up in bed, chosen as a reader; having lost an arm, they had folded the paper for him, so that he could, holding it in one hand, get at the 'battle bit'; cripples of all kinds crept up and sat on and about the adjoining beds. As far as his voice could be heard, (it was a loud Irish one,) you might see men turned in their beds, trying to drink in every word. On he went, right through the whole. Beginning in rather a monotone style, he soon warmed up, and, as the men said, 'gave it out well.' Then there would be a hail from a distant bed: 'I say, let us have it up here now;' and some crippled patient would come scrambling down to beg the paper. A new reader would be found, and nearly the same scene again and again repeated. I heard a shrewd observation from one veteran who, having read the battle in a 'daily,' then looked at a picture of it in a 'weekly.' 'The writing, Sir, is more like a picture than the picture is like the battle. Why, Sir, these painters seem to think all our horses are fit for brewers, and that gun-powder makes no smoke.'

'Here I may remark that the fashion of representing a battle or siege with little if any smoke, as adopted by most of our print-makers, is extremely absurd. The whole air is generally filled with dense smoke. It could not be otherwise, with the combined discharge of whole regiments of musketry, to say nothing of the cannonading which generally accompanies it.'

The volume is exceedingly well printed, and the maps and engraved illustrations which accompany the text are pronounced 'entirely correct.' They cannot fail, therefore, to impart a complete understanding of the relative locations of the most important places mentioned, the positions of the contending armies, and the general appearance of the surrounding country. It was, we think, an over-sight, however, to make the names of interesting localities, such as those included in and surrounding Sevastopol, for example, so very small that they can scarcely be seen by the unassisted eye. With this exception, the maps and engravings are in all respects excellent.

THE SPELLER AND DEFINER'S MANUAL. By WILLIAM W. SMITH, Principal of Grammar-School Number One, New-York: containing a large Collection of the most Useful Words in the English Language, correctly Spelled, Pronounced, Defined, and arranged in Classes. Together with Rules for Spelling Prefixes and Suffixes; Rules for use of Capitals, Punctuation-marks, Quotations from other Languages used in English Composition, Abbreviations, etc., etc. To which is added a Vocabulary for Reference. In one volume: pp. 290. Second edition: New-York: DANIEL BURGESS AND COMPANY, John-street.

THIS is a school-book of merit; containing, as its title-page truly announces, the best and most useful words of the language, so classified and arranged that the pupil can easily see and understand the difference and peculiarities of each. We notice another feature of great importance to beginners — the proper pronunciation of each word, with the sounds of the letters so designated that all can understand and apply them — a great aid both to the teacher and pupil. The questions at the bottom of the pages are admirably adapted to obtain the desired end — correct spelling, together with a knowledge and right use of words. The work must prove a valuable assistant in our schools.

LAYS FROM THE GLEN: or Musings of Leisure Hours. By H. B. WILDMAN. In one volume: pp. 144. New-York: PUDNEY AND RUSSELL.

WE gather from the well-expressed introduction to this modest but meritorious little volume, that the poems which it contains were 'composed and written at various times within the past few years, and under strange vicissitudes; often gloomed with sorrow, and occasionally brightened with hope. Some were written with the view and desire of giving solace to afflicted and kind friends; others, to relieve and lighten the wearied mind of the author during a prolonged and painful illness.' There is much of true simple feeling in the book, which will find an answering return in the hearts of its readers. There is much, too, of facile versification and rhythmical melody in several of the minor pieces, which indicate not a little fruitful study of the 'art of verse.' We annex three brief specimens, not as being the best which we could select, but because the first well enforces a wise moral lesson; the second has a simple heartfulness in it, which will commend it to the bereaved everywhere; and the third is in a playful vein, which affords a requisite contrast of style:

I.

'Time is drawing nearer, nearer,
While our heads are turning gray;
Tears are falling on life's mirror
Every day!

II.

'Time is closing Beauty's portals,
Flowers are blooming to decay;
Fate is delving graves for mortals
Every day!

III.

'While our pleasure-boat is rolling
Over life's eventful spray,
Funeral bells are tolling, tolling
Every day!

IV.

'While the laurel-wreath is shading
O'er the fame-lit brow of clay,
Sad we see the garland fading
Every day!

V.

'Love, then take your promised treasures,
Fame is dazzling to betray;
Life is fading with its pleasures
Every day!

VI.

'Hence, while all things are declaring
DEATH a seeker for his prey,
Let us be ourselves preparing
Every day!'

The following bears the title, '*I've been Gathering Flowers, Mother,*' and is the simple utterance of a little boy, whose child-sister has gone before him to heaven :

'Oh! I've been gathering flowers, Mother,
For JULIA's grave, to-day;
Oh! I've been wandering down the glen
Where once we used to play;
And there, beside the grape-vine swing,
Where mountain flocks repose,
I found this dear soft silken band,
Twined round a lonely rose.
O Mother! 'tis the braid of hair
Dear little JULIA used to wear!

'And farther down the vale, Mother,
Where morning zephyrs rise,
I found this dear, dear little book,
These ribbons, and these toys;
And there I found this little doll,
Within our play-house shed;
Its little hood and silken shawl
Lay on a violet bed.
Within the book, dear Mother, see,
Here are the words, 'Remember me!'

'Now I have plucked the rose, Mother,
The silken band to save,
And gathered all the summer flowers
For little JULIA's grave.
I've plucked the daisy from its mould,
The lily from its lair;
For such were all the gems, Mother,
Dear sister used to wear;
Now, gently, 'mid the sweet perfume,
I'm going with them to her tomb.'

If it were not a little boy who was speaking here, we should tell him that the *lair* of a lily is scarcely allowable. Beasts and reptiles of prey are more apt to occupy 'lairs' than the flowers of the field. With '*Butterfly Days*' we must take our leave of the 'lyttel boke' before us:

'Tis sweet to look back on our butterfly days,
When the sun-shine of pleasure beamed clearly;
When the fire blazed bright on the old cottage-hearth,
And old 'SANTA-CLAUS' came around yearly.

'Tis sweet to remember the good olden times,
As we muse o'er our life's dull epistle;
'Tis sweet to remember 'our old-fashioned hat,'
Which we had to catch bees from the thistle.

'Tis sweet to look back on our butterfly days,
When we lodged our first kite in the cherry;
'Tis sweet to remember our first 'BARLOW Knife,'
And the 'love-letter' written to MARY.

'Tis sweet to remember our first Sunday coat,
How impatient we waited to wear it;
'Tis sweet to remember the dear rainy days
When we 'trained' in our grand-mother's garret.

'Tis sweet to remember our frolics at school,
When the rod and the ruler were busy;
'Tis sweet to remember our first boyish kiss,
And the mortified blushes of LIZZIE.'

The volume is neatly executed upon good paper, an attraction for which the author is indebted to the kind care of a generous friend, ('G. C. M.,') who undertook its publication. It is dedicated briefly and modestly to Mr. SAMUEL A. ROLLO, Esq., of the publishing house of Messrs. A. S. BARNES AND COMPANY, a gentleman whose name is in many mouths as a liberal encourager of literature and the fine arts.

ARIEL AND OTHER POEMS. By W. W. FOSDICK. Illustrated with Designs by DALLAS. In one volume: pp. 316. New-York: BUNCE AND BROTHER.

In introducing this handsome volume to our readers, we shall forbear quotation from, or comment upon, the initial poem which gives it its principal title: partly because it should be read consecutively, and not in segregated portions, but mainly for the reason that while 'our will consents, our space does not.' In justice to Mr. FOSDICK, however, we shall briefly state his idea in the poem. Taking up *ARIEL* where *PROSPERO* parts with him, he has endeavored to show how much he would be discontented when confined to the sphere of earth; spiritual and earthly love are contrasted and contradistinguished; and the union of two beings, blending qualities inherently attractive to each other, set forth: so that '*ARIEL*, with the wealth of the world at his command, is unhappy; lacking that society which is the life of enjoyment, and that reciprocated love which is the talisman of existence.' Mr. FOSDICK is a western poet; and it has been well remarked by one who is himself an American poet of the very first rank, that 'almost every page of his work is suggestive of a residence in the back-woods. There is an unpruned luxuriance of imagination and language about them, in which they resemble the forests of his native region.' The subjoined is from a very descriptive poetical sketch of *DANIEL BOONE*, the pioneer 'Hunter of Kentucky:'

'STRANGE, fair Kentucky! though no cannon shook
Thy giant hills, yet every stream and brook
Could tell a tale, that somewhere on its course,
Knife had met knife, and force encountered force,
And tomahawks gleamed in the sun-light's flood,
Descended swift, and dyed themselves in blood!
What then the feelings of the man that dared
This perilled place, alone, and unprepared;
Who knew not that the hut which he should leave
At daylight's dawn, would still be there at eve,
Or only ashes left to tell the tale
Where once its smoke arose above the vale?
For here no succor or support could aid
The single hunter in the forest shade;
No hand could stretch to give its kind supply;
No ear to hear, or heed his helpless cry;
If sickness came, no eye to watch his bed;
No soul to smoothe the pillow 'neath his head;
No friendly face beside him sit, to cheer,
Or tell old tales, to every bosom dear;
No loving wife, to mingle soul with soul,
Like blended streams which with one current roll;
No simple child his hours to beguile,

To meet his look with upturned eye and smile ;
 No hand to press his own with cordial clasp,
 And thrill his heart with friendship's fervid grasp.
 He saw no tear, save those the fountains shed,
 And heard no mourner, save the dove o'erhead ;
 The sable raven sweeping through the sky,
 Turned down on him his bare and burnished eye ;
 Lured by the game he scented as he passed,
 His husky voice came croaking on the blast ;
 And o'er the height of woody mountain-peaks,
 The circling eagle wheels aloft and shrieks,
 To hear beneath, his stranger footsteps press
 The brown leaves 'mid the silent wilderness.
 But still, to be alone, was not to pine,
 And Boons ! true loneliness was only thine.
 To stand upon some mountain's craggy crest,
 And see the sun sink silent in the west,
 The night's dark curtains drawn across day's red,
 And all the vale grow silent as the dead,
 Oh ! then it is when light's fair form hath flown,
 That man may feel how much he is *alone*.
 To sit at night beside thy cabin fire,
 And watch the flames of blazing wood expire.
 With statue Silence, dumb, and *all* alone,
 And not a voice to answer to thine own,
 Nor household spirit for the empty chair :
 But noiseless Darkness, with her vacant stare,
 Peers through the shadows of the lonely room,
 Then seeks the forest with her sister, Gloom.'

Very spirited is the song of '*The Maize*.' We must admit that we never saw this graceful plant in such perfection, nor to such a wonderful extent, as in our recent visit to the author's 'own native West.'

'A song for the plant of my own native West,
 Where nature and freedom reside,
 By plenty still crowned, and by peace ever blest,
 To the corn ! the green corn of her pride !
 In climes of the East has the olive been sung ;
 And the grape been the theme of their lays,
 But for thee shall a harp of the back-woods be strung,
 Thou bright, ever-beautiful Maize !

'As far in the forest where rude cabins rise,
 And send up their pillars of smoke,
 And the tops of their columns are lost in the skies
 O'er the heads of the cloud-kissing oak —
 Near the skirt of the grove, where the sturdy arm swings
 The axe till the old giant sways,
 And echo repeats every blow as it rings,
 Shoots the green and the glorious Maize !

'There buds of the buck-eye in spring are the first,
 And the willow's gold hair then appears,
 And snowy the cups of the dog-wood that burst
 By the red-bud, with pink-tinted tears ;
 And striped the bowls which the poplar holds up
 For the dew and the sun's yellow rays,
 And brown is the papaw's shade-blossoming cup,
 In the wood, near the sun-loving Maize !

Not a few passages had we indicated for extract, as we turned over Mr. Fosdick's pages ; and it almost 'gars us greet' to leave unquoted the '*Health to Auld Scotia*,' and '*Mary Lyle, a Ballad*.' But simply, it may not be. We have barely room to commend the book to our readers.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A DAY'S ANGLING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.— We hope we have as little envy as is consistent with a tolerably good moral character; but when we read the following, from our 'Up-River' and Green-Mountain correspondent, we did incontinently not only wish that we had been there, but experienced also, we are afraid, a slight twinge of envy toward our more favored friend. But perish the ignoble thought! Whatsoever things are pleasant, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are good, he deserves to enjoy them all:

'I WILL give you an account of a day's trout-fishing in a mountain-stream, not expecting to shed any new charm upon a theme which has been already illustrated with every literary embellishment. For HAWES, HERBERT, and many professed anglers and university-bred sportsmen have so piously followed in the steps of St. IZAAK WALTON and S'RUMPHREY DAVY, and have so exhausted the brooks, that it is like fishing for minnows now-a-days. Moreover, for the last hundred years, in our own country, during which a taste for the recreation of angling has survived, and every stream has been whipped and thrashed with rods, so many note-books have been kept, that little remains to be said about the 'scaly people.'

'The present season has been remarkably good for anglers. In the beginning of the summer, when there was every reason to apprehend a drought, the windows of heaven were opened, and a gentle, soaking, and abundant rain came down; and up to the present time, at intervals of a few days, we have had copious showers and magnificent thunder-storms, filling up all the ponds and streams to the very brims. Never did the waving forests present a richer and more glorious freshness, in all their shades and varieties of living green; never did the grass promise a more abundant harvest, or the shining blade of the corn a better crop. Verily the little hills and the big mountains rejoice on every side. I have a few rural matters to dispose of before speaking of the trout-fishing.

'Not long since, a hen of the old barn-yard breed walked down to the banks of the Winoski River, a little below the falls in this place, and leisurely swam across, with all the facility of a duck. This can be abundantly proved out of the mouths of two or three witnesses, all good men and true, and is as solemn a fact, so far as

the truth is concerned, as any on record. She was not scared into the stream by a dog, nor driven in by a stick, but of her own free will descended to the brink, glided into the wave, and having safely reached the opposite shore, dressed her feathers with the grace of an accomplished web-foot. Several philosophical theories have occurred to me, by which to account for this unnatural conduct. She was probably hatched by a duck, and learned something of her amphibious nature from the progeny with which she was reared. Or she herself unexpectedly found herself the mother of yellow goslings, and tenderly ventured after them, out of parental regard, until at last she learned the 'art of swimming,' and loved to 'practise what she knew.' Or it may be that, oppressed with heat, tortured and infested by small insects, which it is indelicate to name, ruffled in plumage and ruffled in temper, with the spirit and decision of a true hen, she boldly swam the flood to enjoy the refreshment of the bath, and to drown her multitudinous foes. And that she gained a point so soon as she had gained *the point*, was testified by triumphant cacklings, while the astounded philosophers who witnessed the exploit went home to consult their natural histories again.

'I once knew of a cat who superintended a brood of young chickens, which is also a solemn fact, and as well testified to as the above. '*Natur is natur*,' is a proverbial and homely remark in the country; but there are certain varieties, exceptions, eccentricities, so that the 'wonder-book' never ceases to present a new page. Had it been a Shanghai rooster who accomplished this exploit, the lookers-on would have said, no doubt, that he was fording the stream; but it was a demure, low-built, little 'quiet-heart' of a barn-yard fowl.

'Another feat of bathing, by a biped, (not feathered,) I have to record, the most curious from the days of the 'tired CÆSAR' down to those of the gentle MUCIDORA. I was in a deep romantic gorge, where a way is cloven by the headlong current through the solid rocks. Sixty feet on each hand they rise as even as a wall, and extend for five hundred yards perhaps, where they stop, and the agitated current slides into a smooth enamelled meadow. The Little Palisades, I call them, although the real name of the place is the Falls of Middlesex. In the middle of the boiling current, just beyond a narrow bridge which lacks little of having been completed by Nature, is a high shaft of rocks, which cause it to make a sudden bend, and by opposing, excites the flood into a yeasty foam and roaring passion at the base. I took a notion to clamber to the top of this promontory or peninsula, which required the scrambling agility of a goat, and thence to look down upon the rapids, which resembled those of a cataract, and through the palisades. Whether any one had been there before or not (for most people content themselves with looking down from the bridge) is uncertain; but I found no foot-steps of 'gi-yants' upon the rock. On the summit of this place I discovered a natural bathing-tub, scooped clean out by the hand of Nature, filled to the brim with pure rain-drops, as they had fallen from the clouds. As I lay stretched on my back in this remarkable bath, this columnar reservoir, (for after considerable consideration I got into it,) refreshed and recreated, with the skies above and the agitated flood beneath, it struck me that it was a tub worthy of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, and I would not have come out of it in a hurry, but I heard carriage-wheels approaching, and the cavern was cold as the grotto of Antiparos.

'We will now proceed on the trouting expedition, which for once was accompanied with good luck, and is worthy of record. The morning was cool, cloudy, and gave some indication of showers. All the better. Trouts bite more readily when pattering rain-drops break the glassy surface of the brook which mirrors the crouching

angler. It is the angel of good-luck which goes down into the pool and 'troubleth the water.' I went on invitation of a friend, whose Christian name is GEORGE, and whom I will call on this occasion, in honor of his good-nature, St. GEORGE. NEPTUNE, a large Newfoundland, accompanied the party. We arrived at MARTIN'S Brook, where it passes through some rough clearing, and then plunges again into the woods. Here we turned the pony out to grass, got ready the fishing-rods, and 'wums for bait,' and leaping on a small islet where the water ran pure and cool, invigorated ourselves at the outset with a drink and a few sandwiches, from which circumstance I named the place 'Sandwich Island.' St. GEORGE went up to MARTIN'S Brook, toward the cleared land; I followed it after it had leaped some fifteen or twenty feet over the dam of a saw-mill into the thick woods. It was as inaccessible a spot as was ever laid out by rude Nature in the wilderness. Cold as ice, and clear as crystal, the brook dashed on unimpeded over impediments, volubly babbling. It twisted, and giggled, and dimpled, from chasm to chasm, sometimes going subterranean, until at last it flashed out in the open fields like a sword leaping out of its scabbard. Not so easy the course of the pilgrim upon its banks; for the way was choked up with rocks Titanically scattered, barricaded with logs, bristling with stumps, full of mossy trap-doors, which let down the legs in a squashy muck, up to the very thighs. I was pitched headlong; I sank in; I slipped; I floundered over crackling rails, and forced a passage through persecuting briars. Heated, scratched, lacerated, and soliloquizing in vexation, methought at first it was not what 'trouting' is cracked up to be! It was not like fishing from an English meadow, even in St. WALTON'S time, with daisies growing beneath your feet, larks springing into mid-air, silver stream rolling over golden pebbles, clean sward down to the very marge, with no gnarled roots to hook your hooks—nothing but trout and poetry. *It was better.* All things gather value from variety, from freshness, from novelty. Wildness will be exceedingly precious before long. Gradually the untamed beasts cease to roar and shake their manes. Then the earth itself is becoming artificially smooth; scarce a rock or a stump left. You may 'oh!' and 'ah!' for 'a lodge in some vast solitude'—often in vain. By dint of hard work among the underwood, I stepped with great boldness upon a greater 'boulder.' It was about as long as a sarcophagus, shaped somewhat like it, four or five feet in height, and at the base of it lay a cool and deep pool of almost black water. I felt confident there were trouts in it: it looked very trouty. On either hand rose up a wall of vegetation, a thick forest. PHŒBUS APOLLO could not shoot his fierce rays through the impervious leaves.

'With alacrity I struck a barb into the bowels of an earth-worm, and cast lightly in the tempting lure, with a wily and deceptive art which I should be sorry to carry out into common life. It was responded to by an immediate shock at the wrist, and elbow, such a peculiar blow as only a trout gives. You feel it to the very marrow. I had hooked a lovely creature in the upper-lip, and he quivered and flashed about with his pictorial body, as if he had a vial of electricity beneath his rosy gills. He was a quarter-pounder. I threw out again from the sarcophagus, and, with a pleasurable spasm, drew out another rosy darling from the wave, and, as he lay in the basket, watched the vital power as it subsided with a tremulous shiver at the extremity of his filmy fins. 'This is a valuable rock,' said I; 'my exertions will be crowned with success; it is good for me to be here; the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places.' But here, after a succession of successes, I was forced to go down and thrust a bare arm up to the elbow to release a fast hook.

'It was necessary to move down stream. In brook-trouting it is always better to pass on, and not seek to get all the fish out of any one hole, where the sport is tempting, or kill off all the innocents in a watery paradise. You will be more judicious if you dip in delicately, and take a dainty morsel here and there. Pass down the stream from rock to rock, from whirlpool to whirlpool, from water-fall to water-fall; for you will thus embasket many more of the agile creatures in the course of a day's fishing, than if you extort from every basin all the treasure which it hath. This is a hard lesson to learn. You might as well exhort the gold-digger to seek for better nuggets when he is having good luck in sifting out the auriferous flakes. If you have water-proof boots, walk right down through the middle of the stream, and throw in ahead of you, by which you will capture one and another of the finny flock, if you do not unadvisedly step upon some slippery stone and fall headlong with a splash. A fisherman is prepared for such things. Forasmuch as the task was difficult, I did not feel disposed to proceed much farther for the present, but sat upon the rock below the mill-dam and surveyed the romantic prospect. The grotto-like coolness of the place, the gloom of the woods, a deep and all-prevailing silence, made me think at that time of the spirit-land. Are the familiar pursuits which belong to the present consistent with the refinement of a rarefied sphere?

'Judge EDMONDS, in one of his excursions beyond the confines of mortal flesh, saw on one occasion a party on horse-back, in purple riding-jackets, with velvet caps and gold bands, attended by dogs. Only think of that! *Attended by dogs!* They must have been spiritualized Italian gray-hounds, musically yelping with attenuated breath along the aerial turnpikes; with needle-like noses, scenting among the golden stars, to chase the deer in many a brilliant and ecstatic leap from cliff to cliff across the vast abysses, while all the concave vault reëchoed to the chorus of the hunt. He also saw a *saw-mill* with two saws! Good heavens! It looked like a vivid reminiscence of this very spot. If there were any fish in the waters which turned the ghostly wheels, those fish were trout, which wagged their fins in pools of bluest ether. What a prize that for one reclining on a bank of amaranth, to put into graceful Indian basket, woven by the fingers of some fairy sprite, some 'Prairie-Fawn,' some 'Dancing-Plume,' or 'Rippling-Water!' So thought I whiles I lay most 'throwly lapped' in reverie, like the JUDGE, and seemed to gaze upon some wild Elysian dell, and on that heavenly saw-mill built upon the rocks. A snow-white miller would have helped the illusion; but *saws* are *saws*, (wise ones included.) He is a poor fisherman who will go a-trouting on a glorious mid-summer-day without spiritual reflections even better than these. It is half the pleasure of the jaunt. So did the heavenly-minded WALTON, quintessence as he was of child-like innocence, who, in writing the lives of saintly men, did picture forth his own. So did he near the charming little river Dove, in good, old, glorious England, where,

'On the green bank seated still,
His quick eye watched the dancing quill;'

or, as it hath been more quaintly writ:

'Attending of his trembling quill.'

So did he keep his mind in calm and trustful quiet, and amid demolished shrines, and sacred seats sequestered, while the very ivy lifted up despairing tendrils unto heaven, or was unclasped from 'ancient consecrated tower,' he still could listen to

'the lark, as it rose on its librating wings, and wander in his mind along the crystal stream which flows fast by the golden city — though he beheld no saw-mill there :

'O my beloved nymph, fair Dove!
Princess of rivers! how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam!
And in it all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty:
And with my angle upon them,
The all of treachery
I ever learnt, industriously to try.'

'What an angler! what an angle! what an angel in this rude world! Dexterous as he was with his 'trembling quill' upon the river Dove, he was more dexterous with it on his pure and dove-like page, when it 'trembled' in the hands of that old man of eighty years, whose winters never brought a blighting frost, and whose summers shone for him with fairer sun-shine, and with lovelier flowers. In what an innocent and Doric style he wrote! pure and transparent as the river Dove itself; unadorned and artless; with its snatches of song and little poems sweet as the warbling birds; in its descriptive rural scenes inimitably beautiful. His very name is altogether liquid, interrupted only in its smoothness by the characteristic z, thrown in to give it a little zigzag, like a rock in some vocal stream. IZAAK WALRON! — Pardon the digression, for fishing is a work of patience, and so delicate a fish as trout are only caught at long intervals. They are not dragged out of the water one after another, like slimy, vulgar suckers, which gobble up whatever you choose to throw in. They are bashful; they are shy; they are sportive; they are refined: they taste, they nibble, they vibrate on the top of an eddy like a magnet pointing to the pole. In the mean time you can do what you like. You may take out your tablets and write a poem, or count up all your Christian virtues on your finger-ends; any thing to fill up the chinks of the golden day.

'One — two — three — four — five — TEN of these vivacious creatures did I captivate in that one spot, and saw them dangling before my eyes in all their dazzling, brilliant beauty, spotted with purple splotches, covered with silver and gold, and quivering with an intense vitality, which soon left them, unless they were destined to strike out again in the shape of spiritual fish. There was one of the number so superb in hectic hues and coloration, that I would have given something to have laid him upon a white platter, and, as far as a painter's mockery could have done it, to have drawn his likeness, tint for tint and color for color. The fins upon his snow-white belly were of a deep Tyrian purple, and athwart his back there ran two transverse bars of light, like a double-rainbow, with every hue which shines in the prismatic rain-drops. There must have been a piscatorial wailing in the brook when that gorgeous swimmer was missed from the pure element which he graced. A feeling of remorse seized me as I tore the barb from his mouth and the red blood, like that of strawberries, gushed on my fingers. His memory will last, and go down with me through all time, like that of obsolete rainbows, like that of flowers that have flourished in past summers, or grew in gardens which are now waste and desolate. As I contemplated his regal beauty, the heavens grew darker, the thunder muttered in the distance, and the rain began to fall. I scrambled out of the brush-wood, and returned hastily to Sandwich Island. NEPTUNE slumbered beneath the wheels of the chariot, but St. GEORGE had not returned. In the mean time I threw a brown fly into the stream, which was snapped up by a small

nibbler. Then the rain fell in torrents, and presently I saw my friend lugging his basket, and working his way patiently over the stumps :

'What luck?'

'Pretty good.'

'How many?'

'I have n't counted.'

'I lifted the lid, and, removing the green parsley, rolled over the emollient mass in my hands. He had taken fifty-two — a sporting-basket well-filled, as many as there are weeks in a year, as many as there are cards in a pack — all these while I was angling in the clouds, and wasting the time upon celestial saw-mills.

We washed our hands, and took a drink of grape-blood, and (as Sandwich Island was overflowed) a substantial repast beneath some sheltering boughs. We started out again and fished until the sun sank low. One hundred and twenty fine trouts was the sum-total of the day's sport. But in the afternoon I lost my hooks. How many I caught I will tell if the court rules. St. GEORGE had met with a sad accident, which it is almost indelicate to name. He had come in contact with a sharp splinter, and torn — it would have taken eight tailors to mend them — but his temper was unruffled. He took a well-filled carpet-bag, retired into the secrecy of the adjoining woods, and came forth new-panoplied, clean stockings, clean shirt, dry shoes, and span-new breeches. As we returned homeward through the splendid scenery of the mountains, the setting sun shone upon the falling rain, and we saw the rainbow clearly defined, not in front of us, but on our left hand, with its base resting on a meadow.

r. w. s.

A NECESSARY WORD TO NEW CORRESPONDENTS. — Have n't we said, 'for a time, times, or half a time,' that we cannot take upon ourselves to return communications from unknown correspondents? It would require half our working-hours to comply with requisitions in this regard. Moreover, we wish to remark, in respect to those who send us 'hurried' contributions, in prose or verse, that the 'hurry' is entirely on their own side. We are never waiting for matter of any kind. A year's supply, at the very least, is always waiting for us. Asking us to 'correct' articles, too, to make them press-worthy, seems to us a not over-modest proposition, from whomsoever it may come. We wish our correspondents everywhere to 'do their best' before they forward their literary ventures. Our readers — and they cannot be less than a hundred and fifty thousand every month — *expect* this at our hands. We have much verse sent us that is in no respect 'poetry.' Do but think, that to write poetry, you must *feel* — to describe, you must *observe*. Thoughts peeping from beneath cumbrous word-ornaments that over-load their littleness are too common in much of the verse which is sent us. Take CAMPBELL, BURNS, BYRON — take HALLECK, BRYANT, LONGFELLOW — and remark, that in their most renowned efforts, human *feeling* and pictured *action* are their potent concomitants. Mere descriptions of nature, without the associations of humanity, are tame reading, either in prose or verse. 'Look into thy *heart* and write,' is as good advice as ever was given by one poet to another.

INTERMINGLED LEAVES OF GOSSIP AND TRAVEL. — There was an unwonted juiciness about our heart — something more akin to the enlivening excitements of younger days, than we have often experienced — when, on the sixth day of July, we left New-York, with an old and esteemed friend and neighbor, for a trip to what had always seemed to us to be the distant 'West.' And here let us venture upon a 'remark:' namely, that persons who can compass much travel, and see all they desire to see, can hardly appreciate the delight with which those less favored enjoy an *occasional* excursion beyond the scenes and duties of home. Moreover, how little idea one derives of places from mere description, or from engraved scenes or maps! When, some years ago, we visited Mackinaw, the Saut Ste. Marie, etc., we had thenceforth a new interest in every thing we had seen there, and on our voyage thither. A marine casualty in Thunder or Saginaw bays, on the glorious Huron, is not *now* passed unscanned in the morning paper. We have *been there*, and the remembered scene is almost a renewal of the visit. And so of great rivers, and the hitherto unvisited cities upon their banks. But let us pursue our 'travel's history.' It was a lovely morning, clear and cool, when we stepped into the spacious cars of the New-York and Erie Rail-road for Dunkirk, on Lake Erie. It seems to us more and more every time we pass over its grand course and its vast extent, that the New-York and Erie Rail-road must be the most magnificent thoroughfare of its kind in the world. The scenery encountered on its track is of every variety of quiet beauty and almost terrible sublimity. And these are so continually alternating, that the eye and thought are kept constantly engaged. If you are permitted, as we very kindly were, to ride in the open, airy baggage-car, or upon the engine itself, with such an accomplished and veteran engineer as 'JOE MCGINNIS' — whose very attitude as, standing stiffly up, he 'governs the ventages' of his powerful steam-hippogriff, might make a study for a sculptor — you will see every thing to the best advantage. Nor, if you have witnessed the same scenes before, will they be less attractive to you. On the contrary, it seems to us that their attractions *increase* with every successive trip which one makes over the road. When, or how, can any one *ever* become tired of looking down from 'awful heights' upon the beautiful valley of the Delaware, as you approach Port-Jervis, where three sovereign States meet; rushing meanwhile, as Mr. WEBSTER said in his speech at Dunkirk, 'over the tops of the loftiest trees, and along the summits of towering mountains.' Or the lovely valley of the Susquehanna, as that silver river, set in the purest emerald green, bursts upon the enchanted sight, amidst such structures of man's hand as the 'Cascade Bridge,' and the long, lofty and graceful stone viaduct, 'named of *Starucca*'? Or the long passage by the shores of the Delaware, the 'Glass-House Rocks,' where you look down as it were from a terrace along the tops of the Palisades of the Hudson, upon the ever-rolling stream; or the 'sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,' that delight the eye with beauty and richest promise: or the leagues

upon leagues of the piled products of surrounding forests, awaiting the fulfilment of their 'mission' of comfort and luxury, in many a distant home hereafter: *who*, we say, could ever become tired of seeing such scenes and such things as these? And we have left out of view, too, the pretty villages and flourishing towns that are strung, like white beads upon a rosary, along the seemingly-interminable iron line, and the remembered associations of former visits, which nestle in the heart as you sweep by pleasant dwellings, gleaming among the trees, toward whose sleeping inmates you send a blessing on the wings of the evening air. Such was *our* experience, 'any how;' and when we arrived at Dunkirk, four hundred and sixty-eight miles from home, at the *precise moment* given in the time-table — the whole day having been, as SHELLEY says, but 'one delight' — we 'blessed God and took courage;' together with a lunch of bread-and-butter, 'nice ham, a piece of well-baked apple-pie, and a 'nip' with our friend at starting, of a character of *eau-de-vie* which, in the moderate quantity of which we partook it, could not have hurt a child unborn. 'So it was that we departed' by the 'South-Shore Road' for Cleveland. - - - We congratulate the reading public, at this 'heated term,' that in '*Bits of Blarney*,' an Irish volume by Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, just about to issue from the press, they will find a specific against the terrible malady of 'Azure Demons,' 'Vis Inertia,' and all kindred disorders. It consists of legends, stories, accounts of eccentric Irish characters, etc., with a sketch of GRATTAN and a memoir of O'CONNELL. '*It will take*,' is the best phrase in which we can prophesy the certain success of this book. In the present month will also appear a new edition of the '*Life of Curran*,' edited by his son, but considerably enlarged by Dr. MACKENZIE, with notes, numerous racy anecdotes, etc. It will be in one volume, and accompanied by a superb portrait, hitherto unpublished. This also will prove a popular book. - - - Buzz! slap! buzz! slap! — there lies the body of the *First Mosquito of the Season*; and if there are any more such, 'let 'em come in — we're armed!' We never surrender to such cowardly foes; fellows who approach you singing a lively air, stab you in the dark, and then sneak off, leaving you to scratch out their visit from the tablets of your memory if you can. Our western friend, 'Major RED PEP-PEP,' of the United States' Government Service, has expressed our 'views' exactly:

'E's a 'Sketter.'

'MELTING I heard, yet till the sun's decline,
Prolonged the feast, and quaffed the rosy wine.'—ODYSSEY: BOOK X.

'I HATE a 'SKEETER' as I do the devil:
It is a very flying fly of evil.
You're dunned for ever by its bill of fare,
And fairly over-done, or done too rare.
It keeps on buzzing with its busy wings;
It keeps on coming, coming while it sings;
It keeps on singing, singing — now it *sings*!
See how the 'critter' quaffs the 'rosy wine,'
The rich, red vintage — yours, my friend, and mine.

'Is this, Ulysses! our inglorious lot?
 A 'running stream' for 'skeeter'-bites, or not?
 By the fair Cuck, No! I'll kill the sot,
 And knock the vampyre, vanquished, 'into pot!'
 'Tis done! With one fell blow I struck her,
 And there she lies—a used-up 'sucker!'

'U. S. L. O., Kaloo, Mich., July 17, '55, 4 P. M. — and 'awful hot' at that!

'P. S. — If any body thinks that's easy rhyming,
 Just let 'em 'try their hand,' and keep on trying.
 You'll find, I guess, mosquitoes in the mood
 To spur you on, and test your gentle blood:
 And every now and then, to quaff their fill,
 They'll bore you with their pretty little drill,
 And then, to square accounts, *present their bill!*'

'Down with all 'skeeters!' is *our* slogan. - - - 'WESTWARD the course of'
 'Old Knick.' and his fellow-traveller took its way, on the smooth track of
 the Lake Erie 'South-Shore Road,' of which we may say a word by-and-by.
 Erie, that troublous town, we passed in the dark: the lights in the rush-
 ing cars grew dim; some passengers slept soundly; others lifted up their
 voices in nasal concert, above the rush, and roar, and racket, and rumble of
 the train. Now we saw in our dream—for we had caught the prevalent
 drowsy infection—that it was the gray of the morning; and after a little,
 the level plateau, as you approach Cleveland, stretched beautifully toward
 the lake, with rich fields of grain; oats and wheat in broad alternate stripes
 in the same extended inclosure—a thing we never saw before, but which
 we subsequently found was a common practice among the farmers of Ohio;
 but of the philosophy thereof, we confess our ignorance. What do they do
 it for? Presently we rumbled into the northern 'out-squirt' of the 'Forest
 City,' a locality now crowded with great rail-road dépôts, with tracks ra-
 diating over all the West and South. When we were last in Cleveland none
 of these were there. We walked out to the end of the long pier; saw the
 sun rise upon the blue-green waters of old Erie, whose waves a glorious
 breeze was rolling in 'sounding foam' over the ragged granite barrier;
 lamented that we could n't go up into the beautiful city and surprise our friend
 S—with an early 'morning-call;' took a good breakfast in a hotel on
 piers over the lake, and heard the dash of the waters beneath us as we sipped
 our coffee; and then 'took rail' for Shelby. - - - 'In your travels,'
 writes a Troy correspondent, 'possibly you may have met the late Doctor
 H——n, of Northern New-York. He was one of the wittiest men to be
 found among our 'diggins.' But few could gain an advantage over him in re-
 partee, and seldom did he allow any one to have the last word. While pass-
 ing through a street in one of our large cities, he was accosted by an old
 acquaintance, whom he immediately recognized. The Doctor, with his usual
 politeness, grasped his hand and gave it an old-fashioned squeeze, remarking
 at the same time, that 'it afforded him a great deal of pleasure, now and
 then, to shake an honest man's hand.' The gentleman had had a business
 transaction with the Doctor, in which he thought he had been wronged, and
 not feeling very friendly, he instantly responded: 'Well, Doctor, I wish I
 could say the same of you.' The Doctor promptly replied: 'Well, friend

B —, if you had lied, as I did, you could! ' B — left, perfectly convinced that he had met his match, and that two 'shakes' were equal to a 'fever.' He never 'forgot' nor 'forgave.' - - - 'MATTERS and things' along the rail-road from Cleveland to Shelby, Ohio, did n't strike us as in any way remarkable. The soil appeared to be moderately good; but stumps, and girdled trees, sparse crops, and white-headed children, patches of grass, and old well-sweeps, are the prominent objects that arrest the eye of the passing traveller. Our journey was much enlivened, however, by an interview which we had with the 'Great GYASTACUTAS' of the Order of '*E Clamsis Vitas*,' of Cincinnati. This 'Order' has heretofore enrolled among its transient members many persons whose *specialités* have recommended them as preëminent candidates for its honors. It is difficult of access; while its rites of initiation are unique, and by all new members, especially, considered to be very *imposing*. We relied upon the 'Great GYASTACUTAS' for the initiatory ritual or programme: but it would appear that by a bye-law of the Order no member, not even the PRESIDENT himself, can do more than to *promise* to furnish it to an 'outside barbarian,' sitting in darkness. We desired it very much; and hereby offer the 'hailing-sign of distress' for the same, to any of the 'initiated' who can furnish it. 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.' But the soft and musical '*hoot! hoot!*' and seraphic squeal of the steam-whistle announces 'SHELLEY!' - - - THE following letter from COLERIDGE to a friend in London, accompanying a copy of one of his works, is copied from the renowned poet's own hand-writing:

'Oct. 12, 1832

'MY DEAR WILLIAMS: This work has risen in public estimation since the time that it fell apparently dead-born from the press, and for a series of years continued in a state of suspended animation — the greater part of this edition having been sold off by the desponding publishers for waste-paper. Such has not been the case, my dear friend, with *your* character in *my* respect and regard. The best compliment I can pay you) and it is a high compliment) is, that what you *were*, when you first received these tragedies, you *continue* to be. And so, likewise, do the regard and respect of your old friend,
'*Grover, Highgate.* S. T. COLERIDGE.'

Very COLERIDGEIAN in thought and style. - - - MISS ANGELINA EUPHROSYNE TUTT has written a *second* letter to our 'pearles Pote,' 'Mr. K. N. PEPPER, Esq.' The 'Great Bard' is paying the penalty of 'Genus.' Can the afflicted 'TUTT' suppose for one moment that *the* PEPPER can amplify upon *feeling*, once expressed, in the same direction? Impossible! 'As we have said, 'he is himself *alone*:' he can have no satellites to reflect his glory or imitate his course. He cannot be 'lionized.' - - - FIND us, please, on the Mansfield and Sandusky Rail-road, journeying *toward* the Ohio River at Portsmouth—immediate stopping-place, Newark, Ohio—destination for the night and next day, Somerset, Perry county. We stood up in the open baggage-car almost the whole distance from Shelby to Newark: and well were we rewarded by the agricultural and village-views which we obtained from either side. Newark is a fine town, well situated, lively, full of business: with good hotels, and an air of *healthy* thrift, that cannot be mistaken.

The same may be said of the cheerful, long-stretching town of Mansfield, and o'er-topping Mount-Vernon, both very charming and flourishing places, as seen from the rail-road, which—and a great draw-back it is in the eyes of the admiring traveller—passes along only the outskirts of each. In a pause in our wonder at the vast fields of wheat, and oats, and corn, that we were constantly passing, we were made acquainted with a fact which made us think that they want some *Americans* in the neighborhood of Sebastopol. Mr. GREINER, of the 'Mansfield Artillery,' (Captain M'MULLEN,) a passenger on board, was introduced to us by the obliging and well-informed conductor, who incidentally mentioned, that in a recent excursion to Sandusky, the corps under the direction of Mr. GREINER *loaded and fired seven guns in sixteen seconds!* And we saw the fact stated subsequently in the editorial columns of the Sandusky '*Morning Mirror*,' as having been witnessed and timed by the editor himself! Such *quick* shooting would be likely to be '*sharp* shooting.' The 'Allies' want such men! - - - GREATLY did we lament, while at Louisville, that we could not bear two esteemed friends company in a visit which they were on the very eve of making to the delightful town of Madison, Wisconsin, of which, on our way westward, we had heard 'good exclamation' from various travellers, whenever a beautiful town, *elsewhere*, happened to be mentioned with admiration. How much we lost, may be gathered from the subjoined extract of a letter from one of the friends to whom we have alluded:

'If you knew every thing, you would be sorry that you did not accept our invitation. The day we left you in Louisville, we did not meet with any scenery very striking, and we spent the day in reflecting on *that dear story* which you told us. My confidence in your veracity is shown by the fact that I did *try* to believe it! * We tarried in Indianapolis that night, and about noon the next day, went on northward. After passing Lafayette and the Tippecanoe Battle-Ground, we came to the Grand Prairie. Did you ever see one of these great prairies? If not, imagine the ocean *terrified*, and you have it. A flat prairie may be very sublime, but it is exceedingly dull, after you recover from the first impression. Dr. QUINCY says that sublime things *are* dull. Imagine the vast embodied *LEVEL* for ever stretching out before you! I should as soon think of building my house on the Atlantic Ocean as on such a place. These prairies, however, are adorned with the most beautiful flowers: great masses of red and yellow present themselves on every side. We saw also large flocks of grouse; and we thought if the train would stop awhile, we might shoot some of them. We mentioned the matter to the conductor, and he said that 'some of the passengers—for there were always *some* cross-grained people who would oppose *any* thing—might object!'

'The next town at which we stopped was Chicago, a place which is growing so rapidly that the omnibuses can't go as fast as the streets do. In Chicago you hear of nothing but real estate. People are unhappy till they buy, and remain unhappy until they sell. Any thing that offers a speculation is called in the Chicagoese language 'a good thing,' and they are going about doing 'good things' from morning till night. A man that has 'no *speculation* in his eyes' is considered as dead as BANQUO.

'The next evening we arrived at this place. I feel convinced that this place was once called EDEN; but in the language of mortals, it is now called MADISON. I have been looking about to find EVE's bower; but there are so many places that seem to answer the description, that I am unable to decide between the rival claimants.

* TRUE, just as sure as you live. Ask Colonel S — : ask MAYOR SEWIER, of Boston, if they did n't hear it from the sonorous lips of 'Old H —' himself, on the Big Mundy.

'Madison is situated on rising ground, between two little lakes, as lovely as a fairy dream. Indeed I consider Fairy-land a very prosaic sort of place in comparison with this. On one side is Lake Mendota, nine miles long, and six wide; on the other is Monona, about three miles by five. The space between the lakes, on which the town is built, is from three-fourths of a mile to a mile in width. Around the town, stretching away in every direction, is a beautifully undulating country, consisting of prairies and 'oak-openings.' These 'oak-openings' are said to bear a great resemblance to the English park scenery. The town is situated on undulating ground. The University buildings are on the highest ground, and when completed, will present a most imposing appearance. The Capitol is admirably situated in a lovely square of fourteen acres, covered with forest-trees. From the top of the 'Capital House'—which, by the bye, is a *capital* house in more senses than one—the visitor has a splendid view.

'The enterprise and energy of the Madisonians are absolutely astonishing. The hills and valleys look at them with suspicion. If a hill sees a Madisonian take a 'rail-road look' at it, it begins to sink at once. In the language of the coon to Captain Scott, it says: 'I might as well come down.' When a mere visitor has been in Madison for a few days, if he looks rather intently at a valley, it begins to 'swell up.' Madison contains about nine thousand *souls*, and I believe this includes the whole population; for, judging from appearances, I should say that every individual has a soul. Well, among these nine thousand, there was a gas-company formed last January. On the evening of our arrival, the town was lighted with gas! They have determined to have water-works; and if you should come this way in a few weeks, do not be surprised if you see NEPTUNE and all his Tritons spouting here. There is one man here who is worth more than a gold mine to the place. A great deal of ink is wasted in laudations of politicians: I wish more were employed in setting forth the merits of such men as Ex-Governor FARWELL. Then ambition, instead of urging young men into politics, would lead them to become useful members of society. Governor FARWELL refuses the highest offices in the State, in order to make himself useful in a private station. He is continually engaged in planning useful works. His love of the beautiful is so great that he cannot even build a mill without giving it architectural beauty. I hope you will not consider it a pun when I say, that any place which has a FARWELL must fare well.

'Madison is destined to be a resort for those who wish to retire from the turmoil of business. Around these beautiful lakes there will be seen many a lovely home reflected in the clear waters. Those to whom the bustle of Newport and Saratoga gives no recreation, will be delighted to come to such a place as this. x. z.'

Madison must be 'a gem.' - - - 'One moment, if you please: 'sorry to interrupt ye; but 'ye kno' that when one is travelling one is obliged to *get on*, don't ye see? Thank ye.' Well, we are at Somerset, Perry county, Ohio, at an hospitable mansion. It is Sunday, and the village is quiet. The streets are grass-grown and still. Churches there are, of different denominations, a-going: two Catholic, a Catholic female seminary under the very droppings of *one* sanctuary, and within three miles, another very handsome Catholic church, and a large and well-built Catholic college. It seemed strange, to a northern eye, to find in this sequestered section of Ohio such evidences of the 'spread' of the petticoat of the 'Scarlet Woman.' But hold on: let us begin again. Was n't that a pleasant morning in which, after bidding the kind ladies of the household good-bye, who had done so much to make our stay one of uninterrupted enjoyment, we set forth, in private conveyances, upon an excursion to the coal and iron mines of South-eastern Ohio? We were all 'fresh and vigorous with rest, we were animated with hope, and we saw the hills gradually rising before us.' 'That's so,'

any how: for it was *all* up-hill, so far as we remember. It was stated, toward the close of our journey, that in going back the way we came, it would be found mainly down-hill. We do n't believe a word of it. There is not a rod of *down-hill* in any part of this section of Ohio; and the level which the '*Scioto and Hocking Valley Rail-Road*' engineers 'snooped' round and found out, has n't '*a parallel*' in all the adjacent region. By the way, let us say a word or two here touching this same road, which is to open the rich treasures of iron and coal that hereabout abound, to the cheap and illimitable use of the public. We quote from the letter of a writer in the New-York '*Daily Times*,' whom we travelled with, and have known since boyhood:

'But first let me mention the means by which these surpassingly rich treasures from the bowels of the earth are to be made accessible to the public. The Scioto and Hocking Valley Rail-road, when completed, will be the medium by which all this will be accomplished. This road, of which Messrs. SILAS SKYMOUE, MOORE AND COMPANY are the energetic contractors, runs from Newark to Portsmouth, on the Ohio River. Forty-four miles, from Portsmouth to Jackson, are already completed, and doing a very large and paying business, in transporting the pig-iron which is made from the abundant iron-ore, of the best quality, found at different places along the line of the road—at its upper half especially. The ninety miles of this road, now under construction, are far advanced, and will, when completed, do an extensive business in transporting coal and iron, and the abounding agricultural productions which are the wonder and admiration of the traveller along every mile of the route. The road passes through the flourishing villages of Somerset, Logan, and McArthur, the county-seats of Perry, Logan, and Vinton—the very heart of the mineral region of Ohio. It connects at Newark with the Mansfield and Sandusky Rail-road, running from Newark to Sandusky City and Lake Erie, a distance of one hundred and twenty-six miles, and also at the same place with the Zanesville and Columbus Rail-road, and at Shelby with the Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati Rail-road. Moreover, it connects at McArthur with the Marietta and Cincinnati Rail-road, and at Jackson with the Hillsborough and Cincinnati Rail-road. Such are the connections and such the road that will open to the use of thousands upon thousands hereafter the mineral riches that now sleep undisturbed in the beds of ore and coal of a thousand hills—hills, too, of easy slope, and unlike other mining regions, not unproductive, but with all their treasures below, covered with fertile soil, and waving with luxuriant crops of corn and wheat and oats, to their very summits.'

We quote again from the same tourist, simply proffering a correction of the only mistake into which the writer has fallen. It was *not* the beautiful coal from the Straitsville mine (although that coal makes the best gas in the world) that was burnt in the flame of a candle in his presence, but specimens of *cannel-coal*, veins of which, of the usual thickness, are frequently found in this part of Ohio, and of the very finest quality:

'The coal mines are *wonderful*. That is certainly the least that can be said of them. Although I saw several mines—in fact they are to be seen in all directions, 'cropping out,' as it is called, from the easy slopes of entirely accessible hills—I visited but one, which was at Straitsville, in the county of Perry. I shall endeavor to describe it to you, and the description of this one will answer for all in its immediate neighborhood, which present the same general characteristics: The vein of the Straitsville mine is on the side of a high hill, of a gradual slope, approached by a good road, with a slight descending grade. The mine opens on a level with the road, and you enter it as easily as you could go in at the door of a house. We took candles, and penetrated the mine

some three hundred feet. For twelve feet up and down, on both sides, is the first exhaustless view of the most beautiful coal I ever 'set eyes on.' The magnitude of the deposit is astonishing; for beneath this vein there is another of kindred extent, containing the same kind of coal. It quarries in blocks that are positively handsome to look at. Take a sharp axe or knife, and it will split like a piece of pine into long pieces; and you hold one of them in the flame of a candle and it takes fire instantly, and burns with a bright blaze, like a pine-torch! And so clean is it that you may rub a cambric handkerchief upon the split pieces, and it will not soil it in the least. It makes the very best of coke for making iron, being superior, in the proper qualities, to charcoal, as two to one. It is estimated from actual survey, by experienced and practical miners, that there are eighteen thousand tons to the acre in one tract of this coal region, equal to an amount of *twelve millions three hundred and seventy-five thousand tons!*

'Of the iron-ore beds, it is hardly necessary to speak. Blast-furnaces, of the most solid architecture, constructed of hewn stone, are built and building in all the mineral region. Iron-ores, in high and broad banks, are encountered all along the line; and pig-iron piled up like the long piles of cord-wood for railways, is seen upon the sides of the roads, and crowding the available spaces about the dépôts. The iron is literally *inexhaustible*, and pronounced by the best practical iron-workers to be of the very richest quality—in the words of one of the most extensive, being 'worth five dollars more per ton than any other pig-iron brought to the market at Pittsburgh.'

WHILE at Logan, a small but pleasant village on the Hocking river, we were kindly invited to visit the *Pig-Iron Furnace* of MESSRS. ROBERTS AND JAMIESON. It was nearly twelve o'clock at night; and as the molten ore rolled, mass after mass, from the mouth of the burning pit, and lighted up with a pale white glow the faces of the visitors, the scene seemed like the very vestibule of—a place which our readers have heard of, but which we decline to mention more specifically. This establishment is very profitable, and the quality of its iron of the first order. Much should we like to speak of the quaint little village of McArthur, and certain 'fun' that our party of 'good fellows'—substantial business men, of sound common-sense, and great energy of character, but 'good fellows' *besides*—had there and at Jackson, the *then* northern terminus of the Scioto and Hocking Valley Railroad; a lively and pleasant place, where we passed a rememberable night, in company with not a few choice spirits, of eminent local standing and general distinction. The bed-rooms of the hotel where we 'put up' opened outdoors upon a piazza, overlooking the best vegetable garden we ever beheld. 'Sech saase!' No wonder the attentive landlord gave us so good a dinner and breakfast; he could n't help it, with such matchless vegetables. Stop, reader, if you should be journeying in that direction, and *test* our 'good report.' You'll find it true. - - - 'OUR Mr. LEOPOLD,' mentioned below, a smiling POLE, accompanied by an interpreter, a boy of 'parts,' who said that all '*respectable families*' took three cakes of the '*Siccative*,' called upon us at our summer sanctum. We invested three shillings for *one* cake, thus jeopardizing the '*respectability*' of our family. After purchase, the lad said that all buyers were expected to place their names in a leather-covered blank-book which he had, to be shown to the proprietors. 'Old KNICK.' was willing: and our neighbors were surprised to learn that 'G. HOSHA-

PHAT,' living near by, had 'patronized the article,' and 'saâ-id it vas vaâry g-o-o-d-a!' This '*Siccative Marveilleux*,' a 'new discovery,' is thus announced:

'We have the honor to advertise, that we, just arrived, from Paris with this our new article, already known everywhere gloriously, and of course desired by every body acquainted with it, are ready to make also the citizens of the United States acquainted with this very estimable article, extremely precious for any possessor of furnitures, etc.

'One will be enabled to restore the whole furnitures of a house as quite new, with this Siccative within one hour, by but one person; also to give colour to one's liking, as likewise a very fair splendour: in short extremely surprising to every one who has the intention to restore furnitures, marble, etc., as good as new. Every body is able to use it without weariness.

'DIRECTIONS. — Take a little of this Siccative and smear it upon a piece of woollen cloth: then rub the furnitures until it become dry: after this, take another dry cotton cloth, and quite rub lightly over it, and you shall gain a color and brightness as you had never seen before:

'PRICE of the dozend boxes	\$3
half dozend	\$1 75
quarter dozend	\$1 00

'Our Traveler, Mr. LEOPOLD, has the honor to make you acquainted with this Siccative.'

The *dépôts* of 'This Siccative,' which obtained the '*Médaille D'Honneur*' at the London exhibition, are: Montmartre, Paris; Finsbury Square, London; and Broadway, New-York. *Vive la Bagatelle! — et vive la Siccative Marveilleux et Extraordinaire!*' - - - Our journey of some fifty miles 'by rail,' from Jackson to Portsmouth, on the Ohio river, was speedily and pleasantly accomplished. Iron mines and good farms alternated along the way, and now and then occurred a distant sweep of landscape, full of quiet beauty. About six miles from Portsmouth, we caught the first far-off view of the banks, and 'glints' of the waters of the Ohio! Soon we were rushing along its margin, and presently safely and comfortably housed at the '*Bigg's Hotel*,' upon its very banks. And *that* is the Ohio river:

'Row, brothers, row,
Going down the O-hi-o!'

Let us lean out of the window, and observe its characteristics. How strangely they strike one who remarks them for the first time! The water is low, and is a quarter of a mile from the street, which has frequently been its boundary at high water. Yes; it is mighty quiet and peaceable *now*; quite 'down in the mouth,' even, at Cairo, seven hundred miles away, where it joins the Mississippi, and 'weakly' at Pittsburgh, four hundred miles *up* stream: but look at the trees, and logs, and flood-wood, and *débris* of flat-boats scattered all along down the edges of the pale-brown flood: *these* tell the story. Wait till 'Miss BELLE RIVIERE' gets excited; when Alleghany rushes to her assistance, and 'Big Sandy' comes blustering down, and 'Little Sandy' to help him; and 'Kanhawa' interferes; and shocking 'Hocking dashes in; and big and little 'Mundy' 'go in for a free fight' with the rest: *then* comes the explanation of all these ragged banks and trees, and logs, and flood-wood, and wrecks; and yet on she goes, seven hundred miles from *this* place, 'taking up collections' at every point of her journey, and receiving large and small watery 'deputations' from a vast landed constit-

uency on either side. How curiously the steam-boats look, too, to a stranger-eye! Huge, high-pressure, four-story structures, puffing and blowing like porpoises; some 'making a long arm' out behind, and turning an old-fashioned grist-mill wheel, with infinite splash and noise; others paddling at the sides, with wheels out of sight; all the machinery visible, and the bituminous fire and blackest smoke rolling from the immense pipes and staining all the air! But of the Ohio, 'more anon.' - - - THERE are places of historic interest in the neighborhood whence we scribble, that we intend shall be more widely known; and among these, of short and easy access, is 'Old Tappaan-Town,' where are WASHINGTON's Head-Quarters in the Revolution, and the 'Stone-House of Seventy-Six,' where ANDRE was confined, and from which he went forth to his execution. This latter place has recently passed into the hands of a capable and appreciative possessor. Captain WILLIAM J. FOLGER, late of Piermont, Rockland county, (of whom we lately made mention in these pages, as a persevering and talented artist,) has taken this interesting old relic of 'the times that tried men's souls,' and is fitting up in an appropriate style, for a place of public resort, where the visitor can refresh his patriotism, and at the same time his 'inner man,' in the most unexceptionable manner. The edifice, as nearly as possible, will be preserved in its original state. It is the proprietor's intention to replace the old partition which formerly crossed the dining-room, and which constituted '*Major Andre's Room*;' but if this cannot be done, he will paint an interior view of it, in connection with the furniture used by him at that time, which will at least preserve the keeping of the memorable apartment. 'The thoughtless person who took it down,' said Captain FOLGER, 'almost deserves the fate of ANDRE himself for his lack of patriotism.' The walls of the bar-room and dining-room are to be painted with landscapes, etc., representing revolutionary scenes and events, appertaining to the immediate neighborhood. The hall and parlor will be preserved as they were when they were made sacred by the footsteps of WASHINGTON and his illustrious compatriots. In process of time a fine open pleasure-garden, adorned with shrubbery, with arbors in which the visitor may imbibe an ice-cream or a refreshing julep, will be added. WASHINGTON's Head-Quarters, and the place where ANDRE was executed, buried and exhumed, are little more than a stone's-throw from the place, which now bears the name of '*The Major-Andre-House*.' It will be well kept, and cannot fail to become a place of very frequent resort. Military companies from the city, and patriotic citizens 'out of the ranks,' will find it to richly reward a visit, and after coming once, they will come again. Nor should they omit, while on their way to Tappaan from Piermont, to stop at the quiet and well-kept road-side inn of Mr. RIKER HERRING, where may be seen a relic of the 'olden time,' in a cherry clothes-press, or wardrobe; a cumbrous and antique piece of furniture, descended from his progenitors, which bears the marks of the butt-ends of the muskets of the 'Red Coats,' who beat in its doors; at the same time using their bayonets to rip open feather-beds, and scatter their contents about the floor, with 'a perfect looseness.' - - - We crossed the Ohio with a friend, and when we touched the opposite shore, we took off our hat and

saluted the 'good old Kentucky State' of DANIEL BOONE, and HENRY CLAY, and many another brave and gifted son! Ascending a precipitous hill, which rises some seven hundred feet directly opposite Portsmouth, we obtained a splendid view of this large and flourishing town of some ten thousand inhabitants, and the noble country by which it is surrounded. If the western bard had been with us who

——— 'Gazed upon the Great Scioto,
And wondered where its waters go to,'

one 'wonder' would have 'ceased' at any rate, for here is where it throws itself into the embraces of the Ohio. A glorious valley it waters, richest of the rich in fertility, and stretching, olive-green, for some thirty miles away to the north. Looking southwardly, nothing at this point meets the eye save the rich rounded wood-crowned hills of 'Old Kaintuck.' We saw one of the 'Hunters of Kentucky,' plucked a graceful branch of the paw-paw fruit, and made our way back across the river. Now, 'down the Ohio to CINCINNATI!' Will you go along with us? - - - '*Olive Leaflets*' is the pretty title of attractive stories written by ladies, some of whom are writers of high standing. They are intended for distribution among children; and we hope ladies will supply themselves with these sweet-breathing lessons of love and kindness, to make glad the children in the railway-car, or scatter among those just let loose from country-schools. They are for sale at only ten cents a packet of sixty 'Leaflets.' - - - 'Going down the O-hi-o' from Portsmouth, in a staunch steamer, of a fine afternoon, is agreeable voyaging. When late twilight comes on, and the roundings and points of the river are indistinct, and only large masses of shadow are thrown upon the still waters, which reflect the silvery glory of the not-yet-faded day-sky, then the Ohio justifies its title of 'beautiful.' We watched it until the crescent moon 'walked forth into the night,' and then 'turned in' to our state-room; which, by the way, opened not only into the beautiful saloon, but out by another door, with a neat blind-door attached, upon a spacious piazza. This is a delightful feature of the western steamers, and might well be imitated in eastern waters. In the first gray of dawn, 'all shaven and shorn,' and coolly toiletéd, we were sitting in an arm-chair, in the bracing morning breeze, in front of our state-room, rapidly approaching the great metropolis of Ohio. The northern shore begins to rise in gradual acclivities, along which you see the grape-vine-yards, green and flaunting, to their summits. Presently a low-hanging cloud of smoke appears along the north-west: a long village commences extending its apparently interminable line westward: you pass some twenty huge steamers, which you find are 'laid up in ordinary,' as it were in an hospital: you begin to wonder, 'Can *this*, after all, be Cincinnati?' when a sudden bend in the river brings you in sight of THE CITY! — a sight that you will not forget in a hurry. - - - The following note from an old friend will explain itself. We have received the instrument 'in good order and well-conditioned.' We removed the ventages, gave it breath with our mouth, and it did discourse most eloquent music. Look you, this

is one of the 'stops:' for here we 'dry up,' and let our friend's note come in:

'Batavia, (N. Y.) August 10, 1855.

'MY DEAR SIR: I observe in the KNICKERBOCKER for last month an article (favorably introduced by you) from the Buffalo *Daily Courier*, in regard to the manufacture of a *Pig-tail Whistle*, by Professor WILLIAM B. HICKOX, of this village.

'Having 'taken sides' upon this important topic, and laid yourself liable to the doubts of city friends, as to the correctness of your position, Mr. HICKOX deems it a duty, and at the same time a pleasure, to place in your hands the necessary evidence to overwhelm all opposition.

Yours truly,

LUCAS BRAVER.

'LOUIS GATFORD CLARK, Esquire.

'P. S. — It is due to the *artist* that his name should in future be correctly printed.

'DIRECTIONS. — Before *whistling*, the small plug, or '*thorax-protector*,' should be removed; and great care should be used in replacing the plug after use, that the original purity of tone may be protected and preserved.'

We term this musical instrument the '*Swinette-à-Piston*,' after the 'cor-net' of that name. It has the original kink '*au naturel*,' is ornamented with a blue satin ribbon, and will sound to the compass of 'F' above the register with ease. It 'goes good' with 'the bones,' which 'Young Knick.' plays *à merveille*. We had a concerted piece the other night, with the assistance of the girls at the piano, and the 'First Banjo' from the Academy of Music. A 'staccato passage' from the '*Swinette*' was greatly admired by the most *distingué* artists present. - - - 'WHAT a wonderful place,' says the tourist of the '*Daily Times*,' 'is Cincinnati! Distrust nothing that is told you of it; for its marvellous extent and *astounding New-Yorkness* can scarcely be exaggerated. In its streets of tall, wide, and architecturally '*distinguished*' buildings, believe me, it has not its equal out of New-York, that I have ever seen. Its numerous public buildings, also, are in keeping with all this.' This is *true*, 'whoever wrote it or not.' As you turn the bend in the river, of which we have spoken, the long lines of steamers, 'nosed on' to the shore, (like a crowd of alligators at an anxious meeting for securing the same land-prey on the bank,) or lying beside the floating-docks that rise and sink with high or low water — some 'up' for St. Paul's, some for St. Louis, some for New-Orleans, thousands of miles away: the extended rows of lofty ware-houses; the streets of New-York architecture, stretching into dimness; the high towers and steeples of the churches; the great dome of the BURNETT HOUSE; in short, the general vastness of the town, 'by and large,' takes the beholder entirely by surprise. We *expected* to find Cincinnati a large and flourishing place — but *such* a city, with two hundred thousand inhabitants and upward, with such streets, churches, public buildings, sumptuous private residences, etc., *this* was much more than even our imagination had 'bargained for.' We had opportunities to see the city from all points of view; from the richly-wooded park heights, crowned with splendid and hospitable private mansions, which environ it on one side, and from the eminences of the beautifully-situated city of Covington, which look down upon it from the other; and in every as-

pect, 'still the wonder grew' that such a city should have arisen like an exhalation within the life of many a young man in its ample borders. Why, even we, a mere chicken, remember well the time when the great covered wagons, crowded with 'furnitures,' with pots and kettles dangling beneath, first began to appear upon the old 'State Road' that then ran through Central New-York, all journeying to *The 'Hio,'* as it was termed, a region until that time regarded as an almost 'undiscovered country.' We have spoken of the public buildings of Cincinnati. Let us, taking a single example, glance, in passing, at *one* — the hotel at which we are lodged — the 'BURNETT HOUSE.' There are others, we were informed, high in public favor — such, for example, as the spacious '*Spencer House*' — but 'THE BURNETT' is the house you 'read of' at this present. We have not in our own Great Metropolis a larger or more beautiful hotel. It was built of stone, from designs by the distinguished architect ROGERS, under a legislative charter, by a stock-company, 'without regard to expense,' in the fullest meaning of that common expression. From top to bottom, in the structure, in the furniture, in the adornments, in the dignity of space of its great and small parlors, halls, *suites* of rooms, and private rooms — in *all* its accessories, in short — there is *no sham*. But there it is: and as Mr. WEBSTER said, 'Look at it.' It is a small but faithful picture of the great edifice, prepared for a work on the 'Progress of the Great Valley of the Mississippi.' Understand, that it is longer and wider than the ASTOR; that its drawing and dining-rooms are larger; its marble-tiled halls, reading-room, bar, etc., more spacious; and you will gain some idea of the extent and character of the establishment. We went over every portion of the vast concern. We essayed the 'run of the kitchen,' and saw how, by steam and other toil and time-saving processes, multitudinous guests, who might crowd the great *table d' hôte* and private parlors at one and the same time, could be supplied with all the 'luxuries of the season,' done 'to a turn,' and done *well*, without admixture of odors. Also the washing department and laundry — a 'house-full' of clean wet linen, *whirled dry* by countless revolutions of a machine which separates all the water from the clothes, and leaves them ready for the *last* 'operations,' which are similarly facilitated, by labor-saving improvements.* When all this is done, sit by a window, as

* We quote from a contemporary the following description of '*The Burnett*,' which is a 'curtailed abbreviation compressing all the particulars:'

'The main entrance, which is on Third-street, is through a magnificent portico in the Grecian style, ornamented with ten columns of the Ionic order: a terrace extends from each side in front of the main buildings and wings, which will accommodate a thousand persons. The bar or exchange-room in the basement, and even with Third-street, is about eighty feet square, studded with Corinthian columns about two feet in diameter. The building is five stories in height: the halls, running over two hundred feet in length, are of high ceiling, and nine feet in width, giving the most airy walks and free ventilation.

'The structure is two hundred and twelve feet front on Third-street, extending back two hundred and sixteen feet, having a large court in the centre of the building. The wings of the building extend from the main structure about thirty feet on Third-street, forming the large parlors of the hotel, the ladies' parlor or drawing-room being fifty feet in length by forty feet in breadth, with a twenty feet ceiling, having ten large windows extending to the floor, from either of which persons may step out upon the terrace. This room requires three hundred yards of carpeting to cover the floors!

'The dining-room extends one hundred and ten feet by fifty feet in width, and seated, upon the

we did, in the hush of the first faint morning gloaming, and watch the long wagons enter the arched gate-way, which you see at the left of the engraving, opening into the wide oblong court within, filled with the fresh produce of the 'Burnett-House Farm,' some four miles distant; all gathered or picked within two hours; green corn, cucumbers, potatoes, 'water, mush, and other millions,' with the whole family of fruits. Well, such is the BURNETT HOUSE, of Cincinnati. Mr. A. B. COLEMAN is the competent and deservedly popular proprietor and manager. He is assisted by a brother who is 'like unto him': indeed, it is a fact that *all* the Brothers COLEMAN seem to have 'a gift' at making people 'at home' and happy under their roofs: witness the 'Troy House' in old days, and the 'Astor,' and 'BURNETT,' and 'Montreal Hotel' now-a-days. But 'still must we on.' - - - SELDOM have we welcomed with more cordial pleasure a new publication, than '*The American Journal of Education and College Review*.' We might have known beforehand what it could not fail to be, in the hands of its editors, ABSALOM PETERS, D.D., and HENRY BARNARD, LL.D. Few persons in this country, certainly no one of his years, is more favorably known to the public as a promoter of 'education,' in the very best sense, and in all the relations expressed by that term, than Mr. BARNARD. Aside from his long experience, his intuitive perceptions of the wants of the age in this regard, he has always seemed to us to possess a 'gift' in the promotion of the great object in which he has labored so faithfully and so successfully. His reputation has been extended abroad, as well as at home, not only by his personal visits and examinations, but by his works on '*School Architecture*' and '*National Education in Europe*,' which were warmly commended by the English reviews. As to Dr. PETERS, he has long been known to the American public as sustaining important and efficient relations to our religious and literary institutions, and as being, for several years, the distinguished editor of the '*American Biblical Repository*,' and of '*The American Eclectic*,' the plan of which last originated with him. The '*Journal and Review*' will be published monthly, with an average of eighty pages. The first year will be reckoned from the first of January, but the first number has been issued in advance, and will be ready for subscribers early in September. Mr. N. A. CALKINS, Number Ten, APPLETON'S Building, is the publisher. - - - Down the Ohio, from Cincinnati to Louisville, is about a twelve hours' sail: and a very pleasant sail it is. Our boat was the '*Telegraph, Number Three*,' a mammoth steamer, we thought, until we passed the '*Jacob Strader*' on her way up; a superb boat, however, was *ours*, 'any way,' with an obliging captain, and a pilot who deserves

occasion of a recent entertainment, over seven hundred persons! The ladies' ordinary will seat two hundred and fifty persons, and is a gem of a room. The house contains three hundred and forty-two rooms, mostly large and spacious, and, strange to relate, every room is lighted and ventilated from without. One of the curiosities is the heating apparatus and the laundry department, in which there are renovated or washed about *three thousand pieces daily*, and with apparently very little help or confusion. The store-rooms and wine and liquor-cellers or vaults surpass any thing of the kind in the world. The kitchen is a museum: a feeling of delicacy at a supposed trespass, during the operation of business, caused us to hesitate, when the proprietor suggested that he liked an examination of that department by all who felt disposed. And well he might; for it was as clean and sweet as a parlor. Most persons think it will not do to look into the 'dirty culinary department,' but the most fastidious might safely do it in this case.'

to preside over such a pilot-house as that of '*The Telegraph*': a large room, overlooking the river-banks and scenery on each side, with velvet-cushioned seats sufficiently extended to accommodate a partisan caucus in the most exciting political times; and from this eminence was afterward seen the dreadful night-collision between '*The Telegraph*' and '*The Old Kentucky Home*.' (What an interest is added to this incident, from our having, as we have said, 'been there,' and seen both steamers!) We passed the mouth of the Kentucky River, where was anchored a *Floating Circus*, with all the *matériel* and paraphernalia of a kindred land-establishment. Every now and then a signal from either shore would 'advise' of a passenger or two in waiting. Round went the steamer; out slipped the plank, guided by two swarthy deck-hands, with brawny arms, hairy legs, and rolled-up trowsers: the passengers came on board, and again we 'are off.' We pass 'HUSTON'S Bottom,' a most beautiful reach of fertile plantations, in the highest state of cultivation, with residences embosomed in trees, which cast their deep shadows upon grassy lawns, that lead down to the river's brink. In the dark we stop at Maysville, a favorite town of HENRY CLAY'S. Amidst the tarry smoke and wild glare of pine-torches, we land passengers—one of them a very beautiful 'Kentucky girl'—and are once more on our way. Presently a long bright line of lights, like the wharve-lamps of New-York seen at night from Hoboken, stretch away in the distance, apparently directly across the river. That is LOUISVILLE, Kentucky, at which place, having safely arrived, please find us, 'booked, bedded, and fast asleep.' Good night! We'll 'see you in the morning.' - - - We sympathize with our contemporary, PETERSON, of Philadelphia, who complains that original articles from his interesting magazine are copied without credit. We thought of the very same thing, when we saw on a near page of the same number the lines '*Poor Lone Hannah*,' written for, and published in the KNICKERBOCKER, and thence copied into half the journals of the Union, published with only an 'anonymous' acknowledgment. That our esteemed contemporary 'didn't mean to do it,' we are quite certain; but we thought we 'might as well mention it,' just for the fun of the thing. - - - DURING our stay in Cincinnati, we had the pleasure of a visit to the great wine-establishment of Mr. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, whose noble mansion and grounds have often been spoken of in the public journals. The day was intensely hot; but in the various vaults of the immense wine-house, one below the other, the air was delightfully temperate, and at the last, where the thermometer sank to some forty degrees, decidedly cool. Here were puncheons of the 'native juice' so vast, that the celebrated 'Malmsey Butt' might have rolled within them like a cork in a bottle. 'Why, they will hold as much as a house!' said one of our party; and the remark was scarcely an exaggeration. Beside these, here were, placed slantingly in racks, two hundred and thirty thousand bottles of sparkling and still Catawba, two of which made a 'good report' of themselves, as we were traversing the dark subterranean passages. The State of Ohio has had the wisdom to protect the native growth of the grape in her borders, and thus to substitute for spurious 'fire-waters' an innocent and

delicious beverage, which is destined to increase in popularity and circulation every year. No man in the United States has done so much for the cultivation of the grape as Mr. LONGWORTH, and he deserves therefor the thanks of the whole country. This gentleman, as is well known, has also been a liberal patron of American art, as numerous pictures in his fine collection abundantly attest. We saw in one of his parlors one of the first elaborate specimens of the sculptor POWERS' genius, dedicated affectionately to his 'first friend and patron.' It is simply an imaginary female head; but really, we cannot say that we ever saw any thing from the chisel of POWERS which, taken as a whole, excelled it. An examination of some rare pictures in another apartment, of a cabinet of fine mineral specimens, and a most agreeable interview with the resident members of Mr. LONGWORTH's family, put an end to a brief but most pleasant visit. - - - The following letter came to hand at the day of its date, but has been mislaid. It loses nothing by delay, and we insert it with pleasure. We are glad to know that our modest friend CARPENTER is making his way in the world: he is an artist of real merit. We wish to add our contribution to the anecdotes of this letter: one which is illustrative of the varied knowledge of Mr. Attorney-General CUSHING, and which was told us by one of his guests. At a dinner-party, at the close of the session, given by him to a few friends, Mr. Senator BRIGHT, of Indiana, was speaking of a span of horses he had bought, and which, he said, 'had just enough of the MORGAN blood in them to make them all he wished them to be. By the way, General,' addressing his host, 'do you know any thing of this MORGAN breed?' (We are not sure as to the name of this breed, but that does not mar the story.) 'Oh! yes,' said General CUSHING, and at once began a long ascending pedigree of grand-sires and grandams, greatly to the delight of BRIGHT, but somewhat wearisome to DOBBIN and others, who were not owners of any of the illustrious offspring. A pause was reached, and BRIGHT was about to ask another question, when Mr. Secretary DOBBIN interposed: 'Do n't, do n't; leave off where you are, or he will tell us the number of hairs in every horse's tail!'

*Washington, March 30, 1855.

'DEAR KNICK: I have often thought perhaps a gossiping letter from this city might be acceptable; and, too, I wished to tell you how much gratified I have been with the old Magazine and its contributors of the present day.

'The other day, the President promised me a pardon for a poor German, a soldier in the war with Mexico, who became the dupe of a cunning fellow who himself escaped punishment by turning State's evidence. It was a hard case, and the President was pleased to say, if I would come up to the White-House the next day, the pardon, which had been a matter of his careful examination, should be made out. Agreeably to this invitation, I went up to the President's house, and, while waiting for his coming up from his breakfast, I went into the room opposite the President's office-room, which was the studio of FRANK B. CARPENTER, of your city. This gentleman has been styled here, '*The Painter of Presidents*,' and he may be hereafter known as *The Painter of Presidential Aspirants*. During the last two months, he has painted in this city the portraits of Gen. HOUSTON, Gen. CASS, Gov. SEWARD, Senator CHASE, beside portraits of private persons.

'Mr. CARPENTER, having painted these portraits, was invited to the President's, and supplied with the spacious *studio* we have spoken of, in order to facilitate the painting of his own picture and portraits of the gentlemen of his Cabinet.

'Upon my entrance, with much surprise I saw these aspirants for the White-House all in a row, looking out from the canvas, life-like, as if asking the question of their Lords, '*Is it I?*' We hope none of them will prove themselves ISCARIOTS, should they reach the height of their ambition. Beside these portraits, Mr. CARPENTER has with him here, the portraits of the late Presidents, TYLER and FILLMORE. To all these he has recently added a most marvellous picture of Governor MARCY, and one singularly felicitous of Gen. CUSHING.

'Our friend, Col. SEATON, on seeing these portraits, after having spoken of their eminent fidelity, said, 'There,' pointing to ex-President TYLER's picture, '*I can almost hear him saying, 'Come, Seaton, let's take a drink!''*

'Mr. CARPENTER has risen to the highest line of his profession almost at a bound. He has painted a full-length portrait of President FILLMORE, for his friends, and is now engaged on one of President PIERCE, who sits, at the request of his friends in New-Hampshire, for a full-length picture.

'I had the pleasure of an interview with General CUSHING, during his first sitting. He is certainly one of the best-read men of the day, as well as one of the best talkers. His learning is encyclopædical. Col. BARNES, the Marshal of the United States for the District of Massachusetts, was asked by a gentleman in earnest pursuit of Mr. CUSHING, he at that time being the Supreme Judge of Massachusetts:

'Can you tell me, BARNES, where I can find Judge CUSHING? I have been everywhere in search of him.'

'Yes, yes,' replied BARNES, in his squeaking tone; 'I know where he is. You will find him up in the Athanæum Library. He thinks there's a book up there which has got something in it he does n't know; but I guess he'll find himself mistaken.'

'The President very kindly brought the pardon into the studio-room and presented it to me, saying, as he did so:

'You must now get Governor MARCY to sign it,' this being according to the forms of office.

'Finding that the Governor was not at his office, I ventured on my long acquaintance to go to his house and send up my card. He sent for me at once, and received me in his private office.

'What has brought you here so early?' asked the Governor.

'I told him 'the President had determined to have pity on a poor prisoner, and could not consent to do this act of clemency without giving him the opportunity of sharing it with him.'

'That's like him,' replied the Governor, taking up his pen to write his name; 'he knows I'm always ready to do acts of *marcy*.'

'With my best wishes for the long life and prosperity of 'Old KNICK,' I remain,
'AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.'

They say a very bad pun is the best! - - - It was no argument in favor of slavery, *per se*, but it was very funny, notwithstanding. It occurred in this wise: As you come down the Ohio, (it is the same in going up, of course,) your boat stops for any passenger or passengers who may shake a handker-

chief or wave a green branch from the shore: hence, one is often 'turned round,' as it is called, with the boat, and loses the 'p'int's o' compass.' When we were gliding along past 'HUNTER'S Bottom,' on the Kentucky side, we were 'signalized' back, and turned round. A conspicuous friend of our 'colored brethren' was expressing the opinion that the bond which held them affected the very soil on which they existed, and pointed with exultation to the beautiful line of fertility and comfort along the 'Bottom,' on the Kentucky shore, and said: '*There* you see it! — look at *that*, and then cast your eye on the opposite shore, and you can see, at this moment, the truth of what I have been saying to you.' 'But, my dear Sir,' said his interlocutor, 'that is in Kentucky—the other is Indiana!' 'Ha! ha! ha!' guffawed a few listeners; and it is but justice to say, that our 'dissentant' joined in the laugh as loud and heartily as the rest. He was fairly caught, and did n't try to 'die game,' although they 'made game' of his argument. - - - It gives us a thrill of pleasure to think what we have in store for the 'Original Papers' of our next number. Articles, both of prose and poetry, which had been prepared and numbered for the present issue, await publication in the October issue: among the former of which is another letter to '*Ella Ellarland*,' and a most delightful paper from 'HARFANG,' upon '*Birds*'—one worthy of our 'Up-River' correspondent, in his best vein — we had almost said, of even Irving himself. We trust that the October KNICKERBOCKER may be found to justify this premonitory 'gloating.' - - - LOUISVILLE is an imposing, wealthy city. Main-street, in its entire extent, would do honor to any metropolis in America. Costly stone structures arise on every hand; and at certain periods of the day it is well-nigh as crowded as our own Broadway. The churches, public buildings, etc., are in good taste. One pre-eminent exception, however, must be made. The largest edifice in the city, admirably situated in an open green, would be a disgrace to any town in Christendom. As a stranger, most hospitably entertained within its gates, it may ill become us to 'break out' upon Louisville in this way; but 'wo is unto us' if we speak not the truth in this matter! That immense unfinished structure, '*The Court-House*,' commenced some fifteen or twenty years ago, for the *State Capitol*, which was afterward 'located' at Frankfort, with all its cream-colored hewn-stone, its dignified solidity, its vast boarded-up entrances, its odors of mingled myrrh and frankincense, its spacious 'conveniences,' with all these, '*The Court-House*' is an eye-sore, a nuisance, which ought to be either built up or torn down. However, it was 'presented' by a Grand Jury of Kentuckymen, of which an esteemed friend of ours was a member, the very night we arrived; so let us hope that the great offence may ultimately be abated. We've a great deal more to say about Louisville City proper, but not now. - - - A GERMAN astronomer says, that in *twenty millions of years* the earth will be destroyed by a comet! People may doubt and jeer at the idea: but wait till the time comes, and you'll see that prophet, as the comet whisks along, knocking the earth into a 'cocked hat,' hanging by its tail, exclaiming, 'I *told* you so — I *TOLD* you so!' But who will *hear* him? - - - The *Hotels of Louisville* have won

a good report from all travellers. '*The Louisville*,' at which we stepped, is a stately stone edifice, and to judge from a brief experience, well-conducted. Its table is well supplied, its parlors unexceptionable, and its sleeping-rooms airy and comfortable. The '*Galt House*,' with a less imposing exterior, is a superb and admirably-kept hotel within. Its dining-rooms, halls, suites of rooms, private rooms, spacious piazzas, etc., are all that could be desired; while the table, as MRS. PARTINGTON might express it, would rejoice the 'most fastiduous ippecac.' The proprietor, MR. JOHN RAINE, is held in the highest favor, alike by citizens and strangers; a popularity honorably earned and most modestly borne. There is also a '*DELMONICO*'s in Louisville, in the excellent restaurant establishment of MR. WALKER, which we visited with a friend, and which, we hesitate not to say, would reflect credit upon any *locale* in our city, or in any other city. - - - Don't believe the rascally speculators in the 'staff of life!' They all 'lie like a tomb-stone.' Never were such crops seen in all the West as have been harvested, in good condition, this year. We know this, because we have seen it: field after field of wheat, of six hundred and a thousand acres, and six thousand acres of corn in one single field on the banks of the Ohio! Talk of 'short crops'! Fudge! Look at '*The Expressmen's Price-Current*' in the '*Express Messenger*,' and whistle flour and grain speculators down the wind. All *kinds* of crops this year, thanks to a beneficent PROVIDENCE, are preëminently abundant; and it will 'go nigh to be *thought* so, shortly.' - - - THERE will soon be published, under the capable supervision of his son, JOHN C. HAMILTON, Esq., the well-known numbers of '*The Federalist*,' by ALEXANDER HAMILTON, with the added authentic papers, the authorship of which has sometimes been disputed. The work will secure, at this time, a wide circulation. Its wise teachings were never more needed. - - - WHILE in Louisville, we went one evening, with a northern friend, as late as eleven o'clock at night, to *A Negro Fair*, for the improvement of the finances of '*The Church of the Colored Messiah*' of that city. The hall where it was held was large and well filled. The 'fair' had been kept up for two weeks, and was to last one week longer. The articles, many of them tastefully made, were all admirably arranged. The 'tables' were presided over by the sable attendants with perfect propriety, not to say grace: and no hundred and fifty persons, of both sexes, we ever saw gathered together, behaved with more courteous politeness, or were more apparently happy. For the black doll and ice-cream which we bought, *all* the change was brought back, and 'Massa might hand back the price.' We remarked a colored BEAU BRUMMELL among the audience, whose organ of 'language' must have been large. In reply to a specified charge for an article of trifling value, he said to the shiny-faced tradeswoman: 'Do you assume to tell me, Madam, da-da-dat *dat* article extensifies to dat extreme waluation in dis market?' But all this is as nothing compared with a brief 'colored' oration that was made to us in the vestibule of the Louisville Hotel by an umquihle sable correspondent of ours, of which we may say something hereafter. - - - BECAUSE MR. BARNUM has 'owned up' to humbugousness in certain things, heretofore, it seems to

be thought by some people that he can propose nothing that is *not* humbugous. Now this is a great mistake. We consider his contemplated '*Gallery of Beauty*,' and the splendid volume which is to be founded upon it, as not only in all respects unexceptionable, but as an admirable idea, which, if properly carried out, will prove a deservedly popular attraction. That it *will* so prove, we have no doubt. - - - WELL, here we are at home! After all, there is no place like our good old Gotham! There is but one Hudson River: with no 'deceitful sand-bars, nor treacherous currents, nor insidious rocks: but a stream deep as it is broad, that bears with honorable faith the bark that trusts itself to its waves.' No muddy banks; no floating flood-wood; no sticking down spars to pry vessels over shallows. Look with us from the sanctum at the clean and beautiful shores of the Tappan-Zee. How things have *grown*, too, since we left! Our eight peach-trees are groaning under their burthen: 'water, mush, and other millions' have over-run all the ground allotted to them: crisp cucumbers are too plentiful to be esteemed: Lima-beans flaunt their green banners from two-score standards: very succulent and sweet is the 'green-corn in the ear:' and the tomatoes, red and yellow, blush and gleam upon a thousand gold-dusted stems. '*Fader, where is you?*' That is our little hopeful four-year old, Master ELLIOTT-BURNET, out on the lawn. He wants us to come and 'play horsey' with him and the clothes-line, and we are going. - - - MR. JOHN WEIK, of Philadelphia, has issued the first number of '*Pictures of Travel*,' translated from the German of H. HEINE by CHARLES G. LELAND, and heretofore announced in these pages. We have the best authority in this metropolis for saying that the work is most faithfully and admirably translated from the original. As no living German writer has exerted an influence comparable to HEINE, and as no author has penetrated so generally through every class of society in Germany, we shall lose no time in entering upon a consideration of the merits of the much-desiderated volume under notice. It is in a convenient form, and neatly executed. - - - If ever man returned to a resumption of his avocations with renewed delight, we are that 'party.' The consciousness of an *affection* in the public mind toward the 'Old KNICK,' of which we have had so many gratifying proofs in our late tour, not only repays the toil of twenty-three years in its service, but makes us more solicitous to retain for the future the 'good will' and almost personal friendship of our readers. Welcomed everywhere by our brothers of the press — the most genial fellows in the world, as a general thing — cordially received and most hospitably entertained, where we could only have expected a 'stranger's welcome,' we desire thus briefly to express our appreciation of kindnesses as grateful as they were undeserved and unanticipated. - - - GENIN'S 'publishing day' is the first of September. On that day will be issued '*The Fall Hat*' of the season. Report says — for rumors of such events will leak out — that it will be the most elegant and *recherché* affair of its kind in the 'known world.' 'We shall see anon.' - - - THERE 'lie over' until our next several pages of 'Gossipry,' including many things intended for the present number: among them, more travel-gossip; 'rail-road smoking-cars;' an obituary of the late ISAAC A. COLES; Amateur Dramatic Festivals in England and America, together with notices of several new publications, etc., etc.

THE

Knickerbocker,

OR



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THE number for July, 1855, begins the FORTY-SIXTH VOLUME of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

Since the price of subscription has been reduced from FIVE to THREE DOLLARS a year, the circulation of the KNICKERBOCKER has been increased nearly four to one. In many places ten are sold where there was but one before, and through the year it has been steadily increasing. It is now offered as cheap as any of the Magazines, all things considered. Instead of making new and prodigious promises, we submit a few extracts from notices of late numbers, which we might extend to a number of pages.

"Those familiar with the Editor's monthly Gossip with his readers, have doubtless, with ourselves, admired the perennial source of its pleasant wit and joyousness. In this number 'The Gossip' holds on its way like some fair sylphet glancing and dancing in the sunshine of a May morning. We used to wonder how Mr. CLARK held out, expecting he must certainly 'snow brown' in the coming number; but this number gives no sign of exhaustion.—*National Intelligencer, Washington.*

"Pleasant, genial, delightful 'Old KNICK.' Thy name is a suggestion of all things delectable; thy sight of thy modest, fresh cover, a balm to spiritual sore eyes; a glance within thee, best antidote for the blues. Thou hast given to kindly humor, to piquant delineation, and to side-splitting fun, a 'local habitation,' without which they might go wandering over the domain of letters, calling now and then where a friendly door opened to them, but refusing to be comforted for the loss of their old dear home.—*Courier, Burlington Vt.*

"The great care evinced in the selection of articles that adorn its pages, is a sufficient guaranty that no contribution meets the eye of the reader but those which are known to be worthy of his perusal. When storms and wild tempests are sweeping o'er our hill-side village in these chill winter hours, and all is drear and desolate without, we ask for no more agreeable companion than the 'KNICKERBOCKER'; for while its contents impart valuable information, its sallies of genuine wit are a sovereign specific for all fits of the blues or attacks of the horrors, and time passes merrily on.—*Democrat, Doylestown, Pa.*

"The KNICKERBOCKER has been and will be a fact of its own; a genuine living thing, all the more desirable now that the new crop of magazines, filled with articles pirated from English authors, make fresh home creations more conspicuous and welcome.—*New-York Christian Inquirer.*

"No one ever rose from the perusal of the KNICKERBOCKER a disappointed reader. Whatever may have been his anticipations, they have always been rewarded. When he took up a new number, he felt sure of a literary treat; it was no mere showy repeat he was invited to. Did he seek the grave or didactic essay, the touching story, poetic gems, or the humorous tale, he was always sure of finding the object of his search. And then, besides, there was the 'Gossip' of Old 'KNICK,' always looked to with eagerness, never put down except with regret that there were not more pages of unimitable random sketches—the Knick-nacks of that repeat.—*Courier, Natchez, Miss.*

THE KNICKERBOCKER. New-York: Samuel Hueston. This best, decidedly best, of the American magazines seems to have improved in appearance and in the quality of its literary matter—always good—even upon its reduction in price. It is a luxury of which no man who has three dollars to spare—and who that has a taste for good reading has not—should deprive himself, to sit down in a retired corner, when the mind has been wearied with the perplexities of every day pursuits, and pore over the well-stored pages of "Old Knick." We even now read the old volumes of this work, of a dozen years ago, with more real pleasure than half the new publications of the day. Each number will "bear the wear and tear of half a dozen readings," and then the volume be "worthy of good binding and a place on the shelves," and that is what can be truly said of but few of the magazines of the present day.

The contents of the Knickerbocker are so varied, that almost every one will find something in its pages to please him—to instruct and amuse. The articles are marked by the highest order of merit, and in a long series of years we have found nothing in this work to which the most fastidious could object. It is a work which should be on the centre table of every family.—*Knoxville Times.*

Rev. F. W. SHELTON, Author of Letters from Up the River, etc., will be a regular contributor.

The best talent in the country will be enlisted, and no expense or effort spared, to make the KNICKERBOCKER more than ever deserving of the first position among our original American Magazines.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ART. I. HARFANG OF BIRDS: SECOND PAPER,	331
II. STANZAS: 'WHAT WOULD I BE?' By W. H. C. HOMER,	337
III. MEMORIES: By SURREY KEENE,	338
IV. LETTERS TO ELLA: ELLASLAND,	340
V. LINES: REMEMBRANCE. By RACHEL A. ACKERMAN,	345
VI. THE COMPLETE SUSQUEHANNA ANGLER. Fishing THE SECOND,	346
VII. GAITER-BOOTS. By ROBIN RATTLEBRAIN, A.M.,	361
VIII. MY FRIEND'S WIFE,	363
IX. STANZAS: THE TWO KEYS,	374
X. A STORY OF HEMLOCK-HILL,	376
XI. THE WIND-SWEPT BLOSSOM,	381
XII. STANZAS: WAR. By CHARLES M. DENIE,	389
XIII. A 'CHILDREN'S STORY,'	384
XIV. LINES TO THE WABASH. By HENRY A. CLARK,	394
XV. THE OLD FORT. By ISAAC MACLELLAN,	396

LITERARY NOTICES:

1. SIXTEENTH EDITION OF GRISWOLD'S POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA, 897	
2. HEINE'S 'PICTURES OF TRAVEL' By CHARLES G. LELAND,	405
3. 'THE IROQUOIS' By MINNIE MYTLE,	408
4. MEMOIRS OF JAMES GORDON BENNETT,	410
5. THE SIX DAYS OF CREATION. By W. G. RHIND,	411
6. A MEMOIR OF REV. SYDNEY SMITH,	412
7. HOWITT'S 'LAND, LABOR, AND GOLD,'	413
8. THE ANNALS OF SAN-FRANCISCO. By FRANK SOULE, ETC.,	414
9. THE NEWCOMES. By W. M. THACKERAY,	415

EDITOR'S TABLE:

1. 'SEEING THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY,'	417
2. RAIL-WAY SMOKING-CARS: A PUBLIC WANT,	419
3. GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS,	421
1. HORN, THE 'VOLCANO CALIFORNIA PHILOSOPHER,' 2. 'UNRESERVED AND FRANK' ENGLISHMEN: A BRACE OF 'SPECIMENS:' JOHN BULL AS THE 'WHOLE ANIMAL' 3. A NEW 'POEM,' CALIFORNIA VISIONS AND REALITIES: WITH AN EXTRACT. 4. THE GREAT JULIEN IN TROUBLE: A FRENCH-ENGLISH SPEECH. 5. TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE ISAAC A. COWLES. 6. ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT AND CHANTREY, THE GREAT SCULPTOR. 7. PROFESSOR JULIUS CESAR HANNIBAL ON 'DE ALMANACK.' 8. 'THE YACU-MAMA: A SNAKE-STORY:' 'THE JOINT SNAKE.' 9. HARFANG ON BIRDS: THE OWL AND THE EAGLE: NOBLE PRISONERS. 10. EDITOR WASSTAFF AT THE NIAGARA FALLS. 11. A FRENCH-ENGLISH CIRCULAR OF THE NEW-ORLEANS 'UNITED MERCHANTS' GENERAL FACTORY FOR THE DELIVERY OF PRINTINGS AT DOMICIL.' 12. RAIL-ROAD TRAVEL IN INDIANA. 13. NEW USES OF THE 'SWINETTE-A-PISTON.' 14. ACTUAL INDICIA: 'OCTOBER,' BY THE LATE LAMENTED WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. 15. PRIVATE THEATRICALS IN CINCINNATI: A MODEL STAGE-SPEECH. 16. THE 'ROCKLAND COUNTY FEMALE INSTITUTE:' LAYING THE CORNER-STONE. 17. THE AUTHOR OF THE ST. LEGER PAPERS' AT HIS COUNTRY HOME. 18. PAUL-PRISM IN THE COUNTRY. 19. A BALTIMORE BELLE AT NEWPORT: A LOVELY CHARACTER. 20. BEARD, THE CINCINNATI ARTIST. 21. BRADY'S NEW 'AMBIOTYPE.' 22. VISIT TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.' 23. ANOTHER 'GRAB AT THAT QUARTER' FROM ANOTHER QUARTER. 24. POSTPONED 'GOSSIP OF TRAVEL.' 25. IMPRACHABLE PEACHES: AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT. 26. THE GREAT RACHEL.	
4. NEW PUBLICATIONS, ART-NOTICES, ETC.,	429

iv 4

1855 Jan 26

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ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1855, BY
SAMUEL HUESTON,
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK.

JOHN A. GRAY,
PRINTER,
95 & 97 Cliff Street, New-York.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XLVI.

OCTOBER, 1855.

No. 4.

H A R F A N G O N B I R D S .

SECOND PAPER.



A GREAT deal has from time to time been said, sung, and written about birds, and any quantity of quills, plucked from the wings of HEAVEN knows how many geese, have been worn out in this prolific theme. In spite of that, however, we shall attempt another flight.

Another flight most naturally brings us to another story, and, for getting up stares, commend us to the OWL. The owl! most sedate of birds, emblem of wisdom, solemn Solomon! In all other languages than ours, his name is most respectable, and in some even beautiful. Nothing could be more charming, for instance, than his classic cognomen, *ulula*.

But owl! — what kind of a term is that with which to designate a dignified and respectable bird! Even that name was intended probably for 'howl,' but the indignant Cockney who first 'eard 'im 'oot, left off the H, although himself somewhat ex-asperated. No bird is so belied as is the owl. Most people consider his wisdom an assumption and his solemnity a sham, and some even look upon him as an out-and-out fool. Poets have painted him a moping misanthrope, sitting up in some old tower, towering up in some old city, or else, hermit-like, hiding himself away far from the busy haunts of men in some wild wood. Let us say rather he is a retiring individual, who has an eye for the picturesque, and is a lover of the rural. He is both noble and devotional — a night bird and a bird of prey. His food, like poor Tom's, is 'rats and mice, and such small deer,' varying his regular habits with an occasional 'bat.' You may catch him napping in the day-time, when he is simple, sleepy, and almost stupid; but when de-

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about that time. When we recovered our equilibrium, we concluded to explore the mansion, and so climbed through a window. We went into the club-room; it was sadly silent; sombre with solemn shadows, and we thought we smelt a rat. All of a sudden we were startled at the sight of two great, golden, fiery, staring eyes, peering at us through the dusk, over the top of a half-open door, as if a demon stood behind. Quick as thought we threw our stick, and the head disappeared. Then we heard a scratching and tremendous fluttering on the floor, and rushing to the spot, found that our demon's head was only an owl, with one wing badly broken. We took him home with us, his wing was set, we tamed and christened him, and from that time forward he has been our companion and our friend. And he is happy, far happier and better off than in the dull old domicile of Josey, where, had he remained, he might have been with it but ashes now. If he were not so sensible as he is, no doubt he would pine for freedom — the freedom of pine-woods; but he knows the pleasures of civilization and a Christian education, and in the sanctum feels as free as does the eagle in his mountain eyrie. Is not that so?

DOCTOR, (*log.*) Too-whit!



Imperial bird of Jove! the EAGLE! Without doubt there is a great deal too much unnecessary fault-finding in these days, which are very nice sort of days, better than any that have been, and quite as good perhaps as any that are to come; but we confess that we have no patience with people, particularly with poets, who talk about eagles as if they were as common as crows, whereas they are almost as scarce as real poets, than whom nothing can be more rare. As for the rhymers, their name is legion; and we have always thought that the king of poets must have intended one of this sort when he classes him with the lunatic and the lover, and then makes the three fools of one imagination. Certainly there are many persons who insist upon being called poets merely because they can string together at will a few wretched rhymes. We do not quarrel with these harmless people, and if there is a single chord in our whole system that ever vibrates with the lightest breath that touches it, it is sympathy. Poor mad Lear, wandering through the tempest, crowned with a few flowers, and in his hand a sceptre of straw only, was still as much, 'aye, every inch a king,' as when he sat upon his throne. Crazed as he was, he would have been at that time, if he had never had a throne, a king; and so he has our tender pity and our sorrowing sympathy, but not our satire.

What is a poet? One of the lexicographers (so called) who has collected all the English words, (HEAVEN knows how many more,) spelled many of them as they ought not to be, and defined many more so as to designate what they do not mean, utters the following original remark: 'Poet, one who writes poetry,' and a 'poem is a composition in verse.' Shade of Homer! A better definition has been given, that 'a poet is, as one should say, a poet.' It is difficult for us to say sometimes

exactly what things are, when we can readily tell what they are not. All poets write not verse. Splendid minds well versed in prose are prosy enough in verse. Nor need the poet write at all. The Belvidarian Apollo is a great poem — immortal in imperishable marble. Those great old painters have left grand poems on their glowing canvas ; for

— ‘ High heaven is there
Transfused, transfigured.’

The mighty men who with Briarean hands piled up the Pyramids, were poets. A soul only truly is poetical that can create a great idea, and then sublimitize it.

‘ Poor poets,’ saith Christopher, ‘ must not meddle with eagles.’ The advice might be considered superfluous ; for there is an antique witticism about the poverty of poets, and with the great majority of them eagles are scarce enough. Most of those scribblers who talk about the king of birds just as if they had the honor of his intimate acquaintance, and met him every day three or four times at the very least, never, in the whole course of their lives, saw more than one of these birds, and that one was some miserable, broken-hearted, draggled-tailed specimen, shut up for life in a cage connected with a caravan, and exhibited to gaping country boys, together with perhaps another cage or two of idiotic monkeys, and two or three old bears. What a situation for an eagle ! But it was not the fault of that dethroned bird that he was such a wretched representative of his race. Long ago, when he was but an eaglet, a small boy — some youthful Nestor — had climbed to the lofty rock where the eagles had their home. Fortunate indeed it was for him that the old birds were away, looking no doubt for another boy whom they might bring for supper, for the eagles live high. Presently, after a deal of floundering and fluttering, flapping and fighting, down from ‘ that bad eminence ’ climbs the small boy with scarcely more of clothing left on him than his great ancestor Adam wore in Eden. But beneath his arm he has his prize, the half-fledged eaglet, a struggling mass, bearing a mixed resemblance to Job’s turkey and a Chinese child. From that day, what a wretched life was that young eaglet’s ! ‘ Cribbed ’ first, then cabined with common dung-hill fowls, confined, clipped, tied by one leg to a stake in the corner of the barn-yard ; barked at by the puppy ; derisively crowed over by the Shanghai ; insultingly hissed at by the gander, and leading a most contemptible life generally. No wonder that his spirit died away, and he degenerated from his eagle-hood. Once, however, he showed that he had left in him a little of his royalty. His old enemy, the gander, was waddling in stately dignity across the barn-yard, fancying, no doubt, earth ‘ trembled as he strode,’ and hissing as usual at the eaglet, whom he considered, in comparison with himself, a very flighty bird. To be sure it was only the opinion of a gander, and not by any means of candor, but in this he found that he had gone too far ; for happening to come within the reach of the martyr at the stake, the eaglet seized his tyrant and plunged his talons deep into his body. There was a short convulsive struggle, and the gander, with one expiring hiss, ended his eventful history. The mournful geese stood on one

leg, through two whole rainy days, under an open shed, and refused to be comforted. The eaglet was sold to a peripatetic peddler for a dollar. Better far it would have been for him if, months before, he had been 'dead for a ducat,' for the peddler consigned him to the caravan, and thenceforward he was an helpless, hopeless captive.

But if you would see the eagle in his glory, go where nature is the wildest and most grand, for the king of birds seeks his surroundings in sublimity. Far up upon the mountain-tops he builds his castle-eyrie, and fixes his lofty throne. You may see him sailing on his broad bronze wings over the White Mountains; hovering high in air at Catskill; poised on powerful pinions above Niagara, gazing with steady eye upon the gulf of surging waters, and listening to that awful anthem which was the opening voluntary of the created world, and which will be its funeral dirge; or sitting serenely on the storm-lashed cliffs by the sea-shore. No other living mortal being has the God-like power of the eagle. What strength of wing, almost annihilating time and space; what terrific power, when like a thunder-bolt, he swoops upon his prey; what length of life; for men are born, grow up to be so strong, and live so many years, but when they are old and bowed with age, and ready to fall into the grave, the eagle is still strong to mount sun-ward far above the clouds and gloom of earth. What a glorious life is his among the mountains; what pride of power to lift himself so far above the world, to fly before the tempest, out-stripping even the storm-driven cloud, and far out at sea he soars,

—'HIS thunder-baffled wings
Extended in the whirlwind.'

What is the storm to him! His wild exultant scream rises above the tempest, and the mariner, in his stranded ship, can hear the flapping of his pinions like the Death-Angel's wings, more awful than the tempest, more terrible than the storm.

Not long ago, in looking over the *Cockahoopia Gazette*, we read that Mr. John Snizzle, who lives over by the mountain, had shot, on such a day, an eagle. The fact was duly glorified, the dimensions of the bird, ten feet from tip to tip, were given, and so on. We are not over and above sensitive, but we confess that we saw the announcement with more sorrow than we should to have read that Mr. Snizzle had been murdered, his house burned to the ground, and his wife and children carried away into captivity by the Cockahoopian Indians, as might have happened an hundred years ago. Yet he will boast of this deed all his life, and tell his children how one morning, down by the glen, he shot an eagle; whereas he should carry shame in his soul for that transaction to his dying day. Shot an eagle! He might as well have gone over and shot 'Squire Calcart's best hunter; indeed the honest 'Squire himself said, with tears in his eyes, that he would rather he had done so. There was no glory in the deed, for eagles generally keep out of rifle-shot; but this one (the first one in our neighborhood for five years) was gorged with food, too heavy and stupid to fly, and might undoubtedly have been killed with a club. But for all that, Mr. John Snizzle had no more right to shoot him than he had to shoot his own grand-father.

That eagle was State property, and his murder was an outrage on community.

Soon again the time will come when the birds, like those bright hopes that linger with us only in our summer-days, will flee away, and leave us desolate awhile. The mournful autumn-winds will sweep over the sacred spot where stood the domicile of Josey, scatter the ashes of the old mansion, and strip the foliage from the trees. Thus, as we grow old, all the joys of life are taken, one by one, away, and naught but mournful memories remain. But we are not yet alone ; the Doctor still is with us, and we are growing old and wise together. Perch thyself on the back of our arm-chair, while we with our meerschauum raise a huge cloud of smoke, and shut out this fussy and care-provoking world, and learn a lesson of wisdom from thee, O beloved Doctor !

WHAT WOULD I BE ?

BY W. H. C. HOOPER.

I.

WHAT would I be ? Not rich in gold,
And with a narrow heart,
Or misanthropic, stern, and cold,
Dwell from my kind apart :
I would not be a man of war,
Who looks on death unmoved.
Give me a title dearer far :
'The well-beloved !'

II.

I would not wear a laurel crown,
Its leaves conceal the thorn ;
Too oft the children of renown
Are friendless and forlorn.
Oh ! let me lead a blameless life,
By young and old approved ;
Called, in a world of sin and strife,
'The well-beloved !'

III.

GOD grant me power to guard the weak,
And Sorrow's moaning hush,
And never feel upon my cheek
Dark Shame's betraying blush :
And when, at my CREATOR'S call,
From earth I am removed,
Let Friendship 'broider on my pall,
'The well-beloved !'

Naval-Office, June 2, 1855.

M E M O R I E S .

BY SARAH KENNEDY.

I.

Now, while the sun-set, with its golden banner,
Waves brightly over purple hill and heath,
I wander idly under leafy billows,
And mark the shadows quivering beneath.

II.

My feet fall silently in hushing mosses;
A tranced calm is in the summer air;
A flush of beauty comes from dewy blossoms;
I drink delirious draughts of fragrance rare.

III.

But now a subtler perfume, stealing o'er me,
Speaks to my senses in a voice of power;
The gates of gloom roll back, and fair before me
The past lies, living in a simple flower.

IV.

Ah! fair blush-rose! my heart is still thy garden,
Thy sweetness perfumes every memory;
Thou art to me a counsellor and warden,
A prophet of the joys that are to be.

V.

Unsealed by thee comes back a fairy vision,
Purg and unclouded by the mists of years:
The present vanishes; in dreams elysian
The one bright flower that crowned my life appears.

VI.

I cannot still my heart's tumultuous heaving,
I cannot quench my life's one long regret;
I see her fairy fingers lightly weaving
Thy blushing beauties for a coronet.

VII.

As the fair morning comes with soft approaches,
So steals the soul to her blue beaming eyes;
And her pale cheek, before my earnest pleading,
Grows flushed and roseate as sun-set skies.

VIII.

In Time's old glass the shining sands ran gayly
To music chanted by our happy hearts;
And the poor common things of life grew daily
More glorious with the grace that love imparts.

IX.

Ah ! feeble earthly love ! that had no power
 To stay the faint pale roses on her cheek !
 How she grew farther from me hour by hour,
 Haunted by blissful dreams she could not speak.

X.

Those lustrous eyes had fathomed depths of being
 Which my dim earthly sight could not attain ;
 That brow had laid aside its thorns and flowers,
 A deathless crown from martyred hands to gain.

XI.

The wine of life, in Love's enamelled chalice,
 With purple bubbles, beaded on the brim,
 Gladly she loses for that living water,
 Before whose crystal earthly draughts grow dim.

XII.

O sweet blush-roses ! by her couch in dying
 Ye lingered last of earth's dear memories,
 Marring a moment her soul's rapture, sighing
 A faint regret 'mid heaven's ecstasies.

XIII.

She walks beneath the mystic palm-trees waving,
 She sees the amaranth in eternal bloom ;
 I wander by these fair flowers, frail and fading ;
 I only see, in all the world, a tomb.

XIV.

For her, the sun-shine of God's face for ever,
 The choral strains of heaven's triumphant song ;
 For me, to grope in darkness, haunted ever
 By endless echoes of a voice that 's gone.

XV.

Rose of my heart ! no coming spring shall wake thee
 Into the sweet luxuriance of life ;
 From thy new garden, no rash hand can take thee,
 To waste thee in this rude world's jarring strife.

XVI.

But when for me the chill and deathly angel
~~Comes~~ ^{Comes} upon this bounding life-tide breathes ;
 When to my ears Eternity's ~~voice~~ ^{voice} ~~comes~~
 Sings earth's tempestuous sorrows into peace :

XVII.

When this weak human heart is fearing, fainting,
 May but one kindly angel near me stand,
 Bearing, as in the old Italian painting,
 Announcing DEATH, a blush-rose in his hand.

XVIII.

And thinking how this fading earthly symbol
Springeth for ever new from DEATH'S decay,
My soul shall cast aside its weary fetters,
To hail the dawn of an eternal day.

Springfield, (Ill.), August, 1855.

LETTERS TO ELLA: ELLASLAND.

NUMBER TWO.

SINCE you left us I have become the owner of a prospect ; that is to say, of some few acres of ground which commands a view ; and I have named it after you. If your name were not to us more full of joy and happiness than any other, there are coincidences which connect you with it. I must tell you how it happened. More years ago than I like to count backward, and when studying my profession, my attention was by an accident fixed particularly upon a principle of law of rather uncommon application, and of a recondite character. I will not stop to explain the circumstance, but it was quite ridiculous, and not altogether pleasant at the time, arising from one of those practical jokes which school-mates play upon each other. It happened afterward, and about the time of your birth, that among the few clients who then found their way to my office, was a reckless young man, nearly at the end of a considerable fortune he had inherited, who was in trouble about the title to his only remaining piece of land. A speculator had discovered a defect in his title-deeds, and had bought in the title from those who conveyed, or intended to convey it, to my client ; and, failing to frighten him into a compromise, had commenced suit to eject him. It happened that the principle of law to which I allude was exactly applicable, and saved his land, to the surprise of the speculator, and of some members of the profession, much better lawyers than myself, but who had never had occasion to use the principle in question, and had over-looked it, as I should have done, probably, but for the accident I refer to. The circumstance gave me more reputation than I had before enjoyed, so that my professional reputation and you were born about the same time. The necessity for finding more bread for more mouths sharpened my faculties for a diligent improvement of my good fortune, and my business grew faster than you did. The client, however, paid me nothing. He got wretchedly drunk on his victory, and while hiccuping my eulogy, gambled away his land to the very speculator from whom I had saved it ; and then considered it a point of honor to convey it to pay his gambling debt, and leave his lawyer unpaid.

Some short time since, a widow woman, advanced in life and stricken

with sorrows, might have been seen, day after day, carrying a bundle of papers from one lawyer's-office to another, and craving aid to enforce a claim for certain lands in the vicinity of the city. She had no money to bear the expense of litigation, and generally commenced her overtures by a proposition to borrow. She had read somewhere, in novels, of lawyers who came to the rescue of widows and orphans, and performed prodigies of skill in their behalf, but had seen no mention of the amount paid for fees. Nor did it appear to enter her head that a lawyer or his family were obliged, as well as other people, to have a diligent regard to their chances of bread and butter. Her mind had dwelt upon her case until her imagination had become inflamed, and she used language in conversing about it such as might have done honor to your friend Dinzarzaide, in the Arabian stories. She was considered to be deranged. She was called by the young men in the offices, to whom she had the honor chiefly of rehearsing her story, and who contributed to her bundle of papers occasionally a written opinion, generally involving the discussion of some work of fiction, 'The Florentine.' She always carried a single flower, of one kind or another, were it no better than a dandelion. It was thought to be a curious example of the monotone of the mind partially dethroned — the flower, and the bundle of papers, and the swollen language of her story. One of the young men spoke of her for short, as 'Madam Rose,' because the rose was most commonly her flower. This was modified by another, who designated the group, that is to say, the woman, the bundle of papers, the flower, and the story, as 'The Rosary.' After a while the phrase changed to 'Madam Flora,' and from that to 'Mother Flora;' but there was a relish of mystery and romance in her bearing which had not been expressed by any phrase until young Mr. Brooks, slightly elevated and inspired with a love-affair, described her as 'The — the — the Florentine, conf — d her!' He had been kept from an appointment by her pertinacity, for the tedious period of two minutes and a quarter, his boots all the while pinching dreadfully. 'The Florentine' was universally adopted by the young gentlemen in the offices, to signify not only the old lady and her belongings, but the psychological condition of Mr. Brooks at that momentous junction.

I had always managed to avoid her, and had never heard her story, except from others. One Christmas morning I visited the office, I suppose from force of habit, or to see how it would seem to go there and not occupy myself with business; for it was my full purpose to enjoy the day as a holiday. My mind, I am afraid, was nevertheless hovering round a case under my charge, involving an interesting question of insanity. It occurred to me that ~~the old lady might be a valuable acquisition, to be studied as,~~ an additional volume to my library, and that by watching the operations of her mind, I might discover something equal in value to a reported decision on the subject of insanity. Then I thought of the oddity of her always carrying a single flower, and what freak of the mind it could be to produce that result. Then I thought of the translation from some German or Swedish poet, I forget whom, which you used so often to repeat, beginning:

'A FLOWER do but place near thy window-glass,
And through it no image of evil shall pass.'

Then, you see, you had come back to my mind, who are so seldom absent from it, and I thought to myself: 'What if Ella should live to be an old woman, and should be overtaken by misfortune, and should go crazed, wandering from door to door among strangers, and with a bundle of papers, and an imaginary title to land, be driven back and forth like a battledore, from office to office, by thoughtless young men? My God! It occurred to me all at once that we had been committing a crime. I was about to protest, and to say to an imaginary array of lawyers, busy and harassed with every body's cares and troubles but their own: 'For God's sake, brethren, let us not forget to be men! This old woman was once some body's daughter, and full of sun-shine. The least you can do for her in her solitary and troubled state, is to give her your respect and sympathy.' The thought had got possession of me that some body might have loved her as I love you; and in one moment more a tear would have rolled down my cheek, but it was brushed away. The door quietly opened, and who should stand before me but *The Florentine*?

Under other circumstances I might have served her as others had; but I was then almost ready to fall on my knees and beseech her that, when she should meet her FATHER in heaven, she would intercede with Him to forgive us careless lawyers for our unfeeling neglect of His child. Since then, I have almost wished I had done so. It would have been a curious study to watch the effect upon her mind of thus throwing it suddenly back upon her childhood. It might, at any rate, have made an uncommonly nice tableau. But I approached her with the deference and tender respect which my train of thought had produced, and caused her to be seated. To avoid the tedious and unnecessary rehearsal to which she was accustomed, I led the conversation to indifferent topics. The effect at first was that of surprise, and almost apprehension; but seeing herself at length to be treated with delicacy and consideration, her form and whole appearance underwent a change, such as may happen in passing from one state of mind to another. Your friend Dinarzaide had disappeared, and in her place was a lady. Her manners assumed a quiet self-respect, and she conversed intelligently, in language quite well-chosen and unaffected. At length I led the way to her business. She said she had at one time supposed she had a just claim, but latterly had begun to suspect she was a little out of her mind. She was not too happy at best. 'And as you, Sir, have forborne to indicate that I am troublesome, you will win my gratitude by telling me frankly if I must throw away my hopes of property.' Here she commenced her rehearsal, and very soon your friend Dinarzaide was again visible. I had by this time, however, lost my inclination to amuse myself with her peculiarities, and took advantage of a pause to say that questions of title were for the most part matters of record, and if she would leave her papers, I would examine them, and let her know the result at a convenient time, perhaps one week from that day. Her eyes opened very wide, and had a pleading expression, as much as to say: 'A whole week! must I wait a week?' But this was the last bow of Dinarzaide to the audience for that time. Dinarzaide having stepped out, the lady very quietly and upon the whole rather thankfully as-

sented. . I said, upon further reflection I would examine her case sooner, and give an answer the day after to-morrow. She was touched, and tears came. I wonder why it is that females always go off into hydraulics in that way.

You must know that a title is a novel or a tragedy. You follow, in tracing it, through all sorts of family joys and sorrows, births, deaths, marriages, separations, bankruptcies, etc. When you see us old hunkers unfolding piles of foolscap, or traversing old records, you naturally think : What a wretched occupation that is for a human soul ! But there are cases when these dry-looking affairs become very animating, and the eyes of the soul look through them, as from an observatory, upon prospects grand, gloomy, serene, beautiful ; mountains of dreary misfortune, rivers of sorrow, bright and varied vegetation of hopes, broad-bosomed lakes of smiling happiness. Believe me, my darling, we are not so dry as we seem.

The case of 'The Florentine' was at first repulsive and discouraging. Among her papers was absolutely nothing to encourage investigation. A few old deeds describing the land claimed, but affording no indication of title in her, were all that related to the subject. To these were added written opinions from the young men in the law-offices, who had fallen in with the belief that she was crazy. They were a curious literary product, made up of mixed quotations from Coke upon Littleton, Watts' Psalms and Hymns, and the like. It would be a nice study to ascertain how long it would require an ordinary sound mind, with ordinary sensibilities, once put under suspicion of insanity, and treated as insane, to become so. But from those old deeds I went to the records, and my search was probably sharpened by the circumstances I have related, and perhaps by flattering myself with the notion that I was doing a generous thing. It appeared that the grand-father of 'The Florentine' had once resided at New-Haven, Conn., and came west with General Putnam and his company. Following down the river from Marietta, he became the owner of a considerable farm near the present city of Cincinnati. Then followed family fortunes and misfortunes, executions, tax-sales, bills in chancery, speculators' claims, and what not. But at length, as the old stories have it, when nearly exhausted with hopeless wanderings, I thought I saw a light shining in the distance. It might be a hermit's cell ; it might be a robber's cave ; it was, at all events, my only hope, and I approached. What was my joy to find an old friend ready with hospitable hearth and arms to receive me ! I found a point on which the principle of law before mentioned was an exact fit — the second instance, and, down to this time, the only ones in my practice. One-fourth of the whole farm was Dinarzaide's ! itself a modest but adequate fortune for any lady.

The occupant was a hard man, reaping where he had not sown, and gathering where he had not strown, and he had enough property more. I supposed he would be my enemy for life ; but instead of that, he took up an exaggerated notion of my professional skill, and gave me a standing retainer to act for him, and never against him. He is a dry, hard old fellow, and I shall have a chance to study him, and get a clue to his experiences and his inner nature. I have sometimes noticed that these old hunkers open up quite rich when you can get at them rightly.

* The immediate effect upon 'The Florentine' was happy; but I cannot take time now to describe it. There have been a good many circumstances in connection with the matter, as strange and interesting as an old-fashioned novel. My 'point' of law has become quite celebrated. Several young members of the bar have tried it on to promissory notes, but without success, since it relates exclusively to real-estate, and is one of the legal myths come down from the feudal ages.

The nub of the story is, that 'The Florentine,' as a token of her sense of my services, deeded me ten acres of the ground, in a picturesque situation, as my fee. I had never hinted the payment of a farthing; and upon some suggestion of her own fancy, she selected the prettiest spot on the ground, and had a deed made and recorded before I was aware of it. In manner, this was Dinarzaide, but in substance the most rational thing in the world. She is no more crazy than you are.

The situation is this. The Ohio River makes a large circuit to the north just before reaching the city, and is all the way hemmed in by high hills, with an occasional meadowy recess or irregular widening of the valley. The ground I speak of is what might be the key of the arch; high above the valley, but looking over it, and commanding it for miles to the right and to the left. On either hand the eye takes in a broad and beautiful stretch of the river; its valleys and hills, its vineyards, villages, steamboats, and all manner of varied life. We call it 'Ellasland.' At the foot of the hills runs the Little-Miami Rail-road, and we look down from 'Ellasland' and see the trains of cars whistling, jerking, and thundering along, as if they felt a good deal bigger than they look. When will Ella herself come in those cars?

Like all places commanding extraordinary views, *Ellasland* is rather inaccessible. It costs a deal of money to fix it, and it never can be so fixed but that we shall have to climb as if hunting crows'-nests to get to it. When I spoke of it as a fee, my brother-lawyers, in consideration of the cost of improvements, say it is simple also. It is jocularly spoken of as my 'fee-simple.' But it is my romance, my poem. Partly down a slope in the back-part of the grounds is a clear spring of water, and by it sits, as its guardian-spirit, a most primitive and wonderful bull-frog. Of a summer night he is addicted to dogmatism, and particularly sonorous when it is very dark. I send you herewith his daguerreotype. Please observe his mouth, his eyes. He appears to be comprehending the whole world, and considering what to do about it. His voice is orotund, and his delivery very fine. Of a dark night it is an inspiring and cheerful thing to hear his positive and hopeful utterances. There is no sign of doubt or mystification about him. Your brother calls him 'Martin Luther.' It strikes me that his forehead is rather low to bear such a name; but he does wear it. After every sort of family criticism and protest has been worn out, habit has fixed upon him the name. And partly as a consequence, a tree-toad, smaller, gentler than 'Martin Luther,' less dogmatic and positive, but whose voice is the music to 'Martin's' noble words, we call 'Melancthon.' But I am spinning out this letter, having so many things to tell. My thoughts are ever with you, and when I take my pen to write, the flood-gates are opened; the difficulty is to stop.

R E M E M B R A N C E .

SHE died ! the lily only grew
More snowy on her tender cheek ;
And like two rose-leaves crushed with dew
Drooped down her eye-lids, soft and meek :
Their fairest flower, their joy, their pride,
Scarce seventeen — and yet she died !

She died ! The sky was blue and warm,
And sun-set waves of red and gold
Crept rippling o'er the sculptured form
That lay in death, so marble cold :
Love, light, and life from earth were gone !
She died ! — and yet the sun shone on.

Yes, in that quiet room she lay,
Just as she seemed an hour ago,
When he knelt by her couch to pray,
With reeling brain, heart stunned with wo.
'My God ! my God ! send help !' he cried ;
But ah ! — poor stricken one ! — she died !

Her soft hand clasped within his own,
That to her loving heart she pressed ;
One last fond smile — no sigh, no groan,
And the sweet spirit was at rest.
Madly he chained her to his side,
Still his, though DEATH'S — his promised bride.

They bore him frantic from the room,
And long, through the night-shadowed street,
He paced before that house of gloom,
With sunken eye and faltering feet ;
While from his pale lips burst the cry :
'Have mercy HEAVEN, and let me die !'

They placed the glittering bridal-ring
On one white finger o'er her breast,
And flowers, such as he loved to bring,
In her dark shining hair were dressed.
His pictured image pressed her heart :
One long, wild kiss — and thus they part !

That face beneath the coffin-lid
Was not so ghastly as his own ;
His fearful moans they gently chid,
But his strong manhood was o'erthrown.
They spoke of pride with empty breath —
Fools ! what has pride to do with death ?

She died ! no note of song was heard
Where, like a bird's, her voice had been ;
None ever saw the casement stirred
To let the cheerful sun-shine in.
They thought that years could never bind
Each bleeding heart and wandering mind.

But as the time fled swift away,
More quietly their tear-drops fell,
And less they missed it day by day,
The voice that they had loved so well.

And ere spring-grass had o'er her grown,
Friends seemed as if no grief they 'd known.

Ah! love! poor, fickle human love!
But he was lonely, and so young;
Scarce one short year she 'd reigned above
Ere to another's harp he sung;
And whispered in another's ear
The sweet low tones she held so dear.

'Tis best: it is a blessed thing
That Time has balm for every wo;
That all our change no tears can wring
From those who no more change can know.
Oh! ponder well, youth, love, and pride,
'Tis all awaits ya, this: 'They died!'

Would that our thoughts, from earth withdrawn,
Shut up alone with Death and GOD,
Might cling to heaven, of grace new-born;
For this 'tis sent — the chastening rod;
But ah! we feel the smart and pain,
Then weep, forget, and sin again!

RACHEL A. ACKERMAN.

Albany, (N. Y.)

The Complete Susquehanna Angler.

FISHING THE SECOND.

WHEREIN SCHOLIAST DISCOURSETH ON THE BEAUTIFUL.

'THESE HOPE sits day after day, *speculating* on traditionary gudgeons!'—ELIA.

'He that hopes to be a good angler, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself.'—WALTON.

[A fair autumn day. Piscator, Scholiast, and Venator, habited as fishers, are seen upon the banks of the Susquehanna, nearly opposite a small village, called by the Indians Cana-wa-na. Venator beareth a pail in his hands, wherewith, unbeknown to his comrades, he shall fall to the ground.]

PISCATOR: Good my scholars — and I make myself not uneasy to call you such, seeing that all men go to school to one another, and the wise men never cease to learn, but are even tutored in some things by those far beneath them in other matters — this is the place where mighty bass are taken by skilful fishers. The flesh of the Susquehanna bass is reputed, by those who have had the good luck to taste it, to surpass that of all the other dwellers in the water. Yet I cannot vouch for the truth of such affirmation, since never have I, nor have any of my honest brethren with whom I have met, been so fortunate as to eat thereof. Still, there be reasons which force me to give faith to the rumor, to wit: for that it is generally received as true; also, for that they be very scarce and difficult to take — qualities which give flavor and relish to any

thing ; and also, for that I did once see an honest angler who did assure me that formerly he did see another brother of the rod and line, who, upon his honor as a fisher, did most religiously and solemnly asseverate that he did, once upon a time, drink of some water wherein tradition said a large bass was seen to lie, and that it had a most sweet and wholesome taste. Therefore, let us angle for this large and notable fish this fair autumn day ; and though we may fail to catch him, yet 't will be royal sport, and while we are thus striving we shall not be pestered by smaller fry. In this manner, also, let us live, my scholars ! Let our purposes be high and generous ; let us ever be pressing on to some good end, some glorious destiny ; and though we may fail to rear for ourselves the enduring monument of eternal memory, yet by perseverance in such course, we shall at least be honored and respected by the upright and virtuous, and leave the legacy of good men to posterity — fair names and sweet remembrances, unsullied by meanness, untarnished by reproach !

VENATOR : Dear my master, should I live to be as old as Mathuselem, which HEAVEN forefend, never should I be able sufficiently to thank thee for all thy kind offices in my behalf — thy learned counsels, thy good instructions, and thy sweet examples, which thou ever bearest with thee, even as the bull-head its horns, which are ever pricking me on to all that is gentle, lovable, and good.

SCHOLIAST : In truth, my master, I will ever hold as sabbatical the day that gave me to thy care. Richer am I than Midas, or the Lydian king, in thy speech and company. With thee simplicity and honesty go hand in hand, which go not in the ways of worldliness. Though nor power nor wealth lie in thy future, yet farewell the strife of the ungodly, the barter of repose for gain, the immolation of integrity on the altar of advancement ; for with the golden-tongued philosopher I can say : ' Could riches so gained ever compare in worth with the cheerful consciousness of integrity and of nobility of soul ? Could I prize wealth before the peace of mind resulting from honesty ? '

VENATOR : Truly, ever doth my grateful heart revert to thee, my master, though ever saddened with the reflection that fatigue brings with it no fish, and that endurance is only repaid by disappointment.

PISCATOR : Bear with thee a brave heart, scholar mine. If so be that thou dost truly desire to become a disciple of the bait-box and grub, thou must learn not only to suffer without complaint, both wet and dry, heat and cold, thirst and hunger, mishap and ill-luck, but also to make every accident and incident of things, real and imaginary, a joy and pleasure. And, good Venator, I am beholden to thee that, passing by that rollicking Poeta, thou hast invited only to the angle with us this sedate and sober Scholiast. I make no doubt of the rhymester's laziness ; yet he hath not patience, and beside, is so given to drink that he would soon bring our honest art into disrepute.

VENATOR : Marry ! I have only known this Poeta to become most heartily sick of him. For not only hath he vanity, the very vanity of vanities, but he is withal one of those animals whereof the devils took possession in the country of the Gadarenes, eating and drinking more,

and paying less than any man with whom I have met since first I saw thee.

SCHOLIAST : So thou hast learned this Poeta to thy sorrow ! Thou art not the first ; and, sooth to say, he is more notable for his drinks than his rhymes. Much time have I spent to divine why the rhymster was created ; but I am only the more confounded by my research. As the summer cannot exist without grass-hoppers, so society cannot exist without poets ; but that summer would be more welcome without the one, and society more endurable without the other, is my firm belief. Zoologically I can find no place for him, and I confess him a veritable pest, a nuisance !

POETA *here emergeth suddenly from a clump of bushes by the wayside and speaketh* : A good morrow to you all, gentlemen ! Aha ! it is to the angle that ye go, sullyng your honest craft with villainous discourse on my brotherhood. Art not ashamed, Scholiast ? thou, versed in all the ancient lore ; thou who knowest that imagination is the soul of all writing ; without which composition can only, and that poorly, subserve some present and urgent necessity which called it forth, and is then consigned to the lumber-room and dust of forgetfulness — art not ashamed to decry the muse ! I marvel not these simple men, unlettered as they are, should hold the poet in contempt. Ignorance and obtuseness always despise what they cannot comprehend. But thou — O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell ! The bard a pest, a nuisance ! What awful forms are those which haunt the world, and make it beautiful with sacred stream and plain divine, and holy mountain-top ? The poets, whom DEITY hath appointed His ministers and prophets ! Canst find no room on earth for the minstrel ? Place him then, Scholiast, amid the gods !

PISCATOR : Soft you, scholars ! this shall not be. Thou, Poeta, art much to blame in this ; for know we were but in a merry humor, and our strictures were, in truth, but jocundities.

VENATOR : For a verity, 't was but jollity. 'T was but a jest, a quip, a crankum. Take it not to heart. I said but in joke what was true. Therefore, take it not in dudgeon. A word in thine ear : I have a flask in my pocket, and we will be friends over it if ever we can give these twain the slip.

POETA : In sooth, my masters, I am mainly mollified. But hereafter let me not hear you condemn the muse ; for in so doing you condemn the all-pervading spirit of the beautiful. And now, as I throw away this tobacco, so do I give to the wind all enmity and bitter feeling. Thy hand, beloved Scholiast !

SCHOLIAST : I take it with a hearty good will. And as we grasp each other's hand, let us do it warmly, thinking how time hath sanctified this custom ; as even in the age of Homer, as now, it was considered a token of friendship and familiarity. Believe me, 't was but in jest that I spake lightly of the poet ; for with Tully can I truly say : *'Atqui sic à summis hominibus eruditissimisque accepimus, caterarum rerum studia, et doctrinà, et præceptis, et arte constare ; poetam naturà ipsà valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi divino quodam spiritu instari. Quare suo jure noster ille Ennius sanctos appellat poetas, quòd*

quasi deorum aliquo dono atque munere commendati nobis esse videntur. Sit igitur, Judicis, sanctum apud vos humanissimos homines hoc poetæ nomen, quod nulla unquam barbaria violavit.

VENATOR : A rare sentiment, indeed, although I cannot comprehend it. Alack ! my school-days are gone for ever, and I know only enough to know that I know nothing. Blessed are they that know nothing, for they believe that they know every thing !

PISCATOR : Here let us rest, by this gentle brook, and converse, while murmuring its song of wild-wood, glen, and mountain-home, it leaps into the arms of the grand old river. But first let us bait our hooks, for I doubt not we shall catch many a bass ere night-fall. Venator, bring hither the pail of minnows.

VENATOR : I cry thee mercy, master ! for in a heedless moment I fell and spilled all my bait.

PISCATOR : A murrain have thee ! And so all my care of yesterday is naught. Proceed, scholar, and dig some worms. We must forego the bass to-day.

[*Here Venator goeth away, and giveth Poeta a wink.*]

POETA : Soft ! I will follow Venator. Mayhap he shall find lack of bait, and need to be holpen. I think, also, he hath a feeble look for such task.

PISCATOR : Prithee, good Poeta, go not ; for there be worms in great store, and his feebleness is but laziness, wherewith he is oft sore afflicted.

And now that he is gone — for he is a rascally yea-forsooth knave to spill my minnows — and that this mishap hath soured and perturbed my spirits, do thou, Poeta, sing us some sweet and lulling song, and the silver stream shall ripple in tune to thee, and some wild warbler, which sits musical in the twilight of the year, shall join in the burden, and Scholiast shall listen, and I will unravel these lines.

POETA : I know none but old songs — *those old songs* ! that from our childhood we have heard. Their memory haunts us, and will haunt us to our latest day. When care comes to corrode the heart, and disappointment hath bound the strong-man-armed within us, then in the cloistered life of day, or the still sabbath of the night, come those old songs, with their wild, quaint melody ; and the blood beats time responsive to their weird old notes, as the impulsive springs of youth are again unsealed. Rejuvenation comes upon the wings of music ; and shouting, 'Away with melancholy !' we go forth again. Again the sun shines as it did in the olden summer, and again we take up the old harp of time and join in the old-fashioned song of life. But soft ! my song :

'O NANNY ! wilt thou go wi' me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown ?
Nae langer dressed in silken sheen,
Nae langer decked wi' jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
'Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

'O NANNY ! when thou 'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a look behind ?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
Nor shrink before the winter wind ?

Oh! can that soft and gentle mien
 Severest hardships learn to bear,
 Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

'O NANNY! canst thou love so true
 Through perils keen wi' me to gae?
 Or when thy swain, mayhap, shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of wae?
 Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

'And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay
 Strow flowers, and drop the tender tear?
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?'

PISCATOR: Fairly sung, my good Poeta. Thou wert as much made for music, as the fish for water. How the soft breath of autumn fans our cheeks! The amber mists, the crimson sun, the trees decked in the brave dresses of the waning year, golden, purple, and carnation, bind old mother Earth in a zone of glory. How Mr. Bob-o-link, in his brown coat, tries his wing with a snatch of his old song of the spring. Hark! hat crow, how drearly he calls! and yon, through the hazy air fly the swift pigeons. Ah! my scholars, good it is to lie upon this grassy bank and gaze upon this beauteous scene, and list the rustle of the sear leaves, and talk of our gentle art. The Susquehanna angler should never be in haste. Tell me, Poeta, what think'st thou of our gentle art?

POETA: Good sooth to say, what, with the day, and all the beauty round, I had not sought with any thought my spirit to confound. The milk-maid's song, that dwells along in echoes by the shore; the low soft breeze, that woos the trees with balmy kiss and whispered bliss, brim with delight my store. The muffled stream, that like a dream of rapture calmly flows, o'er me a spell I love too well to break, and roughly, throws.

PISCATOR: Ah! here cometh Venator. Welcome again, scholar. And now we will leave our lines with thee, and do thou angle with all thy skill; for I deem thee a most expert fisher. Meantime we will cross this brook, and walk under the shade of these elms and maples; and I will put on my spectacles and look in its waters, and espy, if that I am able, some strange fish — mayhap a trout.

SCHOLIAST: Is not this a lovely place? The wide old trees stretch their protecting arms, as if to keep from it the taint and unwholesomeness of the town, making a bower for bright birds, beautiful maidens, and — now I bethink me — for philosophic discourse. Yea; for this would Cicero have left his grove and oak of Arpinum, and Plato bidden farewell to the plane-tree's shade and the choiring grasshoppers.

POETA: Do not the young, in the summer-time, seek this most delectable place?

PISCATOR: Yea. There be not very aged men whostill point to this place

as the spot where, on a day of the olden summer, with the kind leave, and the kinder aid and labor, of him of yonder mansion, the tables were spread, and the young, and gay, and beautiful kept festal-day; some sitting by the brook-side in choral song, and others wandering up into the depths of that embowered glen, filled with sweet warblers, wild-flowers, and old romance. Ah! I have heard old men talk of that day as the happiest one of a long life. Let us lie down here, for it is passing beautiful.

SCHOLIAST: With all my heart, here, beneath this maple. Poeta, tell me, I pray, for thou must know, what is this *Beautiful*, of which we have so much spoken to-day?

POETA: The beautiful! what is the beautiful! 'Tis the beautiful, to be sure. Why, 'tis the earth, the sky, the birds, the flowers — 'tis every thing.

SCHOLIAST: True. But to say what things are beautiful is not to define the beautiful. All things are beautiful which are beautiful; but what *is* the beautiful? Shall we say with Kant, that 'the beautiful is that which, apart from any conception, is considered as affording pleasure to all'?

POETA: By my troth, I *can't* say! But it seemeth to me that the beautiful in a tree differeth from that in a woman, by as great a difference as they are different; and that there is no such thing as abstract beauty.

PISCATOR: Yea, scholar, but are not both a pleasurable sight? Surely the great transcendentalist hath the very right in this matter. It is the beautiful in a thing which affords us pleasure when we consider the beautiful.

SCHOLIAST: Most subtle Piscator! Thou hast lit on the German's weakness in thy first theoretic flight. He hath but given us a Roland for an Oliver. Truly, he tells us that the beautiful is that which affords pleasure, and we say that which affords us pleasure in a thing is the beautiful; but what is that which we denominate the beautiful, and which affordeth pleasure? In that Kant hath cut loose from all conception, I honor him; but his definition let me defer to. How sayest thou, Poeta?

POETA: 'As you like it.' Marry, and list that joy-scream! A noisy good-for-naught is he; as though he were the only bird of the forest. Prithee proceed; for I had rather hear thy sweet discourse than his discordant note. There he goes again, with his shrill, startling cry, as though danger were near.

SCHOLIAST: But if a person assert that by the term beauty are signified two things: First, that external quality of bodies which may be shown in some sort to be typical of the Divine attributes, which he calls typical beauty; secondarily, the appearance of felicitous fulfilment of function in living things, which he denominates vital beauty — should we credit it?

POETA: By my halidom! nay. For, poor a logician as I am, still the defect to me is obvious. Different objects would not typify all the attributes of divinity, nor all objects the same attribute. The fecundity of some men's fancies might enable them to find in many objects some di-

vine type which would not be perceivable to common minds. But even if many beautiful objects be so typical, it cannot be affirmed of all ; as, for instance, a drinking-cup ; or to illustrate by a glaring example, a beautiful snake, which has been, certainly since the fall, typical of no heavenly attribute. The second division he limits to living things, and this limitation destroys the integrity of the definition. To say the truth, Ruskin hath sublimed his subject until it is lost sight of, and he goes on through his whole discourse on the theoretic faculty, beating the air with a grand enthusiasm, glorious imagination, and splendid diction.

SCHOLIAST : Bravely done, indeed, most worthy Poeta ! Now what shall we say of Aristotle, who affirmeth that beauty consists in magnitude and order ?

PISCATOR : Thou shalt say as seemeth good to thee.

SCHOLIAST : Then shall I not declare the Stagyrte in error ! And note, he subsequently limits this magnitude to a happy medium. What he meaneth by order, I know not, unless it be a harmonious combination of the parts of an object. If it be this, I most heartily agree with him ; if not, not ; for there is often the greatest beauty in disorder ; as, a sunset, with its purple sky a-flame, with scattered and ragged clouds, blazing, changing, and shifting in the departing glory. As to magnitude, is not the small as beautiful, often more so, than the large ? Is not the fawn as beautiful as the deer ? Is not the leopard more beautiful than the elephant, the squirrel than the rhinoceros, the rose than the sunflower, the flower than the tree, the diamond than the rock ? Are not many of the smallest visible objects beautiful ? Shall we deny the insect world its claim to beauty ? shall we confine it to the medium ? Or, shall we say that, on account of its immensity, this goodly earth, with its pleasant vales and winding streams, wild-woods and prairies ; or the goodlier heavens, where God stretches his bow and renews his covenant, with all its multitudinous suns and stars, the ever young-eyed choristers that were when all the sons of God shouted for joy, are devoid of beauty ? Beside, magnitude cannot be predicated of color, music, and many other things whereof beauty is affirmed. How then ?

PISCATOR : We will then, for thy sake, most learned Scholiast, deem that the beautiful hath no dependency on size. Still, a large fish of one kind is more beautiful to me than a small fish of the same kind.

POETA : I hold the beautiful to be beautiful to all capacitated for appreciating it. Therefore, when one says, this thing is beautiful to me, though not to others, he impeaches the faculties of all, which must take cognizance of the beautiful when present, unless in particular instances early prejudice may have blinded or warped them. Wherever the beautiful is, it rests in pleasurable objectiveness to all, otherwise it is dependent on freak, fancy, fashion, and folly, which I deny ; for it was before any of these with the angels. So, when thou sayest a large fish to thee is beautiful, thou meanest, its size affords thee gratification, and usest the word *beautiful*, as men are apt to, without a distinct apprehension of its significancy. Am I not right, Scholiast ?

SCHOLIAST : For a verity ; if there be a beauty through which all things beautiful are beautiful, which we hold, and which many contend for. Attend now to Burke's definition. He says : ' By beauty, I mean

that quality, or those qualities, in bodies, by which they cause love, or some passion similar to it.' How unsatisfactory to his own mind this must have been appears in this, that he is necessitated immediately to elucidate the term love, as not desire, not lust, nothing that love in its general acception signifies, but a certain mental satisfaction, something, perhaps, like Kant's pleasure, or what, perhaps, might be expressed by the word *liking*. This definition is, however, liable to the same objection with Kant's. What is that quality in the beautiful which causes love? Thus you see the definition is self-explosive. But further. This love of Burke's is something inconsonant with the fearful, loathsome, or repulsive; and note he does not disconnect his beauty from conception, and herein is less exact than the German philosopher. Now the beautiful and the repulsive, loathsome or fearful are compatible, the same thing being considered at the same time both subjectively and objectively. For example, an enraged serpent is one of the most fearful and repulsive creatures in nature viewed subjectively; but objectively, ineffably beautiful. So in the whole reptile species, the loathsome and beautiful are often conjoined. Again, many things beautiful may excite no love in us. The flowers which a dear dead sister tended, any thing beautiful cherished by her, when brought to our view, would fill us with sorrow, and yet be not the less beautiful. So, also, the most beautiful in writing is that which excites in us not love, but pity and sympathy. Or how, scholars?

POETA: The name of Burke is legion; but let us modestly differ, since, if we are not satisfied, we are not satisfied, though Burke say it.

PISCATOR: Yea, out upon all apoththeozation! Should we buy a fish without looking at the gills, though all unite in commending it? and shall we take intellectual ware upon trust, which, if it haply be truth, is a treasure — that good part which shall never be taken from us? Hark! 'tis Venator singing. A brave rustic voice is his, though, to say truth, but little sweeter than poor Jack's, who browses the thistle; and all tunes are alike to him. He is having rare luck, I doubt not. I prithee proceed; for we are yet to learn what this beauty is.

SCHOLIAST: Let us then press on till we reach the gate called '*Beautiful*.' Socrates (according to Xenophon) concludes that whatever is well suited is beautiful with regard to that thing to which it is well suited; but that it may not be beautiful with respect to any other thing whatever; in other words, that beauty consists in the utility and fitness of things to their proposed ends. But he declares, that of beauty in the abstract, we know nothing. Plato also affirms that we are ignorant of the beautiful abstracted, and closes his '*Hippias Major*' by saying: 'For I seem to myself to understand what the proverb means, *Difficult are the beautiful*.' Shall we heed Socrates and his pupil, or shall we strive for the beautiful in the abstract?

POETA: O Scholiast! let us never give over the endeavor; for methinks I see in my mind the spirit of the beautiful descending from heaven, and the brightness of his coming beams like the Northern Lights' red glare athwart the stars! Methinks I see the foul and wrong, and all their carking broods, hide their abashed and confounded fronts,

and he, glorious and regnant over all, like the angel in the Apocalypse, planteth one foot on the sea and the other on the land, and sweareth by Him that liveth and reigneth for ever that such things shall be no longer !

SCHOLIAST : Thou speakest well ; but what signifies all our laudation of the beautiful if we know not what it is ? Give ear now. We cannot say of a single thing, this is equal ; for it is imperative when we speak of equality, to institute a comparison between the thing whereof equality is predicated, and another thing whereto its equality is affirmed. So we cannot say of a single line, it is parallel. We must subject it to its position with respect to another line to affirm its parallelism. In fine, whatever quality a thing possesses, which we cannot assert of it as intrinsic, *that* cannot be abstracted. And though parallelism and equality may be affirmed of many lines and objects, yet we can have no conception of abstract parallelism and equality. Again, unless a quality be the property of more than one thing, we cannot abstract it. Thus we cannot affirm circularity except of the circle, nor triangularity except of the triangle ; and hence cannot say that there is an abstract circularity, or a triangularity considered apart from the triangle. Therefore, if there be an abstract beauty, it must be dependent on nothing extrinsic, affected by no comparison, coupled with no interest, that it be wholly self-existent, self-dependent, and self-governed. Shall we say this, and proceed ?

A murrain on that rascally squirrel, for he hath dropped an acorn, which he found in yon field, upon my nose. I fear lest it swell and disfigure my face.

PISCATOR : Away with fears ! He hath but punctured it a little, and Susquehanna anglers (for such are we all) must learn to bear with brave hearts all the pricks and snubs of fortune. Is it not pleasant fishing here ?

POETA : Yea, by the rood ! Prithee, learned Scholiast, bait thy hook again ; for Piscator and myself long to nibble thereat.

PISCATOR : I am happy that ye listen with such attent, and would others might be like you. And now let us throw in again. Shall we say that any thing simple, uncompounded, any single component, particle, or atom is beautiful ? Shall we say that any single musical note is beautiful, or that any one note is more beautiful than another ?

POETA : For a verity.

SCHOLIAST : Thou shalt maintain it then. Which, sounded alone, is the most beautiful, *do* or *sol* ?

POETA : Neither. But one tune is more beautiful than another.

SCHOLIAST : True, O minstrel ! It needeth a combination of notes in order that there be any music whatever. The whistle of the quail is as beautiful as any single note of the brown thrush, yet who would compare the flute-like cadences of the latter with the monotonous cry of the former ? Again, is there any thing which we may designate as beautiful in a number of objects of irregular rotundity, and a mass of vegetation, taken separately ? Let these be properly placed together, and we have a tree, which all agree to call beautiful. Is any one color, taken apart, beautiful ? I apprehend all will say nay. Should we call

a nose beautiful taken from the face ; or a face beautiful without a nose ; or an eye beautiful if placed in a brick wall ? So of all the features separately ; but aggregated, they make the countenance divine. Then shall we not affirm that beauty consists in a measure of combination ?

POETA : Truly. Let us define beauty to be combination.

SCHOLIAST : Nay, not so fast, thou knight of song ! Shall we not say something more ! Or shall we call a face beautiful possessed of three eyes and two noses ; or a form beautiful with three breasts, or three arms ; or an animal beautiful with five legs ? Would that countenance be beautiful in which the eyes were below the nose, or the mouth above, or a form with the arms protruding from the abdomen ? Would a rainbow with a different combination of four of the colors, or a tune with an improper combination of notes, or a poem wherein words were placed without sensible sequence, be called beautiful ? Thus we may easily perceive there may be positive ugliness in combination. What then, in these last examples, hath rendered them ugly ?

PISCATOR : Unsuitableness, or something else.

POETA : The lack of harmony, as it seemeth to me.

SCHOLIAST : What then, shall we not say that a harmonious and suitable combination is constituent of beauty ?

POETA : We will affirm it to be so.

SCHOLIAST : But we say there is beauty in the moral world, as well as in the natural and artificial world. Shall we there find this harmonious and suitable combination ? Hear what the inspired Tarsusian hath written : ' Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge ; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.' So we see virtue, which is above all things beautiful, is nothing without charity. Benevolence is beautiful ; but would we call his act beautiful who should bestow an alms, or forsooth, Piscator, one of too many fish upon a rich person ?

PISCATOR : By no means ; for with the gift should also go commiseration and a desire to relieve want.

SCHOLIAST : This suitable and harmonious combination is also found in the moral world. Shall we say then that the beautiful is harmonious and suitable combination ? Let us be wary. A large beam, well squared and fitted, or a large stone well dressed and suited for building, shall we call beautiful ? I think not. Yet wherefore not ? Their combinations possess harmony and suitableness. I hold that it is because the intellect doth not take delight in considering them. That whereof the beautiful is affirmed, must be considered ; for until the mental effort, and until that is accompanied with a pleasure that is not fleeting nor casual, the beautiful is not perceived. Let us examine. Suppose a person listless, the beautiful may be presented, but he shall take no cognizance of it. But place some delicacy on his tongue, he

shall taste it ; fire a pistol near him, and he shall start ; strike at him, and he shall shrink. Suppose the mind engrossed with care or sorrow, the beautiful is passed by unnoticed. In the one case the intellect is sluggish ; in the other so dominant that it receives no impress from the senses. Therefore I hold that we do not take cognizance of the beautiful until the intellect has considered a thing, marked its harmonious and suitable combination, and received delight therefrom, how or why, is known only to OMNISCIENCE. Let me then say that the beautiful is that harmonious and suitable combination which (aside from interest) delights the intellect.

POETA : Then, O most learned Scholiast, thou maintainest that the intellect alone tells us what is beautiful ; so that the more cultivated and higher the intellect, the better able it is to perceive the beautiful. Cannot a simple child discover the beautiful, and does he not more than the man ? Beautifully indeed doth the Oxford graduate say, there are few ' who look not back to their youngest and least learned days, as those of the most intense, superstitious, insatiable, and beatific perceptions ' of the splendors of the beautiful, and then quoteth a sad, sweet verse, beginning, ' Heaven lies about us in our infancy.'

SCHOLIAST : Out upon him ! he knows better ! The bard may sing :

——'T is little joy
To know I 'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.'

'T is his privilege. But the reasoner should keep the truth before him, and beware lest it be lost sight of in the obscurity of fancy. Let us look with an eye single to truth. The child grasps at whatever glitters ; is, as a poet expresseth it, ' pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.' The specious is its choice. With reason comes the apprehension of the beautiful. Do we not recollect by what slow approaches we have come to the knowledge of the beautiful ? Do we not remember how the purple of its dawn broke upon us with dim, uncertain tinges ; how it came upward flushing, gilding, and widening our horizon, waking the dormant music in our hearts, until it rose upon our manhood in full effulgence, displaying to us a new world, and diffusing over all things a more full and perfect light and life ? The simple, sensual joys and fancies of childhood had no care nor sorrows to disturb them, and therefore we so poetically revert to them. Who that has ever enjoyed an hour of perfect intellectual felicity, would exchange another promised hour for an eternity of infancy ? The savage, whose mind has never been pruned to the formalities of ratiocination, does he not prefer the gaudy to the beautiful, and display a disregard, an ignorance of the beautiful in nature ?

POETA : But can we not discover the beautiful without reasoning ?

SCHOLIAST : The specious and gaudy to our imperfect intellects have a resemblance to the beautiful ; therefore before deciding upon the beautiful, we must beware lest we be at fault. True, we look at a thing and immediately pronounce it beautiful. So a man looks at a dim sun-set and forbears a journey on the morrow. In either case a chain of reasoning takes place, but with such electric celerity, that the

intellect is hardly aware of its own action, or of the intermediate steps between the premise and conclusion. Again, how many things which at the first glance we call beautiful, prove otherwise. So we see when the intellect considers a thing superficially or insufficiently, we are liable to be deceived as to the beautiful.

PISCATOR : Perhaps then upon every object of contemplation there is a judgment as to its beauty ; but is not that judgment an intuition more fully developed by years ?

SCHOLIAST : Thou art right as to judgment (which is the conclusion of the operations of the intellect) upon a thing as to its beauty, or the opposite, its ugliness, or the intermediate, its plainness. But that this judgment, as thou callest it, is not intuition, is evident in this, that no one, without being shod with some preparation, can ever take correct cognizance of the beautiful in the artificial world ; for example, a poem, a picture, a symphony. That our ideas of beauty are not æsthetic, plainly appears in this, that in all things decided upon by the senses, there is no appeal to the intellect. All agree that the quality of sugar is sweetness, nor will one say that sugar is sour or bitter ; nor can education make one perceive acidity in sugar. Neither will different persons perceive a greater sweetness in the same sugar. But it is far otherwise in regard to the beautiful in the artificial world. While all agree upon consideration as to the existence of beauty in certain things, they differ often as to the degree. And those who have schooled the intellect by constant critical exercise, all allow to be most competent to conclude upon the beautiful, and to their judgment due deference is paid. These differences arise from the imperfections of all things artificial. In the natural world, there is less diversity of judgment, since no impotent hand has composed the objects which shadow forth the beautiful ; and in the moral world still less, because in that there is nothing indifferent, and God has donated it alone with perfectibility. But this disagreement comes not from the beautiful, which is, like its immortal SIRE, immutable, but as I have said, from the imperfection of things, and I will add, the fallibility of the intellect, with its vision bedimmed by the clouds and distortions of mundane influences.

POETA : Prithee, master, for thou speakest most delectably, and the glow of a rich enthusiasm is on thy cheek, and its fire in thine eye, is this harmonious and suitable combination discovered until the beautiful is decided upon ?

SCHOLIAST : Dost thou discover an article to be sweet by its being sugar, or that it is sugar by being sweet ? Do we find a beautiful tree to be a tapering trunk, waving boughs, delicately-traced leaves, and symmetrical form ; or do we find these things to be a beautiful tree ? From the swift operation of the intelligences we may be unaware of it, but when we come to analyze the beautiful, we shall see that our mind has already taken cognizance of all the constituents. True that in some analyses we may discover new reasons for denominating a thing beautiful ; but I submit, that in such event, the beauty is greater than we had, upon a partial consideration, concluded. Beside, how many things which at first strike us unfavorably, do we not upon examination pronounce, and that too with correctness, beautiful ?

PISCATOR : Give us then, O Scholiast ! — for thou, apprehending the beautiful, if any are able, can — a standard to which all things beautiful shall be referred for judgment — an ideal beauty.

SCHOLIAST : I can no more do that than give thee an ideal solidity, since we can know nothing of it except as it is presented in individual instances. We can contemplate beauty abstracted from particular things ; but apart from things in general, we cannot. It is something we find in things which cannot be separated from them, yet not dependent upon particulars. We cannot judge of the beautiful in a horse by the beautiful in a tree ; nor the beautiful in a tree by that in a poem ; nor that in the poem by that in generosity ; yet the beautiful in each is the same immutable beauty which pervades all things we denominate beautiful. In the natural world, we cannot refer beauty to the curve, because many plane surfaces, many angular objects are beautiful beyond a doubt. So of the artificial and moral worlds. And if this is so, there is certainly no standard whereby we may judge indiscriminately of the beauty of a landscape, a symphony, and virtue. There is nothing in them similar, analogous, or opposed. I conclude then, O my scholars ! there is no ideal beauty, and that the manifestation of beauty is dependent upon the thing so manifesting it.

POETA : But how, O Scholiast ! if the beautiful is immutable, and there be no ideal, shall we say one thing is more beautiful than another ! Truly saith Shelley :

‘THE awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us ; visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from leaf to leaf,
. . . . dear and yet dearer for its mystery.’

SCHOLIAST : I have said we see it as through a glass darkly, and that it is manifested to us through imperfections. That displayed through the works of man (the artificial world) is of the lowest order, and the most various in degrees. In the natural world, which is in a measure imperfect, we find many degrees of beauty, but all surpassing that of the artificial world. Think not I start a heresy in saying the world is not perfect. Before the curse was pronounced, it was indeed so ; but thence God intended we should behold no perfection beside his law. It is in the moral world, where perfectibility is, that the greatest excellence is to be met with. One benevolence is no more beautiful than another. Virtue in one is no more beautiful than virtue in another. The degrees are very few. Yet there is imperfection ; for there is not one who hath not tarnished his moral beauty with some vice. The soul of man, the perfectest of all sublunar creations, displays to us the greatest beauty which our intellects are capacitated for contemplating. For to quote from thine own poet, speaking of love and beauty, he says their might

‘EXCEEDS our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.’

We shall never see the beautiful in its perfection in this transitory sphere ; nor do I think we should rightly apprehend it, were it possible to behold it. It is only in the spirit-land that the perfectly beautiful

dwells. It is there that those who in this valley and shadow of death have endeavored to gird themselves with moral beauty, shall, divested of all the clogs and hindrances of mortality, with their visions enlightened and clarified by that light which is not of the sun, nor of the moon, nor of the stars, contemplate, and ever rejoice in the perfect and truly beautiful. To that end, O my scholars! let us, through the only perfection which earth possesses, I mean the law of God, who alone is the source of beauty, strive through our little night, which is not passed, and so shall we, through the peaceable paths of honesty, innocence, and prayer go on with our loins girded, till the eternal dawn shall break upon us, and we come to the full knowledge and enjoyment of the perfect and truly beautiful!

PISCATOR: Yea, that we will. Let us consecrate ourselves to beauty and angling; for they shall go hand in hand, like 'Sleep and *her* brother Death!'

POETA: Happy, O thrice happy day! that lured me from the town away, and crowned me with such happiness! Bright be thy sun for ever more, and still increasing be thy store of beauty and of loveliness. Spirit of beauty, everywhere, ruling o'er ocean, earth, and air, breathe on this soul of mine! Make it to virtue ever dutiful, make it with virtue ever beautiful, make it for ever thine!

PISCATOR: By're Lady! an' my watch showeth four of the afternoon. Let us return to Venator. Ah! how stiff I am from long reclining! Give me thy hand, Poeta. Thou art young and lithe yet.

POETA: The beautiful never grows old. It is as bright and young to-day as when it came with its birds and flowers to adorn the primal earth.

SCHOLIAST: True, scholar mine. I do confess to a stiffness myself, O Piscator! Still ye twain have listened so attentively that it taketh from me all regret, though I shall have a twinge of the rheumatics to-morrow. And now we have defined beauty to be that harmonious and suitable combination which (aside from interest) delights the intellect. We have divided it into natural, artificial, and moral beauty. Perhaps we will hereafter treat upon these divisions separately, and show the uses, mission, and abuses of the beautiful.

PISCATOR: I pray it may be so. But here we are at the river-side again. Where is Venator? Ho-ho! Venator!—so-ho! so-la! hoop! Perhaps he hath become weary, and sleepeth.

POETA: Marry, master, here is a broken rod fixed in the ground, with an empty bottle stuck on the end thereof, and here is the pail with its bottom burst out. Mayhap some ruffians have robbed him, and spirited him away!

PISCATOR: Very like, very like; but I'll take oath they never found poorer prey. I fear, however, lest that most potent of robbers, wine, hath stolen away what little wit he hath; and that being angered at our long stay, he hath sought to mar our sport. But see! Scholiast falleth!

SCHOLIAST: 'Tis but little I feel it. That villainous Venator hath tied his lines across the path here, and I have stumbled over them.

PISCATOR: Oh! he is a veritable pest, and he shall no more to the

angle with me! Doubtless he might make a most expert fisher, if he would make honesty his rod, meditation his line, temperance his hook, and the beautiful his bait; but out upon him for a pestilent fellow! But let us take this boat, which some good genius hath left, and cross to yonder shore. 'Tis beautiful to be upon the water of an autumn's day, and watch the dead leaves fall and float by our craft. So shall we, my scholars, ere long flutter in the wind, fall into the stream, and be borne to that great ocean which hath no tide, nor time, nor chart, nor haven!

POETA: The day draws near its death. How calm and still the sabbath of the year, not even a bird to break the silence! And look you, where yon mountain of clouds looms over the dreary west, black, purple, crimson, and golden, mixed, intermixed, and commingled in unutterable splendor! Glory hath made its master-piece!

SCHOLIAST: Jump into the boat, into the boat; for I shall push off before it groweth darker.

PISCATOR: 'T was a brave push indeed. Sit still, Poeta, thou hast already half-filled the boat with water. I did not think it so small, or I had not ventured in it. Prithce, Scholiast, take to the oars, for thou art nearest them.

SCHOLIAST: True, my end of the boat is nearest shore, and I left the oars *there*. Soft, thou hast shipped water.

POETA: Lo! on the bank I see a man! He calleth for his boat. The current runneth very swift here, and draweth to the middle of the stream. What shall we do? I will make signals of distress!

PISCATOR: By my halidom! we are now shipped full of water, and 's death and blood! our boat sinks! Ugh! ugh! Thank heaven the stream is not over our heads, and we can wade to shore. The Susquehanna Angler hath need of great store of patience.

SCHOLIAST: Bless me! Poeta hath fallen! Ah! I have him. Thou art now thoroughly wet, which is luxurious, considering thou wert not drowned. Thou spoutest like a porpoise.

POETA: Ugh! ugh! whah! ptzs! I am drowned!

PISCATOR: Here we are safe to shore, thank HEAVEN! A fair evening to thee, Mr. Waterman. PROVIDENCE preserve thy health! How are thy wife and little ones? I trust they are well.

WATERMAN: As for me and mine, we be well enough; but thou shalt pay me for my boat.

PISCATOR: In good sooth, so I would, but I have no money. Tomorrow thou shalt come to yon village, and shalt inquire at the large inn for one honest Piscator. If he be not there, wait till he cometh. But shouldst thou wait many hours, think he is not coming, and look for one Venator, and he will give thee his note for thy boat's value.

POETA: Shouldst thou chance not to see him, I myself will *owe* it thee.

PISCATOR: And now the evening is come. We will return to our inn, where we will doff our dripping clothes, eat a warm and bountiful supper, and then, with blessings on our kind and jovial host, seek his snow-white sheets, which smell of lavender, and 'steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;' and some other day mayhap, to talk of the beautiful, we will, with quiet hearts and sweetly-speaking consciences, go *a-angling*.

G A I T E R B O O T S .

BY ROBIN RATTLEBRAIN, A.M.

I.

O DAINTY foot!
O gaiter-boot!
To piety you're shocking;
I only know
Of one thing worse,
And that's a snow-white stocking.

II.

So neat and clean,
Together seen,
E'en stoics must agree
To you to vote,
What GRAY once wrote,
A handsome L-E-G.

III.

The *lasting* theme
Of midnight dream,
The very *soul* of song;
Man wants you little
Here below,
And never wants you long.

IV.

By PLATO ne'er
Sent tripping here;
By PLUTO rather given,
To lead poor man
(An easy plan)
To any place but Heaven.

V.

Yet still I vow
There's magic now
About a woman's foot,
And cunning was
The wizard hand
That made a gaiter-boot.

VI.

For while the knave
The gaiters gave
To mortals to ensnare them,
Mankind he hoaxed,
And even coaxed
The angels down to wear them.

MY FRIEND'S WIFE.

I AM a small man, and a painter — not of houses, or any thing of the *high-art* order — but a humble copyist of other men's ideas. Yes, sometimes I copy the human face divine, God's idea, but I am a humble and very obscure individual, yet I have not been denied emotions, aspirations, ay, and experiences, which I believe are generally supposed to be the property, the divine right of the more favored and highly-gifted of mankind.

Do not imagine, from my title, that I am a little monster, and that I coveted or ran away with my friend's wife. No :

‘THE desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow ;
The prayer for something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.’

Such, if I know myself, was my mental attitude toward *my* friend's wife.

I was standing before my easel in the gallery of the Louvre, copying a very sweet picture of an Italian boy, resting his head on his hand, and seemingly gazing into my eyes. There was something especially fascinating to me in this face, so child-like yet so dignified and poetic, as if childhood were not always dignified and poetic. It should be, but it is not. Wondering why I always perceived in that boy's face a familiar look, as if he were the child of a friend, I heard a lady speak behind me, in a tremulous voice, and say : ‘ How like him it is ! ’ I turned cautiously, (for the voice was very sweet,) and saw a lady in deep mourning, gazing with brimming eyes at my Italian boy, and by her side — no ! — yes ! — my countryman and friend, George Walton !

‘ George ! ’

‘ Jack ! ’

Certainly, my friend George and his wife. George had married since I left America, and I had lost sight of him, but we had been inseparable for years. They had arrived in Paris but a day or two before, and chance thus brought us together. He introduced his wife to me. What a smile she gave me ! What a world of beauty, of sweetness, of feminine grace there was in her manner and aspect as she said :

‘ George and I have often talked of you.’

I had been studying beauty for seven years. I had sought it in Greece, in Circassia, in nature and art. I had even sought to paint a gallery of beauty for myself. I had a beautiful Maltese (not kitten, but woman,) a Circassian, whom I stole at Broussa, (not the lady, but her face,) a Greek girl in costume, a Spanish dancer from the *Varietes*, an English girl who had turned Paris mad. I had too a French *grisette*, whom I thought not bad-looking ; but here was my art outstripped, my gallery made poor ; my country-woman out-did them all.

Lucy Walton was a blonde of the best quality. Her hair was rich and full of color, gold and brown yet fair ; her eyes were dark and full,

with dark lashes; her complexion perfect. Against her dress of solemn black, her face beamed like the evening-star against the night. She was tall and large, unlike her country-women. Her movements were quiet and graceful; she moved as if to music. I thought of the Venus of Milo.

'Jack, come and breakfast to-morrow morning,' said George; 'help us *do Paris*,' and he took me by the arm and led me away, leaving his wife standing before the picture.

'Poor girl! We lost our little boy six months ago; her first-born. That picture reminds her of him; she wants to look at it alone.'

Surely. I looked in my friend's face. It was true, the picture had reminded me of George, who, though no handsome man, had a face which was very dear to his friends, and a very interesting face to any one. It was a face melancholy in its general expression, with something poetic about the brow, which was high and white, and thinly furnished with fine silky hair. But it was capable of a smile more joyous and cheerful than any smile I ever saw, and was really handsome then. He was one of the men who know 'how to captivate women, or did it without knowing how. I remembered how Tom B —, the Apollo of his set, had entered society with George, and how George had put his candle out with all the fashionable girls. I remembered many and many instances of George's unexpected and unparalleled success with lovable women, and if he had a weakness, it was that he was a little proud of it.

But of course none of that appeared in his face or manner.

I did go and breakfast, not once, but often. I saw how happy they were in each other. Here, thought I, is Paradise. That woman weeps for her child, but they are tears that angels might shed but just outside the gates of heaven. No dreadful passion mingles with them; they but carry her to the companionship of holy thoughts. Life will again become beautiful to her. Look at my friend; young, fortunate, married to such a woman. Still the father of another child, this sorrow has but deepened and dignified his character.

I went much and often with Lucy to the galleries of art. How sweetly she pleaded ignorance, how she asked me to tell her what was good; how fine her natural sense of the true and beautiful! The poor little painter had never been in such company before. No one had treated him with the dignified friendliness of his new friend; he had never had a sister; he had never loved. Here was a woman he had not imagined, even in his dreams; a woman whose attractions were superlative, yet whose dignity and purity were such, that he had not dared to kiss the hem of her garments. They were delicious days; like all delicious days, they were few.

Calling one morning on the Waltons, Lucy introduced me to Mrs. Ogilvie, from New-York. Americans have a very bad way of associating with each other in Paris, by which they dilute their knowledge of foreign parts very essentially, so I was not astonished at Mrs. Ogilvie's being much with the Waltons. Mr. Ogilvie was a stupid young man, merely a pendant to his wife: but she was a character.

I was struck with her plainness. Now, it is something to be even

strikingly plain. I have known people whom you might see day in and day out, and not find it possible to fix in your memory ; people who at a *table d'hôte*, for instance, may sit in one place under your eye for months, and some day disappear, and not be any more missed than a white plate. Mrs. Ogilvie was not one of these. She had a good figure, was well dressed, and had a very animated style of conversation. Her face was disagreeable, excessively ; but you rather turned to look again, and see what made it so. Having discovered that, you rather liked the woman for not being discouraged by her face ; and her witty conversation and general cheerfulness made you, in the end, like Mrs. Ogilvie.

Yet you did not like Mrs. Ogilvie very long. She seemed to have very great powers of observation, and you some how felt as if a cat were in the room, (I hate cats,) and was looking at you with her green eyes, (Mrs. Ogilvie's eyes were green,) yet it was undefined to me, and I blamed myself considerably for it.

One day, as I was painting, I perceived Mrs. Ogilvie walking in the gallery with George Walton. They came up to me. Mrs. Ogilvie began :

'Mr. Brown, (my name is Jack Brown,) I want this sweet picture you are at work on. It is like your little boy, Mrs. Walton says, and do you know, I think it like you ?' said Mrs. O., turning to George.

'No,' said George, looking at it sadly, 'my little son looked like Lucy.'

'But it is,' persisted Mrs. Ogilvie ; 'for I never saw your son, and I came into this gallery a week ago, and I said to Ross Brisbane : 'Do you know that picture looks like Mr. Walton ?' and he said : 'Pooh ! you think every thing looks like Mr. Walton.''

I saw a gratified expression creep over George's face ; it gave me pain. Mrs. Ogilvie ran on :

'So I may have this picture, Mr Brown ?'

'No, Madam ; this picture, if worthy when finished, I intend for Mrs. Walton,' was all I could reply.

Mrs. Ogilvie and I were enemies from that moment. A few days after, Mr. and Mrs. Walton, the Ogilvies, and myself were to dine together at the Waltons' rooms. Mrs. Ogilvie and Lucy stood at the window watching the gay scene outside. Some fête was passing. The fine music and brilliant pageant brought the color to Lucy's cheek. She was recovering her spirits somewhat, and stood smiling and handsome by Mrs. Ogilvie's side.

'On my word, how provokingly handsome you are to-day, Lucy Walton ; is n't she, Mr. Brown ? You must take off that black dress soon, and come out a gay Parisienne.'

Lucy darted away from the window ; the shaft had struck home. The allusion to the black dress had carried her back to the dear little suffering lost boy. Her cheek whitened, her eye filled. Mrs. Ogilvie put her arm round her and kissed her affectionately.

'I did n't think — how thoughtless ; forgive me, dear Lucy.'

But Lucy was quelled. She could not rouse herself, and Mrs. Ogilvie, all smiles, and repartee, and anecdote, reigned supreme.

Presently, George and Mr. Ogilvie came in. Mrs. Ogilvie was very *empressé* toward George. We were talking of the opera. Lucy wanted to go that evening, as the new *prima donna* would sing. Mrs. Ogilvie wanted to go to the American Minister's. George immediately began urging Lucy to go to the Minister's. She declined, looking at her dress. The end was, that George and the Ogilvies went to the Minister's, and Lucy remained at home.

The next day, as Mrs. Walton and I returned from a walk on the Boulevards, we met Mr. Ross Brisbane, who looked at Mrs. Walton admiringly. After leaving her at her rooms, I returned, and met that gentleman outside, pacing the pavement.

'Allow me to inquire, Brown, who's your fair friend?' said Brisbane.

'Mrs. Walton, of New-York.'

'Oh! I ought to know her; Miss Atherton formerly. I know her father. Suppose you take me to call?'

I excused myself just then, having an engagement; but I knew Ross Brisbane would get there soon enough without my help.

Mr. Ross Brisbane was a gentleman of fortune and family, (having grown-up children,) and a man of genius. He chose to be flippant and worldly, while he was capable of being much more. Like Lord George Bentinck, he could occasionally surprise the world with his knowledge of statistics, and really possessed more valuable information than any man I ever knew. Art, literature, history, science, all waited on his tongue. He was never at want for illustrations, the most felicitous and profound. His grasp of most subjects was immense. To hear him pour out his world of information; to hear him as he dealt grandly with a grand subject, was worth years of other men's conversation.

Mr. Ross Brisbane was not indifferent to the attractions of a handsome woman. Having nothing to do, he followed his instincts, and they led him frequently to the side of intellectual and beautiful women. He never talked so well as in their presence. A fine woman was the magnet which drew out all his best ideas. He was at the same time kindly and careless, liking me to-day, and you to-morrow; never failing to do an amiable thing when it came in his way; but frequently going out of his way to oblige some body, forgetting to-morrow that the individual ever existed. I have seen no one like him, so contradictory, so unique as he was.

But on one subject he was consistent. If a handsome woman came in his way, he was infallible; so I was not surprised when I found on Mrs. Walton's table next day the card of Mr. Ross Brisbane.

'Did you see him?' I inquired.

'Oh! yes. We talked of home, of father, and much of Mr. Brisbane's travels. What a charming man he is! I knew his daughter, but I have never seen him before. I assure you I have passed a charming morning.'

Next day, enter Mr. Ross Brisbane with tickets for some not-easily-to-be-entered place.

Next day, Mr. Ross Brisbane and carriages for St. Cloud.

Next day, Mr. Ross Brisbane and invitations to dinner.

Next day, Mr. Ross Brisbane and something else. Mr. Jack Brown's

farthing-candle was somewhat put out by the superior Fresnel-light of Mr. Ross Brisbane.

Meantime, I saw Lucy's cheek color and grow pale as Mrs. Ogilvie gradually and effectually drew George to her side; and one day as George entered with a flushed face, and proposed that he should run down into Switzerland for four days with the Ogilvies, leaving her in Paris, she burst into a flood of tears, and asked him if he could be so cruel as to go and leave her alone.

'Why, Lucy dear, you said you were not strong enough to go.'

'Neither am I, George, just now; I have a cold, but it will be well soon.'

'And then we will go together again, dear,' said George.

Lucy rose from her sofa, and looking very fully in his face, said: 'George, if you go with the Ogilvies, and leave me here alone, I will take the first steamer home, and you may continue your travels without me.'

George looked at her angrily. *I was in a remarkably pleasing position.* Why are there not trap-doors built in every house, down which unfortunate witnesses of domestic collisions may retreat and hide their damaged heads?

The Switzerland party did not come off. Evidently the little scene I had witnessed was prolonged after I left the house; for George did not follow Mrs. Ogilvie quite so assiduously.

The Waltons went to Italy. Mrs. Ogilvie and Mr. Ross Brisbane amused themselves with each other. Mr. Brisbane, however, quite unlike himself, remembered Mrs. Walton with great interest.

'Do you know,' said he, 'I never met exactly such a woman. She is very ardent, very susceptible to *impressions*, but not to *people*. She is very bright too, almost as much so as the Ogilvie, though not quite so courageous in her talk. The Ogilvie, Brown, is not afraid of any thing. She takes hold of nearly all subjects; she is very piquant, highly spiced. I do n't wish that donkey, Ogilvie, joy of her, however.'

Then Mr. Brisbane, who was never abusive, but always good-natured, went off into a discussion or rather soliloquy as to the necessity of a fine woman being admired; how natural and proper that she should wish it; and finally lost himself in an eloquent and admirable imagining of Cleopatra.

A year, with all its tremendous changes, had passed between my conversation with Mr. Brisbane and the time at which I take up my story, and I, wiping my palette and brushes, had come home. The party, whose acquaintance I have somewhat sketched in the above papers, had preceded me by a few months.

I went to my friend's house and inquired for Mrs. Walton. Over the piano hung my little picture, which had led to our acquaintance. It had been, during Mrs. Walton's absence in Italy, exquisitely framed in white and gold, with these words of Longfellow in white *relievo*, on a gold ground:

'THERE is no fire-side, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair;
There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there.'

underneath the picture, and Mrs. Walton found it hanging in her room when she returned, all through the taste and kindness of Mr. Ross Brisbane.

Mrs. Walton was changed, and, to me, not for the better. She was more gayly dressed; her color was high, and her conversation was of the gay amusements of the day. She asked me to dine, saying George was going to the opera, and I must content myself with a quiet evening with her.

'And are you not going?' I asked.

'Oh! no. We are too European to go together anywhere,' said she, with a laugh.

In the evening, as Mrs. Walton complained of a headache, I walked with George to the opera. Our seats being in the parquette, I could but notice how George watched the house instead of the stage, and during the first *entre acte*, I missed him. In taking the tour of the house, however, I found in the second tier, in a dark but very convenient box, Mrs. Ogilvie, and George hanging over the edge of the box, talking very earnestly.

It had become one of those notorious flirtations which the town looks on and speculates about. I heard Jimmy Baird say, as I passed that young exquisite: 'Do see the Ogilvie to-night; isn't she a feminine spider, and is n't Walton a willing fly?'

Presently, George went round and entered her box; the conversation grew more confidential. Here, then, was the man I loved, the husband of the most beautiful of women, in the toils of this ugly enchantress, this Circe, whose spells I longed to break.

AND now, if I may take the privilege of a story-teller, and give, in their natural order, the events of my story, I must look for a moment into the deep recesses of a woman's heart, and lay bare some of its hidden secrets.

Lucy Walton was suffering the cruel pangs of jealousy. She had seen day by day the man she loved grow cold toward her. She had seen his smiles, his love reserved for some one who had no claim to those treasures, no joy in them save the joy of triumph. Far as the heaven is above the earth had she held this man's love from suspicion or distrust. Dear as her own life was the sacred honor of her husband; but deadly, certain, indisputable was his treachery. She had seen from the first fatal smile that crept to George's face, to the present moment, when he rapidly hid from her the notes in a small feminine hand, the design and success of Mrs. Ogilvie. She had hoped, she had prayed, nay, even more, she had told her husband of his danger; but he heard not. The voice of the charmer was in his ear, and he closed it from his wife, ay, from his conscience, and from his God.

And as if the day were not sufficiently weary to this poor woman, her little child, her last surviving boy, fell sick. He grew worse, and she watched, 'with a pale cheek, but yet a brow inspired,' beside his bed-side. George Walton was for a moment snatched from his delusion by the illness of his child; yet the man was changed, and his better nature seemed to shine out but rarely.

One evening, he looked into the sick-chamber, where Lucy sat, tearfully watching the suffering boy, and as he turned to go out, Lucy caught his hand and said: 'Do stay, dear George. I am faint and weary. Share my vigils to-night, dearest husband; it will refresh me.'

But he disengaged himself, and on a plea of an engagement, left the room and the house.

As the outer door closed on him, Lucy threw herself on the floor in a passionate fit of tears. Life seemed too hard for her. She was not a patient child of sorrow; she loved life and craved happiness. She was not content to give up all, the husband so dearly loved, the child so ardently cherished, the world, to her before so full of happiness. Despair seemed pulling at her heart. She threw open the window and gasped for air.

At this moment her old nurse entered the room and said:

'Mr. Brisbane is down-stairs, Ma'am, and I hope you will go and see him; I will stay with little George.'

Lucy composed herself, and took a sudden determination. She arranged her dress, wiped the traces of her agitation from her face as well as possible, and looked at her little child. He was sleeping quietly, and seemed better.

She went down to see Mr. Brisbane. In a short time she returned, and told the astonished nurse that she should dress and go out a short time with Mr. Brisbane. She gave some directions about the sick child, and left the room.

Lucia was to be played. I was gazing at the rapidly-filling house, when I saw Mrs. Ogilvie creep like a shadow into her box. Not many minutes after, George entered and took his seat by her side. The opera began. While the first act was on, I observed a stir in a private box near the stage, and a lady entered, superbly dressed, followed by Mr. Ross Brisbane. It took me several minutes to determine that this dazzling person was Mrs. Walton, yet so it was. Before the curtain dropped, several of the beaux had made the discovery, and were leveling their lorgnettes at her, as astronomers contemplate a new star. She was very animated, and looked superbly. Her seat commanded the house, and she saw her husband's position from the first.

Man after man poured in to speak to her. Mr. Ross Brisbane stood behind her chair, looking much pleased with his prize. At this moment, George Walton walked down the parquette, and as he came near me, he first observed the private box.

He sat down by me and took his lorgnette from his pocket.

'How much that woman looks like Lucy — at least as she did,' said he to me.

'It is not remarkable, since it is she,' said I, feeling thoroughly angry with him.

My feelings changed as I looked at him. His face seemed to have suffered a collapse. Every feature was convulsed with his internal emotions.

He could not believe it.

He had left her at home but an hour before, watching her sick child.

Leaning over her shoulder at that moment was Tom Bird, the gambler, to be sure one of Mrs. Ogilvie's friends, but a man George Walton would have never permitted his wife to speak to.

He looked a moment with glaring eyes, and started from his seat. I rose and took his arm.

'George,' I urged, 'remember where you are; control yourself a moment.'

I got him outside the door.

'The woman's mad!' said he, 'to leave her dying child, to come here with Ross Brisbane. *I'll kill him!* miserable old coxcomb! To talk to Tom Bird in that intimate sort of way! To dress herself too in that style! I'll go and ask her, in the face of all of them, what she means. I'll go and do it.'

I held him fast. 'Remember, George, the ridicule which attaches itself to a jealous husband. All these men will pursue your wife much more closely if they find they can torment you. It gives them an additional pleasure.'

It was very worldly advice, but *it told*, and my friend composed himself, and we went together to his wife's presence.

When we entered the box, Mrs. Walton bowed to both of us with a perfectly unconstrained manner, and went on talking to Mr. Bird, who kept his place by her side.

George bent over him, and said to her: 'I did not know of your intention of coming.'

'You did not ask me if I was coming,' was her reply.

He rose abruptly and left the box. I followed. As we edged our way through the narrow passages, we heard Mr. Ross Brisbane talking with a gay knot of men about Mrs. Walton.

'Have you seen my bird of Paradise, my charming discovery? — a woman worth knowing, foolishly domestic, but coming out, coming out. I assure you there is something there worth having.'

'Wife of flirtatious George,' said Jimmy Baird.

At that moment, young Bob Clarkson met us, and told George that Mrs. Ogilvie had sent him for Mr. Walton, and demanded him immediately.

'Tell Mrs. Ogilvie I have an instant reason for leaving the house, and cannot see her,' was his reply.

The long silence that ensued between us when we reached the street was first broken by me.

'George, I think you show a very remarkable degree of emotion for a very common-place occurrence. What is there in the least remarkable about your wife's going to the opera?'

George groaned.

'The last thing I did before leaving my house was to visit her in my son's room, where I found her busied, as she should be, in taking care of him. A woman's duty is at home, and there should her pleasure be; and does it not show duplicity, heartlessness, and — God forgive me! I am speaking of my wife. Forget it, Jack; my wife has always been an angel, and I have never had one moment's cause to reproach her;

but the surprise, the agony of to-night ! verily I feel as if all the vagabonds in town had broken into my house and rifled it !'

'George,' said I, 'is Mrs. Ogilvie an intellectual person ?'

'No, not particularly. Why ?'

'Because I was wondering what her fascination was.'

'Well, I cannot tell you. She is certainly very charming, always bright, and very much a friend of mine. She is not happily married, you know. Her husband is a fool, and she is driven to the acquaintance of other men to find that which she cannot find at home — appreciation and sympathy.'

'Do you know, George, that Jimmy Baird and others think she has found some very keen appreciation in you ?'

'No ; I have not got into the mouths of Jimmy and company, have I ?'

'Decidedly ; and if your wife goes on in attracting attention as you have done, I think you will become a very fashionable pair.'

We had reached George's house. As we ascended the steps, George begged me to come in. I knew very well why, and rather wished to get away ; for I did not like to see the meeting which was to take place.

However, I went in, and saw by the light in the hall how haggard and distorted his face was. He walked into the parlor and threw himself into a chair, and buried his face in his hands. Presently, he started up and ran up the stairs.

'How is the little boy ?' I asked when he came down.

'Very well,' he answered, and buried his face again in his hands.

An hour passed in silence ; then, as the carriages rattled by, he walked to the window and watched.

The bell rang, and Mrs. Walton and Mr. Brisbane came in, talking and laughing gayly. I heard her ask the servant at the door about the little boy. He answered that he had slept quietly all the evening.

She came into the parlor and bowed to us playfully, and went on talking of the opera with great enthusiasm. There was not the slightest trace of emotion in her face. If she had done the same thing every night in her life she could not have been more cool and composed.

Mr. Brisbane began asking George, (who had struggled into something like composure,) if he did not admire his enterprise in carrying off his wife, and if he had been there to see how superb she was, and so on.

George muttered something about surprise and gratification ; but Mr. Brisbane, who never listened to any one, was by that time addressing some remark to Mrs. Walton.

We left together, Mr. Brisbane and myself, and that gentleman entertained me on my way home with an account of Mrs. Walton's charms.

I was not surprised, but Mrs. Ogilvie was, to see Mrs. Walton frequently at the opera ; to meet and hear of her everywhere in society ; to see her gayly dashing up and down Broadway, the most brilliant woman on that brilliant street ; for I thought I saw the determination she had taken ; but I was shocked to see the state of feeling which had grown up between herself and her husband. George followed her

about with his eyes, and stood often looking loweringly at her, as she talked and laughed with the Jimmy Bairds of the fashionable world. When they spoke together, it was in the coldest tone, and I observed that she never seemed at all aware of his presence.

Mrs. Ogilvie was furious. Even her malignity could find no flaw in Lucy Walton's beauty; no defect in her dress, that more important feature of New-York success. Even George cared no more for Mrs. Ogilvie. His entire neglect of her struck no one but me; for Mrs. Ogilvie's admirers were not apt to remain very constant, and the cessation of a flirtation does not interest the town, as its continuance does. But little Jack Brown, whom no body saw, saw a great deal from his quiet corner, and the glances of Mrs. Ogilvie's green eyes, half-shut and stealthy as they were, were not lost on me.

One evening Mrs. Ogilvie beckoned Tom Bird to her, and I observed this worthy pair talking earnestly to each other, and looking occasionally at Mrs. Walton, and at George.

Mrs. Walton had dropped Tom Bird. If it was her pleasure, for some reason of her own, to seem a gay and frivolous woman, she did not choose to sully herself by contact with this gambler, this man admitted into good society only on account of his family and wealth, and she dropped him. Mrs. Ogilvie saw it all, and, nursing Tom Bird's wrath to keep it warm, determined to use him for her own amiable designs.

Standing near her at supper, I heard her say: 'There is a subtle craving for excitement in Walton's nature. Does he ever play?'

'No,' said Bird, looking interested. 'I thought him a kind of fish, and only animated by your brightness.'

I passed on, looking back admiringly on the woman whose brain had so quickly and quietly plotted her revenge.

George Walton was precisely in the frame of mind to be led into dissipation. His home was wretched, his wife had ceased to love him, his conscience told him that he had deserved the whole. Yet, desirous of drowning the unwelcome reflection that he had sacrificed, by the indulgence of a foolish vanity, more than most men ever possessed, he began to cultivate the society of free-living men, men who know much and feel little, men who have the good digestion and bad heart of the proverb. In this state Tom Bird found him and cultivated him.

There is little need to describe the suppers he ate, the orgies at which he assisted, or the slow but certain way in which he reached the card-table. New-York needs no developments of this kind. They speak daily in the haggard faces of her young men, men who should be the 'expectancy of the fair state,' but who are the effeminate offspring of a selfish luxury, such as marked Rome before she fell, such as sapped Palmyra in her glory. God avert *their* fate from our young land!

George had never been a puritanical young man; he had indulged in those amusements proper and common among young men; but he had early and always observed the delicate line where amusement ends and debauchery begins.

Since his marriage, his life had been too full of happiness for him to care much for outside amusement; but after his fatal entanglement with

Mrs. Ogilvie, he had lost that rectitude of purpose and nice honor which marked his character originally.

Now he was desperate. Excitement could not be purchased at too high a price, and he paid fearfully for what he got; for he bought it with his honor, and with the price of his plighted word.

Now came Mrs. Ogilvie's triumph. Lucy Walton had not calculated on this, and although she still reigned, beautiful and admired, there came an unmistakable shadow on her brow, and a look of uneasiness and fear which art could not hide. Mrs. Ogilvie was always near when George entered late, flushed with wine, with the gay men of the town, and marked her heavy breathing and contracted brow. This was her hour of triumph. This the great and good work she had achieved.

FAR away in the hopeful future lay that which should bring all these tangled threads straight; far away, yet near; far from our thoughts, yet near our foot-steps, walking with us hand-in-hand in the broad sunshine, and in the night calling to us when no man expecteth — the angel of Death walketh side-by-side with us always.

And to whom, in all this gay and laughing world, has he called now! Can he enter here, amid all this tumultuous life, this music, this festivity! Cannot all this light, this laughter, this gorgeous house, these guests keep him away! Does not beauty appeal to him! does not youth touch him! No: he lays his cold hand on Lucy Walton.

Slowly, through weeks of warning, Lucy Walton recognized her doom. I know not how it came, whether pain brought the fatal message, whether sleepless nights and restless days revealed it to her; but she felt that Death was coming, and when her physician laid his hand on her tell-tale pulse, and himself turned pale with the dreadful conviction, she looked calmly in his face, and said, 'I knew it.'

But the angel of Death came not alone: with him came the angel of Consolation. Into that restless heart of hers came hope, and love, and peace. A joy which the world cannot take away came to this lovely creature, who laid her down to die a death of such suffering that, had it been foretold to a marshal of Napoleon's army, a man brave to a proverb, he would have put his pistol to his head rather than linger in its torture.

It brought her hope, hope of another life — a life she had read about and believed in; that life which our Bible tells us of, and our preachers discourse upon, but which she now *lived*. It was no distant thing now. It was a land she must visit in a few weeks, and it looked bright and near to her.

It brought her love, it brought back her husband to her. The days of their young and innocent love returned to them, ere the serpent had entered and left its trail over their joys. By her side, holding her already pale hand, sat George, saddened but strong, and himself again, reading to her, consoling her, sustaining her, as none could do but a man whose heart was right, and whose soul worth saving, even though the weakness of poor human nature had sometimes triumphed over him and led him astray, astray!

It brought her peace. The world had brought her much. She had

tasted of its purest pleasures, its deepest emotions. She had been admired and beloved; the sweet pleasures of home, of domestic happiness, had been hers; the delicious experiences of the heart, the rapture of maternal love, the triumphs of beauty and of intellect, all, and more, had mingled in her cup; but she had never tasted that *peace* that now, like a ministering spirit, seemed to live near her and fan her brow with its soft wings.

Her illness was not all suffering. In her hours of ease she often moved to a sofa in the library, and there saw her friends. To that room, consecrated by the most heavenly presence, I was often permitted to come.

Earth seemed to have faded from her almost entirely.

One day her little boy sat by her, looking sadly on her recumbent figure, as if he knew that all was not right.

'Come, dear Mamma, and dance with me, as you used,' he said.

She tenderly laid her hand upon his head, and commenced showing him some pictures which she had near her.

'See, Georgy, see this picture of a little boy walking along a rough path, and see what great hollows there are on both sides. But see this sweet angel who stands behind him with her wings, and her hands gently touch his little shoulders, and keep him from falling down those ugly pits. That is the little boy's guardian-angel, such an one as my little boy will have.'

The child was interested, and his mind was attracted from his mother's sick face and figure.

When he left the room, she showed me the lovely German print which she had just shown the boy.

'You may see one reason why I look forward so calmly to my separation from my child. The eyes of faith are so clear that I can almost see the angel who walks perpetually by his side.'

'Do you feel the ties of earth to weaken as you approach a brighter world?' I asked.

'No; they grow stronger. As the affections spring from that which is immortal in us, they must brighten as the soul nears its own atmosphere. But we see with new eyes the grand harmony of God's laws, and separations are to me so clearly the 'good-night' greeting, so surely to be followed by a blissful 'good-morning!' that they are not painful, as they were once to me.'

Sometimes I touched the chords of an organ which stood in the hall. The fine strains of Handel, or the majestic thoughts of Beethoven, seemed fitting accompaniments to the perpetual hymn which floated upward from the nobly-resigned heart so soon to be stilled, so soon to pass away from us for ever.

Reader, in my studio you will find a picture of a beautiful woman lying on a couch. Her face wears an expression such as you have seen in the *Saint Cecilia* of the old pictures. The fair hands are clasped over a book which lies on her breast. The long brown hair floats over the cushion, even to the floor. Over her head hangs that well-known picture of Saint Catharine, being borne to heaven in the arms of angels.

There is little suffering in that face, but there is divine renunciation, that beatific radiance which we seldom see, save in the faces of the dead.

So did I last see Lucy Walton, and so do I daily see her; for the picture has never been finished, and day by day I work at it, and shall, until my work on earth is done for ever.

George, my friend, comes often to look at it. The beautiful hours which we spent by her side have taken away from us the sting and the horror of death. Although to him, and (if I may mention myself in the same breath) to me, has her death taken out of life that which made it bright and desirable, yet her death has shown us how much there is for us to do ere we are fitted and prepared to meet her again.

I found one day as I came into my studio, a lady sitting before the picture. I could not see her face as I entered, but on moving nearer, I recognized Mrs. Ogilvie, weeping bitterly.

THE TWO KEYS.

I HAVE read in some ancient story
Of a city, renowned and grand,
Whose deeds of valor and glory
Were mentioned in every land.

The walls of that city spacious
Were massive, and broad, and high,
And 't was said that its people gracious
Were the children of the sky.

And its gates with brass encrusted
Would their ample leaves unfold,
Though the hinges were heavy and rusted,
At the touch of a key of gold.

And 't was said if that key should ever
Be lost or taken away,
The quaint old city would never
Rejoice in a happy day.

One eve, in the sun-set's shimmer,
When the day was almost done,
And the gloaming, dimmer and dimmer,
Was slowly stealing on :

There came to that city olden,
A stranger, in armor bright,
Who took the key all golden
In the sad and dusky night.

Then a terrible desolation
On the doomed city fell,
And its sweetest consolation
Were the notes of its funeral knell :

For bound by a spell to their places,
Stood its people, a fearful throng,
Till stony and still were their faces,
And withered and dead each tongue.

Oh! long has the gloom invaded
The place where that city stood;
For the sun-shine of heaven has faded,
And gone is the smile of God.

I HAVE dreamed in midnight slumbers
Of one, to whose life of thought
There came, in majestic numbers,
Bright visions, in beauty wrought.

And grand were the castles he builded
In the wide-spread realms of fame,
As he sought for the life that had gilded
The path of the good man's name.

And his heart, whose better emotion
Was kindled in heaven above,
Would open in true devotion
To the golden key of love.

And 't was known if that key should ever
Be lost or stolen away,
His life would be sorrow for ever,
The darkness without the day.

And thus while his hours were passing
In the calmness of good employ,
And his mind was ever amassing
The treasures without alloy:

There came to his ear while he pondered
A voice, to whose gentle sway
He yielded his heart, as he wondered,
And the key was stolen away.

Then all of his thoughts were sadness,
And all his emotions pain,
When the gloom which follows the gladness
Had shadowed his wearied brain.

For ruined was every affection,
And the demons of hate and care
Had palsied each kind reflection,
And blackened each image fair.

And the smile of friendship shall never
His soul with its pleasures move;
For the heart is dead for ever,
And gone is the key of love.

A STORY OF HEMLOCK-HILL.

AUNT TABITHA STRONG would have made a capital 'woman's-rights' woman, if she could only get time to attend the conventions. She had the spirit and power, but not according to knowledge; so what she lacked on one side was made up on the other. She was the mother of four as large boys of their age as might be expected at this day, and the guardian of an orphan girl, the only legacy bequeathed to her from a deceased neighbor, a distant relative of Aunt Tabitha's husband: and they all dwell on Hemlock-Hill.

Aunt Tabby, as we used to call her, was a born Yankee lady, rather tall, and to all appearance as square as a brick. I used to look at her as she moved about the house, and wonder if she would break if she should happen to bend in a wrong direction. Every thing was said and done in the same square, hard way, whether it consisted in saying the Lord's prayer, which she did every morning after breakfast, or in punishing the boys, by making them hold chips between their teeth; and they would as soon have had their teeth all pulled out as to have dropped one till she bid them.

Another remarkable feature about Aunt Tabitha was, that she could never change. She had the same rules, the same old maxims, such as, 'A rolling stone gathers no moss' — 'morse,' she called it; 'A stitch in time saves nine'; 'Early to bed,' etc., that were transmitted to her from her grand-mothers; and it was impossible for her to walk in any other direction but the same old time-worn path, day after day, and year after year. How her heart was ever changed is only known to the mysteries of a higher power, though I believe that event took place at the youthful period of her christening, (who would have dreamed that she had ever been an infant!) when the solemn word, 'Tabitha!' was pronounced by the good minister. She had ever since been one of the strongest kind of orthodox, and preached it to Uncle Joe and the boys as regular as clock-work. Uncle Joe took it reverently, as a matter of course; for he was also a church-member, though his piety was of the strangest kind, Aunt Tabby said: and no wonder she thought so, for while she appropriated every spare cent to the use of the Bobtaylor Missionary Society, Uncle Joe was silently bestowing his upon the poor heathen near his own door. Many were the blessings he received when his back was turned; for he never stopped to listen to them.

Little Phebe, the orphan girl, who was growing up under the proper care of Aunt Tabitha, was a gem of a creature, with sweet blue eyes and sunny-brown ringlets, which had been repeatedly 'shingled' to suit Aunt Tabby's taste; but 't was of no use; they would n't grow straight, let her do what she would to straighten them. Aunt Tabby really believed she would lose her soul by the means of 'them air wicked curls,' but she would clear *her* skirts, she would do *her* duty at any rate; so I suppose she did.

Phebe had always been a very 'improper' child. She had often been known to run away down to the brook at the foot of the hill, and follow

round little Joe, Jr., who would catch fishes with a pin, and when he was lucky enough to catch one, would tease it away from him and throw it back into the water, 't was so cruel to see them die so. Then she knew all the birds'-nests around there, and would n't tell Joe either, and would feed the birds, too, echo back the songs of the robins, and laugh to think how she cheated them; then when she *must* go home, would just stop on the door-step and smooth out the dimples with her hand, press her rosy lips tightly, and walk in as properly as she could; for it seemed like going to church, every thing looked so solemn.

Phebe had now reached the age of fourteen, and had never been farther than the village, though living within ten miles of the 'city.' Aunt Tabby thought it a dreadful sinful place — a perfect Sodom; but Parson Jones' 'darter' was going there to spend a whole year at school, and why could n't Phebe go too! This was a strong reason, and finally prevailed, on condition that she should work, so as to pay her own board. Aunt Tabby's oldest boy was going there to study to be a missionary, and he would certainly report her doings to his anxious mother.

'Good-bye, Aunt Tabby,' said Phebe after getting on her bonnet and things. 'Good-bye, Phebe! Remember what I tell you, that you must go and set under the sanctuary every Sunday with Miss Jones and Ezekiel. That 'A stitch in time saves nine;' 'Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise;' also a girl. You cannot serve God and be a mammon; now do n't forget to remember;' and Aunt Tabby lifted up her two hands and laid them down again, as though she would spread her remarks over her like a blanket, and with another stately good-bye, which Phebe did n't hear, she withdrew into the house, while Phebe, Miss Jones, and the said Ezekiel drove slowly down to the city. As old Dobbin was not remarkable for swiftness, the way seemed long to the two girls, who would gladly have got out and run. They knew they could walk much the fastest. And then there were wild-roses, honeysuckles, and almost every thing growing along the hedges to make bouquets of, that Miss Bessy could carry to sister Mary's two children; so at last out she flew, with Phebe following in her foot-steps, to the utter amazement of Ezekiel, who supposed they had fallen, till he heard their ringing laughs behind him.

They reached the residence of Mrs. Bates about noon. Phebe was really taken by surprise to see so many happy smiling faces. No one appeared to be so very 'proper' as she had expected; for they were all cheerful, and gay as ever she and Bessy Jones were, away from Aunt Tabby's. The children pulled the flowers to pieces on the nice carpet, and danced around the room in about the same style and attitude that she had practised on the side of Hemlock-Hill.

'How I shall like to live here!' said Phebe. 'It seems just like a home exactly.'

'Well, come up to my room — to *our* room — for you are going to be my room-mate, and we 'll have such glorious times!' said Bessy, running up to Phebe and kissing her face all over, not forgetting the tip of her nose.

Poor Phebe actually laughed till she cried; for the tears *did* come, though not such as she used to shed, when no one seemed to care for her

but good Uncle Joe. She had a friend now to laugh with, as well as to cry with.

Six months had glided rapidly away, and Phebe had grown very like a lady, though as gay as when she roved through the meadows, and sang bird-songs among the shadows of the old trees by the brook. Uncle Joe had visited her often; for 'he had so much business to do at the city now-a-days,' Aunt Tabby said, she never knew the like of it; there was n't any thing in the village to be bought, or sold either, and had n't been since Phebe went away.

Bessy Jones has gone home on a visit, and I shall take the liberty to copy off the 'note' she promised to send Phebe, as it has blown out of the window.

'DEAREST PHEBE: I arrived home safe as might be expected, not having met with a single adventure, or any thing that looked like one. How ridiculous! when I was prepared for any emergency, and then nothing to happen! Well, I never expect to see any thing fiercer than a squirrel, so I shan't waste my imagination any more in this Don Quixotic manner. I arrived safe, as I said before, and found every thing exactly as it used to be. The trees and hills in the same old places, and every thing is as familiar as you could expect. Is n't that charming? I have been very busy about the garden since I have been here, arranging the plants, which I have done so far to my satisfaction. It is lovely, indeed! I shall take a few of them when I return, to remind me of this very happy nest among the 'Hemlock-Hills,' though there don't happen to be any more hemlocks here than maples, or any other kind of trees; I suppose, though, we may as well call it after Uncle Joe's farm, as there is nothing particular in a name, and it always has been called so, and, I presume, always will be.

'Oh! I must tell you about a young gent who is here rusticating — a minister papa invited home with him. He is very handsome, though I have hardly looked at him yet; but he has such fine eyes — you never saw any thing like them. But then it is nothing to me what eyes he has, nor who he looks at with them. He walks in the garden a great deal, but I am sure I shan't walk there as long as he does. I just stepped out there about two hours ago to see to the plants, and, do n't you think, I had n't been there two minutes before I met him right in my path: where he came from I cannot imagine, nor do I care, either; should you?

'I almost forgot to tell you how I went over a minute to see Aunt Tabby. Well, I did. So I told her you were taking music-lessons. 'What!' said she, 'on the pioneer?' 'Yes,' said I, just for fun, you know; 'I should n't wonder if she brought him home with her some time.' 'Him! what! is it a male?' said she, opening her wide eyes: 'Well, I declare, I never knowed there was two kinds of pioneers before.' She said she hoped you would n't do more than what you could work and pay for. 'Oh! no,' said I, 'of course not.' Uncle Joe sees to that, do n't he, Phebe?

'There, the tea-bell is ringing. I have got to go and sit right opposite Mr. Manly. If I was n't so very hungry I would wait. Good-bye,

now, dear, old, good-for-nothing darling! Write and tell me every thing, and I will you. I shall go back in a few weeks, or as soon as I can possibly.

'Has Mr. Brown brought you any new books or music? YOUR BESSY.'

Yes, indeed; Mr. Brown considers it his duty as a teacher to select 'new books and music' for Miss Phebe, of course, and he thinks it much more proper to take them to her himself than to trust them with some careless person who took no interest in them whatever — very proper, indeed. And so, from motives of 'interest and duty,' would he press her hand, and once or twice he dared to kiss her fair cheek, from the same motives, of course, as they stood one evening by the window, gazing at the full moon, so gem-like and beautiful. What a long time he stood there, so close to that little trembling heart, his arm just around her waist, and looking love — no, duty — into those eyes, instead of looking at the moon and stars, as an astronomer should! What would the 'committee' have said, could they only have popped in at that auspicious moment?

And Phebe was happy, and proud of the 'appreciation' of her teacher; it was just like her. She always thought that pupils must love and obey their instructors, and she really could not help loving so kind and affectionate a friend as he had ever been to her; and not long before the merry days of Christmas, he had asked her to be his wife, which she had, like an obedient girl, consented to, after another year of happy school-days had passed.

She would now strive to prepare herself for future usefulness. It was surprising how strong her young heart grew; what great thoughts she had, for her; how she would strive to be a fit companion for him who was in her eyes the perfection of goodness and greatness, and to whom her heart and soul were united. He was a world to her, and she would read, write, study for him, and so would keep all these things in her heart, just as though dear Mr. Brown could n't read her every thought, as easy as he could 'Webster's Dictionary.'

Bessy, charming Bessy, was seated there in her chamber with an open letter in her hand. She had tried to persuade herself and Phebe that she did n't care two cents whether she ever heard from that Mr. Manly or not. To be sure, he was quite agreeable, and she really did n't know what she should have done without him to talk to, it was so lonely out there in the country; and as for those dried roses, so nicely laid away to look at, she only kept them for the fun of it. Now, with that dear, precious letter before her, she attempts to read; her eyes are overflowing, and, half-laughing, half-crying, looks up to see if Phebe is watching her, who did *happen* to be looking that way just then.

'You will have a chance to see Mr. Manly, Phebe; he is coming here next week.'

'He is n't coming to see you, nor nothing, I don't suppose,' said Phebe.

'Oh! well, perhaps so,' she answered; 'but I don't think he'll do any harm; he's very docile.'

'Yes, but he'll frighten away Ezekiel, and that dashing young fel-

S T A N Z A S : W A R .

BY CHARLES M. DENIE.

I.

Lo! the sun hath from the portal
Of the East majestic burst,
Lighteth up a scene which mortal
Strife will make ere long accurst.

II.

Proudly throwing back the glory
Of the sun's effulgent beams,
Glittering casque, as yet ungory,
Cannon, musket, sabre-gleams

III.

Haughty steeds, impatient pawing,
Champ their curbing bridle-bits,
And the carrion-crow is cawing
From the tree wherein he sits.

IV.

Hark! that dull, deep, sullen booming
Signal gives the fray's begun;
Ah! the thousands' pride is dooming
Ne'er to see again the sun!

V.

Marching hither, crossing thither,
Phalanx after phalanx pass;
Underneath their feet doth wither,
Crimson-stained, the trampled grass.

VI.

Havoc — carnage — sabres crashing,
Cries of rage and pain appal;
Steeds o'er dead and wounded dashing,
Brothers by their brethren fall.

VII.

Gaze upon that field chaotic!
Death hath stilled the latest groan;
And on fragments, wrecks, ecstatic,
Victory sits as on a throne.

VIII.

Mark the hideous, ghastly gashes,
Carved upon red Battle's face;
Though at Victory's feet he dashes
Trophies of the foe's disgrace.

IX.

Ah ! the faces hacked and haggard
Which the moon gloats sickly o'er,
Show that repulsed Pity staggered
From the heart's unopened door.

X.

Hear the bells in triumph ringing,
Ringing out with tones elate ;
Yet within their foolish dinging,
Homes and hearts are desolate.

XI.

When will cease this carnage cruel ?
Shall the nations not arise,
Grasp once more the heavenly jewel,
Peace — again have tearless eyes ?

XII.

Yes, a better day is coming,
Yes, a better day must come ;
Glory 'll be no more in drumming,
Man's heart be no more the drum.

XIII.

Then the sword turned to a sickle,
And the cannon to a plough ;
Toil's pure drops like dew will trickle
Where the bloody sweat doth now.

XIV.

Man, a race regenerated,
Shall pursue a peaceful path ;
Earth be no more enervated
By the wearing wrongs of wrath.

XV.

Intellect in truth will make its
Mark upon the happy age ;
Difference with the Pen will slake its
Rare and reason-ruled rage.

XVI.

Man with man will meet and mingle
Lovingly in that good day ;
Their heart-smiles will seem as single
As the light of the milky way.

XVII.

God will look with heavenly pleasure
On His earthly family,
And pronounce the world a treasure,
Being as it ought to be.

A CHILDREN'S STORY.

I MADE a very determined resistance, I must say, puffing at my cheroot with the stoicism of a score of uncles, though the columns of the very respectable journal I was perusing, it did seem, were never so totally devoid of interest as then ; but I could not well hold out against the assaults of the little ones at my knee, and when at last little Nelly's sweet face peeped slyly from beneath the *Evening Post*, and little Willy on the other side looked up, oh ! so beseechingly ! yet shrinking half-abashed from my seeming-careless eye, with : 'Story, uncle ; please do tell us a story,' I was vanquished altogether ; and sending my segar a long toss off into the green grass, where it breathed out its soul in one last curling whiff, I took Nelly up on one knee, leaving Willy to climb for himself to his old seat on the other, where he sat perched in triumph, and threw the paper all crumpled up upon the piazza. Then I tumbled Nelly's brown curls into a shocking state of disorder, and smoothed down Willy's face into an expression of becoming gravity, and drew a long breath, looking wondrously important the while, like any one who is expected to be very entertaining on emergency.

'Now, Willy, see ; you have made me lose my segar, and spoil my paper, and waste my time, and make myself very wretched, and all to tell you and your little sister a story ;' and Willy tried to look conscience-stricken and very guilty, but dissembled very badly, and came near losing his balance in his glee ; and Nelly nestled close and stroked down my bristling whiskers in her coaxing way, so it was no longer any use to assume a virtue ; so I threw myself back in my rocking-chair, and taking a little soft hand in each of mine, I put on my most interesting air, and sent my eyes rolling about for a moment between earth and heaven, and cleared my voice once or twice solemnly before I began :

'It was ever so long ago. Grand-papa could n't have been any bigger than little brother there in the cradle, and as for papa and mamma, they were not even born, nor so much as thought of by any body.' Willy thought that must have been oh ! a great, great many years ago, ninety, or sixteen, or at least a thousand ; and Nelly's red lips parted in wonderment, but did n't dare to speak. 'At that time you could barely see from here the sparkling waters of yonder lake ; for all around, and away off for miles and miles, stretched one dense, scarcely broken forest, and the thick leaves hung like a great green veil before the bashful, dimpling lake, and only now and then, when they were lifted up gently, like the meshes of gauze, by a passing breeze, could you catch a glimpse of its still waters, sleeping all unconsciously, like a naked beauty in the sun-light, and shivering with a gentle tremor as the breath of wind stole by. The little laughing ripples that chased each other up to the shore, played all alone unseen among the drooping branches that bathed themselves in its margin ; and the long shadows

of close-ranged trees that lifted themselves high above the threatening bluffs, or clung with desperate strength to their slippery sides, stretching far off over the water, would gather thick and dark about the little gentle, trembling lake, as the sun went down red in the forest, and wrapped it round, nestling in its sombre drapery, to slumber undisturbed.

‘But I was not to tell you a story about the lake: it was about two little children that grew tired of their play, just as the lake too, as I was telling you, weary of laughing and dimpling the whole blessed day, for no earthly use but to seem glad because the sun was pleased to be good-natured too, was growing wondrous sober and sad, like a city belle when company is gone and the gas in the parlors is darkened, and lay quiet in her narrow bed, with her dark curtains drawn about her, in solemn slumber. These two children, I say, had been paddling half the day among the ripples by themselves, and were pretty well weary of their new play-fellows; and now they had climbed with their little, bare, wet feet this steep knoll on which we sit, and creeping through the thick, low branches, their little curly heads peeped out all unexpectedly upon this spot; for, for some reason, the ground hereabouts was clear of brush and trees, and though the great maples and the broad-spreading beeches pressed close up, and the tangled underbrush bristled impudently all about it, and quarrelsomely thrust forth their stout, stiff branches, like sharp javelins, menacing its repose, some way or other, neither the burly, firm-rooted forest-trees, with bark that clung close to them like mail of proof, nor the insolent low bushes, all bristling with thorns, dared over-step the invisible line that was drawn about us here; and though the maples held over it their spreading boughs like long arms, and seemed to join hands with each other, and sometimes to shake them, and then made strange, slow, solemn gestures with them to each other, as they were telling on their leafy fingers some dread secret they were forbid to whisper aloud, even in this far-off lonely spot, yet there seemed to be here some strange spell that held them back; and though they might stand guard for ever round about the charmed ring, yet they might not invade, by so much as one gnarled root, its sacred, peaceful soil.

‘But the laughing eyes of little Margery and Harry were blind to any such charm, and their gleeful faces had hardly emerged into the clearing, when their two little dumpy figures rolled over together upon the short, smooth grass, with a shout and a scream. It was a rare play-room for two such little ones, and Harry threw down from his apron a big heap of pond-lilies, and he and Margery were soon crowding together right merrily, and wreathing their long slimy stems, till, like a green and white serpent, the flowers and stalks writhed themselves around both the little truants, binding them together in their fantastic folds like an insidious destroyer. But Margery’s eyes grew heavy in the midst of her frolic, and her head sank down upon Harry’s brave bosom, and Harry drew her little, short, wet petticoats over her bare feet, and made sure that her hand was safe in his; and then, some how, Harry’s eyes fell shut in spite of themselves, and he lay side by side with his sister, fast, fast asleep.

'And as the two lay thus secure together, the forest all around rang with the shrill answering cries of wild beasts. The cruel wild-cat's eyes glared at them through the rustling leaves, and the hungry wolf gave an angry, disappointed howl as he paced round and round stealthily among the briars, and a great black bear, mad with famine, crouched trembling in a fork of the maple, purring waspishly to himself, and rolling back his lips from his horrid white fangs, and longing yet never daring to creep along the over-arching branch, and fall in sudden, terrible death upon the sleeping ones below; for this little spot, so strangely guarded, I did n't tell you, was the trysting-place of good Queen Titania's fairies, and little unseen sentries were perched the while our Harry and Margery were sleeping on the leaves and branches around, and among the interlacing twigs, all unknown to them. You see that mossy border there, Nelly, where the crocuses and purple violets and hyacinths come earliest in the spring: it was there the greenest, tallest grass used to grow, that marked the fairy ring; and if you had lived in those times, Nelly, you might have seen here, on such a moon-light night as this was, thousands and thousands of tiny creatures dancing on the trembling spears of grass, and getting wondrous tipsy on true fairy mountain-dew, and turning all sorts of absurd somersets down to the very bottom of the white lily-bells, and coming up drenched and chilled and sober enough from the cold pools that lingered in their cups unseen.' And Nelly's blue eyes grew rounder and bigger as her little bosom rose and fell silently in awe, and she looked around curiously and yet shyly after the butterfly that poised itself over the wonderful moss-border, and drew a deep sigh of relief when it spread its great dragon wings, and floated fluttering away.

'I know, Willy, that they say the fairies' home was in merry old England, and that Titania and King Oberon would lead their dancing trains around from island to island of the blessed three kingdoms; and nowhere did they so delight to trip it in the bright moon-light as on the green shores of poor old Ireland herself, that now lies desolate and starving, away off over the seas. But though in the days of good Queen Bess there never was a full moon but the shepherds on the hill-sides would watch the gay throngs whirling giddily round and round, and tippling and carousing on their sparkling viands within their sacred green ringlets, yet when black war rolled over the land, and brothers fell fighting face to face in opposite ranks, and king and parliament stood ranged in arms against each other, and religion meant blood-shed, and faith was divorced from charity, then the kind little people fled affrighted away, and by and by the plough went through and through their rings, and the sod was turned up over Queen Titania's throne. And perching on the rigging of a Holland galliot, they took voyage for another world, and the good people on board that were flying to a new home, used to sink to sleep each night, lulled by strange sweet music that came showering down from shroud and halyard, and sheet and bellying canvas, softly and still with the moon's rays from heaven. And some way, the little folks' blessing went with the kind, homely Dutchmen and their wives and daughters, insomuch that, wherever they were scattered, whether they were settled peacefully upon the shores of

Manhattan, between the glancing waters of the two deep-rolling rivers, or whether they crossed over to the Jersey shore, and quarried out from its rugged hills the ruddy-gray rocks, and reared for themselves on the sedgy flats of Communipaw, or the bold heights of Bergen, great high-backed comfortable homesteads, in whose low mossy eaves the swallows might nestle for a century ; or, more adventurous still, they threaded the stern passes of the Hudson, and reached the rich valley of the Mohawk, and tilled there the broad low-lands that stretch for miles between the hills along that lovely river, the Dutchmen's acres brought forth liberally, and their wives were unto them as fruitful vines, and their daughters grew up buxom, laughing, merry girls, as virtuous as Diana herself, and more beauteous in the eyes of their lusty suitors than Venus or proud Juno.'

Willy did n't exactly appreciate the bearing of the last remarks, but I told him I would elucidate the point to him in a future narrative, and when it was explained that future narrative meant a new story some other time, he seemed perfectly satisfied, and begged me to go on.

'Little Harry and Margery slept peacefully on their grassy bed, and dreamed nothing of the fierce, fiery eyes that were watching their slumbers, nor of the hungry appetites that longed for their destruction ; and the broad, full moon came up in all her glory, and stood over their heads, and shed down her warm yellow light upon their faces ; — and there was a whisper went round about among the rustling quivering leaves, and a pattering like the fall of rain-drops, but there was no cloud in the sky ; — and one after another the shrill crickets began to sing ; first one from its lonely tuft of grass, and then another answering it, and then a clear chirrup from another, and so they came forth, singing as they came, from the dark crannies, and damp hiding-places underneath the bushes, until all around it echoed with the chorus of their voices. And then there stole upon little Harry's ear a low far-off buzz, and it grew nearer and nearer, and then with a spiteful twang it burst upon him, — like that musquito's trumpet that is being blown now in Willie's ear ; and then there was a graver, more solemn hum, that Harry knew for the voice of the humble-bee, and louder and louder and nearer came the sounds, till every bush and tree, and bending flower and blade of grass sent forth its voice in the concert : — the locust sprang its shrill rattle, and the gnat would wind his horn, and the great frogs made several vain attempts to join, which only ended in snapping their bass-viol strings with most shocking discord ; — and besides all, there was a buzzing and a twittering, and a fluttering hum, as of a mighty crowd drawing near, and angry little voices were heard all about Harry's head, as if something was wrong, and Harry heard something in his sleep, that made him draw his arm closer about little Margery, and feel at his side among the pond-lilies for his trusty wooden blade.

'And the little voices grew louder and angrier still, and there was really such a bustle, and the contention grew so fierce that Harry's sleepy eyes perforce must open, and he stared wonderingly round. But he did n't close them again at once, I warrant you, — for there was n't a leaf, nor a tiny spear of grass, nor a thorn, nor rough bramble, be it ever

so small, but on it was posted a trusty fire-fly, holding up his bright-burning torch, and myriads and myriads others went dancing and fluttering all around, till all beneath the meeting branches of the trees was one glow of twinkling light. And crickets and locusts, and whole ranks of unknown creatures that Harry had never dreamed of before, were drawn up in long array upon the grass; and musquitoes and bees, and bustling beetles, and many many-winged creatures more, in well-marshalled battalions, light and heavy-armed, hovered amid the boughs of the maple and elm; and bats wheeled twittering round, and the owl hooted dismally from his hidden nest. And the long files of crickets sawed away with their little legs, and the locusts drawn up behind played second fiddle to them, while the ungainly frogs, as I said before, having made a disgraceful failure with their bass, huddled sulkily together in a corner, puffing out scornfully their bloated cheeks, and pursing up their wrinkled chins in high disdain, grunting very contemptuous criticisms among themselves upon the performance. And the musquitoes with their trumpets, and the bees lustily droning away upon the bassoon, and the wasps twangling their haut-boys, made up with the rest a most respectable orchestra, such as would have gladdened the jolly old soul of good King Cole, who, you know, next to the tinkling music of his bottle and his bowl, delighted exceedingly in the martial strains of his faithful fiddlers three. And Harry's eyes twinkled in wonder now, for in the midst of all this bustling, and the emulous rivalry of these tiny musicians, were gliding and skipping little gossamer-clad figures, hurrying hither and thither in busy preparation; and something seemed to have vexed them exceedingly, for their voices were very shrill, as if in contention, and they turned ever and anon to the spot where Harry and his little sister Margery were lying, and brandished their slender javelins threateningly at them; so that even little Margery turned uneasily in her sleep, and moaned as if her dreams were troubled.

'But now the burden of the air which the crickets were playing was taken up in the distance, and again was repeated nearer, and twinkling lights began to glimmer through the thicket, and the buzz and hum grew louder, and the long lines of clustering lights came nearer, and the little performers around the children redoubled their zeal, and the battalions of busy torch-bearers ranged themselves in closer order, in two long blazing rows, and brighter and brighter they trimmed their torches, and louder still came on the unseen musicians, till the whole forest echoed with their rivalry; and from beneath a low green arch-way, formed by the interlocking stems of climbing grape-vines, emerged the glittering host. First came the ranks of thronging fire-flies, marching between the serried files of their brethren — answering light with light, and throwing back glimmering ray for ray, and then with their din and emulous clang, the bands of little musicians, and took their places file by file with their fellows; and after them, in gallant array, came prancing and careering on the troops of fairy cavalry, curvetting on the wings of gay humming-birds, or reining in the fierce-champing dragon-flies they bestrode. The gnat before them blew his ringing clarion, and plumes, and blood-red scarfs, and pennons floating from the gleaming

heads of marshalled spears, danced merrily in the breeze. And then, in deep, close-set ranks, marching with stately tread, followed the fairy infantry, habited all in gay green gossamer, and poising their light shafts as they strode along. And as rank after rank, and troop after troop debouched, they swept round the verge of the fairy ring, till bristling spear and targe, and glistening scales of mail rose rank over rank behind the thronging torches, and the array of minstrels that now stood mute for a moment side by side.

'And now from within the dark, deep-vaulted archway, blending and intermingling in such sweet harmony as Harry's ears had never heard before, fairy voices carolled forth a song of welcome.

'And the last clear, soft tones died trembling away, and a band of little lady-sprites robed in filmy garments of rich interwoven colors, lovingly entwined in each other's arms, came dizzily whirling out from the darkness, and breaking to right and left around the leafy gateway, stood anxiously on tiptoe watching.

'And forth from beneath the clustering wild grapes, amid the waving of silken banners and the dancing of white foam-like plumes, and the clangor of innumerable martial instruments, and the clash of buckler and spear, marched the good King Oberon, leading the lady Titania, and following in long, dazzling array, marched arm in arm the beauty and gallantry and chivalry of the whole bright realm of fairy, sweeping on in stately pomp and circumstance before the gazing throng.

'And tripping over the purple violets that were spread for a velvet carpet at her feet, and climbing the green steps of her grassy throne, the lady Titania sat beneath her canopy of wild flowers, by the side of Oberon her lord. And then she glanced down the lane of noble dames and cavaliers that did obeisance to her and her king, kneeling face to face upon the steps of her throne, and around upon the circling host, and returned their clamorous greeting with a queen-like smile; and for a moment the lordly Oberon looked around, and then with a wave of his hand the uproar was stilled to death-like silence. And then the herald standing forth, in grotesque emblazoned garments, proclaimed with sound of trumpet, that King Oberon, with Titania his rightful queen, sat upon his throne that night, to mete out justice, and to extend mercy; — to hear the cause of any that might there be accused, and to grant restitution to such as were wronged in person, property, or priceless fame.

'And after the shrill blast of the herald's trumpet had ceased, Harry beheld a double file of lances and tossing plumes dividing the dense throng, and towering above them all, a fairy warrior, with uncovered downcast head, and shield borne reversed before him, marched disarmed between two halberts at its head. And when he reached the foot of the throne, he stood there abashed before his sovereign and his accuser opposite him; who arraigned him there, because being captain of the King's guard, to whom was committed the express keeping of his person, he had permitted, on this the night of Oberon's revels, two mortal beings to repose within the sacred precincts of his court. And Oberon's brow grew black, and his voice had terror in it, as he demanded of the culprit his reply, and a fierce indignant murmur ran through the

whole assembly. And in low, guilty tones, the accused confessed his transgression : — that moved to pity by the helpless innocence of these poor mortal fugitives, he had not indeed denied them shelter within the august limits of King Oberon's court, and had even set over them a watch of vigilant sprites, to drive away the savage brutes that thirsted for their life ; — but he prayed, before the king should pronounce judgment, that these two mortals might also be brought to stand before his throne.

'It was a grim smile King Oberon wore when he granted him his prayer, and more firmly he grasped his sceptre, and turned sternly away from the queen at his side. And a troop of fairies moved away to the spot where the two children were lying, and a file seized each end of the pond-lily chain that fettered their limbs ; and little Margery, sobbing and crying to be so rudely aroused, and shrinking trembling away, was dragged with bold little Harry up to King Oberon's throne. And the wasps and bees made sharp their stings, and buzzed an ominous note of preparation, and Harry, stepping bravely out before his trembling little sister, shielded her from that angry glance, and defiantly laid his chubby hand upon the wooden hilt at his side.

'And then, Nelly, you might have seen the jealous wrinkles on King Oberon's brow relax, and the degraded knight lifted up his eyes to meet his sovereign's smile, and, kneeling, touched the extended sceptre ; then rose, and, stretching out his hand to grasp his sword, stood once more armed before his monarch's throne.

'Draw forth thy weapon,' then said King Oberon, and Harry drew his sword, brandishing it before the mighty fairy king, till knights and ladies started back aghast ; for never had such presumption been beheld before in Oberon's dread court. And Oberon laughed gaily, and touched with his wand the tip of the blade, and with the touch it turned to burnished gold ; and the crossed hilt in Harry's hand sparkled all over with diamonds and blood-red rubies. And Titania tripped down laughingly from her seat, and caught one end of the woven wreath, and tossed it about the neck of frightened little Margery, and it fell, a radiant garland of emerald, and pearl, and linked gold, down from her shoulders, round and round her sobbing bosom, to her feet. Then chimed forth the silvery voices of millions of fairy bells, rung by unseen hands, to such a glad tune that Margery drew away her hand from her overflowing eyes, and lifted up her head, half reassured, and smiled a doubtful smile through her tears. And with that the fairies all seemed mightily pleased, for they clapped their little hands, and shouted, and struck spear and buckler together, and clashed their tinkling cymbals, and danced such a strange gleeful dance about their grassy ring, as Margery and Harry had never seen in all their lives before. And they brought them their tiny cups to sip, and set before them such delicate viands, sumptuously served upon the blushing leaves of roses, that Harry dropped his threatening blade, and sat down upon his mossy bed with smiling Margery, and made such good cheer that I very much fear he forgot in what noble company he supped, for he laughed and talked on exceedingly familiar terms with the lords and ladies about him, and even with the gracious Oberon himself, who good-humoredly extended him his own pearl goblet to drink from ; at which act of royal conde-

scension a whole row of dowager fairies turned very pale, and were carried off into a bunch of clover by as many respectable elderly fairy gentlemen, and were never seen by Harry more.

But Margery, meantime, had been making herself very agreeable to gentle Queen Titania, and had brought out from her deep pockets her whole stock of playthings ; thimbles made from the brown acorns, that fitted very ill upon her tiny fingers, and a complete assortment of porcelain of exceedingly varied shapes and sizes, that she had picked up in her day's play upon the sandy beach, and the wonderful cones dropped by the pine and fur, and a cunningly devised necklace, which she exceedingly prized, strung by the hands of Harry from the many colored berries of the forest. And Titania, with a sweet smile, took her little fat fingers in her own, and on one of them she put a ring with a single gem, that shone there like a star, and told her, when she looked upon it, to think of queen Titania.

But Harry and Margery grew tired of feasting, and Oberon waved his wand, and cup and trencher and resplendent plate all melted away like the dew ; and the minstrels began to tune their many instruments, and ladies and knights stood paired upon the green flowery carpet, waiting Titania's signal. And she smiled, and beckoned with her hand, and they whirled away, couple after couple, round and round, in and out, through the tangled figures of the dance ; one moment tripping on the velvet turf, then lost amidst the trembling foliage, shooting from bough to bough upon the filmy spider's web, gaily poised upon the bending spire of grass, hovering lovingly over the dewy petals of wildwood flowers, flitting swiftly among the shimmering phantom shadows ; now joining hand in hand in a merry dizzy ring, and darting then away, couple by couple, in fond embrace, to flirt lovingly in the dark nooks among the bushes ; so that to Margery's eyes it was all as a summer's dream, and Harry's brain grew giddy watching their strange revels ; so that with the hum, and the misty whirl, and perhaps, too, owing to the magic power of the fairies' potations, their little figures faded dreamily away, as if a fleecy cloud had come athwart the moon ; and the next thing Harry knew was the warm, bright sun-light streaming down upon him, and the shadows of the leaves dancing on Margery's sleeping face, as she lay upon the grass close by, with the chain of emerald and pearl falling in a rich shower of mingled light about her.

And now, should I tell you how Margery and Harry used to steal away many a time when the moon rose full from among the nodding forest trees, and alipt away off, no one knew where, and would come back in the early dawn, happy and smiling, and bringing rich gifts with them ; and how Harry grew up a noble, generous man, and the fame of Margery's winning charms went all through the forest ; and how proud, wealthy young patroons and stalwart huntsmen came from afar, and vied with one another, with flattering words and loving vows, with sighs and prayers, and earnest protestations, with rich display, and vaunts of strength and daring, with wit, with gaiety, with noble deeds, with mighty words, with all the arts and stratagems of love, to gain her hand ; and how Titania's magic ring would pale and grow dim, as one and another suitor breathed his empty vows ; and Margery would turn away

from each with a careless smile, and each disappointed wooer left her ; some lightly and carelessly, to seek an easier maiden ; some sullenly, to blacken her name with envious defame ; some with feigned disdain, to punish her neglect with the triumph of a more eager rival, and some few with heavy grief in their hearts that they had not proved worthy ; and Margery, for them all, remained heart-whole, and as gay and charming as ever. And how busy were the tongues of women about her, calling her coquette, and proud, and heartless, and prophesying for her a dark and cheerless lonely old age, without friend or helper in that sad, sad weary night. I could tell you a long story, too long for this short hour, were I to tell you all that befel Margery and Harry, as the years went by. But one day there lay one bleeding at the door of Margery's hut, pale, faint, almost dead ; and as he took from kneeling Margery the cup of water, and lifted up his heavy eyes, murmuring, ' God bless you, lady ! ' the gem upon the hand he held blazed forth such astounding light, and the warm thrill ran through from her hand and up to Margery's bounding heart, and she knew the husband the fairies had chosen her, and blushed with such a sudden glow and trembled so that the cup fell from her hand. Nor can I tell all that passed after that — how the wounded soldier, as he lay raving with fever on his hard forest bed, from amidst the bloody memories of desperate battles, went wandering back to his quiet home ; to the mother waiting there whose hope he was ; to the sisters watching there, whom his manly arm had defended ; and sometimes would mutter something, in his wild incoherent way, of an angel's face that had smiled upon him once in a vision ; but now — now ! — and then, with a groan, he would sink back so hopelessly — almost you would think it death — and lie there for a moment, still and pale, and, springing up again with a mad, mocking laugh, would shout a defiant cry, like one rushing into the thick battle.

' And how many strange confessions Margery heard, as she sat alone and fearless through the dark nights by the warrior's couch — confessions that not every lady's ear might hear — for he used to rave of harder, deadlier battles than soldiers fight, when they press point to point, breast to breast, with murderous steel against their hearts, for victory : battles against self ; battles fought all alone, under the dark midnight sky, with a host lying in sleep around him ; battles, cruel battles fought under a summer's sun, marching serenely along, with no human enemy near ; mortal battles beneath the glancing light of brilliant chandeliers, where ghastly wounds were given, and aching scars were made, to the measure of rich music and the rhythm of the dance. Battles wherein many a hero has been slain, and many a mighty man has been laid low. Broken, and bruised, and sore, yet not altogether cast down, the unknown soldier lay long beneath that roof, with Margery to watch by him. And the first living thing he knew when, after a long, long troubled dream, his eyes opened upon the calm, bright day, was Margery's pale, lovely face — pale with long watching — so like the one that had haunted his sleep, that had been with him in his dark battles, and comforted him in his defeats, that with a weary, despairing groan, he swept his hand across his aching brow to drive away the teasing phantom ; and Margery had to rise, and with a trembling, maidenly

hand, press softly on his feverish, throbbing head, to reassure him. And when he took that little hand in his, and begged, in humble, imploring words—the first he uttered consciously—that she might never leave him, Margery's eyes swam full of tears, for the fairy ring blazed forth like a star from beneath his wasted fingers.

'Margery's courtship wasn't long; not half the words, not half the vows, not half the maidenly dissimulations, the hesitations, the doubts, the manly pride and dignity, the womanly reserve and fickleness, that the world very properly requires in affairs of this sort, were deemed necessary. Nor do I know that Margery regretted the omission, nor considered it incumbent upon her to make amends in future, when a little plain, thin gold ring, as modest and as unpretending as could be, was placed upon the finger next to Titania's, which beamed with a softer radiance by its side. But the people for a great many miles did think it very strange that she should refuse so many excellent matches—that she rejected wealth, and high places, and brave handsome men, and had come at last to wed a poor, wounded, battered stranger, whose name, and whose birth, and whose life were dark mysteries to them. And there were not a few judicious mothers who improved the lesson given them by poor Margery, in warning their own giddy daughters not to harden their hearts against the prayer of seasonable suitors, lest they too might be left, in their extremity, to the tender mercies of the outcast and the stranger.

'But Margery, to do her justice, bore her misfortune very well; and, to reward her, the lively dowager-queen Mab called one day, as she was paying her visits in the forest, in the oddest, prettiest little coach that ever was seen, and came laughing and tripping in with a very mysterious bundle in her arms, all wrapped up in fine white flannel, which she put carefully in Margery's arms, with the air of one with a very great secret. And Margery turned back the folds of the wrapper, and there, Nelly, lay the most beautiful, smiling, roguish little boy, not a day old, who, winked at his mother as if it was a good joke, and went off to sleep in her arms without another word. And I suppose Margery thought she would have to keep the little stranger, since good queen Mab had taken the trouble to bring it, and since the little fellow himself seemed to feel so much at home with her. But, however that may be, though he gave her a great deal of trouble, and had to be washed, and dressed, and fed, and sung to, and bounced up and down, and tickled, and have his nose pinched, and be poked under the chin, and father's finger put into his mouth, and his hair curled all over his head, and all manner of strange things held over his head to stare at, and let slide down his back to excite his curiosity; although it was necessary to pet him, to persecute him, and shake him and cuddle him, to make him laugh, and scold him for crying, and take him up when he was awake, and lay him down when he was asleep, and make an enormous fuss over him whatever he did, still Margery was a very kind-hearted little woman; and rather than let the poor baby die, she took all this trouble for him, and a great deal more besides.

'But now, children, I have told you so much about Margery, that really I must leave you to find out the rest for yourselves; how her

husband turned out to be a great, wealthy, brave man, worth all that had come to see her before ; as indeed he must have been, or the fairies would n't have let her wait so long for him : and what a noble lady his mother was ; and his sisters, how proud they were of the new one their brother brought them home, and how happily they lived together for ever and ever so long. But for Harry — has n't he a grand sword of his own, and, besides, a stout little heart in his bosom, and King Oberon for a friend ? There's a long story about Harry that Willie can make up for himself : as Uncle would lie on his bed awake, many's the still night, when he was a child, spinning out an endless second part to the dear old Swiss Family Robinson.'

T O T H E W A B A S H .

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

THE gentle hour of twilight gathers slow,
 And softer radiance lingers on the sky ;
 The clouds sail westward in a golden glow,
 To robe the couch on which the sun must lie :
 And lo ! in full and rounded glory, comes
 The harvest moon above the dim old woods,
 While Nature, tuneful in her beauty, hums
 A vesper-hymn from all her solitudes.

The first faint tinge of autumn's bright decay
 Robes the far prairie in rich, varied hues,
 And decks each leaf and bough in such array
 As spring along her pathway never strews,
 Till plain and wood seem gardens of delight,
 Filled with a giant race of gorgeous flowers,
 More lovely in their stamp of early blight,
 Than in the beauty of their budding hours.

How like, I thought, is this great loveliness
 To her we laid to rest a month ago :
 Her cheek's fair flush — a banner of distress —
 The brightness of the eye, the lip's full glow,
 The mournful cadence of her voice of song :
 All, all like autumn's frail and painted leaf,
 Signals we could not do our love the wrong
 To read, until our love awoke to grief.

Beside the Wabash thoughtfully I stray,
 And as I watch its calm and gentle breast,
 The men and deeds who graced its earlier day,
 Seem thronging 'mid the shadows of the West,

And mirror-like, within thy face, fair stream,
The wild-wood warrior and his Saxon foe,
In combat joined — thyself the guerdon — seem
Indeed realities of long ago.

Historic fame is thine — a name in story:
Half-conscious art thou, in thy calm repose,
Of thine own heritage of deathless glory,
With him who lived '*the terror of his foes*,'
Whose daring soul had never known defeat,
Whose deeds have deep on every heart impressed,
Where Western hearts in Western bosoms beat,
The name of CLARK — the watch-word of the West!

I wander on still farther up thy shore:
Here, underneath this old and glorious shade,
A mansion stands, built in the days of yore:
A hero's home, whose name can never fade,
While gleams the Wabash in the morning sun,
While prairies bloom, and woods grow old and great.
Here, HARRISON, thy name is loved, as one
Foremost in battle — loftiest in the State.

Beneath this very tree, now gnarled and torn,
Wasting its mighty life with many years,
TECUMSEH — noblest of the red race born —
Gathered his braves, his prophets, and his seers,
Here stood in treaty with his hated foe:
His people, thronging from their caves and dens,
Blending their war-shouts, swelling high and low
With the sweet evening bells of old Vincennes.

Methinks I see the savage hero's form,
Majestic in the evening's growing gloom;
Erect, like some brave oak amid the storm,
Defying fate, yet knowing still his doom:
Fearless and proud, his dark eye roams along,
Takes in the beauty of the stream and shore,
With prophet ken beholds the coming throng
Seize the loved land his race shall know no more.

Ah! earth has had her heroes in all ages,
Conquest, ambition, power, or love their goal,
But thou, almost unknown on glory's pages,
Excelled the most in thy sublimer soul.
'T was a proud thing to still fight on, and ever,
Though hope had fled from thee and all thy race,
Hope, country, people lost! — returning never!
Place, heroes, with you! for TECUMSEH, place!

But night grows dim — cloud-like the mists advance,
Veiling the moon, the prairie, and the stream,
While the faint stars gaze down with trembling glance
Voices are stilled and mute, earth seems to dream:
To dream as I do now, of sad, soft eyes,
Which wait for me with dearest looks of home,
While the young prattler of our Paradise
Asks the fair mother, 'Will he ever come?'

T H E O L D F O R T .

BY ISAAC MAGILLAN.

THE fading sun-set's ruddy gold
Athwart the ancient rampart glows,
And o'er the moss-grown, crumbling wall
Its soft, suffusing splendor throws;
And gilds with its expiring light
The mound where, resting from life's fight,
The soldier-dead repose.

No longer from the tall flag-staff
The starry banner flaps its fold;
No longer from the cannon's lips
The thunderous battle-peal is rolled;
But many an old dismantled gun,
Half-sunk in earth, lies brown with rust;
And long ago the cannoneers
Have mouldered into dust.

No longer at each break of day
The loud alarming drums resound;
No gay-garbed ranks are here arrayed,
No sentinels parade their round;
But hooting owls disturb the night,
The fox in these old barracks hides,
The piping quail here rears her brood,
The striped snake securely glides,
The partridge seeks her food.

Years, years ago the flash of arms
From trench and bastion gayly streamed,
From palisade and embrasure
The sword and sharpened bayonet gleamed:
And here the Indian war-whoop rang,
And here the Indian arrow flew,
And here the British bullets sang,
And Continental rifles slew.

But long and long ago the strife
Of armed battalions ended here;
Gone hath the Indian's gleaming knife,
Vanished the English spear:
The wilderness no longer hides
The marching squadrons in its gloom;
The woods themselves have vanished,
And farms are tilled, and gardens bloom,
And cities all around are spread.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA. By RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD. In one volume. Sixteenth Edition. Philadelphia: PARRY AND McMILLAN.

WE can ask no better attestation of the value of a book so pretentious and expensive as this, than the simple words, '*sixteenth edition*,' upon the title-page. The successive editions of 'The Poets and Poetry of America' have all been, more or less, improvements upon their predecessors; but the present one is so much, and in all cases changed for the better, as to have the appearance of a new work. The author very justly estimates the importance of such a production in his preface, in which he remarks: 'The value of books of this description has been recognized from an early period. Besides the few leading authors in every literature, whose works are indispensable in libraries, to be regarded as in any degree complete, there are a far greater number of too little merit to render the possession of all their productions desirable. The compilations of English poetry by Mr. SOUTHEY, Mr. HAZLITT, Mr. CAMPBELL, and Mr. S. C. HALL, embrace as many as most readers wish to read of the effusions of more than half the writers quoted in them; and of the qualities of all such indications are given in criticisms or specimens, as will intelligibly guide the lover of poetry to more comprehensive studies. In our own country, where there are comparatively few poets of a high rank, the majority would have little chance of a just appreciation but for such reviewals.' And Baron FREDERICK VON RAUMER, the eminent German historian and philosopher, remarks: 'It is performing a valuable service when a man of taste and information makes a suitable, well-assorted selection, and guides the friend of poetry in his rambles through those groves from which he might otherwise be deterred by their immensity. Such service has been rendered by Mr. GRISWOLD, in his 'Poets and Poetry of America.' Mr. BRYANT, who has himself been carefully over the same field, remarks that he 'has executed his task with industry, skill, and taste. No man in this country is probably so familiar with this branch of American literature, not only in regard to its most ancient but most obscure authors.' The late Mr. HORACE BINNEY WALLACE says: 'We differ from Mr. GRISWOLD

sometimes, but never without a respect for his judgment, and never without feeling that we owe it to the public in all cases to give a reason why we do not assent to the conclusions of so candid and discriminating a judge. His freedom from prejudice is acknowledged by European critics, as well as by our own. The *Westminster Review* bears this testimony to his independence: 'Mr. GRISWOLD, we may premise, is *not* one of those Americans who displease their readers, and forfeit their credit at the outset, by indiscriminate and unbounded laudation of every product of their country. His tone is calm and temperate, and he has not shrunk from the disagreeable duty of pointing out the blemishes and failings of that which, as a whole, is the subject of his eulogy. He lays his finger, though tenderly, upon the sores which a less honest advocate would have hidden out of sight.' And the *London Examiner* says: 'We must not forget to thank Mr. GRISWOLD for his good taste and good feeling. It would be difficult to over-praise either.' Beside all this, Dr. GRISWOLD has a great advantage, in the affectionate and trustful respect with which he is regarded by almost the entire circle of American authors. He is a man altogether too decided and out-spoken not to have enemies among the baser sort; but it may be safely said that all who *know* him, as we have known him, for almost twenty years—for nearly the entire period of our connection with the KNICKERBOCKER—see in him a man of that nobility of temper, that generosity, sincerity, and unselfishness, which caused the lamented HORACE BINNEY WALLACE to descend so warmly on the excellence of his social virtues. The advantage possessed by such a character in acquiring information touching personal histories need not be stated. Every body is quite willing to communicate papers and reminiscences to so true a gentleman, of such known honorableness and discretion.

The first section of the book is a careful review of the Colonial poets, from the landing of the Pilgrims till the beginning of the Revolution. The author observes in the beginning of this extended historical summary:

'THE literary annals of this country before the Revolution present few names entitled to a permanent celebrity. Many of the earlier colonists of New-England were men of erudition, profoundly versed in the dogmas and discussions of the schools, and familiar with the best fruits of ancient genius and culture, and they perpetuated their intellectual habits and accomplishments among their immediate descendants; but they possessed neither the high and gentle feeling, the refined appreciation, the creating imagination, nor the illustrating fancy of the poet, and what they produced of real excellence was nearly all in those domains of experimental and metaphysical religion, in which acuteness and strength were more important than delicacy or elegance. The 'renowned' Mr. THOMAS SHEPHERD, the 'pious' Mr. JOHN NORRIS, and our own 'judicious' Mr. HOOKER, are still justly esteemed in the churches for soundness in the faith and learned wisdom, as well as for all the practical Christian virtues, and in their more earnest 'endeavors,' they and several of their contemporaries frequently wrote excellent prose, an example of which may be found in the 'attestation' to CORTON MATHER'S 'Magnalia,' by JOHN HIGGINSON, of Salem, which has not been surpassed in stately eloquence by any modern writing on the exodus of the Puritans. In a succeeding age, that miracle of dialectical subtlety, EDWARDS, with MATHEW, CHAUNCEY, BELLAMY, HOPKINS, and others demonstrated the truth that there was no want of energy and activity in American mind in the direction to which it was most especially determined; but our elaborate metrical compositions, formal, pedantic, and quaint, of the seventeenth century and the earlier part of the eighteenth, are forgotten except by curious antiquaries, who see in them the least valuable relics of the first ages of American civilization.

'The remark has frequently been quoted from Mr. JEFFERSON, that when we can boast as long a history as that of England, we shall not have cause to shrink from a comparison of our literatures; but there is very little reason in such a suggestion, since, how-

ever unfavorable to the cultivation of any kind of refinement, are the necessarily pro-misc duties of the planters of an empire in wilderness countries, in our case, when the planting was accomplished, and our ancestors chose to turn their attention to mental luxuries, they had but to enter at once upon the most advanced condition of taste, and the use of all those resources in literary art acquired or invented by the more happily situated scholars to whom had been confided in a greater degree the charge of the English language. When, however, the works of CHAUCER, SPENSER, SHAKESPEARE, and MILTON were as accessible as now, and the living harmonies of DRYDEN and POPE were borne on every breeze that fanned the cheek of an Englishman, the best praise which could be awarded to American verses was, that they were ingeniously grotesque. There were displayed in them none of the graces which result from an æsthetic sensibility, but only such ponderous oddities, laborious conceits, and sardonic humors, as the slaves of metaphysical and theological scholasticism might be expected to indulge when yielding to transient and imperfect impulses of human nature.

It is rich in the 'grotesque and arabesque,' in all the quaint, and curious, and grim, that marked our literature from one to two hundred years ago. With MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH'S '*Day of Doom*,' an elaborate poem, in which the most ultra-Calvinistic notions are set forth with great vividness, but in which the relenting poet finds it difficult to deposit in brimstone the multitude of infant sinners, and so decides that, although

— 'IN BLISS
They may not hope to dwell;
Still unto them He will allow
The easiest room in hell!'

our readers are pretty well acquainted; and the amusing oddities of MATHER BYLES and JOSEPH GREEN have been sufficiently quoted. The following is by a clergyman in Philadelphia, the Rev. NATHANIEL EVANS, missionary in that region, just one hundred years since, from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel:

'ORPHEUS of old, as poets tell,
Took a fantastic trip to hell,
To seek his wife, as, wisely guessing,
She must be there, since she was missing.
Downward he journeyed, wondrous gay,
And, like a lark, sang all the way;
The reason was, or they belied him,
His yoke-fellow was not beside him.
Whole grottos, as he passed along,
Danced to the music of his song.
So I have seen, upon the plains,
A fiddler captivate the swains,
And make them caper to his strains.
To PLUTO'S court at last he came,
Where the god sat, enthroned in flame,
And asked if his lost love was there —
EURYDICE, his darling fair?
The fiends who listening round him stood,
At the odd question laughed aloud:
'This must some mortal madman be,
We fiends are happier far than he.'

But music's sounds o'er hell prevail;
Most mournfully he tells his tale,
Soothes with soft arts the monarch's pain,
And gets his bargain back again.
'Thy prayers are heard,' grim PLUTO cries,
'On this condition take thy prize:
Turn not thine eyes upon the fair,
If once thou turn'st, she flies in air.'
In amorous chat they climb the ascent:
ORPHEUS, as ordered, foremost went;
(Though when two lovers downwards steer,
The man, as fit, falls in the rear.)
Soon the fond fool turns back his head —
As soon, in air, his spouse was fled!
If 't was designed, 't was wondrous well;
But, if by chance, more lucky still.
Happy the man, all must agree.
Who once from wedlock's noose gets free;
But he who from it twice is freed
Has most prodigious luck indeed!

Of course the Rev. NATHANIEL was not married: more's the pity. The first poet of these 'free and independent United States' was PHILIP FRENEAU, of whom the author gives a most interesting biography of eight or ten columns, in which his careful and accurate research is conspicuously displayed. There are in the volume from sixty to seventy new biographies, one of which is of ST. GEORGE TUCKER, a partisan poet of great celebrity in his time, who wrote the following touching song of old age:

'Days of my youth, ye have glided away ;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray ;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more ;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er ;
Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone ;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

'Days of my youth, I wish not your recall ;
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall ;
Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen ;
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears you have been ;
Thoughts of my youth, you have led me astray ;
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay ?

'Days of my age, ye will shortly be past ;
Pains of my age, yet awhile you can last ;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight ;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light ;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod ;
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.'

Hereof Dr. GRISWOLD relates the following anecdote :

'WHEN Dr. WOLCOTT's satires on GEORGE the Third, written under the name of 'PETER PINDAR,' obtained, both in this country and in England, a popularity far beyond their merits, Judge TUCKER, who admired them, was induced to publish in FRENCH's 'National Gazette' a series of similar odes, under the signature of 'JONATHAN PINDAR,' by which he at once gratified his political zeal and his poetical propensity. His object was to assail JOHN ADAMS and other leading federalists, for their supposed monarchical predilections. His pieces might well be compared with WOLCOTT's for poetical qualities, but were less playful, and had far more acerbity. Collected into a volume, they continued to be read by politicians, and had the honor of a volunteer reprint from one of the earliest presses in Kentucky. His 'Days of My Youth' so affected Mr. ADAMS in his old age, that he declared he would rather have written it than any lyric by MILTON or SHAKESPEARE. He little dreamed it was by an author who in earlier years had made him the theme of his satirical wit.'

Though the following song may be familiar, it is so exquisitely turned that we cannot refrain from copying it. It was written in the beginning of this century, by Dr. JOHN SHAW, of Maryland :

'Who has robbed the ocean cave
To tinge thy lips with coral hue ?
Who, from India's distant wave
For thee those pearly treasures drew ?
Who from yonder orient sky
Stole the morning of thine eye ?

'Thousand charms thy form to deck,
From sea, and earth, and air are torn ;
Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
On thy breath their fragrance borne :
Guard thy bosom from the day,
Lest thy snows should melt away.

'But one charm remains behind,
Which mute earth could ne'er impart ;
Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
Nor in the circling air, a heart :
Fairest, wouldst thou perfect be,
Take, oh ! take that heart from me !

This song has been very much praised, and one of our Southern contemporaries, in a comparative view of Northern and Southern literature, has challenged reference to any song by one of our Northern poets to match it. We shall not direct attention to the self-singing melodies of General MORRIS, under these circumstances, but merely suggest that, admirable as the song in question is, it is *appropriated* almost entirely from some lines by WILLIAM

LIVINGSTON, of New-Jersey — a Revolutionary patriot and bard, whose life has been ably written by THEODORE SEDGWICK, Esq. Upon this point doubters may satisfy themselves by consulting Mr. SEDGWICK's work, pages 117 and 118, upon which the original of Dr. SHAW's brilliant lyric may be found. Dr. GRISWOLD seems not to have detected this curious literary felony. Of JOHN M. HARNEY, who died in 1825, and who wrote the celebrated poem of '*Crystalina*,' and some minor pieces of great merit, a full biographical and critical account is presented. The following *morceaux* prove that HARNEY was a poet. The first describes a sight his hero saw in the kingdom of OBERON :

'THE shores with acclamations rung,
As in the flood the playful damsels sprung:
Upon their beauteous bodies, with delight,
The billows leapt. Oh! 't was a pleasant sight!
To see the waters dimple round for joy,
Climb their white necks, and on their bosoms toy.
Like snowy swans they vexed the sparkling tide,
Till little rainbows danced on every side.
Some swam, some floated, some on pearly feet
Stood sidelong, smiling, exquisitely sweet.'

The next is still finer :

'In robes of green, fresh youths the concert led,
Measuring the while, with nice, emphatic tread
Of tinkling sandals, the melodious sound
Of amitten timbrels; some, with myrtles crowned,
Pour the smooth current of sweet melody
Through ivory tubes, some blow the bugle free,
And some, at happy intervals, around,
With trumps sonorous, swell the tide of sound;
Some, bending raptured o'er their golden lyres,
With cunning fingers fret the tuneful wires;
With rosy lips, some press the syren shell,
And, through its crimson labyrinths impel
Mellifluous breath, with artful sink and swell:
Some blow the mellow, melancholy horn,
Which, save the knight, no man of woman born
E'er heard, and fell not senseless to the ground,
With viewless fetters of enchantment bound.'

We were aware that 'Major JACK DOWNING,' SEBA SMITH, had written 'Powhattan, a Metrical Romance,' but did not know that from his prolific pen there had ever flowed any thing so graphic and powerful as '*The Burning Ship at Sea*:'

'THE night was clear and mild,
And the breeze went softly by,
And the stars of heaven smiled
As they wandered up the sky;
And there rode a gallant ship on the wave —
But many a hapless wight
Slept the sleep of death that night,
And before the morning light
Found a grave!

'All were sunk in soft repose
Save the watch upon the deck;
Not a boding dream arose
Of the horrors of the wreck,
To the mother, or the child, or the sire;
Till a shriek of woe profound,
Like a death-knell echo'd round,
With a wild and dismal sound —
A shriek of 'fire!'

'Now the flames are spreading fast —
With restless rage they fly,
Up the shrouds and up the mast,
And are flickering to the sky;

Now the deck is all a-blaze; now the rails —
There's no place to rest their feet;
Fore and aft the torches meet,
And a winged lightning sheet
Are the sails.

'No one heard the cry of woe
But the sea-bird that flew by;
There was hurrying to and fro,
But no hand to save was nigh:
Still before the burning foe they were driven —
Last farewells were uttered there,
With a wild and frenzied stare,
And a short and broken prayer
Sent to HEAVEN.

'Some leap over in the flood
To the death that waits them there;
Others quench the flames with blood,
And expire in open air;
Some, a moment to escape from the grave,
On the bowsprit take a stand;
But their death is near at hand —
Soon they hug the burning brand
On the wave.

'From his briny ocean-bed,
When the morning sun awoke,
Lo! that gallant ship had fled!
And a sable cloud of smoke

Was the monumental pyre that remained;
But the sea-gulls round it fly,
With a quick and fearful cry,
And the brands that floated by
Blood had stained.'

We may not indulge further in poetical quotations, but must give a few specimens of the author's critical handling. He says of FITZ-GREENE HALLACK, with equal justice and elegance:

'It was Lord BYRON's opinion that a poet is always to be ranked according to his execution, and not according to his branch of the art. 'The poet who executes best,' said he, 'is the highest, whatever his department, and will be so rated in the world's esteem.' We have no doubt of the justness of that remark: it is the only principle from which sound criticism can proceed, and upon this basis the reputations of the past have been made up. Considered in this light, Mr. HALLACK must be pronounced not merely one of the chief ornaments of a new literature, but one of the great masters in a language classical and immortal for the productions of genius which have illustrated and enlarged its capacities. There is in his compositions an essential pervading grace, a natural brilliancy of wit, a freedom yet refinement of sentiment, a sparkling flow of fancy, and a power of personification, combined with such high and careful finish, and such exquisite nicety of taste, that the larger part of them must be regarded as models almost faultless in the classes to which they belong.'

OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON:

'His genius, in whatever forms it may be exhibited, is essentially poetical; and though he defines classification as a philosopher, few will doubt that he is eminently a poet, even in his poetry. As a thinker, he disdains the trammels of systems and methods; his utterances are the free developments of himself: all his thoughts appearing and claiming record in the order of their suggestion and growth, so that they have, if a more limited, also a more just efficiency. In poetry, he is as impatient of the laws of verbal harmony, as in discussion, of the processes of logic; and if his essential ideas are made to appear, so as not to seem altogether obscure to himself, he cares little whether they move to any music which was not made for them. In his degree, he holds it to be his prerogative to say, 'I am: let the herd who have no individuality of their own, accommodate themselves to me, and those who are my peers have respect for me.' If you cannot sing his songs to the melodies of MILTON, or SPENSER, or POPE, or TENNYSON, study till you discover the key and scale of EMERSON; then all will be harmonious, and no doubt you will find your compensation.'

OF poor CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN:

'In what I have written of General MORRIS, I have endeavored to define the sphere and dignity of the song: but whatever may be thought of it as an order of writing, I am satisfied that Mr. HOFFMAN has come as near to the highest standard or idea of excellence which belongs to this species of composition, as any American poet has done in his own department, whatever that department may be. Many of his productions have received whatever testimony of merit is afforded by great and continued popular favor; and though there are undoubtedly some sorts of composition respecting which the applause or silence of the multitude is right or wrong only by accident, yet, as regards a song, popularity appears to me to be the only test, and lasting popularity to be an infallible test of excellence.'

And of another of the 'KNICK's' friends:

'MR. LELAND's poems are for the most part in a peculiar view of satirical humor. He has an invincible dislike of the sickly extravagances of small sentimentalists, and the absurd assumptions of small philanthropists. He is not altogether incredulous of progress, but does not look for it from that boastful independence, characterizing the new generation, which rejects the authority and derides the wisdom of the past. He is of that healthy intellectual constitution which promises in every department the best fruits to his industry.'

By the way, we must quote of 'Meister KARL' one characteristic specimen, which he ought to have sent for a first appearance to us:

'THERE 's a time to be jolly, a time to repent,
A season for folly, a season for Lent;
The first as the worst we too often regard,
The rest as the best — but our judgment is hard.

'There are snows in December and roses in June,
There 's darkness at midnight and sun-shine at noon;
But were there no sorrow, no storm-cloud or rain,
Who 'd care for the morrow with beauty again?

'The world is a picture both gloomy and bright,
And grief is the shadow, and pleasure the light,
And neither should smother the general tone;
For where were the other if either were gone?

'The valley is lovely, the mountain is drear,
Its summit is hidden in mist all the year;
But gaze from the heaven, high over all weather,
And mountain and valley are lovely together.

'I have learned to love LUCY, though faded she be,
If my next love be lovely, the better for me;
By the end of next summer, I 'll give you my oath,
It was best, after all, to have flirted with both.

'In London, or Munich, Vienna, or Rome,
The sage is contented, and finds him a home;
He learns all that is bad, and does all that is good,
And will bite at the apple, by field or by flood.'

'Theleme' is decidedly better than this; but rather too long for our present limits.

Of Mr. FREDERICK COZZENS, whose 'Prismatics' have delighted our readers many a time and oft, we have the following brief account:

'THE writer of the pleasant magazine papers under the signature of 'RICHARD HAYWARDE,' was born in New-York, in the year 1818. RICHARD HAYWARDE was the name of his father's maternal grandfather. He was born in Hampshire, in England, in 1698, and was one of the earlier Moravian missionaries to America. In 1740 he entertained some of the Brethren, who had come from the Old World, at his house in Newport. In a little pamphlet, published in 1808, giving an account of the Moravian settlements in this country, he is referred to familiarly as 'Old Father HAYWARDE.' LEONARD COZZENS, his great-grandfather in another line, came from Wiltshire, in England, and settled in Newport in 1748. His grandfather, immediately after the battle of Lexington, joined the Newport Volunteers, commanded by Captain SEARS, and fought at Bunker-Hill. He was himself educated in the city of New-York, and has always resided there. He has been a curious student of American literature, and in the winter of 1864 delivered a lecture upon this subject. His volume, entitled 'Prismatics,' published in 1851, consists mainly of articles previously published in the 'KNICKERBOCKER Magazine,' to which he has been a frequent contributor for several years. His more recent work, the '*Sparrowgrass Papers*,' appeared originally in the 'KNICKERBOCKER' and 'PUTNAM's Monthly.' He is an importer and dealer in wines, of which he has written some admirable essays, both in 'PUTNAM's Monthly,' and in a little periodical which he publishes himself, under the title of '*The Wine-Press*.' In a certain fresh and whimsical humor, and a refined and agreeable sentiment, expressed in prose or verse, Mr. COZZENS always pleases. He is indeed a delightful essayist, in a domain quite his own, and his poetry has an easy flow, and a natural vein of wit and pathos, which render his signature one of the most welcome that can meet the eye of the desultory reader.'

In these desultory gleanings of this interesting and invaluable work, we have attempted no proper criticism of it. The author informs us in his preface that the first project for a collection of specimens of American poetry, was that of the famous old tory, RIVINGTON, who edited the '*Royal Gazette*' here, before the Revolution. RIVINGTON published the following advertisement of his intentions:

'The public is hereby notified that the printer of this paper has it in contemplation to publish, with all convenient speed, a 'Collection of Poems by the Favorites of the Muses in America,' on the same plan with DONSLER's celebrated 'English Compilation.' Such ladies and gentlemen, therefore, as will please to honor the attempt with their productions, (which will be treated with the utmost impartiality by a gentleman who hath undertaken to conduct the publication,) will confer a favor on the public in general, and particularly on their much obliged and very humble servant, JAMES BRYNOR.''

The revolutionary war prevented the execution of the royal printer's project; and JOEL BARLOW, as appears from a letter of his to Governor LIVINGSTON, undertook such a work, but did not go through with it. His materials, we presume, were handed over to RICHARD ALSOP, who edited the collection of 'American Poems,' printed at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1798. Since that time, we have had Mr. KETTEL's three duodecimos; the Rev. Dr. CHEEVER's 'Common-Place Book of American Poetry'; Mr. BRYANT's excellent little volume of 'Specimens of the American Poets,' and a few others; but all have been surpassed by Dr. GRISWOLD's incomparable 'Anthology,' in which, with a sagacity peculiarly his own, he has collected nearly every thing we wish to possess, either for historical or literary interest, of American poetry. His judgments, though apt to be influenced in a degree by the native kindness of his disposition, are, take them all in all, unequalled, considering the variety of subjects upon which they are delivered, for good sense, delicacy, poetical insight, and sympathetic appreciation. In the vexed question of the philosophy of poetry, he has his own principles and prejudices, but these do not affect the catholicity of his taste. The scope of his work admitted but little formal criticism; he could only give us summaries of opinions; yet few persons, with faculties to distinguish beauties from blemishes in this species of literature, will candidly and thoroughly examine any of the authors whom he has reviewed, without arriving at the same conclusion as to their merit and demerit.

Printed separately as a series of critical biographies, Dr. GRISWOLD's 'Lives of the American Poets' would constitute a work of remarkable elegance and of signal historical value. The three productions, of which this is the first, comprising a complete survey of our national literature, will remain permanent monuments of his industry and taste, which no other publication can take the place of, or render unnecessary in every public or private library, though by using the materials which he has by so much pains-taking and sagacity accumulated, it is not improbable that rival works of the same kind may be invested with a transient popularity, at his expense. Intelligent readers will understand all this.

'The Poets and Poetry' will be followed immediately by the 'Female Poets' and 'The Prose Writers of America,' revised and enlarged with the same unflinching care and indefectible judgment; and the three works will be sold separately, as heretofore, or together, as 'A Survey of the Literature of the United States,' in three volumes. We had nearly forgotten to mention the excellent portraits of DANA, PERCIVAL, BRYANT, GALLAGHER, LONGFELLOW, POE, LOWELL, BAYARD TAYLOR, and other poets, on steel — all from the most recent and approved pictures that could be procured for the engravers — by which the volume is illustrated and adorned.

PICTURES OF TRAVEL. Translated from the German of HENRY HEINE. By CHARLES G. LELAND. First Number: pp. 96. Philadelphia: JOHN WEIR, Number 195, Chestnut-street.

WE briefly announced the publication of this commencement of HEINE's writings, in our last number, and promised a farther reference to the work in these pages; and that promise we now propose to fulfil. The characteristics of HEINE's writings are plainly and simply set forth in the American translator's preface:

'HEINE most emphatically belongs to that class of writers who are a scandal to the weaker brethren, a terror to the strong, and a puzzle to the conservatively-wise of their own day and generation, but who are received by the intelligent contemporary with a smile, and by the after-comer with thanks. He belongs to that great band whose laughter has been in its inner-soul more moving than the most fervid flow of serious eloquence; to the band which numbered LUCIAN, and RABELAIS, and SWIFT, among its members; men who lashed into motion the sleepy world of the day, with all its 'baroque-ish' virtues and vices. Woe to those who are standing near when a humorist of this stamp is turned loose on the world! He knows nothing of your old laws: like an AZRAEL-NAPOLION, he advances conscienceless, feeling nothing but an overpowering impulse, as of some higher power which bids him strike and spare not. He has endeared himself to the German people by his universality of talent, his sincerity, and by his weaknesses. His very affectations render him more natural, for there is no effort whatever to conceal them, and that which is truly natural will always be attractive, if from no other cause than because it is so readily intelligible. He possesses in an eminent degree the graceful art of communicating to the most uneducated mind, (of a sympathetic cast,) refined secrets of art and criticism; and this he does, not like a pedantic professor, *ex-cathedra*, as if every word were an apocalypse of novelty, but rather like a friend, who with a delicate regard for the feelings of his auditor, speaks as though he supposed him already familiar with the subject in question. Pedantry and ignorant self-sufficiency appear equally and instinctively to provoke his attacks, and there is scarcely a modern form of these reactionary negative vices which he has not severely lashed.

'Perhaps the most characteristic position which HEINE holds is that of interpreter or medium between the learned and the people. He has popularized philosophy, and preached to the multitude those secrets which were once the exclusive property of the learned. His writings have been a 'flux' between the smothered fire of universities and the heavy ore of the public mind. Whether the process will evolve pure and precious metal, or noxious vapors — in simple terms, whether the knowledge thus popularized, and whether the ultimate tendency of this 'witty, wise, and wicked' writer has been for the direct benefit of the people, is not a question open to discussion. All that we know is, that he is here; that he cannot be thrust aside; and that he exerts an incredible and daily-increasing influence.'

In entering upon a brief consideration of HEINE's peculiar humor, Mr. LELAND truly and forcibly observes: 'It is a striking characteristic of true humor, that it is 'all-embracing,' including the good and the bad, the lofty and the low. There is no characteristic appreciable by the human mind which does not come within the range of *humor*, for wherever *creation* is manifested, *there* will be contradiction and opposites, striving into a law of harmony. Humor appreciates the contradiction — the lie disguised as truth, or the truth born of a lie — and proclaims it aloud, for it is a strange quality of humor, that it must out, be the subject what it may. Unfortunately, no subject presents so many and such absurdly vulnerable points as the proprieties and improprieties of daily life and society. Poor well-meaning civilization, with her allies, morality and tradition, maintain a ceaseless warfare with nature, vulgarity, and a host of 'outside barbarian' foes, while

HUMOR, who always had in his nature more of the devil than the angel, stands by, laughing, as either party gets a fall :'

'To understand the vagaries of HAZEN's nature, we must regard him as influenced by humor, in the fullest sense of the word. For as humor exists in the appreciation and reproduction of the contrasts, of contrarities and of *appearances*, it would not be humor, did its existence consist merely of merriment. The bitterest and saddest tears are as often drawn forth by humor as by mere pathos—nay, it may be doubted if grief and suffering be ever so terrible as when supported by some strange coincidence or paradox. Consequently we find in his works some of the most sorrowful plaints ever uttered by suffering poet, but contrasted with the most uproarious hilarity. Nay, he often contrives to delicately weave the opposing sentiments into one. 'Other bards,' says a late review of HAZEN, in *The Athenæum*, 'have passed from grave to gay within the compass of one work; but the art of constantly showing two natures within the small limit of perhaps three ballad verses, was reserved for HAZEN. No one like him understands how to build up a little edifice of the tenderest and most refined sentiment, for the mere pleasure of knocking it down with a last line. No one like him approaches his reader with doleful countenance—pours into the ear a tale of secret sorrow—and when the sympathies are enlisted, surprises his confidant with a horse-laugh. It seems as though nature had endowed him with a most delicate sensibility and a keen perception of the ridiculous, that his own feelings may afford him a perpetual subject for banter.'

We now proceed to a few extracts from this attractive and only-too-thin 'First Number,' which has whetted our appetite for the second, as these passages will enhance that of our readers for the one before us. We take first, Number Thirty-One of these 'Pictures.' It has had and has its actual counterpart, 'here and elsewhere,' and that is why it will 'bite :'

'To-night we have dreadful weather,
It rains and snows and storms;
I sit at my window, gazing
Out on benighted forms.

'It seems that for eggs and butter,
And sugar, she forth has come,
To make a cake for her daughter,
Her grown-up darling at home.

'There glimmers a lonely candle,
Which wearily wanders on;
An old dame with a lantern,
Comes hobbling slowly anon.

'Who, at the bright lamp blinking,
In an arm-chair lazily lies;
And golden locks are waving
Above her beautiful eyes.

A very beautiful and natural picture of childhood-sports is the following. The poet begins his 'lay' by reminding his erewhile boy-friend of the time when they were children; when they crept into the hen-house and hid themselves, and crowed so naturally, that the passers-by 'thought 't was a real crow :'

'THE chests which lay in our court-yard,
We paped so smooth and nice;
We thought they were splendid houses,
And lived in them, snug as mice.

'And oft, like good old people,
We talked with sober tongue;
Declaring that all was better
In the days when we were young.

'When the old cat of our neighbor
Dropped in for a social call;
We made her bows and courtesies,
And compliments and all.

'How piety, faith, and true love
Had vanished quite away;
And how dear we found the coffee,
How scarce the money to-day.

'We asked of her health, and kindly
Inquired how all had sped:
Since then, to many a tabby,
The self-same things we've said.

'So all goes rolling onward,
The merry days of youth:
Money, the world and its seasons;
And honesty, love, and truth.'

In quite a different vein, and yet how simple and touching, is the following. There seems a 'halt,' to our ear, in the last line but one of the last verse :

'In dreams I saw the loved one,
A sorrowing, wearied form;
Her beauty blanched and withered
By many a dreary storm.

'A little babe she carried,
Another child she led,
And poverty and trouble
In glance and garb I read.

'She trembled through the market,
And face to face we met;
And I calmly said, while sadly
Her eyes on mine were set,

'Come to my house, I pray thee,
For thou art pale and thin;
And for thee, by my labor,
Thy meat and drink I'll win.

'And to thy little children
I'll be a father mild:
But most of all thy parent,
Thou poor, unhappy child.'

'Nor will I ever tell thee
That once I held thee dear;
And if thou diest, then I
Will weep upon thy bier.'

The prose-pictures of travel are not less graphic and forcible. Witness the subjoined, premising that the author has been dining at a German town called Clausthal, and after dinner goes forth 'to visit the mines, the mint, and the silver refineries':

'In the silver refinery, as has frequently been my luck in life, I could get no glimpses of the precious metal. In the mint I succeeded better, and saw how money was made. Beyond this, I have never been able to advance. On such occasions, mine has invariably been the spectator's part, and I verily believe, that if it should rain dollars from Heaven, the coins would only knock holes in my head, while the children of Israel would merrily gather up the silver manna. With feelings in which comic reverence was blended with emotion, I beheld the new-born shining dollars, took one as it came fresh from the stamp, in my hand, and said to it: 'Young Dollar! what a destiny awaits thee! what a cause wilt thou be of good and of evil! How thou wilt protect vice and patch up virtue! how thou wilt be beloved and accursed! how thou wilt aid in debauchery, pondering, lying, and murdering! how thou wilt restlessly roll along through clean and dirty hands for centuries, until finally, laden with trespasses, and weary with sin, thou wilt be gathered again unto thine own, in the bosom of an ABRAHAM, who will melt thee down and purify thee, and form thee into a new and better being!'

Purely Germanic and imaginative is this passage: very beautiful it is too, and especially the thoughts we have ventured to italicise:

'My chamber commanded a fine view toward Rammelsberg. It was a lovely evening. Night was out hunting on her black steed, and the long cloud mane fluttered on the wind. I stood at my window watching the moon. Is there really a 'man in the moon?' The Slavonians assert that there is such a being named CLOTAR, and he causes the moon to grow by watering it. When I was little, they told me that the moon was a fruit, and that when it was ripe, it was picked and laid away, amid a vast collection of old full moons, in a great bureau, which stood at the end of the world, where it is nailed up with boards. As I grew older, I remarked that the world was not by any means so limited as I had supposed it to be, and that human intelligence had broken up the wooden bureau, and with a terrible 'Hand of Glory' had opened all the seven heavens. Immortality — dazzling idea! who first imagined thee! Was it some jolly burgher of Nuremberg, who with night-cap on his head, and white clay-pipe in mouth, sat on some pleasant summer evening before his door, and reflected in all his comfort that it would be right pleasant if, with unextinguishable pipe and endless breath, he could thus vegetate onwards for a blessed eternity? Or was it a lover, who, in the arms of his loved one, thought the immortality-thought, and that because he could think and feel naught beside! Love! Immortality! it speedily became so hot in my breast, that I thought the geographers had misplaced the equator, and that it now ran directly through my heart. And from my heart poured out the feeling of love: it poured forth with wild longing into the broad night. The flowers in the garden beneath my window breathed a stronger perfume. *Perfumes are the feelings of flowers, and as the human heart feels most powerful emotions in the night, when it believes itself to be alone and unperceived, so also do the flowers, soft-minded yet ashamed, appear to wait for concealing darkness, that they may give themselves wholly up to their feelings, and breathe them out in sweet odors.* Pour forth, ye perfumes of my heart, and seek beyond yon blue mountain for the loved one of my dreams! Now she lies in slumber; at her feet kneel angels, and if she smiles in sleep, it is a prayer which angels repeat; in her

breast is heaven with all its raptures, and as she breathes, my heart, though afar, throbs responsively. Behind the silken lids of her eyes, the sun has gone down, and when they are raised, the sun rises, and birds sing, and the bells of the flock tinkle, and I strap on my knapsack and depart.'

'Which is all at present,' reader, from yours devotedly; but no devotion can compress type-metal, or make room when you have n't got it. Our enforced closing advice is, 'Buy and read HEINE'S Pictures,' as fast as they appear. They are admirably written, faithfully translated, excellently well printed.

THE IROQUOIS: OR, THE BRIGHT SIDE OF INDIAN CHARACTER. By MINNIE MYTLE. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, Numbers 346 and 348, Broadway.

WHEN we opened this handsome volume, with its appropriate and beautiful illustrations, and ran our eye over the title-page, we supposed the fair author had found enough of interesting material relating to the Iroquois, to justify her in offering it to the public; and in this she was not mistaken. But we soon discovered, that interesting as are her sketches of the history, character and institutions of this once powerful league, she employed the seat of their original grandeur as a stand-point from which to sketch the varied and melancholy history of the race. And nobly has she done it. With an eye quick to discern, and a heart alive to the wrongs inflicted on the Indians, she has thrown a shield between the red and the white man, which must for ever protect the former from the prejudices which, by false lights, have been thrown upon his character. The Indian is not the monster, nor the cruel and blood-loving savage he has been represented to be; or if he is, it does not become us, who are civilized and Christian, so to pronounce upon him. But we must let the gifted author make her contrast, in her own way, at this point:

'ALMOST any portrait which we have of Indians represents them with tomahawk and scalping-knife in hand, as if they possessed no other but a barbarous nature. Christian nations might with equal justice be always represented with cannon and balls, and swords and pistols, as the emblems of their employments and their prevailing tastes. The details of wars form far too great a portion of every history of civilized and barbarous nations; to conquer and to slay has been too long the glory of Christian people; he who has been most successful in subjugating and oppressing, in mowing down human beings, has too long worn the laurel crown—been too long an object for the admiration of men and love of woman.'

'In the pictures which I shall give, I shall confine myself principally to the Iroquois, or Six Nations, a people who no more deserve the term savage than we do that of heathen, because we have still lingering about us heathen superstitions, and many opinions and practices which deserve no better name. The cannibals of some of the West-India islands, and the islands of the Pacific, may with justice be termed savages, but a people like the Iroquois, who had a government, established officers, a system of religion eminently pure and spiritual, a code of honor and laws, of hospitality excelling those of all other nations, should be considered something better than savage, or utterly barbarous.

'The terrible tortures they inflicted upon their enemies have made their name a terror, and yet there were not so many burnt and hung and starved by them as perish among Christian nations by these means. The miseries they inflicted were light in comparison with those they suffered, and when individuals from them came among us

to expose the barbarity of the white men, the deeds they relate equal any thing we know of Indian cruelty. The picture an Indian will give of civilized barbarism, leaves the revolting customs of the wilderness quite in the back-ground. We experienced their revenge when we had put their souls and bodies on the rack, and with our *fire-water* had maddened their brains. There was a pure and beautiful spirituality in their faith, and their conduct was as much influenced by it as are any people, pagan or Christian.

'Is there any thing more barbaric in the annals of Indian warfare than the narrative of the destruction of the Pequot Indians? In one place we read of the surprise of an Indian fort by night, when the inmates were alumbering, unconscious of danger. When they awoke, they were wrapped in flames, and when they attempted to flee, were shot down like wild beasts. From village to village and wigwam to wigwam the murderers proceeded, 'being resolved,' as our historian piously remarks, 'by God's assistance, to make a final destruction of them,' till finally a small but gallant band took refuge in a swamp.

'Burning with indignation, and made sullen by despair, with hearts burning with grief at the destruction of their nation, and spirits galled and sore at the fancied ignominy of their defeat, they refused to ask their lives at the hand of an insulting foe, and preferred death to submission. As the night drew on, they were surrounded in their dismal retreat, and volleys of musketry poured into their midst, till nearly all were killed, or buried in the mire. In the darkness of a thick fog which preceded the dawn of day, a few broke through the ranks of the besiegers and escaped to the woods.'

'Again, the same historian tells us that the few who remained 'stood like *sullen dogs* to be killed, rather than implore mercy; and the soldiers, on entering the swamps, found many sitting together in groups when they approached, and, resting their guns on the boughs of trees within a few yards of them, literally filled their bodies with bullets.* But they were Indians, and it was pronounced a pious work!'

'When the Gauls invaded Italy, and the Roman Senators, in their purple robes and chairs of state, sat unmoved in the presence of barbarian conquerors, disdainful to flee, and equally disdainful to supplicate for mercy, it is applauded as noble — as dying like statesmen and philosophers. But when the Indian, with far more to lose, and infinitely greater persecution, sits upon the green mound, beneath the canopy of heaven, and refuses to ask mercy of civilized fiends, he is stigmatized as dogged, spiritless, sullen. What a different name has greatness, clothed in the garb of Christian princes, and sitting beneath spacious domes, gorgeous with man's devices; and greatness in the simple garb of nature, destitute and alone in the wilderness!'

'There is nothing in the character of ALEXANDER of Macedon, who 'conquered the world, and wept that he had no more to conquer,' to compare with the noble qualities of King PHILIP, of Mount-Hope; and among his warriors is a long list of brave men, unrivalled in deeds of heroism by any in ancient or modern story. But in what country, and by whom were they hunted, and tortured, and slain? Who was it that met together to rejoice and give thanks at every species of cruelty inflicted on those who were fighting for their wives and children, their altars, and their God? When it is recorded that 'men, women, and children indiscriminately were hewn down, and lay in heaps upon the snow,' it is spoken of as doing God service, because they were nominally heathen. 'Before the fight was finished, the wigwams were set on fire, and into these hundreds of innocent women and children had crowded themselves, and perished in the general conflagration,' and for this thanksgivings are sent up to HEAVEN. The head of PHILIP is strung bleeding upon a pole, and exposed in the public streets; but, it is not done by savage warriors, and the crowd that huzzas at the revolting spectacle assemble on the Sabbath, in a Puritan church, to listen to the gospel that proclaims peace and love to all men. His body is literally cut in slices to be distributed among his conquerors, and a Christian city rings with acclamations.

'In speaking of this bloody contest, one who is most eminent among the 'Fathers,' says: 'Nor could they cease praying unto the LORD till they had prayed the bullet through his heart.' Again: 'Two and twenty Indian captives were slain and brought down to hell in one day.' 'A bullet took him in the head, and sent his cursed soul in a moment among the devils and blasphemers in hell for ever!'

'The son and wife of PHILIP were sold into slavery, as were also many others of the Indians taken captive during the colonial wars. 'Yes,' says a distinguished orator, (EVERETT,) 'they were sold into slavery — West-Indian slavery! An Indian princess and her child sold from the cool breezes of Mount-Hope, from the wild freedom of a New-England forest, to gasp under the lash, beneath the blazing sun of the tropics! Bitter as death!' aye, bitter as hell! Is there any thing — I do not say in the range of humanity — is there any thing animated that would not struggle against this?'

But we must stop. The fact is, and so we thought after reading the book, it deserves to be set as a gem in all our public schools. It abounds in illustrations of Indian life and character, and it is all based on *truth*. How many injurious prejudices which we all have had instilled in us against the poor Indian would fall from our hearts, were these pictures, so beautifully finished and framed, but placed before our eyes. But we have room for but one remark more. A friend, who has been in the Indian war-path, and travelled much among various tribes, who has written as much, and more perhaps than any other writer on this Indian subject, said to us, the other day: 'MINNIE MYETLE has struck a string in the aboriginal harp that will stir the public sympathies, and awaken in every heart feelings never stirred before, in behalf of the long-oppressed and ill-fated Indians.'

MEMOIRS OF JAMES GORDON BENNETT AND HIS TIMES. By a JOURNALIST. In one volume. With a Medallion Portrait: pp. 488. New-York: STRINGER AND TOWNSEND.

The 'memoirs' and 'times' of a man so prominently before the public for the last twenty years as the editor of '*The New-York Daily Herald*,' indicate a work well calculated to attract general attention. We presume the volume owes its existence to the preceding volume upon Mr. HORACE GREELEY, of '*The Tribune*' daily journal: and like that book, it has been prepared without consultation with its subject. 'The author of these pages,' it is remarked in the preface, 'has sought no person's counsel upon his theme, or its mode of treatment. Neither Mr. BENNETT, nor any one connected with him, has been consulted, either directly or indirectly, with respect to the writing or publishing of the memoirs.' The book was prepared with little personal aid, except from published writings, and a protracted and patient study of the character of its subject. '*The Home Journal*' thus concludes an extended notice of the volume:

'THE author has rarely suffered any thing in the remarkable career of Mr. BENNETT to escape him; and we confess that we have been astonished to find him so ready and able to analyze those portions of his public life which, as we should imagine, must very considerably have anticipated his own connection with the press. For the purpose of showing the variety of subjects to which allusion is made in this volume, we cite a few of the names which are to be found in it: EDMUND KEAN, JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, JAMES MONROE, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, SONTAG, ALBONI, GARCIA, MALIBRAN, DE WITT CLINTON, THOMAS JEFFERSON, MACREADY, WILLIAM H. SEWARD, MARTIN VAN BUREN, E. T. ROBERTS, M. M. NOAH, EDWARD EVERETT, JESSE HOYT, JAMES K. POLK, JAMES WATSON WEBB, FRANKLIN PIERCE, HENRY CLAY, CHARLES KEAN, M. CHABERT, WILLIAM L. MARCY, BENJAMIN H. DAY, (the father of the Penny Press,) ADAMS, PICHFORD AND COMPANY, HELEN JEWETT, FREDERICK HUDSON, (one of the conductors of the *Herald*.) THOMAS S. HAMBLIN, SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, (at the time he was mentioned, named LYTTON BULWER,) NICHOLAS BIDDLE, WILLIAM H. HARRISON, CUNARD, CHARLES A. STETSON, JOHN HUGHES, (the Catholic Bishop,) SPENCER, (the mutineer,) JOHN C. COLT, JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, SIR ROBERT PEEL, DANIEL WEBSTER, President TYLER, MORSE, FRANCES WRIGHT, RACHEL, N. P. WILLIS, ANDREW JACKSON, General TAYLOR, Lady MORGAN, LOUIS PHILIPPE, COLLINS, CORDEN, HORACE GREELEY, THEOBALD MATHEW, CLAYTON, SIR CHARLES NAPIER, JENNY LIND, CATHERINE HAYES, LOPEZ, FERNANDO WOOD, etc., etc. Of course it cannot be supposed that the writer of these memoirs could devote more space to even the greatest names among these, than they

would necessarily take up from their connection with his subject. And when it is remembered that scores upon scores of names are mentioned in the work to which we have not even alluded, it may be imagined that it was no common labor to digest and arrange such an immense mass of personal material. In no instance does any thing like personal pique appear to have guided the author's pen. He has steered his way with a most singular and commendable discretion through what must have been a situation, to any man, of no common difficulty.

The work is printed in a bold and readable type, for which the publishers must be thanked, and is prefaced by a medallion portrait of Mr. BENNETT, by Mr. C. G. ROSENBERG.

THE SIX DAYS OF CREATION: a Series of Letters from a Father to his Children: Describing the Natural History of Each Day's Mercies, etc. By W. G. RHIND. From the last London edition. In one volume: pp. 347. Philadelphia: PARRY AND McMILLAN. New-York: EDWARD P. RUDD, Number Eighteen, Ann-street.

WE predict that this excellent work will speedily pass to a second American edition; for well will it deserve such success. Its plan is succinctly set forth by the author. To render familiar to a child's mind the peculiar characteristics that marked the successive creation of each day, a series of designs are engraved, in which is given a faithful outline of the Mosaic record. Each engraving, after the first, takes up the record of the previous day; so that, while the first simply exhibits light beaming forth on the globe of waters, and the dark clouds which enshroud it rolling back; the second, in addition to this, represents the firmament (in which the birds of the fifth day flew, and which is evidently the same as the atmosphere) as surrounding the globe; while the third day, together with the light and atmosphere, represents the dry land rising up from the depths of the waters, and the three great orders of vegetation — trees, herbs, and grass — springing up on its surface: and so in the fourth, the sun is seen in his brightness beaming forth from the one part of the heavens, through the earth's atmosphere, on all the new-formed beauty of the third day, and sparkling on the deep, henceforth the great source of light; while, shining in the dark shades of night, the moon and the stars are beheld as gladdening the scene. The fifth, with all the blessings of the four previous days, represents the air and sea animate with life, the fowls flying in the open firmament of heaven, and the great whales and fish swimming in the deep; while in the sixth and last day, in addition to all that had gone before, are seen the quadrupeds, each in those countries where first known, and ADAM and EVE in that part of the earth where it was generally supposed was planted the Garden of Eden. In the engravings, from the third inclusive, the great divisions of the globe, as known subsequent to the flood, are preserved.

In the letters that accompany these ingenious and beautiful steel plates, the object is, in language adapted to childhood, to 'show the goodness and beneficence of God in each day's creation; then to explain the natural history of each day's mercies; and lastly, to point out, from Scripture examples, how continually the HOLY SPIRIT, through the WORD, uses the natural figures of creation to set forth divine truth.' Although in a work so purely

elementary, the subjects of science are not gone very deeply into, yet the general features of the earth's structure, the properties of light, the nature of our atmosphere, the great divisions of the mineral and vegetable kingdoms; the size, position, and velocity of the heavenly bodies; the natural history of birds, fishes, and quadrupeds, are brought before the young reader in the plainest language; the author evidently understanding the fact that 'it needs all we know to make things plain.' He wisely lets geology alone, as being a subject too deep for young children. To increase the value and interest of the book, a large number of good wood-cuts, illustrating the subjects treated of, have been introduced by the American publishers. A father sitting at the breakfast-table, with his little family around him, who have read or heard the contents of this volume, might say: 'I wonder how many blessings of the six days' creation have lent their aid to supply our wants this morning?' and see the eyes of the little ones glisten with delight, while each, on the alert, seeks to make its answer: 'Light,' one of them replies: 'The sun,' the least, perhaps, calls: 'Our bread is made of wheat,' a third answers; while a little one whispers, sitting close by his father: 'And our sugar and our tea were made the same day as the wheat:' 'And the cow, which was created the last day, gives us milk and butter,' another replies. In this way, the goodness of God, the whole scene of the earth's beauty and the heavens' brightness may come to young minds filled with instruction. We gladly commend the work to a hearty acceptance at the hands of American readers.

A MEMOIR OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH: with a Selection from his Writings. By his DAUGHTER, Lady HOLLAND. In two volumes: pp. 629. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE extraordinary success of these volumes in Great-Britain might well have been anticipated; and we cannot doubt that they are destined to run a similar career of popularity here. Indeed, at this moment, more than half their contents have transpired in the daily and weekly journals: so tempting are they for quotation, for their abundant satire, wit and humor. 'And the wit of SYDNEY SMITH,' says an admirable critic in the '*British Quarterly Review*,' 'was always under the control of good taste and good feeling. It was never mischievous to him by any unseemliness, impertinence, or vulgarity. Throughout his writings, so remarkable for natural flow and freedom of style, so simple and so idiomatic, you search in vain for any thing slipshod, for triteness or chit-chat, for a single colloquial solecism. His style, like golden-haired PYRRHA, is always *simplex munditiis*. How genial and frolicsome must his raillery have been — irradiating, never scathing — summer-lightning, indeed; always directed by a delicate kindness to something unlinked with the feelings or the pride — something that could be offered up; at which the owner could laugh as heartily as any one in the room, feeling as if some article of his, like a watch or a handkerchief, was made the subject of a feat by a master of legerdemain; as though he had unawares con-

tributed to the common delight, and turned on, with a sudden touch, the great wit-fountain — never that he was held up as a butt of scorn for the arrows of an irrepressible and universal laugh! When he was quitting London for Yorkshire, the absent and eccentric Lord DUDLEY said to him: 'You have been laughing at me constantly, SYDNEY, for the last seven years, and yet in all that time you never said a single thing to me that I wished unsaid.' He remarks: 'This, I confess, pleased me.' Doubtless — rare heart and head! A wit, and yet more beloved than feared! Beside the memoir, we have in these delightful volumes 'a copious selection from SYDNEY SMITH's correspondence, edited by Mrs. AUSTIN, to whose taste and cultivation the readers of English are already deeply indebted for her translations and *riffa-ciamentos* of continental literature. The work has been prepared, accordingly, under the most favorable conditions for success. A large portion of it is occupied with the brilliant sayings which flashed from the tongue of SYDNEY as naturally as lightning from the summer cloud. His domestic life is charmingly portrayed. Often placed in incongruous and embarrassing circumstances, he never loses his genial humor, his gayety of spirit, or his innate kindness of heart. As a model of a stamp of character rarely met with; of the sincere, frank, generous, brave, high-souled English gentleman; he exercises an irresistible attraction over the reader, and compels him to follow every detail of his biography with delighted interest. The correspondence is both rich and racy, and, as a specimen of pure, idiomatic English, has no rival.' It would have added much to the interest of the reader, if the volumes could have been accompanied by a good portrait of their noble-looking subject.

LAND, LABOR, AND GOLD: OR, TWO YEARS IN VICTORIA: with Visits to Sydney and VAN DIEMAN'S LAND. By WILLIAM HOWITT. In two volumes: pp. 867. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

HERE is another work from a 'Land of Gold,' but a very different production from one elsewhere noticed in this department of our Magazine. It would have had a better title in '*The Loud Grumble of a Disappointed Gold-Seeker*' than any other which could have been selected. Talk of the American's love for the 'almighty dollar' as our trans-Atlantic neighbors may, such a work as the one before us proves that the coin is not less a 'sentiment' with our neighbors than with ourselves. An eye to the 'main chance,' a sensitiveness to over-charges, and a general 'cuteness in pecuniary matters,' are as apparent in Mr. HOWITT's narrative as they could be in any similar record of the shrewdest Yankee who ever peddled tin-ware 'and things.' However, in fairness let us state the author's avowed object in writing this work: namely, to place his reader as much as possible in his own position while engaged in accumulating the *matériel* for his pages; to let him see, feel and draw his conclusions as fully and fairly as he did himself. 'I found myself,' he says, 'in one of the most noble dependencies of England; in a country which must one day become a great and prosperous one, (but not as a 'de-

pendency,' Mr. HOWITT — mark that!) and that at a crisis unexampled in history; new, strange, and without an exact precedent.' Without reference to personal considerations, 'and with no purpose to serve save a patriotic one,' he claims to have 'stated simply, fully, and without fear or favor,' what fell under his notice. 'Mr. HOWITT,' says an English contemporary, 'is a professed *book-maker* : but in this case he has had ample material, having passed a couple of years in Victoria, and paid visits to Sydney and to VAN DIEMAN'S LAND. The result is two volumes, narrating in very simple language his own daily experiences in the rough-and-tumble life to which he gave himself up. The picture that he draws of demoralization and discomfort at the famous Gold-Diggings and elsewhere, during the time when all the VICTORIA Colony was in a high state of gold-fever, is revolting in the extreme; but we do not believe that it is over-colored for the purpose of effect. Mr. HOWITT's testimony has been confirmed by every unprejudiced traveller; and they must be pretty thick-skinned adventurers who, after going through it, can still yearn for the vicissitudes of a miner's life. The Colonial Administration comes in for a large share of blame; the fatality of bungling seems to cleave to it. At the same time, it is right to add that Mr. HOWITT foresees a magnificent future for Australia, so vast are its resources, and so numerous its local advantages.' The volumes are very handsomely executed.

THE ANNALS OF SAN-FRANCISCO: containing a Summary of the History of the First Discovery, Settlement, Progress, and Present Condition of CALIFORNIA. By FRANK SOULE, JOHN H. GIBSON, M.D., and JAMES NISBET. New-York, San-Francisco, and London: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS most superb volume, of over eight hundred pages, although elaborate and minute as a history, has all the interest of a romance. It is not only full and clear upon all important matters connected with California proper, but it contains a complete history of the important events connected with *Its Great City*, and embraces beside interesting biographical memoirs of not a few of its prominent citizens. The manner of the work shows the pride which Californians (and why not the citizens of our common country?) have in the wonderful expositions of the book. It is beautifully printed, in a large, clear type, upon paper of the finest color and texture, and is illustrated by no less a number than *one hundred and fifty fine engravings*! It is evident that no pains or expense whatever have been spared to make it a complete, faithful, and valuable history of a State and city, whose singular rise, rapid progress, and unrivalled growth have been the wonder of the world. What a different State and city are California and San-Francisco from what they are at present, when we received the first number of the first newspaper ever printed in that region, and which now lies before us — a little dingy sheet, called '*Californian*,' published at Monterey, August 15 1846 — only nine years ago! — by an old correspondent, WALTER COLTON and SEMPLE! Look through the text and the engravings of the work under notice, and mark the regular growth of the State and the '*Great City*,' and

see if there has ever been any thing like it in the country's history. It is well observed in the preface: 'It is not necessary to offer a reason for the appearance of these 'Annals.' To read and to know something of the history of this new Tadmor, which has grown up so suddenly in the midst of what was but recently merely a desert, the centre of that vast trade which the golden smile of California opened at once to the world, is so natural and inevitable a desire, that it may be taken for granted, and dismissed as a foregone conclusion.' Exactly; so it may: and the great success which this work is sure to achieve, will prove the soundness of the assumption. We observe throughout traces of the facile hand of Mr. SOULE, who is master of a style at once graceful, graphic and simple. Our readers have already been made aware of our high estimation of Mr. SOULE as a poet; and our opinion of his talents is confirmed and strengthened by all which we have since encountered from his seldom-idle pen; he being one among the more prominent of the daily journalists of San-Francisco. We commend especially to the reader, as embodying a series of very forcible word-pictures, the accounts of the mixed multitudes that thronged into the city; the proceedings of the celebrated 'Vigilance Committee,' in punishing and putting to death the villains and murderers who infested the State; and the sketches of 'Life in the Mines.' Yet where all is so well done, and of such general interest, it seems scarcely necessary to call attention to any particular portions of the volume. This department, for the present month, was almost entirely filled when we received this superb volume, which must be our excuse, as it is our regret, that our inadequate notice of it is unaccompanied by extracts, for which it offers so many almost irresistible temptations. We congratulate the authors and the public upon the result of their labors. We hope, and do not doubt, that they have 'writ their 'Annals' true;' so that, aside from its present interest, as a most stirring narrative of events, it will have an abiding value as a reliable and faithful History of California.

THE NEWCOMES: MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY. Edited by ARTHUR PENDENNIS, Esq. In two volumes: pp. 418. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

We did not find the requisite opportunity for the perfect enjoyment of this intensely interesting work, while it was passing, in chapters, through the successive numbers of '*Harper's Magazine*;' but since its completion, and publication in the two well-filled, well-printed, and well-illustrated volumes before us, we have read it *seriatim*: and we find our impressions of its characteristic excellences so well conveyed by a brother-journalist — it may be 'G. R.' or it may be 'HOWARD,' (in their capacity of critics, *par nobile fratrum*) — that we gladly avail ourselves of the following well-digested 'exposition:'

'THE work is, in fact, a vast picture-gallery of representative characters, and it is necessary to comprehend them in their mutual relations before we can gain a satisfactory view of their respective individualities, and the vigor and naturalness of their portraiture. The story, though possessing sufficient interest to make the fortune of half-a-dozen common novels, is subordinate to the

moral anatomy and delineation, which is the favorite employment of the author. We follow the progress of the plot with keen anxiety to know what the fates have reserved for our new acquaintances; but our way is constantly beguiled by the rich and curious exhibitions of character, for which the events of the story merely furnish the stage. In this respect, *'The Newcomes'* preserves the stamp of THACKERAY's former productions. It repeats the same processes, the same motives, the same machinery, if not the same characters, with which we are familiar in *'Vanity Fair'* and *'Pendennis.'* Less a work of fiction than a representation of real life, it fights a manful battle with the pretension, intrigue, and hypocrisy of modern society, dealing the stoutest blows against the follies and the frauds both of the fashionable and the financial world. But in this work, more, perhaps, than in any of THACKERAY's writings, his sharp dissection of social weaknesses is tempered with a vein of noble humanity; and if he never weakly 'extenuates' the errors which it is his duty to expose, he certainly cannot be charged with setting down 'aught in malice.'

'His most caustic satire, although searching the diseased points of society to the quick, is free from ill-nature. He never gloats over vice with the morbid appetite of the cynic; nor does he find in the faults of others any materials for Pharisaic self-complacency. The judicial calmness with which he brings hollow pretences to light is remarkable. Without passion or excitement, he fixes his terrible eyes on the false, the base, the artificial, and reproduces their repulsive features in his faithful descriptions. Equally free from mandolin tenderness, from ferocious joy in human failings, and from an inflated sense of personal superiority, he takes his stand in the midst of realities, and seizes the peculiar traits of the grand living panorama before him. He does not undertake to write the natural history of angels. The enchantments of an ideal paradise are not in his line. He has no fancy for clothing men and women with a higher degree of excellence than is found in the ordinary experience of human beings. His characters are not taken from the realms of fancy or fairy-land. He prefers finding them in the general London society of the present day.

'His men, accordingly, are not heroes, nor his women paragons. Hence his pictures are an illustration of the effect of existing social institutions. He shows the weak spots in the church, the school, the family relations, the arrangements of trade, and the intercourse of society; and with the more power, as he aims at no set moral lesson, has no taste for ideal speculations, and rarely ascends to the region of general principles. Instead of this, he frequently indulges in a strain of half-serious, half-jocular moralising, which, blending its quiet music with the general action of the piece, gives it a deeper tone, and a richer and more earnest suggestiveness. With this exception, *'The Newcomes'* is almost entirely confined to descriptive narrative. The author clearly has no intention of writing a romance. His materials are furnished less by imagination than by experience.

'The leading characters, if without prototypes in our own knowledge, are such true illustrations of human weakness and passion, that we can scarcely regard them as merely personages of the author's invention. Crowded as the scene before us is with complicated events and various actors, they all preserve their identity with wonderful exactness, and each presents a study of peculiar interest, though in many instances brought in by the gratuitous generosity of the writer, without being essential to the development of the plot.' . . . 'In point of literary execution, as well as of moral tendency, *'The Newcomes'* is not inferior to the most successful of the works which have crowned the author with such an unrivalled reputation as a purely intellectual novelist.

'The hand of THACKERAY is impressed on every page. Who but this consummate master has such command of the sources both of pathos and humor? Who has combined such true delicacy of perception with such honest manliness of feeling? Who has passages of such profound tenderness alternating with such bursts of bitter scorn? What writer of fiction enforces a healthier moral tone, awakens a deeper detestation of worldliness and hypocrisy, or inspires a warmer love for genuine, unaffected worth?'

An elaborate analysis of the story and its plot, or a consideration of the various characters who figure therein, would scarcely find what the Germans call '*once-readers*' while the work itself is extant and accessible. It will be bought largely and read widely.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SEEING 'THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.'—We know not when we have encountered a sketch more ludicrously maudlin than the following. It out-BURTONS BURTON in '*The Toodles*,' and *staggers*, like a kindred picture of our Georgia friend, 'S. U.,' published some years since in the KNICKERBOCKER:

'A QUIET dinner at the GIRARD House, with a couple of bottles of champagne, allayed by a cup of coffee and a regalia. The long summer afternoon was growing shorter. 'Suppose,' said JIM B —, 'we visit the 'Cademy 'f Natchral Sci'nces.'

'Ready,' we replied, and a cloudy omnibus, filled with misty people, rolled us somewhere very smoothly. We had to get out of that omnibus: we walked a little ways: remember mounting some very steep stairs.

'Here we are 'mong the d-denizens of the past,' said B —. 'Oh! what great jaws they've got! S'pose they came to life, what 'd you do *then*?' he continued, as we stopped before some ante-deluge monsters.

'Think we told him we 'd 'call the police.'

'Just look at these pickled snakes! Wake snakes! S'pose *they* came to life, what 'd *you* do th-then?' quoth B —, steadying himself against the side of the gallery.

'Holla fire!'

'T would n't do,' said B —: 'they 'd crawl all round your p-pantaloons, and get into your hat, and —'

'Here our patience gave out. 'JIM B —, said we, 'don't go on that way: consider a man's feelings.'

'So I do,' says he: 'they 'd be awful! Stop!' says he: 'that p-polar bear winked at me. I saw him. S'pose now *he* was to come to life!'

'This last was too much for our humanities. We walked along one of the galleries, toward an open window. We wanted fresh air.

'J-just look at those skulls: Chippeway, Choctaw, Ch-chinese, Cherokee, Egyptian. S'pose *they* 'd come to life, what 'd *you* —'

'Here we reached the window; a breath of air came timely in, and we winked and blinked over a case of humming-birds, till B — murmured: 'Suppose —'

'Now do n't,' said we: what's the use? Aint they all d-dead and d-stopped-up? — no, stuffed, we mean.'

'W-well,' said he, 'I w-was n't goin' to s'pose they were 'live: only g-going to s'pose we sit down on the floor here: there are no chairs. What th-then? Let's sit down.'

'And down we sat. No unruly police told us to move on; the janitor could n't see us: no visitors were about. We went to sleep.

'Oh! how pleasant, how soothing felt that gentle breath of air, blowing from the Gulf of Mexico! For two days had we tramped through the cane-brake, and as at last tired and way-worn we emerged from its close, dark cover, how welcome felt the breeze, how grateful the sun-light, how beautiful the sight of the grass-grown prairie, stretching away far as the eye could reach. The reins hung loosely about my pony's neck, and as he cropped the bright, green, waving grass, I would have gladly stopped in that cheerful spot, and dined; but no, on we must go, and on we went, till about noon-day a halt was called, and by the banks of Bayou, we had the dinner served *al fresco*. It was one of the most lovely spots I ever remember to have seen. A mammoth live oak, with its dark robe of green leaves, was to our right, and sheltered us from the warm sun-light; the feather-leaves of the wild cane rustled near us; the palmetto shot up its lance-like foliage; soft, green grass carpeted the ground; and as we came to a halt, the rush of wings and their cry told us that wild ducks had been swimming in the Bayou at our side. Birds of bright plumage winged their way over the open ground; the shrill chirp of thousands of insects sounded on the ear; and the spirit of the Indian maiden, ONKAHYE, she who re-visits this spot, leaving even the delights of another world for this dear place, I felt was invisibly hovering round. And the legend they told seemed possible.

'In life, ONKAHYE dwelt with her tribe near Houma; in summer-time, she would steal away to the Bayou; and here in this paradise of delights would she come to be alone, to be happy. The wild birds knew her and feared her not; the mild-eyed deer would feed by her side; for they saw in ONKAHYE the spirit of love and peace; the brilliant flowers blossomed round her feet; the butterflies wavered in their flight, and settled to rest near ONKAHYE. Years rolled on, and the Indian maiden was called to rest, but the GOOD SPIRIT heard her last prayer and granted it: she could re-visit the place on earth so dear to her.

'Herr SCHNEIDER was a spectacled man, with no hair on his head, and a tin box in his hand, sent by the Royal Big-Bug-Gathering-Society of Vienna to wander abroad and '*entomologize*.' He came to the Bayou; he impaled all the bright-winged butterflies, and beetles, and grasshoppers, and bugs, on pins, and poured poison over them, which killed them. And he returned to Vienna: he had discovered a *pterimognastis schedamzinatomethon*, a bug just one tenth the length of its name. He was crowned with honor, and now sleeps at night with a long title hanging over his head. But ONKAHYE wept. Still her birds, her flowers, the myriads of the inhabitants in the Bayou were left.

'Then came an ornithologist with a double-barrel arrangement, and knocked over the bright, brilliant, gorgeous-colored birds that sang for ONKAHYE; he filled them with cotton and arsenic, and only left their bones as a relic. ONKAHYE wept again; but she had her darling flowers, her fishes.

'A young man, with elegant long hair, a KOSSUTH hat, and a pocket full of sgars, with a *hortus siccus* or *herbarium*, or some other sort of *rum*, came and jerked up the flowers, and squeezed them, and pressed them, and called them all sorts of hard names: *Damurolicsagin I'ttareyurrootsuptoo*, and he discovered a new herb, and the THOMSONIANS canonized him. Again ONKAHYE wept, and her tender heart became steeled at the cruelties her poor favorites had suffered.

'A hard-looking old nut, in a straw-hat, with a snuff-box, came to the Bayou one morning, and commenced peering into its waters: he unwound a long string, put a bait on a hook, and commenced the operation of catching a *gudgeonensis uncommonisizetoo*; he also was a natural historian, with a *piscomania* on him.

Then ONKAHYE looked down from the white clouds in wrath; she begged for a thunder-shower of the largest size; she obtained it, sent it down on Bayou, and the angry waters and the storm came upon the hard-looking old nut. Next year, a snuff-box was found, but the gudgeonensis uncommonizetoo still floats in Bayou Inconnu. No one ever again disturbed the Bayou; birds came from other lands; other flowers grew up.

'Come, gentlemen, going to shut up,' said some one, shaking me by the arm; then silently on that summer evening, JIM B — and we glided out of the Academy into the coming shadows of the solemn night.

P. L.

'Philadelphia, August, 1855.'

RAIL-WAY 'SMOKING-CARS.'—The subjoined may literally be considered '*The Pursuit of Smoking under Difficulties.*' Aside from the graphic description of a common want in our popular vehicles of public travel, it embraces a matter which demands the heedful attention of the 'governors' thereof. Does even any anti-smoker suppose that it is really the duty, or for the interest of our rail-road companies to deprive at least twenty per cent. of their male passengers of what, to them, is at all times almost a necessary luxury, and particularly so while travelling on a long and toilsome journey—often-times, too, with no companion but their segar, to while away the tedious hours? Could they not afford to give us a little corner in the baggage-car, where a few gentlemen, of kindred tastes, might congregate, and hold genial converse, and blow a mutual cloud together? Would it be too much, indeed, if we were to ask them to set apart a good respectable smoking-car, with easy seats—such a car, in short, as does present honor to the thoughtful consideration and liberality of the 'Buffalo and New-York City' and 'New-York and Erie' Rail-roads? Passengers, 'lovers of the weed,' so situated, would remain quietly in such cars, leaving the occupancy of others to other travellers. We have not the slightest doubt that one car in six, of every regular passenger-train, would be filled with gentlemen of kindred mind with our correspondent. He himself goes so far as to say that he would be willing, while journeying, to pay ten per cent extra-price for the quiet enjoyment of his vaporous solace. 'Some of the most important enterprises,' he goes on to say, 'in which I have ever been engaged, (and few, let us add, have been *more* important, at least in our own State,) have been suggested, examined, and mentally matured, in a smoking-car, while travelling on the rail-road.' A smoking-car should be a *permanent* fixture in every rail-road train. We have lately had occasion to remark that they are very scarce on our western roads. It is our firm belief that rail-road superintendents could do nothing that would add so effectually to the popularity of their roads, as a little more 'catering' to the tastes of this large portion of the travelling community. But to our correspondent:

'AFTER eating a hearty dinner, I took, as has been my custom for many years, a good segar, and proceeded to find a convenient place upon the train, where I could contemplate the delightful scenery, and at the same time enjoy the soothing influ-

ances of the much-abused weed; but what was my surprise to encounter upon the platform at least a score of gentlemen, each with a lighted segar, running to and fro in search of the same desirable place. We were told, upon inquiry, that there was no smoking-car upon the train, and that if we wished to indulge in the 'vile practice,' we must do so at our own risk upon the platform of the cars. Having formed a slight acquaintance with the baggage-master, and fancying that I had made a favorable impression upon his mind, and that he would do every thing in his power to accommodate a 'good smoker,' I waited until the bell was ringing and the conductor shouting, 'A-l-l a-board!' and then stepped to the baggage-car and placed one foot therein; but while hauling in the other, I was rather sternly informed by my supposed friend that no one was allowed in the baggage-car. I remonstrated imploringly; but 't was of no use.' A brilliant idea here occurred to me; and with great complacency, accompanied by one of my most winning smiles, I pulled out a Havana, and offered it to the baggage-master. This evidently staggered him, and I have ever since been haunted by his look, which indicated the fierce struggle going on within, while endeavoring to withstand manfully the bribe which I was base enough to offer him; but he soon rallied, and with stern and solemn dignity pointed to a paper posted upon the side of the car, and said: 'It can't be done, Sir; do you see those *regulations*? — if I violate them, I shall lose my place. Very sorry, very sorry; fond of smoking myself; pity you sincerely, but allow me to inform you that the train is in motion, and you had better find another place, or you will be left.' I proceeded at once to act upon his suggestion, and with his assistance, regained the platform. As the train slowly passed, I endeavored to obtain a footing upon the car-platforms, but found them crowded by gentlemen, who had, during my unsuccessful negotiation with the baggage-master, taken possession of them for the same purpose. Car passed after car; the motion of the train was rapidly accelerating; and I thought the chances were decidedly in favor of my enjoying a quiet smoke upon the station-platform after the train had left. As the last car was passing, however, a gentleman very kindly offered me his hand, and succeeded in pulling me over a pile of baggage upon the steps of the car. After adjusting my hat, and making my position as secure as possible, by holding with both hands to the railing, I proceeded to enjoy my segar, surrounded by a cloud of dust and cinders, which penetrated into the innermost recesses of my eyes and hair, to say nothing of my new 'GENIN' and span-new shirt, purchased for the occasion. Presently, however, the conductor made his appearance in the door, and sung out: 'Please walk inside, gentlemen; passengers are not allowed to ride on the platform.' We remonstrated *en masse*, but he quietly pointed to the plate upon the door, and said: 'You see the *regulations*, gentlemen; they *must* be enforced.' There being neither time nor place for successful argument or remonstrance, I surrendered, and threw to the winds my much-coveted 'Regalia.' On arriving at my seat, I found it occupied by a brace of ladies, who had got in at the last station; but as they were 'only going fifty miles,' I concluded to stand at the door of the car and take a *retrospective* view of the road and country, rather than to make myself ridiculous and the aforesaid ladies unhappy, by appealing to the conductor for a reinstatement in supposed rights.'

Now we have many brother-Editors, who often travel over rail-roads, and who love to 'blow a cloud' in quiet, while journeying. What say you, gentlemen: shall there be a smoking-car on every rail-road? 'Those in the affirmative, 'Yes:' contrary, 'No.' The 'ayes' have it. Let the order be entered. A vermillion edict. Respect this.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'Have we a philosopher among us?' If you permit us to include as 'among us' the citizens of 'Volcano California,' we 'answer boldly in the negative, that we *have*,' in the person of Professor HORN, of 'Volcano California,' who has just given to the world his '*Examiner into the Laws of Nature*,' a copy of which now lies before us. He tells us, in his preface, that the 'introduction to the people of his work is principally intended for the benefit of those who have not examined much into the laws of nature, and who have not made use of a variety of galvanic and other experiments; and *more especially for the benefit of children!*' To show how the style of Professor HORN sussurates with pellucid liquidity, and is therefore a very model '*for children*,' we quote a few passages from his learned work:

'From examining into the external organization surrounding the surface of the earth, we find that there are fixed laws created within the physical organization to bring on periods of changes. Said changes appear approaching toward perfection. By tracing some of said causes to the present period, we learn that all animated nature has undergone changes. From said changes, said cause so existing in and among men, has been so changed from time to time that it is difficult for one to become acquainted with said cause. Man can only become acquainted in said existing poisonous cause in and among man, in all its branches, from tracing said effects to causes up to the present period, as before said. . . . I believe a general knowledge of said cause so existing in and among men, that man will greatly diminish said cause so existing in and among men; and the effects that must follow from so diminishing said poison, must be beneficial results flowing therefrom.' . . . 'So of the growth of wheat: when said grains become composed in said heads and perfected, said two statues, male and female, remained in said grains until the next planting time, if said grains did not become decomposed from some cause. When said wheat-stalks and head were perfected, the power of affinity which compose said stalks and head through said liquid formation, and holds said stalks together in forms and shapes, and said stalks were strong and tough, the power of affinity existed the greatest in said stalks and heads. What effects followed said wheat-stalks, heads, and grains? When said liquid circulation within said stalks and heads ceased circulating, the power of affinity commenced decreasing, and said stalks commenced losing their power and strength gradually, as said power continued diminishing within; and by the time said power ceased holding said stalks together in form and shape, said parcels within had composed said stalks, and occupied the same position in parcels as they did when said formation commenced. Said grains, when perfected and become hard and somewhat solid, said power of affinity existed the greatest in some grains, and if left subject to said law, undergoes the same process as said stalks did.'

We should be glad to follow our author in his learned consideration of the 'formation of the earth and seas,' and his mode of 'decomposition of said water contained in said seas,' into the fine 'parcels' that they occupied previous to the *formation* of said seas, but our limits forbid. The high scientific attainments of Professor HORN, and the celebrity to which he must inevitably attain, must be our apology for offering a passage from his personal history:

'The author of this work is in and about five feet and five inches tall; possessed of dark brownish hair and eyes; a projecting forehead over his eyes; *rather flat on the top of his head*; and has been a subject to a crook in one of his fingers on his right hand, the second finger from the thumb, at the first joint from the nail, crooking toward the thumb; and weighs in and about one hundred and twenty pounds.

'My mother did inform me that I was born in Northampton county, and State of Pennsylvania, February 18th, 1807. And as it was my parents' lot to be poor, and to become a subject to the support of a large family, and I being the oldest of the family, and through said cause I did not receive a proper education in my youthful days. All

the schooling I did receive at different periods, did not receive one year. Notwithstanding, in the construction, form, and shape of my physical organization, was constructed organs possessed of power to create natural impressions into my mind; although said organs was merely excited into action in my youthful days, owing to said cause.

Influenced by one of said organs, later in life, said Professor was led to go to California. His luck was various. A painful climax was found in the fact, that money which he had sent home to 'the States,' through a banking-house in San-Francisco, was lost, through a failure of said house:

... 'I HAD a little money left. I did deposit said money into a banking-house, and took a check from said banking-house: and I put said check into a letter; and I put said letter into the post-office, to be sent home to my friends. The next day, it was reported through the city that said banking-house had failed. From said report, I at once became aware that said money could not reach the Atlantic States. I was grieved for a few days with sorrows; but on meditating, I at once became aware, if I did continue fretting and grieving for said disappointments, that I should soon destroy my mind, and then I must remain hopeless of ever doing any thing for myself or friends. I at once come to a conclusion, as I thought, that I was born so unlucky: and if I was born so unlucky, that there must be a sure cause for it; but why was it so, or what cause existed in me that should make me so unlucky? As I was poor all my life at home, I had come to California, and unlucky, as I thought: but said cause thereof I could not tell.'

Professor HORN went into the mines and labored three years: but said HORN still met with reverses:

'In December, 1854, I became so reduced in means that I had but one suit of clothes, which I had on my body: my clothes became a subject to lice, and I had to suffer the torments of said lice for five days, before I could possibly raise means to buy clean clothes; and became hungry, and went into a house and did ask for something to eat, and told them that I had no money to pay for it; and said household refused in giving any thing to eat, because I had no money to pay for it.'

We present a single passage from a profound essay upon '*The Formation and Composition of the Earth, and the Laws she is a Subject to.*' It will be seen that our philosopher 'begins at the beginning':

'In describing the organization of the earth, I shall first commence on her surface, and then penetrate into her internal parts. First, the earth has an outside crust or shell, extending from her surface toward her centre, from five hundred to a thousand miles, more or less, which forms a roundish arch within her. Said outside crust or shell in its composition is of a nature like the bark of trees, and like oyster-shells, and like rocks found on her surface. Said crust or shell is the roughest and most porous on and near her surface, like trees are the most solid toward and in their centre. Oyster-shells possess the same nature. . . . It is often difficult by looking small children into their faces, to tell if they are males or females; the great distinction only develops itself in and about the time they mature. The moon is possessed of the same organization as the earth. The moon has a current of air around his or her body, but said air does not as yet carry vapor, for this reason: the moon is not as yet matured to his or her full size; and if the moon is a female, her surface cannot produce vegetation as yet. The sea is the stomach of the moon, the same as the sea is the stomach of the earth, and in its organization collects matter out of space in parcels possessed of all the different qualities and properties required to compose every separate and different internal and external organ of the moon, in the same order that animals and men receive into their stomachs liquid and all the vegetable ingredients for their entire organization. The different organs in said organization separate the different properties required to compose the different parts of the body, although all are mixed up at once in the stomach.'

The Professor has another theory, of electricity, 'positive and negative,' in the 'human specie,' by which he can detect character with unerring precision. The 'too much *caloric*' in the head of one subject mentioned below, we think should have been taken into consideration:

'I HAPPENED to be at a hotel where a number of men had collected, and by looking said men in their faces, I soon saw that said men were possessed of different temperaments; and I looked at one man, and thought, owing to his organization, that his body must contain too much electricity, and not enough of caloric: and that his head must contain too much caloric, and not enough of electricity. I asked said man if he was not a subject of exciting uneasiness at spells, and if he did not become a subject of the blues or horrors during said exciting days. He said yes. I asked him if said blues did not come on him, and he did not know how. He said yes, knowing the days of said positive periods. I referred him back to said days, and asked him if he was a subject of said blues during said days; he said yes, knowing the days of said negative period which followed. I asked him how he felt in said following days. He said that he had become in a manner relieved from said blues.'

Fervently appealed to, as 'an organ of eastern scientific opinion,' (1) to make known 'the views of Professor HORN,' we have yielded to the request. Our *own* views are 'respectfully requested.' We give them freely. We do not believe there is at this moment on the globe a really *scientific* philosopher who can in any degree *compare* with Professor HORN. Will the Professor ever visit the *Atlantic* cities? - - - A RECENT English magazine-writer, in an article which we find in the '*Albion*' weekly journal, entitled '*A Strange Temptation*,' speaks of the 'unreserve and frankness' of the English abroad. Is n't *that* a good idea? Why, a gentleman of this city, of the highest respectability, rode with his wife, an estimable and accomplished American lady, from Liverpool to London in the same compartment of the railway-car with one of these same 'unreserved and frank' Englishmen, and he only spoke once during the whole distance, and then he was forced to do it by a direct question from our friend: 'Will you have the kindness, Sir, to tell me how many miles we are from London?' '*Th-i-r-t-y*!' said he, with a drawl and a scowl — nor 'word spake he more.' No: English writers themselves admit the fact of this boorishness. Col. SLEIGH, an Englishman, has the candor to say: 'English people are generally a reserved race: they journey and commune with their own thoughts, instead of conversing with their fellow-travellers. In the old country, hauteur is often assumed from an idea that it conveys dignity and importance. To be brusque and short in your reply, is to be a man of great mark and likelihood; to be sullen and disagreeable in your deportment, is to convey to vulgar minds an impression of exclusiveness. Answer a person in England civilly, and you are at once regarded as of no account. Be snappish and imperious, and the hat is touched, and you rise in estimation.' Col. SLEIGH goes on to remark that this course had better be avoided by English travellers in America; and his journeying countrymen will find out that he is quite right. However, it is but just to admit that the English gentleman is very imperfectly represented by the great majority of our 'Britishers.' 'Jo'd BULL,' said the eccentric ANDREW JACKSON ALLEN to us on one occasion, 'is a doble adibal at hobe: you do d't see him over here: what you see over here is dothing but the hoofs, and hords, a'd tail: you ought to see the *whole* adibal before you dow what Jo'd BULL is!' There is a good deal of truth, we suspect, in this; for after all, 'a gentleman is of no country.' The magazine-writer to whom we have alluded, speaking of one of the POPE's officials in Rome, whom he wished to pump dry, says: 'If with me his object was 'conversation,' he certainly 'took nothing by his motion,' while I gained a good deal from *his* communi-

cations.' When you meet such a man as this, reader, fix on him a 'glassy stare,' reply to him in monosyllables, communicate nothing, and never take your eye off him. We have had experience in this kind with snobs who would pick your brains, and 'do know whereof we speak.' - - - We have received from 'Gold-Land' a pamphlet-volume, in large quarto, with flaring types, entitled '*California Visions and Realities, a Series of Poems by H. J. M.*' It is a great work; but we can only spare space for one brief extract from a 'pome' entitled '*The Lone Grave on a Mountain.*' It is very touching:

'HERE, upon this solitary mountain,
Empaled alone in his everlasting
Sleep, lies one, who seems to have had a friend;
For at his head there is a board, and at
His feet a stone. He must have been a friend,
Who that great oak, [whose hardy trunk hath borne
The change of seasons far beyond a human
Age,] hath felled, from which those pales were split
To here inclose this lonely spot. Poor, poor
Lonely corse! what sacred, silent sadness
All about thee reigns. 'Rest thou, C. L. D.,
Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-three,' is all
That here remains to speak of thee. Why, Man!
What brought thee here to mould? But I can answer:
That Gold!'

This will do for once! - - - OUR friend and contemporary, JOHN R. THOMPSON, Esq., of the '*Southern Literary Messenger*' magazine, sat down in his traveller's apartment at our beautiful Saint NICHOLAS Hotel the other day, and, in his clear and legible hand-of-write, 'threw off' for us the following, which he had just related with most marked effect. The types can do no justice to his *manner* of narrating the anecdote:

'SOON after JULLIEN's return from the United States, and during the prevalence of the annual November fogs in London, he advertised a great shilling-concert at Drury Lane, the music to be selected entirely from the compositions of BEETHOVEN. I happened to be staying at FENTON's Hotel, in St. JAMES' street, at that uncomfortable season, and my eye fell on the card in '*The Times*,' headed, in formidable capitals, '*BEETHOVEN Festival*,' as I was taking breakfast in the morning. There was a friend of mine some distance off, at MORLEY's, upon whose spirits the murky atmosphere of Charing-Cross cast such a gloom that I was seriously apprehensive he might do something rash, if his motions were not carefully heeded; so, not resting content with assuring myself that he had neither strychnine nor pistols in his possession, I cast about for expedients of occupying his time agreeably. ALBERT SMITH, unfortunately, had shut up his '*Ascend of Mont-Blanc*,' and there was absolutely nothing in the way of evening amusement anywhere in the region of the West-End; so that I gladly caught at the '*BEETHOVEN Festival*,' as a capital way of disposing of at least one evening. My friend reluctantly consented to go; and after a dark and adventurous drive through the narrow streets leading to Drury-Lane, we were set down at the door of that famous establishment.

'On entering, we found the house very densely crowded. The shilling ticket had called out the *hoi polloi* in heavy force. We had not made the circuit of the lobby, however, when we saw an announcement posted on the wall, that, 'in consequence of unavoidable circumstances, unnecessary to mention,' the BEETHOVEN

Festival was postponed until the following week; and that in lieu of the programme for that occasion, the audience would be entertained with some of the eminent *maestro's* latest musical ebullitions, among which, the 'Inkermann Quickstep,' the 'Alma Quadrille,' the 'Balaklava March,' and the 'Crimea Schottische' testified the ready genius of the artist.

'After a while JULLIEN appeared, in all the glory of his buttony waistcoats and elaborate shirt-bosoms; and having smoothed out the last wrinkle in his primrose kids, brought down his *baton* for the start, with that easy and assured consciousness of victory which the sovereigns of Europe and the sovereigns of America have been equally lost in admiring. Alas! he little knew what troubles he was about to encounter! The instruments had accomplished but a bar of the music, when there arose a multitudinous din from boxes, gallery, and floor, which drowned every note, from flute to ophicleide, and rendered farther progress impossible. JULLIEN—what did he? Bidding the music cease, by a flourish of the *baton*, he threw an appealing glance at the audience, and order was restored, as he vainly thought, once for all. A minute elapsed, and off went the orchestra again, but only to be again overwhelmed in the roar of the London *demus*. For a few moments the unequal conflict was carried on between the two opposing forces, JULLIEN, in a frantic *fortissimo* gesture, urging the performers to their loudest exertions. But they might as well have sat down under Table-Rock to play for an audience on Goat-Island. Not a drum was heard, nor a violin's note; and, struggling with his emotions, JULLIEN gave up the contest and fled. *Abii, evasi, erupit*.

'In a short time there came out a clarinet-player, who essayed to make an apology; but the tumult deepened. After having been asked whether his mother was aware of his absence from the paternal roof, whether she had sold her mangle yet, and a thousand other somewhat discourteous questions, he retired, amidst the jeers and laughter of 'an indignant public.'

'The occasion then called for a bold step on the part of JULLIEN, and he *took* it, with the nerve of a NAPOLEON. He came forward to make a speech, and there was silence so profound that the fall of a play-bill would have been heard in any part of the house. I am sure I cannot do justice to his effort; but, as well as my memory serves me, it was *after* this manner that he spoke:

'LADDES AND GENTILMANS: I am ver' sorry to comes before you to make ze apolo-gee, but it vas imposse' to give ze cone-cairt to-night of ze Mossieu BERTHOVEN, and for zat I av make myself von plan to give it nex veek; and I av put ze small beel in ze ouse to tell him about zat. I av sent von leetle boy to ze officee of ze newspap' to make ze publeek know, but ze leetle boy her'r'on back ver' queek, and zay he vos too late; ze newspap' vos go to ze press. So I can zay mysel' to any ladee or gentilmans as vill not likes mosh ze programme for this evening, he will be so good as to give hees moncees back to ze man at ze door, or take ze teeket for ze cone-cairt of ze nex' veek. And if he pref-fer not dat leetle ar'rangemong, he shall take his hat and go to his home.' (Here a voice from the upper gallery demanded: 'What does 'The Times' say?') 'Eh? vot for you say vot zay ze 'Times?'' Do you sup-pose I am reesponseeble for vot zay ze 'Times?'' My dear zur, it has been two months ze 'Times' tell you Zebastopol vos fall. You beleeevz 'im, eh?'

'Here the triumph of JULLIEN was complete, as abundantly manifested in the deafening applauses of the audience, and he might have profitably concluded; but the fury of eloquence was upon him, and he proceeded:

'LADDES AND GENTILMANS: I av just r'r'return from ze grand Amerique, vere I av give ze grand cone-cairt from ze New-York to ze New-Orleang, and I must zay I av not

see such commosee-ong in any place in the great R'R'Republique as I av see to-night in ze grand metropoles of ze vor'r'r'rld!

'I need not add that such a peroration, delivered with indescribable energy and *aplomb*, brought down the house, and that the Crimean compositions were thereafter received with great enthusiasm.'

Isn't that inimitable 'French-English?' - - - The following is a well-deserved tribute to the memory of a gifted correspondent, who has been taken too early 'hence, to be here no more.' Louisville, Kentucky, would have possessed for us an added interest, had we been aware, on our late visit to that beautiful city, of the circumstances here mentioned. 'C. C. D.,' who will accept our grateful thanks, writes us as annexed:

'A PURE spirit has gone to its reward. ISAAC A. COWLES, who has contributed some alight effusions to your Magazine, died at Syracuse, on the twenty-ninth ultimo, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. He was for a long period a student in the Oneida Conference Seminary, at Cazenovia; thence, after some months spent in teaching and diligent self-instruction, he went to Hamilton College, where he remained until the beginning of the present year, when he removed to Yale College, with the intention of completing his collegiate studies, and graduating at that institution. He was there only three weeks, when dyspepsia, from which he had greatly suffered, and a complication of diseases, which have proved fatal, compelled him to abandon his studies and return to his home.

'His character seemed to combine the opposite qualities of great mirthfulness and deep melancholy; these expressing themselves in an interesting variety of modifications, and at times in the strongest contrasts. Few persons could so well bear the affliction of sickness, and few, indeed, are so well prepared for the summons of the great MASTER. He had refined tastes, great fondness for social intercourse, an appreciative ear for music and much skill in its execution, and a retentive memory, well stored with beautiful thoughts and curious fancies, gathered in extensive reading. One of his favorite books, and often, I remember, his companion in summer rambles, was the little volume of poems by your brother, WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE, every line of which, I doubt not, he could have repeated from memory. A singular fortune took him, a few years since, to Louisville, Kentucky, near which place, on the plantation of a distinguished gentleman, whose name I do not now remember, he spent some days in familiarizing himself with the experiences of Southern life; purposing to return to the North at an early day. But his pleasing manners won for him so strongly the affection of his new friends, that they prevailed on him to take a small school, and a few music-scholars, at a generous salary, and remain with them. No period of his life was a source of more pleasure to him than the year or two spent there. His kind-hearted friends were charmed with his playful, sweet, devoted spirit, and he in turn was enthusiastic in his praises of their hospitality, wit, and good-breeding. While there, he contributed some short poems to the columns of '*The Louisville Journal*,' which were received by Mr. PRENTICE with even more than the usual favor with which he notices the productions of young writers. In publishing one piece, I remember, he said: 'We do not know who 'GEORGE LOVELAND' (ISAAC'S *nom de plume*) is, but we do know that he is a genius.' This was a beautiful description of an old man reflecting on his past life, and his solitary condition; but, unfortunately for me, I do not recollect a line of it at present. Very nearly in the same spirit was a fine poem written for New-Year's

day, 1853, by request of Mr. PRENTICE, and well meriting the complimentary manner in which it was introduced to the readers of the 'Journal.' Is not this an affecting picture?

- 'We draw around the old familiar hearth,
Where we have gathered in the days of yore;
But some are gone who mingled in our mirth—
Their beaming smiles are bent on us no more:
And as remembrance fills the vacant chair,
We mutely gaze upon each other there.
- 'Sometimes we start to hear the well-known words,
On which we loved to dwell in olden times,
Of those we lost, who went, like autumn-birds,
Winging their way to calmer, brighter climes:
But ah! we only start and list in vain—
We shall not hear them on the earth again.
- 'Where have they gone? oh! whither have they fled?
Ask of the clouds that sweep above their graves,
Ask of the winds that moan around their bed,
Or the low voices of the chanting waves.
Whither? alas! to us 't is only known
That they were with us once, but now are flown.
- 'Yon silvery moon trims her bright lamp on high,
And pours her sweet effulgence o'er the earth;
The stars, undimmed, wheel through the vaulted sky,
And rise and set, as at their time of birth:
But in the spirit's west, the stars that set
Return no more to shine on our regret.'

'ISAAC'S compositions were grave and gay, pensive and mirth-provoking, by turns. Some were exceedingly humorous, even to burlesque and extravagance. I am not aware that he had decided on any profession or pursuit, other than that of his father—agriculture—which, with educated skill and taste, might, as he thought, be ennobled with the dignity of a science.

'Finally, my dear Sir, I beg you will pardon this long but heart-prompted letter, for the sake of his memory who was one of my truest friends, and one of your warmest and most affectionate admirers. a. c. d.'

'*Quam Deus amat, moritur adolescens.*' - - - 'WHAT you say, in your 'TABLE,' (writes our friend and correspondent, Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE,) as to CHANTREY's opinion of the genuineness of SHAKESPEARE's bust on the Church of Stratford upon Avon, reminds me of a circumstance which bears out your assertion. The late GEORGE BULLOCK, of London, (who built the Egyptian Museum, in Piccadilly,) took the trouble, many years ago, of going down to Stratford, in company with JOHN BRITTON, the antiquarian, for the express purpose of taking a cast of SHAKESPEARE's monument. Shortly after this was done, a party assembled to breakfast, at BULLOCK's, to discuss (as well as the meal) the merits of the Monument, of which several *fac-simile* repetitions had been made, with a view to public sale. CHANTREY, the sculptor, was there, accompanied by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, the poet, his right-hand man. Here, also, was BRITTON, *petit* and lively; and I was present, under the shadow of his wing. Sir WALTER SCOTT was in London at the time, and joined the party. I recollect a great deal of the conversation, but two points particularly: CHANTREY, on carefully examining the bust,

said: 'This must be a resemblance of SHAKESPEARE. In the very early part of the seventeenth century, when he died, there was no sculptor in England capable of making such a bust as this, in the usual manner in which such things are done. If there were, so rude was the art in this country at the time, that I am persuaded he would not have preserved the individuality which these features exhibit. In every man's face, there is some difference between the right side and the left. You can clearly distinguish it here. A sculptor of the time would scarcely have noticed it, and if he did, would probably have considered it a defect, to be softened down. I judge, therefore, that this bust was copied from a cast taken after SHAKESPEARE died, and that the man who cut it did no more than faithfully follow the copy he had before him.' SCOTT said there was ingenuity and probability in the conjecture, but what puzzled him was the unnatural length of the upper lip. 'That,' said CHANTREY, 'proves the fidelity of the portrait. No sculptor would have *invented* what certainly gives a peculiar and marked character to the face. But, Sir WALTER,' he added, 'the Duke of WELLINGTON's upper lip is quite as long as that of SHAKESPEARE, and I suspect that your own is also as long.' He applied a pair of compasses to measure the length of SCOTT's upper lip, and amid much laughter, pronounced that it exceeded SHAKESPEARE's by what sculptors call a line and a half. If you examine good portraits of WELLINGTON and SCOTT, you will find that CHANTREY was correct. - - - Our distinguished Professor JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL's knowledge is exhaustless. Who have we in all this Great Metropolis, not to say 'ger-reat *ked'ntry*,' except the PROFESSOR, who could have written the subjoined? We venture to say, 'Narry one.' Observe, if you please, his style of argument, in the matter and instances of inverted 'cause and effect' — that bugbear of science. These present no difficulties to one who never fails to satisfy his own 'cravins for siance.' Listen to '*De Almanack*:'

'Some ob you may tink it am too much for me wid de gebometer at 900, but we shall see.

'Some ob you too, I see smile, and work up your eyebrows, and make knowing faces at me, as if de subjc was too uninteresting to be worthy a place in de struggle ob my compus, but all sich will sing a different tune before I'm done, or else I'll gub up lecturing and turn clam-peddler.

'In de fust place fustly: What am de Almanack?

'In de second place secondly: What does it tell about?

'In de fird place firdly: Who made it?

'And de fort place fortly: What would we do widout it?

'*Now* Ize gwane to tell you, look out! When Adam was placed in de garden ob Paradise, in all de refulgent glory ob a he-model artist, how would he hab none it was January 1st, year one, if it hadn't a been for de Almanack? He woodent a none wedder it was July or January from de climate in dat lubly country. So you see de use ob de Almanack begin wid Adam, an it hab stuck to mankind eber sense. Again, How cood you tell when it was Sunday morning, (recollect a dirty shirt won't always do it, for in dese meltin times and heated terms, a shirt siles berry easy in tree days,) widout de Almanack in New-York. Will eny external sights about de city do it? No. Am not de rum-shops, de Dutch groceries, de 'potecary shops, de root-beer shops, de barber shops, and all Chatham street, open jis de same dat day as eny odder? How, I ax you, wood you tell Sunday from eny odder day if it wusent for de Almanack? I defy you to do it! Some may say dey can tell it by de ringing ob de church bells. Oh! but, my rens, how wood de church bells know when to ring if it wusent for de tex? Dat's a clincher!

'Widout de Almanack de young farmers woodent know how to sow his wild oats and odder tings, nor de ole farmer when to plant corns, nor wood he know when to cut de grain, and pick de apples and plumbs. De sun woodent know when to get up in de

morning, and wood be rising in de middle ob de nite; nor de stars know when to strike a light at de gates ob heaben. De ole silwer moon, too, which hab set haff de young folks as mad as canine dogs in dog-days, woodent no more know when to shine dan a pig knows why he am happy when he am scratched wid a rake. Folks woodent know when to make fires in de parlor, nor to put on furs. De tides woodent know when to rise or fall, and hence you woodent know when to go swimmin' in short, we woodent know nuffin. Would you know how to take grease out ob silk—iron rust out ob linen—how to make sour crab-apples into sweetmeats? Go to de Almanack, dat will tell you. Hab you got de toofake? Look for a cure in de back ob dat precious book. It will tell you eberyting on earf, exceptin how to pay enormous rents, and stew clams properly; and I contend dat it am, nex to de scriptures, de most usefule book de world ebber seed, but like ebbery ting else usefule and good, in d's world, it am put to bad use: ebbery quack doctor in New-York prints an Almanack, and insted ob de ole land-marks, dat was de guide and safety ob de farmer, away in de back yard ob sibilisation, sich as: 'About dis time look out for squalls;' 'Thunder and lightning;' 'Snow drifts;' 'High winds,' etc.; you will see—'Take pills No. 2 to-day,' 'Mixture No. 3 afore breakfast;' 'Bitters before dinner;' 'Compound of Dr. Townsend three times a day;' and so on frout de year—pills, plasters and poultices de year shaking round.

'Am it any wonder dat my indignashon rises like de gebometer in August, when I see sich intrusion made ob a book dat cost de anshent foolosofers so much time and trouble to fix up in a strate way? When de Almanack was fus made, it had only ten monfs in it, and ob corse folks dident lib morn haff deir days den; and dat wasent all, dey coodent fix de sun, moon, stars and tides right; dey wood rise at unseasonable hours kase time was out ob jint and not divided off in proper functions; so one day de foolosofers and siance men met (oh! if I had only libed den to hab a finger in dat pie and got in my receipt for making clam-soup,) and dey added two monfs, July, named arter Julius Caesar, my name-sake, and August, named arter AUGUSTINE, or AUGUSTUS, I forgit now which, but it don't make no odds as it am all for de best.

'Arter studying all night, I come to dis conclushun, dat widout de Almanack dar wood be no week days, or Sundays; no morning, noon, or nite; no week, no monf, no year; and a general bust up ob all creation. De only good dat I can see wood 'cur to de poor man, wood be de fac, dat de landlord woodent know when quarter day come round, and you might fool him out ob a monf or two: but such am not de case wid Anty Clawson; she nebber read a leaf ob de Almanack nor noffin else, (for reasons ob her own,) and yet she can tell widin one day when my week's bord am due—she has two ways ob tellin it: fustly, she marks down de days wid a piece ob chalk behind de door; and, secondly, she knows when I gingle any money—kase if I got money to gingle I owe for bord, if I aint, I don't: see de inference?

'Brudder GREENLEY being abroad, somebody else will haff to lead de singin. Brudder HEIDTICK will pass round de sasser.'

An elaborate, well-reasoned lecture! - - - Just about this time, when the 'Great Snake' is disporting himself in the translucent waters of Silver Lake, 'The Yacu-Mama, a Snake-Story,' by a new correspondent, will not be without interest:

'LIEUTENANT HERNDON, in his official report of a survey of the Valley of the Amazon, made in 1850, speaks of the Indians of the 'Lake Country,' a few miles below Yurimaguas, as having a superstition in regard to an immense serpent called *Yacu-Mama*, or 'Mother of the Waters,' which they imagine to be the guardian spirit of the waters. Lieutenant HERNDON says, 'he never saw it himself,' (which is very possible,) but gives a description written by Father MANUEL CASTRUCCI DE VERNAZZI, in an account of his mission to the Givaros and Zeparos of the river Pastaza, made in 1845. It runs as follows:

'The wonderful nature of this animal, its figure, size, and other circumstances, enchains attention, and causes man to reflect upon the majestic and infinite power and wisdom of the SUPREME CREATOR. The sight alone of this monster confounds, intimidates, and infuses respect into the heart of the boldest man. He never seeks or follows the victim upon which he feeds; but so great is the force of his inspiration, that he draws in with his breath whatever quadruped or bird may pass him within from twenty to fifty yards of distance, according to its size. That which I killed from my canoe upon the Pastaza, (with five shots of a fowling-piece,) had two yards of thickness and fifteen yards of length; but the Indians of this region have assured me that there are animals of this kind here of three or four yards diameter, and from thirty to forty long

These swallow entire hogs, stags, tigers, and men with the greatest facility: but by the mercy of PROVIDENCE, it moves and turns itself very slowly, on account of its extreme weight. When moving, it appears a thick log of wood, covered with scales, and dragged slowly along the ground, leaving a track so large that men may see it at a distance, and avoid its dangerous ambush.'

'Please to 'phanzy the pheelinks' of a timid young man within the 'twenty to fifty yards' *inspiring distance of a snake twelve feet in diameter and one hundred and twenty in length!*

'The 'Sea Serpent' is n't worth mentioning, and it altogether beats the wonderful *Joint Snake* I heard of in one of the Western States, said to have the power of separating itself into several parts, and afterward uniting again at its pleasure. About that joint-snake, 'thereby hangs a tale':

'A 'stranger' was describing the wonderful powers of this 'pizing sarpiant' to a knot of individuals congregated 'somewhere out West.' They listened with open eyes and mouth agape with astonishment at the startling account. But the assurance that it could separate itself 'clean apart in five or six places,' and 'come together agin as slick a j'int as ever you see,' was a little too much to believe all at once. As a public speaker once remarked, they 'doubted the fact,' and intimated as much.

'That's so, I've seen it,' quietly remarked a very honest and innocent-looking hoosier, who stood by.

'Sho! ye don't say so! Tell us about it, won't ye?' exclaimed two or three in a breath.

'Wall, I do n't mind tellin', said the hoosier. 'Yer see, I was comin' 'long the edge of the perayre one mornin', down in Indyaner, when, fust I know, I come across one of these 'ere j'int-snakes, as they call 'em, a great nice feller, stretched out in the sun as pooty as ever you see. I did n't scare him, but jest stepped back a little ways, and cut a saplin' about four feet and a half long, and trimmed it out alick with my jack-knife. Thinks I, old feller, I 'll find out pooty quick how many j'int's you got in yer. So I stepped up kinder softly, and hit him a right smart lick across his back, and by thunder —— I'

'Did he come apart? What did he do then?' asked the listeners, very much excited.

'Why, he flew into *more'n forty pieces!* and I'll be doggoned if every derved one of 'em did n't take right after me!'

Rather 'hard story' that! - - - READ '*Harfang on Birds.*' He worthily opens the present number. Our OWL looks down approvingly from the mantel-piece. He feels that after all there are appreciative and kindred minds in the world, and that HARFANG's is of them. And what a noble tribute he pays to our national bird — the EAGLE! We could not choose but think of it the other day, when we stopped in at ARCHIE GRIEVE's, in Chambers-street, to get a tasteful collar for our handsome and graceful greyhound — a present from an esteemed friend and Rockland neighbor. There we saw two EAGLES: one in a small cage, standing upon the ground; the other in a somewhat longer and broader prison; but both pining for freedom, and evincing the most supreme disgust at their situation: 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' among sick monkeys, rheumy-eyed dogs, of high and low degree, misanthropic ourang-outangs, growling young tigers, and two crocodiles in wooden box-troughs, wheezing and blowing — a 'windy suspiration

of forced breath' that sounded precisely like the puffing of the high-pressure engines of steamers on the Ohio river. Oh! it was *too* melancholy to see that noble GOLDEN EAGLE, instead of the free air of heaven, inhaling the mingled odors of tigers, monkeys, puppies, whelps, and hounds, and countless coops of unclean birds, stalking restlessly about, looking up to the top of his cage with his eyes of fire, and ever and anon raising his broad wings, as if to plume them for distant flight! We thought of his noble counterpart, as pictured by CAMPBELL:

'He clove the adverse storm,
And cuffed it with his wings. He stopped his flight
As easily as the Arab reins his steed,
And stood at pleasure 'neath heaven's zenith, like
A lamp suspended from its azure dome,
Whilst underneath him the world's mountains lay
Like mole-hills, and her streams like lucid threads:
Then downward, faster than a falling star,
He neared the earth, until his shape distinct
Was blackly shadowed on the sunny ground;
And deeper terror hushed the wilderness,
To hear his nearer whoop! Then up again
He soared and wheeled. There was an air of scorn
In all his movements, whether he threw round
His crested head, to look behind him, or
Lay vertical, and sportively displayed
The inside whiteness of his wing declined,
In gyres and undulations full of grace,
An object beautifying heaven itself.'

What a picture! what a contrast! - - - OUR friend Mr. WAGSTAFF, the gifted editor of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo*,' (a journal which has only been suspended 'for a season,') has been visiting the Great Cataract at Niagara. He writes to us as follows from the Clifton-House, Canada side: 'I Been here five days, and had a gelorious timet. I thought I'd take the Brittish side for once't. There is more water seen from here, and less brag abeout it besides. It is supple-ended to the sight, but for the stomach, what little is uset for that porpoise brings on the Diary; but they qualify with a view to that fact, and prevent the overflow in the human system. The outflux of the lakes produces, if it be uset by way of drink, a flux into the body, by codnesequencet of the too great projectile capability of the aqueous fluid hereabout. No person in travellink to the great West can be too kearful about his water. He must use it and not abuse it, for Natur has squeegeed lime into it; and lime into the Laek, or lime into the punch, or lime into the water, 's all's one. *Sallsons*, any how. I spent this afternoon on Goat Island, among the greatest bobbery of rainbows, thunderings, frothings, prismatices, aqueducks, viaducks, (no other ducks,) islands, eyelets, and the rock where AVERY split, that Natur, in her most violent contortions, almost anywhere ever any time did, some how or other, appears to me kind of seem to cut up! She certingly puts her shef-dooover foot forward in this place. Not in wain: nothink is in wain. Oh! what a good time I had, wandering about in the solemnity of that grand Druid wood! I see several goats and one ass.' No doubt: we saw two or three while *we* were there; and one especially who 'could n't be bought at *any* price,' so highly did he hold himself. But he 'was n't worth much, after all.' Who *can*

be worth much who 'puts on airs' in the great presence of Niagara; a place that dwarfs the mightiest of men! - - - We have 'laughed consumedly' over a Prospectus sent us from New-Orleans, for the '*United Merchants' General Factory for the Delivery of Prints at Domicil*,' in other words, a letter and circular city-dispatch! How characteristically magniloquent is the intensely French-English of this prospectus, may be gathered from the following. He wants to know, in the first place, whether New-Orleans has'n't business enough to support such an agency:

'Has not its population reaches enough an important number? — does not concurrence hold as elsewhere, the first degree? Is it not abound every day by a considerable number of foreigners?

'Therefore it is with the greatest confidence that I have announced to the public my intention of establishing in New-Orleans an administration of distribution of prints at domicil, in the same manner as those of Paris and London. A few words shall be sufficient, I doubt not, to attract the general sympathy upon me, because the use of such an undertaking and the important services which it is called to render to the whole population, will be soon acknowledged by her.

'Before this, when a merchant had some circulars, catalogues, or cards printed, he was often very embarrassed to have them forwarded to his clients: now that difficulty is subdued, etc.: by applying to the administration, the merchant may be certain that his prints will be distributed or carefully delivered at domicil, with dispatch, and by means of a short fee.

'It is the same manner for letters of death, letters of convocation, bills in writing, hand-bills of spectacles, ballots of election, etc.; as a bound complement, a printing-office being attached to the establishment, it will be very easy for me to execute orders in the shortest possible delay. There is another point upon which I cannot call the better attention of the public. I mean to speak of the collect of funds: my factors, as I have already said, leave the administration three times a day: their service compel them to go through the city in every way, and it may be said, at every hour of the day. I suppose that a merchant had a hundred invoices to collect, and that he is in need of his funds for the same day, he has only to apply to the factory. This effect, whose difficulties I intend to level, had always been very agreeable and expensive for the trade, and very often the usual collectors, notwithstanding their good will, could not satisfy certain exigencies dictated by useful and imperious wants.'

This beats the great 'Siccative.' - - - In going from Jeffersonville, Indiana, to Seymour, (named after our departed friend, the late H. C. SEYMOUR,) there was little to attract us, save 'stations' without houses, and places without inhabitants. Yes, by-the-by, there *was* one thing that attracted admiring attention, and is worthy of especial mention. All along the whole line of the road were BLACKBERRIES — ripe, luscious, melting; overhanging all the banks — enough to supply even our Great Gotham for a twelve-month. We saw, *then*, where the splendid berries came from that graced and enriched the tables of Cincinnati and Louisville. But we are on the Ohio and Mississippi Rail-road, with our faces toward the great metropolis of Ohio, and 'hastening thitherward.' - - - CERTAIN members of a certain 'Half-dozen party' from the metropolis, who accompanied us from our little 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' to Rockland Tower, the other afternoon, strayed on their way into by and forbidden paths, through individual obstinacy and conceitedness; and although to memory dear, they were presently lost to sight. What was to be done? It would never do to lose the glorious sun-set view from the Tower: the great orb of day was drawing about him the gorgeous curtains of his evening tent; and no time was to be lost. We, the counsellor and guide, had been left comparatively alone, in 'the right way' — deserted by our companions. Some were wandering among the tombs of the circumjacent 'Rockland Cemetery:' the feet of others were

stumbling on a dark mountain near by, clad in thickest foliage, and only lighted up by the small, bright tin-pails, which the United States Coast Surveyors, employed and paid by our common 'UNCLE SAMUEL,' had erected upon long poles thereon, as beacons. 'At this crisis,' as Mr. G. P. R. JAMES would be most likely to write, 'a person, an individual, indeed, we might go so far as to say, that a man,' took from his mountain-coat pocket a singular-looking instrument, which seemed, at the first glance of the eye, to possess musical properties. 'It *did that*.' It was the '*Swinette-à-Pist'on*.' We never knew the extent of the powers of 'The Swinette' before. We blew a blast upon it. It awoke the very echoes beyond the Tappaân-Zee. We

— 'blew both loud and shrill,
And all our bold com-pa-nions
Came skipping o'er the hill;

and we forthwith addressed ourselves to our journey to 'THE TOWER!' Of what we then and there saw, shall not there something be said or written by 'some of us' hereafter? - - - The trees begin to put on their many-colored hues, in all the region round about: and as we write to-night, we hear without the moaning of the Autumn wind. 'Mournful, oh! mournful' is that solemn sound! We have been, half-unconsciously, repeating the ensuing lines, written twenty years ago for this Magazine, by one 'too early called away.' Pardon its reproduction here. We have fifty thousand readers *now*, who were not our readers *then*, and they, at least, will be glad to read it. Place it to the account of weakness, if it must needs be so, but we have never found it possible to read the poem without tears:

'October.'

BY THE LATE LAMENTED WILLIS OATLORD CLARK.

'SOLENN, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
The summer's melancholy bier.
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

'Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice;
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice,
When earth was lovely to my gaze:
O visions bright! O blessed hours!
Where are their living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's wearied powers—
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

'I look to Nature, and behold
My life's dim emblems, rustling round,
In hues of crimson and of gold—
The year's dead honors on the ground:
And sighing with the winds, I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.

'When Spring's delightful moments shone,
They came in zephyrs from the West;
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;
Through Summer, fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But changed and strengthened now, they beat
In storm, o'er mountain, glen, and glade.

'How like those transports of the breast,
When life is fresh and joy is new;
Soft as the balcyon's downy nest,
And transient all, as they are true!
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath
Which Hope about her forehead twines,
Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe;
Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

'Alas! for Time, and Death, and Care!
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial pageant of the Spring.
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness side by side.'

'They are gone — they have all passed by!' - - PRIVATE theatricals, among the highest classes, are becoming very popular in England, and have brought out, as amateur actors, some of the brightest intellects in Great-Britain. Hereabout, we understand, a similar success attends kindred performances. Last spring, at Cincinnati, an '*Amateur Dramatic Festival*' was held for the benefit of the poor, which netted over five thousand dollars! A friend of ours, and a good theatrical critic, told us that he had very rarely seen a better HAMLET than was that of Mr. CHARLES ANDERSON, an accomplished gentleman of high standing in Cincinnati, on this occasion. His movements were graceful, his bearing self-possessed, his action natural and energetic, and his voice well-attuned to the character. In the library scene from '*The Iron Chest*,' Mr. CHARLES BARRAS, of Cincinnati, won the most enthusiastic applause. 'It was,' said our friend, 'in every sense, the performance of a finished actor.' And this we can well believe. It was our good fortune to meet with Mr. BARRAS, at a social gathering of gentlemen, and to hear him in one or two admirable vocal imitations and recitations; and we candidly confess that, in rendering one of the former, his 'power of face' exceeded even BURTON's, when he convulses his audiences with the pathetic ballad of '*Villikens and his Dinah*.' At the close of Mr. BARRAS' performance, on the occasion to which we have alluded, he was loudly and enthusiastically applauded; and he responded to the call by appearing before the curtain, and delivering, in the most inimitable style, the following satire upon the ridiculous pretension, inordinate vanity, and pompous self-sufficiency of some of those would-be dramatic luminaries who attempt to foist themselves upon managers and the public. We quote from the Cincinnati '*Commercial*' daily journal:

'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: To say that I am dissatisfied with the manner in which I have been received by you this evening, conveys but a faint idea of my feelings. Having, with that princely liberality and self-sacrificing spirit for which I am proverbial, made a gratuitous tender of my transcendental shape and talent, by which act this occasion has been made to assume a dignity and importance which otherwise it could not possess, it was but just and reasonable on my part to an-

icipate, on my entrance to the stage, at least nine cheers from the audience, and a triumphal march from the orchestra. That this expectation has not been realized, I need n't remind you. Nay, even my modest anticipation that I should be encoined at the end of every other sentence, and thus prolong indefinitely your pleasure, has been doomed to disappointment. It was my intention, instead of giving you only one scene of this play, to have favored you with its continuance up to the catastrophe, and, in the death-scene, although the author vaguely intimates that the hero is to die but once, it was my intention to have died half-a-dozen times, if you had desired it, and each time I purposed making my spasmodic action different, thereby giving a practical demonstration of the varied effect upon the nervous system, of the different diseases to which poor vulnerable humanity is subject in this climate.

'Even in the most affecting part of the scene, when I myself came near suffocating from the inward pressure of conflicting emotions, upon glancing toward the boxes, in order to ascertain what effect I had produced, to my great humiliation and mortification, I discovered one gentleman stoically engaged in reading the advertisements in a newspaper, and three ladies sympathetically munching roasted pea-nuts.

'Now, from what springs this manifest indifference? It springs from one of two causes: either the seeds of non-appreciation have been sown broad-cast over the land, or there is in existence a well-organized combination to crush me! That one or the other of these causes *does* exist, I am convinced, from the circumstance of my having applied to Mr. BATES (the manager) for a brief engagement of five hundred nights, and offering to take the entire gross receipts of each night's performance as payment for my services, which Mr. BATES, actuated by some, to me, secret influence, declined. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the manager told me, in plain and unmistakable language, that he would n't do it!

'If the object of these persecutions is to crush me, I may as well state here that it *has* failed, and ever *will* fail; for I draw that consolation from *my own* consciousness of my merit, which, through a lack of discernment, proper appreciation, or something *worse*, on your part, has been denied me here. I leave you to your reflections!'

A friend, to whom we read this speech the other evening, informed us that it was a most 'palpable hit.' 'There was a burst of uncontrollable merriment,' said he, 'at the close of every sentence, and at the conclusion, the applause was tremendous.' - - - THE corner-stone of the '*Rockland County Female Institute*' was laid the other day at Nyack, in the presence of a 'great cloud of witnesses.' The address of Hon. HUGH MAXWELL was an eloquent and every way admirable and appropriate effort. The proceedings were terminated by a dinner at SMITH'S (late of the Brooklyn 'Globe' Hotel,) where were much congratulation and some good speaking, by Colonel PRE, Mr. FERDON, Rev. Mr. WEST, of Piermont, and others. The following is now 'in order:'

'MR. SIMON V. SICKLES, a native of Rockland county, prompted by a laudable American enterprise, sought in early life the improvement of his condition, as an adventurer at the 'sunny South.' Having been prospered in business far more than in health, he has devoted himself for several years past to the recovery of the latter, by foreign travel and comparative retirement from the anxieties and cares of business life. The subject of Female Education, especially in the solid and substantial acquirements which are appropriate to the mothers and guardians of early youth, has long been a favorite one with Mr. SICKLES. About a year since he made the generous proffer of a splendid lot containing about four acres, with water front, situate a little south of Nyack Village, (commanding a view of the Tappan-Zee, with its variegated border of thriving villages, fruitful fields, and lofty mountains,) to the Executive Committee of '*The American Woman Educational Association*' for a female college. As their chief aim, however, pointed more westward, where they have already two enduring monuments of their benevolent enterprise in the female colleges of Milwaukee and Dubuque; and as their Association, in common with every other department of Christian benevolence, was not free from the pecuniary pressure of the times, they could give no very early promise of a similar Institute at Nyack.

'At this juncture Rev. Mr. VAN ZANDT, pastor of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Nyack, after consultation with Mr. SICKLES, and deliberate consideration, volunteered his services to ascertain what could be accomplished for female education in Rockland, on the basis of a joint-stock company. After carefully selecting the men, and preparing the way for a private meeting for the purpose of forming a nucleus, such a meeting was called on the 9th December of last year; about fifteen gentlemen were present. Mr. SICKLES was called to the chair, and Mr. VAN ZANDT appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting was stated by the Secretary, and warmly entertained by the meeting. A Committee was raised to report rules and regulations for the proposed Institution. These were reported and adopted; a Board of Trustees

was constituted; an Executive Committee chosen; and nearly five thousand dollars subscribed (by the gentlemen present) toward the establishment of the Institute.

'Since then this important enterprise has steadily advanced. An amount of nearly thirteen thousand dollars has been secured, beside the lot. A suitable plan for the building has been matured, which, when completed, cannot fail to become an object both of admiration and attraction. The hope is entertained that in a few weeks the work will be under contract, and that during the coming autumn the Institute will be opened for the reception of pupils. The plan of the building, as approved by the Committee, will be one hundred feet front, on the bay, and the Piermont Road, with five stories on the former and four on the latter, and with ample capacity for one hundred boarders. The domestic arrangement and general policy of the Institute are to be similar to those of the Female Seminary at Mount Holyoke, (Mass.) Eighteen thousand dollars are already subscribed to the work.'

We hope our esteemed friend and correspondent will pardon us for quoting so much of his private letter as relates to our mutual friend and old contributor, the author of '*The Saint Leger Papers* :'

'Our friend ST. LEGER is breathing the pure mountain air among the Granite Hills. His summer home is on the east bank of the Connecticut, just below old Dartmouth, and near the residence of his venerable parents, where for more than a century the sturdy old oak and elm have shaded the ancestral home. Away in the distance, resting its blue peak against the sky, rises Mount Ascutney, second in height to the White Mountain range. Intervening mountains rise above the thickly-wooded hills which stretch along the banks of the Connecticut, the Muscomy, and the White rivers, which mingle their waters here. Just discernible between the trees, and in beautiful contrast with their green foliage, is the white bridge, which crosses the Muscomy. I watched the long trains of cars darting over the bridge and away among the trees, and the smoke of the locomotive rising in graceful curves until it mingled with the blue vault above. Again I looked at the mountains, the undulating fields, the rivers, the white bridge, and the green trees: and I thought, 'Truly this is a fit abode for Genius.'

'Our friends have made their summer retreat a graceful and elegant home. As you enter their dwelling you see that the hand of taste and genius has been busy there. If the forthcoming second series of ST. LEGER meet not the anticipations of its warmest admirers, we must deduce that luxurious repose drives away labor.

'There, at Lebanon you have your choice to take the morning train, at six o'clock, or the afternoon train, at two o'clock, either of which brings you down the beautiful valley of the Connecticut to New-York in just ten hours.'

We like to see genius 'well-bestowed.' - - - Our neighbor, Colonel S —, has a glass, which reveals the other side of the Tappan-Zee to our vision as perfectly as if we were on the opposite shore, although it is full three miles from where we indite the present scribble. And, as the orators say, 'when we take our eye and throw it' across the river, we see many things of various interest. Every day, we can discern GEOFFREY CRATON walking along the pleasant Pocantico, that throws its clear stream into the Hudson, near the south side of his beautiful nest of refinement, 'Sunnyside,' or thoughtfully surveying his 'profane improvement,' the d — m, over which the waters pour in a sheet of translucent silver. We are not of a prying disposition, and probably it is none of our business: but we must say that the Monday's washing along the line of the Hudson River Rail-road, opposite to us, does n't reveal a very creditable state of things in the *ménage* of the millionaires who expand and burgeon upon the east bank. There are shirts along that line that require immediate attention: and there are two pairs of summer-pantaloons — it may perhaps be adscititious to allude to the fact

now, as the season is getting late — which, with all our lack of 'worldly gear,' we should not think of wearing in their present state. But, 'the least said, the soonest mended.' As we remarked before, it is none of our business. But we can't help *seeing*, when we are looking through Colonel S ——'s matchless glass. Who was that man who got out of the cars on Saturday afternoon, at Irvington, and sent up an old black trunk to Mr. K ——'s by a red-haired porter, with a pair of ancient patent-leather boots strapped on the outside? He could n't have been any 'great things.' His hat was a very indifferent 'tile,' too, if we are a judge of hats. - - - Ah! ladies! — if you knew how such a tribute as the following to '*A Baltimore Belle at Newport*' touches the hearts of bachelor-men, you would flirt less, flaunt less, be less affected and pretentious, and 'more yourselves' every way: ●

'SHE has not the hardihood nor the style of her New-York rivals; there is less of general aspect, but far more of home-bred and feminine grace. She is thoroughly amiable; her smile is winning, her costume modest, her voice 'gentle and low — an excellent thing in woman;' without the mental culture of the Bostonian, or the exclusively tasteful charm of the Philadelphian, there is something more girlish, quietly cheerful and unconsciously pleasant about her. Her affability is caught from habitual intercourse with domestic characters; from truly social, friendly relations, and not from promiscuous or showy associations. She makes you think of a happy fire-side and a loving companion; you imagine her name to be MARY, and think it would be the most natural and charming thing in the world to make it your household word. She does not seem in the least ambitious or hackneyed or complacent, but altogether the most delectable of 'human nature's daily food,' without the remote possibility of ever becoming either a blue-stocking, a shrew, or a strong-minded woman. In a word 'she is lovable.'

This is a beautiful character. - - - PASSING down Fourth-street, Cincinnati, in the windows of an establishment like that of Messrs. WILLIAMS, STEVENS AND WILLIAMS, in Broadway, we saw a striking portrait of a face that seemed familiar to our remembrance, 'Who is that?' we asked, of a handsome young man, smoking a segar near the door. 'BEARD, the Artist.' 'Who painted it?' 'He did.' 'What! our old friend BEARD? It is a capital likeness, and a good painting.' 'It is so considered *here*.' 'Will you oblige me with a light?' We took out a 'BURNETT-House' segar (find *better*, out of Cuba, if you can,) and having inquired the direction, proceeded to BEARD's studio, a beautiful apartment, with the best of lights. It needed but a glance at his portraits to show how much he had improved upon the last painting which we had seen from his pencil in New-York. Afterward we had the pleasure to meet him, and make him acquainted with a genial but quietly-waggish friend: 'Mr. T——, Mr. BEARD.' 'Yes, I *see*!' said W. C. T., pointing to the flowing mass which depended from his cheeks and chin: 'Beard, I think you said the name was.' The hit, kindly meant, was as kindly received; and after the discussion of a Catawba-wine cobbler, (*can there be sin in such a nectar?*) 'so it was that we departed,' to roll a 'three-hundred string' of ten-pins! - - - HAVE you seen any of the '*Ambrotypes*' of Mr. BRADY, the distinguished Daguerreotypist of this city? Nothing so artistic and truly beautiful has ever been seen of its kind in this country. The artist who inserts the scenery and back-grounds, in water-colors, is a most gifted and finished painter, with taste as exquisite as his touch is delicate and effective. - - - THE thermometer was at ninety-

five degrees, in the shade, at the 'Louisville Hotel,' when, in answer to the courteous card of PRENTICE, of the '*Louisville Journal*,' we sallied out with our friend M——, to beard the lion in his den. Rivers of water ran down our back, because we kept not our promise to forego stirring out until the sun had declined somewhat from the zenith. Howbeit, we went and found the EDITOR seated at the head of an oblong table, like a General directing the movements of an army; his sleeves rolled up, the perspiration pouring from his face, while he dictated to an amanuensis — the luxurious hebdomadalist! — the 'leader,' 'second column,' and incidental 'niaseries,' for the next day's '*Journal*.' Something further of this well-known journalist's history in our next, that has often made us laugh,

— 'TILL ye might see
Ye teares rolle down ye oheeke.'

It is as authentic as it is good. - - - We are frequently asked, 'How can we get to your country quarters?' We answer: 'Two excellent and well-officered boats, the '*Isaac P. Smith*,' Captain BLANCHE, and '*The Arrow*,' Captain LIEDECKER, sail to Piermont every day; the first in the afternoon, at three o'clock, the second at eleven in the morning. - - - ANOTHER grab at 'that quarter,' from another quarter:

DANAN in her tower sat,
Unwitting what could sin do;
Why should she care, imprisoned there?
No one could scale the window.

But mighty JOVE, possessed with love,
Said: 'Let's see what can tin do;'
In a golden shower he pierced the tower,
And scorned both door and window.

R:7

Who holds the stake? - - - We don't intend, by any means, to relate *all* our recent 'travel's history' this month. What 'times' we had in Ohio and in Kentucky: what we saw in returning through Indiana 'by rail' to Cincinnati: the pleasant trip we made, with most kind guidance, to Columbus, and what we saw there: our journey thence to beautiful Buffalo: thence to Niagara and the SUSPENSION BRIDGE; what we remember of numerous 'impressions by the way;' shall not all these appear hereafter? 'By the mass,' and they *shall*, 'life and health permitting.' - - - We could have wept, if it could have done any good, when we opened the basket of peaches sent us by our obliging contemporary, Mr. GEORGE F. BROWN, Editor of the '*Alton Daily Courier*.' All were spoiled, save *one*, and that one showed us what we had lost. - - - We have seen and heard RACHEL! And never have we seen or heard her equal. Her influence in voice, action, general manner, is simply *electrical*. You cannot describe it, and *we* shall not try. All *we* shall do, will be to go and hear her every time she performs, if we can. Our advice to all others is, to do the same.

New Publications, Art-Notices, &c.

MACKENZIE'S 'BITS OF BLARNEY. — Commend us to an Irishman for a hearty appreciation of a work like this. Hear what a competent Irish critic, a country neighbor of ours, says of the book :

'THE reader who takes up this volume with the idea that its contents are exclusively 'blarney' will, we opine, be agreeably disappointed when he finds what an agreeable book Dr. MACKENZIE has given to the public. He will find a collection of sketches, including traits of the Irish people, anecdotes of rollicking boys, who lived but for fun and frolic; wild legends of the peasantry, many of them involving very good morals, pleasant stories, to while away the long evenings, and essays upon the two great Irish Publicists, HENRY GRATTAN and DANIEL O'CONNELL, the latter particularly, being the best sketch of 'Great Liberator' we have seen. It carries him from his cradle almost, to the time when, 'mild Genoa's stately palaces, on his way to the Eternal City, broken down in health, and worn away by his life-long labors, he delivered up his soul to his MAKER, his heart to Rome, and his body to his poor country, where it now rests in Glasnevin cemetery. The Doctor writes *con amore*, and he writes, too, of what he has seen and knows, and gives us no mere speculation; and hence the pleasure found in reading his books. He evidently was no worshipper of O'CONNELL, the man who, when he was reprimanded by the Speaker of the House of Commons for charging corruption and bribery on the dominant party in the House, deliberately rose in his seat and repeated the offensive charge; but the Doctor gives us an estimate of his character which the 'Old Irelander' will, when he thinks coolly of the matter, see the justice of, and that will make 'Young Ireland' weep that such a man was so wedded to 'moral force' that he refrained from raising the cry on the Hill of Tara that would have led to Ireland's resurrection.

'Of poetry, we have 'The Geraldine.' But why call this a 'bit of blarney?' By APOLLO! the dying chief's address to his 'Younger Born,' with the latter's response, and his promise

'To win the fame that warriors win, and haply to entwine,
In other lands, some honor new round the name of GERALDINE,'

instead of betaking himself to the cloister, as laid out for him in his infant years, made our blood tingle. They are noble lines. Many a countryman of the dying chieftain yearns to see some one

'Unfurl the silken sun-burst in the noon-tide's golden shine,'

in the cause of his country against the *Sassenach*. No, no! this is no 'bit of blarney,' but a right noble ballad.

'We have also a sketch of Captain ROCK, the famous outlaw, which contains graphic descriptions of scenes in Ireland during the WHITNEY Insurrection, together with a biography of the mysterious Captain, and the story of

'His gallantry, his glory, and his fate,'

which contains many facts interesting to those who would know of the terrible Captain ROCK, a person who at one time gave the English authorities in Ireland a great deal more trouble than they thanked him for. In fact, Dr. MACKENZIE has given us a right pleasant book, the merits of which in no wise suffer from the way in which REDFIELD has embalmed it. It abounds in anecdote, and tells us of the famous 'PROUT Papers,' which the readers of FRAZER will recollect with pleasure, and furthermore, tells of the real 'Father PROUT,' who did not write the 'PROUT Papers,' at all, at all. By-the-by, we do most respectfully call the attention of all dominies, whose 'respected' but bad-paying 'hearers' are backward in coming forward with their salaries, to Father PROUT's sermon on that all-important subject; and if the respected 'PEPPER' be yet in the land of the living, we wish him to notice the 'Pome' to

— 'a barrister of great fame,'

in the 'bit' on Irish dancing-masters.'

THE ITALIAN OPERA, at the Academy of Music, will commence the first of October, for a season of over three months. Madame LAGRANGE and the distinguished artists who accompanied

ber, with others, are to appear. In addition to the more favorite Italian operas heretofore presented, *MEYERBEER's* opera, the '*HUGUENOTS*,' '*PROPHET*,' '*ETOILE DU NORD*,' and other novelities are to be produced in the style which gave such pleasure to all who last season saw '*WILLIAM TELL*' and '*TROVATORE*.' We learn that the chorus and orchestra are to be increased, the latter under the direction of the popular *MARSTALK*, and that no effort will be spared to make the Academy worthy of the continued support of all who appreciate an entertainment so refined in its character, and so elevating in its influence.

CUMMINGS'S SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—*CUMMINGS*, the artist, opened his School of Design for the season on the Fourteenth of September. Pupils, however, may enter the class at any time. Some new arrangements are in contemplation for the purpose of giving the pupils larger opportunities in the higher branches of an artist's education. Provided the demand be sufficient to cover the necessary disbursements, classes and lectures will be established, under competent instructors, in perspective, anatomy, sculpture, and modelling, wood-engraving, architecture, and mechanical drawing, living and costumed models, or any of those departments. The skill and assiduity with which the pupils of *Mr. CUMMINGS's* school are instructed, lead us to hope that the opportunity for making these new arrangements will be afforded.

The advertisement of the *COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION* will be found on the second page of our cover. The Association enter on their second year under the most favorable auspices, and will distribute among their patrons a much larger number of paintings and valuable works of art than they did last year. Subscriptions for the *KNICKERBOCKER* and all the Magazines on their list are received by our publisher at 343 Broadway.

Among the late publications of *MESSRS. JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY*, of Boston, to which we hope to give more attention in future, are '*MODERN MYSTERIES EXPLAINED AND EXPOSED*,' discussing the Revelations of *DAVIS*, the Phenomena of Spiritualism, the Inspiration of the Bible, and the Revelations of *SWEDENBORG*. By *REV. A. MAHAN*, First President of Cleveland University. President *MAHAN* has paid more attention to modern spiritualism than any of our scientific men.

Also, '*CORA AND THE DOCTOR; OR, REVELATIONS OF A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE*.' We have often thought the wife of a practising physician might write an experience of surpassing interest, and we doubt not the volume before us is worthy of a wide circulation.

From *PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY* we have '*JAPAN AS IT WAS AND IS*,' a large volume, with maps. By *RICHARD HILDRETH*, author of the '*History of the United States*.' As a matter of course, this volume embraces all the latest information which has been obtained about Japan, and will be most welcome at this time. From the same house we have received '*LETTERS TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN JUST ENTERING UPON PRACTICE*.' By *JAMES JACKSON, M. D., LL. D.* The high position *Dr. JACKSON* has so long maintained, and the easy, familiar style of these letters, will no doubt commend them to every young physician and student.

A friend writes us, that when last in Boston, he called on *MESSRS. PARKER, KING AND COMPANY*, Cornhill, and saw there, among other beautiful works, a most pleasing picture by *HALL* of this city. The subject was the '*Sun-Shower*,' and three lovelier female faces huddled under an umbrella, from which the rain was fast dripping, he never beheld. We will add that *MESSRS. PARKER AND COMPANY's* establishment is similar to that of *WILLIAMS AND STEVENS* of this city, and they always have some fine paintings on view, well worth the attention of citizens and strangers.

FETTERIDGE AND COMPANY, Franklin-Square, New-York, and Washington-street, Boston, have issued '*MORRISON*,' the *soi-disant* novel of *Sir WALTER SCOTT*, and the '*CONFESSIONS OF A PRETTY WOMAN*' and '*JEALOUS WIFE*.' By *MISS PARDOE*. All popular novels in the cheap style.

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NUMEROUS excellent publications await early notice, among which are the following: '*Poetry and Mystery of Dreams*,' by *CHARLES G. LELAND*; '*Art Hints*,' by *J. J. JARVIS*; '*American Indicator*,' by *THOMAS VAIDEN*; '*Learning to Talk*,' by *JACOB ABBOTT*; '*Clouds and Sunshine*,' by *READ*; '*Oration and Poem before the Delta-Phi Society, New-York*,' '*Professor BANVARD on Collegiate Education and College Government*,' '*American Journal of Education and College Review*,' '*Indian Legends and Other Poems*,' by *MARY GARDNER HORSFORD*; '*Iowa as it is in 1855*,' '*History, Organization, and Transactions of the Ohio Editorial Association, 1853-4-5*,' *McLELLAN's* '*Alphabets for Engravers and Painters of Letters*,' '*TENNYSON's* '*Maid*,' etc.

COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION!

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Those who purchase magazines at book-stores, will observe that by joining this Association, they receive the Magazine and Free Ticket in the annual distribution, all at the same price they now pay for the Magazine alone. For membership, address

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AMERICAN AND ORIGINAL.

THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE,

EDITED BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK.

THE number for July, 1855, begins the FORTY-SIXTH VOLUME of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

Since the price of subscription has been reduced from FIVE to THREE DOLLARS a year the circulation of the KNICKERBOCKER has been increased nearly four to one. In many places ten are sold where there was but one before, and through the year it has been steadily increasing. It is now offered as cheap as any of the Magazines, all things considered. Instead of making new and prodigious promises, we submit a few extracts from notices of late numbers, which we might extend to a number of pages.

"Those familiar with the Editor's monthly 'Gossip with his readers, have doubtless, with ourselves, admired the perennial source of its pleasant wit and joyousness. In this number 'The Gossip' holds on its way like some rivulet glancing and dancing in the sunshine of a May morning. We need to wonder how Mr. CLARK held out so long, expecting he must certainly 'snow brown' in the coming number; but this number gives no sign of exhaustion.—*National Intelligencer, Washington.*

"Pleasant, genial, delightful 'Old Knicker.' Thy name is a suggestion of all things delectable; too slight of build, too kindly humor, to piquant delineation, and to side-splitting fun, a 'local habitation,' without which they might be wandering over the domain of letters, calling now and then where a friendly door opened to them—but refusing to be comforted for the loss of their old dear home.—*Courier, Burlington Vt.*

"The great care evinced in the selection of articles that adorn its pages, is a sufficient guaranty that no contributor meets the eye of the reader but those which are known to be worthy of his perusal. When storms and wild tempests are sweeping o'er our hill-side village in these chill winter hours, and all is drear and desolate without, we seek for a more agreeable companion than the 'KNICKERBOCKER,' for while its contents impart valuable information, its sagacious and genuine wit are a sovereign specific for all fits of the blues or attacks of the horrors, and time passes merrily.—*Democrat, Doylestown, Pa.*

"The KNICKERBOCKER has been and will be a fact of its own; a genuine living thing, all the more desirable that the new crop of magazines, filled with articles pirated from English authors, makes fresh home creations more conspicuous and welcome.—*New-York Christian Inquirer.*

"No one ever rose from the perusal of the KNICKERBOCKER a disappointed reader. Whatever may have been his anticipations, they have always been rewarded. When he took up a new number, he felt sure of a literary treat. It was no mere showy repeat he was invited to. Did he seek the grave or didactic essay, the touching story, the poem, or the humorous tale, he was always sure of finding the object of his search. And then, besides, there was 'Gossip' of Old 'Knicker,' always looked to with eagerness, never put down except with regret that there were more pages of inimitable random sketches—the Knicker-nacks of that repeat.—*Courier, Natches, Miss.*

THE KNICKERBOCKER. New-York: Samuel Hueston. This best, decidedly best, of the American magazines seems to have improved in appearance and in the quality of its literary matter—always good—even upon its reduction in price. It is a luxury of which no man who has three dollars to spare—and who that has a taste for good reading has not—should deprive himself, to sit down in a retired corner, when the mind has been wearied with the perplexities of every day pursuits, and pore over the well-stored pages of "Old Knicker." We even now read the old volume of this work, of a dozen years ago, with more real pleasure than half the new publications of the day. Each number will "bear the wear and tear of half a dozen readings," and then the volume be "worthy of good binding and place on the shelves," and that is what can be truly said of but few of the magazines of the present day.

The contents of the Knickerbocker are so varied, that almost every one will find something in its pages to please him—to instruct and amuse. The articles are marked by the highest order of merit, and in a long series of years have found nothing in this work to which the most fastidious could object. It is a work which should be on the centre table of every family.—*Knoxville Times.*

Rev. F. W. SHELTON, Author of Letters from Up the River, etc., will be a regular contributor.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ART. I. LETTERS TO ELLA: ELLASLAND: FATHER GREEN,	441
II. LINES: TO MY MOTHER,	447
III. AUTUMN DAYS. By W. W. MORLAND,	449
IV. KISSING BETTY SCUDDER: A LONG-ISLAND SKETCH,	449
V. STANZAS: 'MOSS ROSE-BUDS,'	455
VI. THE AMERICAN FLAG. By ISAAC MACLELLAN,	456
VII. THE BIRTH OF FLEANCE KRUGER. By CAROLINE CHESKRO',	457
VIII. LINES: SOFT AND SOFTER. By WILLIAM PITT PALMER,	471
IX. DETROIT: FROM A 'POEM ON THE STOCKS' By L. J. BATES,	472
X. SUMMER RECREATIONS: THE GREAT SAGUENAY, ETC.,	474
XI. THE LEGEND OF MARGRETHE. By C. F. M. RAYMOND,	483
XII. A DAY'S WANDERING IN LONDON. By JAMES W. WALL,	486
XIII. THE CHANGE OF THE SEASONS. By MINNIE MYRLE,	494
XIV. SKETCHES FROM THE COUNTRY. By W. L. TIFFANY,	497
XV. LINES TO A NEW BOTTLE-OF INK. By KARL-KERN,	504
XVI. FANTASIA: FROM RUSSIAN THEMES. By W. P. PALMER,	505
XVII. HOME AND ITS MUSIC. By JAMES MORRIS,	506
XVIII. STANZAS: A SUMMER DAY,	508
XIX. 'MY OTHER ME.' By JENNY MARSH,	509

LITERARY NOTICES:

1. THE POETRY AND MYSTERY OF DREAMS. By CHARLES G. LELAND,	510
2. NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW FOR THE OCTOBER QUARTER,	512
3. ORATION AND POEM BEFORE THE DELTA-PHI CONVENTION,	515
4. A BASKET OF CHIPS. By JOHN BROUGHAM,	517
5. A VOICE TO AMERICA; OR, THE MODEL REPUBLIC,	517

EDITOR'S TABLE:

1. PHENIXIANA: OR, BURLESQUES AND SKETCHES. By JOHN PHENIX,	518
2. TENNYSON'S 'MAUD, AND OTHER POEMS,'	525
3. THE TRIUMPH OF BIG WORDS AND VIRTUE,	528
4. GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS,	527

1. 'CRESCENT CITY' CORRESPONDENCE: THE CORONER'S INQUEST, AND WHAT WAS FOUND IN THE COFFIN.' 2. COMPLIMENTARY FRUIT AND FLOWER FESTIVAL OF THE NEW-YORK BOOK-PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION TO AUTHORS AND BOOK-SELLERS. 3. LATEST NEWS FROM THE 'GRATE SNAKE' AT SILVER LAKE: A 'UNITED STATES CONSOLIDATED' 'GREAT SNAKE' COMPANY. 4. THE NEW BOSTON EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS: EDMUND SPENSER: PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY: BEAUTIFUL LINES. 5. AN ENERGETIC REMONSTRANCE AND CORRECTION FROM 'MEISTER KARL.' 6. VINT TO A KENTUCKY ESTATE: A FAVORABLE PHASE OF 'COLORED FREEDOM.' 7. LETTER FROM 'MR. K. N. PEPPER,' ESQ., IN THE CITY, TO 'FREN PODE' IN THE COUNTRY, AND FROM MR. PODE TO THE EDITOR. 8. THE RAIL: A MONITORY LESSON: BY JOHN HONEYWELL. 9. ANECDOTE OF PRACTICE, OF THE 'LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.' 'CATCHING A TARTAR.' 10. 'STORY OF THE PLAGUE: 'ORIGIN AND SPREAD OF THE YELLOW FEVER. 11. RAIL-BIRD SHOOTING: BY HENRY P. LELAND. 12. CAUTION TO ALL RAIL-ROAD TRAVELLERS. 13. 'MAD DOG!' 'MAD DOG!': A CANINE DEFENDER. 14. AUTUMN IN THE HILLS. 15. 'LAGER BEER' OF THE 'LAGER' KIND. 16. TRIP ON THE LITTLE MIAMI AND COLUMBUS RAIL-ROAD: VISIT TO THE OHIO STATE PRISON: WOODEN TYPE-MAKING. 17. 'THE MALCONTENT: A SKETCH. 18. MR. SPARROWGRASS AND THE 'SKIPPER'S DAUGHTER.' 19. BALLAD FROM THE ILLYRIAN: BY CHARLES G. LELAND. 20. THOUGHTS ON DEATH AND THE RE-URRECTION. 21. AN APPEAL FROM JOHN LANDIS, THE 'GREAT' ARTIST. 22. LAUGHABLE TRANSCRIPTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S LANGUAGE IN 'LEAR.' 23. VISIT TO THE ROCKLAND COUNTY FAIR. 24. A 'BIG APPLE' FROM A FRIEND IN SARATOGA COUNTY. 25. PROFESSOR HANNIBAL'S VIEWS ON ELECTRICITY. 26. 'HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.' 27. 'NUTS' FROM MR. SPARROWGRASS. 28. DEFERRED ARTICLES, NOTICES, ETC.

5. NEW PUBLICATIONS, ART-NOTICES, ETC.,	550
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VOL. XLVI.

NOVEMBER, 1855.

No. 5.

LETTERS TO ELLA: ELLASLAND: FATHER GREEN.

NUMBER THREE.

It was quite right. Your taste was correct. The plain white muslin dress and bunch of heart's-ease on the bosom, were suitable for the occasion. There is not far from this sheet of paper a gentleman who would have been proud to see you. I am happier to hear the pleasant compliment of that old lady Friend, 'I am pleased with thee, my child,' than to have heard that Queen Victoria or the Empress Eugenie had sent you a diamond necklace. I am pleased with thee too, my child.

I recommend you to love that old lady, and if she wishes you to call her Rachel, do so without hesitation, but reverently. She has raised sons and daughters, and knows the world. Her mother, her father, brothers and sisters, and all young associates, when life was fresh, called her Rachel. There was a time when that word, timidly but devoutly whispered, brought the flush upon her cheek and the dew to her lips. It made her heart leap, and revealed her destiny. The voice which uttered that word, and had alone the power to make it prophetic, afterward uttered it often in moments of joy and in moments of trial, when that word and that tone gave to happiness its highest flavor, and imparted to grief an unction almost like a blessing. It has passed away now, but to all save her it had lost its freshness, and came sharp and querulous from a body decaying with slow diseases. To her it was ever the same; and I dare say she now thinks of it as wandering beatified through fields of heavenly beauty, replenished with immortal youth, and in gentle tones whispering the only want of which it is capable, those whispers shaping themselves into the word Rachel.

One thing it may be well to bear in mind: old ladies are apt to be very quiet and demure, but they know every thing. Young persons not unfrequently suppose that the venerable madam somewhere about the house does not see what is going on. They are mistaken. She reads them like A, B, C. She knows from a little seen — and she sees almost

out of the back of her head : she knows from that little all the rest. You would think me very simple if I were to show you the letter K in the alphabet, and then pretend that you did not know the letters before and after it. How she happens to know so much is, she has been through it all herself, and knows it as well as you know the alphabet. An impropriety she feels almost like a wound, because she knows how certainly it will produce unhappiness somewhere. Youthful pleasures, proper in themselves, and properly pursued, that is to say, pleasures so pursued as not to produce misery anywhere, awaken her whole sympathy, and renew her happiness. An old lady who has preserved her sweetness of temper, and experienced the troubles of life without being soured by them, is one of the most lovable and charming things in nature. It is sometimes supposed that the quiet religion of the Friends shows its effects visibly in the temper and preservation of their old women.

The devil, however, contrives, one way or another, to mar every thing. How is it possible to suppose that a BEING of infinite wisdom and goodness could have designed, or can now be pleased, that so beautiful an object of creation as a fine woman, still farther beautified with the noble simplicity of the Friends' faith, should be deformed and unbalanced by such an ugly contrivance as a Quaker bonnet ! Nevertheless, I hope you will accept and return the love of Friend Rachel : she is a beautiful spirit.

And so you would like to hear more about The Florentine, and about my new client, the Old Hunker. How is it that my heart should be going forth to you, and emptying itself of its experiences ? You must wait, however, until I can bring up other parts of life around us, and especially of what is going on in my thoughts. I would like to have you stand upon the soil of Ellasland and tell me your imaginations and your fancies. Here is a little sovereignty. The grass that grows is ours. The rain that falls is for our benefit. Nature is a vast laboratory, carried on for our comfort. Theoretically and legally, Ellasland extends to the centre of the earth. It runs down in the shape of an inverted pyramid, the apex of which is at the centre of the globe. From the surface, the same imaginary lines extend upward to the sky. The base of the pyramid is somewhere in the fathomless ocean of space. The birds that fly over Ellasland, and the insects that crawl beneath it, are all in our domain. It is a vagary of mine to fancy that there is spiritual health and strength in the touch and ownership of the soil. There was some old fellow in ancient mythology — Antæus perhaps — who, so many times as he fell to the earth, received instant refreshment, and rose again in full vigor. I see here so many kinds of life, and in such endless varieties, guided by an instinct which leads it to the fulfilment of our appointed destiny ! The most wonderful kind of life that I find is within myself. It appears to me to be distinct from the animal part of my life. In this shady retreat, dedicated to the affections, I find a greater consciousness of this life. It is not the thinking, intellectual life, any more than the animal life, but something apart from both, however nearly allied. When I can find it, it is like finding a friend. It is as if something genial which had belonged to me, and

been a part of me ages and ages ago, had come back to me ; as if some remote dream had fulfilled itself. Between this life and the life of birds and insects, and other reasonless things, there is a sympathy, all apart from human sympathies. Between the instinct which governs this life and the instinct which governs theirs, there is a relationship which asserts itself. This relationship appears to extend to growth of vegetation and the bloom of flowers ; so that in this little domain, amid the hum of insects, the growth of animal and vegetable life, the bloom and fragrance of flowers, and the song of birds, my other life of which I speak seems to carry on a sociable hum, to grow, to bloom, to be fraught with delicate aroma, and to pour out songs.

When in the full possession and enjoyment of this other life, I look upon the city and the round of occupations and pleasures as a great way off, and as unreal. The scream of the locomotive is an unrest ; something wandering up and down the regions of space unblest. The human tide which flows over the pavements, and empties itself through doors and avenues, is a dreary waste of men and women. They are said to be, I think to myself, endowed with reason, but in the whole range of animal and vegetable life, I find nothing so grotesque. Here, for instance, is one of them, who robes himself in cares as with a garment. He walks eagerly back and forth ; he eats in haste ; time is short ; the hand of Destiny is upon him. He has hardly a moment for his wife or children, or for social duties. He has nothing he can possibly spare to the poor ; but always in haste, and always perturbed, and always putting away ' trifles ' for the grand and ' important ' object. This momentous individual, it turns out, achieves a house with a stone front. He works himself over into a stone front, and dies. There is another individual, a lady. They say the texture of the female brain is finer than ours. She does not direct her care to a stone front. The grand aim this year, to which all others are subsidiary, is a cape. She means to have a cape. There is a man, too, quite above stone fronts. He delves among books at candle-light ; he contrives phrases ; he goes to the public place, and appears to be fired up with a sudden heat ; he must speak his impulses ; his impulses turn out to be the phrases he has contrived. It is as if a sky-rocket should say : ' I feel a sensation ; I believe I must go up ; I do n't know how it happens, but I am taken with an inclination to go up.' Beside these, are persons who cultivate the mind, and have thoughts. Their brains are forced into a morbid state, and produce secretions, such as poetry, novels, essays, mathematical problems and diagrams, and the like. These are printed and sold, a sort of vaccine matter to infect others. A great proportion, however, of those who suppose themselves to have thoughts are mistaken in the disease. Their morbid tendency is to expressions only. They have not the faculty of retention of language. On the idea that this world is a stage, and men and women the actors, it is an amusing play. The tragedy is good ; the farce is excellent. There is such an excellent variety of actors. It happens so frequently that a new line of acting is attempted, and the individual plays over a part known to be old and common, but which he flatters himself is original.

But then the enjoyment of this burlesque — for in one point of view

it seems like a grand burlesque, in which every body is doing something unreal — is qualified by the fact that I also am one of the actors, and that my part is probably as farcical as any others.

Here, for example, is Ellasland, with servants and animals and birds. I should be glad to import for it a few bobolinks and a few larks. My frogs and katy-dids I set a special value upon, and my right to them, as lawyers say, 'runs with the land.' The theory of this is, that this retinue of life on my domain is for my service. My neighbors, I believe, think quite the reverse, and that I am the servant of all these masters; that my time and intellect are devoted to their support; that they work and sing for me less than I for them.

Sometimes, when rather conscious of good fortune, I show the grounds and their belongings to a friend. He admires the beauty and excellence of arrangement, and the variety of useless existences cherished here, and is frank enough to say it illustrates the benevolence of DEITY that I should be willing to devote myself to such affairs. If such an establishment should be left vacant anywhere, he doubts whether another man could be found willing to subordinate his life to these inferior existences. This friend perhaps directs his thoughts to objects of 'real importance,' and goes in for rail-road stocks. There is to me, however, an indefinable charm in the name of the place, which, with the circumstances I have mentioned associating you with the obtaining of it, makes it seem that what I do for the place is done for you. The expense of a new decoration is thought of as the expense of a new garment or ornament for you. Outwardly I say, on such occasions: 'It is rather expensive, but it improves the looks of the place.' Inwardly there runs a collateral current of feeling, which seems to say: 'Our daughter must not be neglected. She must always be indulged in becoming attire. In what way could one's labor be so happily bestowed as in making one's first-born look more lady-like and attractive?'

During the business hours, I am conscious of another form of existence. I seem to myself, to resemble the animals you have seen pictured as pachyderms. There is a certain incrustation which jostles and rubs against other incrustations, the only perceptible effect being a flow of dollars and cents in one direction or the other. Words are used which have neither kindness nor anger. They pass out in a manufactured state from a mental machine. The heart has nothing to do but attend to the circulation of the blood. If these machines should be kept going during one's whole life, on the same plan, then one's idea of a future state must embrace a vast range for pachyderms, stocked with dollars and cents for their amusement; for if they should be set to any other other entertainment it would not be a continuance of former life, but the creation of a new one. To them, the idea of immortality implies toughness of exterior, and occupation with dollars and cents. I aim, therefore, to be pachyderm but so many hours in the day. On the approach of evening, I love to seat myself under the old elm by the spring. It helps me much if I can find some good book, with serene thoughts, whose author has given them away, as one would choose to give away his daughter, in a spotless and flowing vesture. Presently the long shadows stretch away toward the coming night, and lose

themselves imperceptibly in it. Martin Luther lifts up his orotund but monitory voice, and dogmatizes. Melancthon sends his more musical and variable utterances far out into the distance. The chirrup of crickets, and the buzz of insects go on, until I am conscious of that other life, which is neither animal nor intellectual, but in sympathy with natural objects around me. Your mother approaches noiselessly, and finding an attitude of repose, lays her hand in mine. The children, one by one, drop quietly around me into rest and silence. The old dog lays his head upon my feet. Then comes to my spirit a low, gentle sound, as of the cooing of doves, and little Leonora, who staid with us only long enough to leave the memory of a few winning words and a few smiles, seems nestling again in my bosom. I feel warmed and enlarged with an unseen, maidenly presence, as of the angels, and the circle is finished. Ella is here. There is no more any absence or want, but fulness and rest. Yonder star, floating dimly upon its appointed circuit, is not more complete. The spirit listens to harmonies, and is moved on by a guidance unknown to the external world. It ranges away to the infinite.

This idea of the infinite brings me naturally to a subject that will interest you. We are having great times here in religious matters. Father Green has dandled you many a time on his knee, and I know you love him, but I doubt if you know why. That is the case with all of us : it is a habit we have fallen into. We have sought his presence, and rested in it, as we would in the shade of some broad-branching, patriarchal tree. No one has thought to inquire who planted the tree, how long it has been growing, nor whether there was danger that lightning would strike it. The thought has at length sprung up that we may have been reposing in a false security. He has married, and baptized and buried among us, I do not know how long. He married me. I looked forward to the probability of his marrying you. A wedding or a funeral anywhere in our connection, in which he was not the officiating person, would be a strange affair, and seem as if something had been left undone. All this you know ; but you do not know how many quarrels he has settled, how many young men he has contrived to win back from bad habits, how many young women he has managed to save from dangerous marriages. His broad shoulders ; spare and athletic frame ; his quiet eye, full of genial humor, but capable of kindling to a sudden blaze ; his distinct and thorough fearlessness and individuality, present a combination, which now I have come to reflect upon it, excites my wonder. It seems to me, and I confess the feeling is recent, but it seems to me grand and almost fearful. It is altogether, to my notion, the sort of stature and temperament which might have combined the movements of empire ; it might have wielded an army with the light of battle in its eyes, or it might have roused and led a senate. Are you startled and alarmed, my dear daughter, at this formidable portrait of our dear and genial old friend, Father Green ? Think of him a few moments, in this possible view of his qualities, and say if it then appear to you not correct. Think if you can remember whether his uniform modesty, the total absence of any thing like assumption or self-importance, ever misled a person to think cheaply of

him. On the contrary, allowing your mind to dwell on that feature of his character, does it not seem to be full-orbed, and rise like a great, mild, beautiful moon in a clear sky? Can you remember at any time, yourself, when beset with childish troubles, you saw his approach, that you did not feel the clouds dispersed? I can recall no occasion of sorrow, when to be with him was not like rising into a higher atmosphere; like going, for example, from the impure gases, and heat, and smoke, of the lower city, up to the clear summit of ELLASLAND. Do you remember any instance of childish frolic, or any social festivity of young or old persons, when the broad sympathies and genial humor of Father Green were not, if present, an additional relish and flavor? But I have seen him in sterner moods, when, if he had commanded me to thrust my hand into the fire, I believe I should have done it; or, I believe, rather, it would have required uncommon presence of mind to disobey him. It has happened, two or three times, within my knowledge, that in an emergency, his character would shoot up and expand, in a gigantic fashion, that overawed and suppressed outrage. The idea has recently been gaining ground, that we have been submissive, and that he has controlled us, and has in various ways made free with us. Since this view of the matter has been started, it is easy to recall instances of very peculiar conduct, and the whole subject has burst upon me with a great surprise, that such a character should have been happy and contented with the quiet life of a clergyman.

On a dark night, some years ago, he drove off my best cow. In lieu of my cow, I found in the morning, a note, saying he had driven her over to a widow, by the name of —, who had recently been left with a family of children, and had no other reliance for support; that if I wanted the cow back I might go and get her. It was so managed, that she never knew where the cow came from, nor whom to thank. There she stood in the morning, with the label on her horns: 'The cow is yours.'

His congregation have given him a salary ample for his support, but he has so managed that most of his living has been had from them, outside of his salary. These matters, long unthought of, are now being overhauled. The manner of it was this:

It happened that a young gentleman, perhaps it might be said a young swell, fell in love with a rather pretty young woman, who was a teacher of small children. His parents were wealthy and proud. Her parents were dead, or she had emigrated, for she was without connections; and beside, teachers were not then held in much esteem. His parents, therefore, opposed the match. He married her, nevertheless, and it resulted in a family quarrel. The father soon died intestate, and Elwood's share of the estate was enough to make him independent. His name is Elwood Nathans. If he had had some taste for literature, art, the natural sciences, or even for mechanical invention, his wealth would have enabled him to prosecute a useful career; but, like most sons of wealthy families, he had simply social habits, propensity to idleness, and a vague sense of its being necessary to manhood that he should plunge into business. He had heard, often enough, the maxims which guide a poor man to wealth; but never the lessons how

a wealthy man should make himself happy, and in an appropriate manner enjoy his fortune. He needed sympathy, and went into business to gain it. He had not strength of mind to see for himself, what no one had seen for him, and what few in his circumstances do see, that the pursuit of money-making, for a man already wealthy, is sordid, and no virtue at all. As might have been predicted, he soon lost his fortune, which went away with a crash and a swoop ; and the excitement wore upon him until it prostrated him with a fever. In this condition his house took fire one night, and the flames spread so rapidly, that his life was saved only by the frantic exertions of his wife, which injured her spine, and left her a cripple. Poverty and misfortune stared him in the face on all sides. His hopes and his spirit were broken. In this state of affairs Father Green contrived to pay them most of his salary under the pretence of boarding with them. He has a room, I believe, in their house, where he keeps his books, and to which he resorts, when he pleases, but he is very much elsewhere. Nathans, however, is very agreeable. He, and Father Green, and the poor cripple, have a garden, and when the old man is there, they chirp and chatter, and seem to enjoy themselves. Nathans has a pleasant task, and like a great many unsuccessful men, is good everywhere, except at business. His Emily, once pretty enough to win compliments, is now the bent and feeble person whom you know. Seclusion and loss of personal attractions have led to extremely delicate and morbid susceptibilities, which find their gratification in the cultivation of plants and flowers. From the earliest violet to the latest chrysanthemum, she feels that not one of those would turn away from her to salute the greatest beauty in the land. You remember the beautiful bouquets, which are known at once, as coming from their garden. In this occupation Nathans is quite himself. He figures at horticultural societies. He is a welcome guest at weddings and dinner-parties. But did it ever occur to you that our church was really supporting him? I dare say not. Yet this is now charged to the account of Father Green, and there is no doubt about the facts. Some quite unusual circumstances, and rather uncanonical proceedings on his part, have given emphasis to the contagion of discontent, and how it may result, I can not predict. But if my paper was not full, I would relate some singular incidents in connection with this matter, such as, if written in a novel, would not be believed. Perhaps I will do so in my next letter. Meanwhile my darling, rest in the consciousness of being loved, more deeply, more tenderly, more steadfastly, than human language can express.

T O M Y M O T H E R .

'T is over now! I dreamt of fame for thee.
 Now that it ever flies me, sink, my heart;
 I covet'd all the priceless gems of sea,
 All the broad good of earth, the pride of art.
 I dreamt power in my hand was good in thine:
 I lay a withered wreath upon thy shrine.

'T is over now! All the bright hopes of youth,
 All my fierce longings for bright glory, fled!
 All my wild dreams of joy and love and truth
 Are vanished all — are fled among the dead.
 All, all has vanished! — even to a name:
 'T is over now, my childhood's dream of fame.

BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

A U T U M N D A Y S .

Ye Autumn's
dances with
the Summer.

BLITHE young Autumn with the Summer dallies,
Wooing her to linger yet awhile;
Rambling with her down the pleasant valleys,
Hand in hand, through wood and over stile.

Ye morning
hours and ye
even-tyde.

At the day-dawn she is coy and wary,
For September's morning-breath is chill;
But his noons, of sun-beams rarely chary,
Win her for his fair companion still.

Ye even-tyde.

When night-mists arise, away she hieth,
Leaves her lover lonely on the hill;
To his murmured words no more replieth,
Hideth in the copse with whip-poor-will.

Ye Summer
days and nights.

She will come again: a few fleet morrows
Greet her winsome footsteps o'er the plain;
Many-hued October gladly borrows
Her sweet guise, while garnering his grain.

Our hills at
sunset.

To our pine-clad hill, the sun-set golden
Smiles the farewell of another day;
Gleaneth on the cottage, quaint and olden,
Nestling yonder by the beaten way.

Ye village at
sunset.

Farther off, the village windows glisten
In the mellow, slowly-fading ray;
Down the slopes the cattle come and listen,
Shouts the in-bound fisher from the bay.

Our old
days at ye
sunset.

Under our old porch, with song and story,
We will wing eve's happy hours along,
While above us, in their pure, far glory,
Walk their radiant round the starry throng.

Ye haunts
of the night,
haunted by a
fair.

Then to slumber while the huge elm chaunteth
Soothingly, close to our window-pane;
Its broad shade a kindly fairy haunteth:
They sleep soundly who have near it lain.

Ye lingers
with ye Sum-
mer days.

Thus while Autumn with the Summer dallies,
Wooing her to linger yet awhile,
We will wander still about the valleys,
O'er the hills, and rest us at the stile.

Ye later Au-
tumn days.

When the trees are stripped, the wood-paths lonely,
And the turf is bare and brown and dry,
Birds all flitted, save wild rovers only,
Hardy crow, or partridge plump and shy;

Ye love-chase
of the forest.

Still hale Autumn banished Summer follows,
Tracking southward then her dainty feet;
Sports with her in sun-kissed nooks and hollows,
Threads the forest-glades her face to greet.

To Winter-
changes.

Winter soon will shroud these pleasant valleys,
Weave his snow-wreaths o'er our favorite hill;
When from icy cave he sternly sallies,
What will lend his frozen heart a thrill?

Memories and
the cheerful
days.

Cherished memories of the Summer weather,
Blessings manifold that with us stay;
God's great love that leaves us still together,
These can brighten Winter's dreariest day.

Savin-Hill, September, 1855.

W W M.

KISSING BETTY SCUDDER.

A SKETCH OF CORAM, LONG-ISLAND.

SOME TIME when Lord Cornbury was Governor of the province of New-York, and Nathaniel Platt was town-clerk at Coram, on the Island of Nassau, or Long-Island, in the said province, a notable case came up before the justice who at that time kept the peace at Coram. The details of this are partly collected from town-records, part from the antiquarian researches of the historian of Long-Island, and from the quaint and singular discourses which Judge Benson delivered, to their great edification, before that learned body, the New-York Historical Society, which they prized most highly from his venerable age. Partly I got them from insular tradition, (if I may speak so,) and the rest from that tricky and communicative crew of spirits who at this day turn the tables upon the people, and rap alphabetically as with a mallet upon the round earth. They told me all about Becky Scudder, as she then was, and of Becky Scudder as she now is, in her angelic mould, and they recommended me to print the narrative in the *KNICKERBOCKER Magazine*. I told them to go directly to Mr. Clark. 'Will the spirits,' said I, 'communicate with Mr. Clark?' 'NO!' they replied with a triple rap of the most emphatic kind.

Coram was a place where the devil played his pranks occasionally in old times. From there to Quog and Squam Beach, on the one side, to Devil's Tavern and Devil's Stepping-Stones on the other, (which Judge Benson speaks of,) and all around Speonk and Skunk's Manor, he used to 'step it about pretty lively.' There were some witches, and the spirit of a drunken Indian fiddler, who used to float in a skiff or canoe on moon-light nights around Mosquito Cove, and adjacent parts, where he thrummed away upon the strings till he got all the porpoises in a state of excitement, and set them a leaping over each other's backs, and thrashing the water with their tails, and pumping up the brine through holes in their snouts, (which the devil bored with a gimblet,) like so many whales. From there to the light-house on Eaton's Neck, he played 'Barbara Allen' on one string, till the people were sick of it.

I shall have more to say about him on another occasion, in my work. '*De Antiq. Passovic, et de quibusdam aliis rebus.*'

One thing, however, which the Indian did, I will mention in passing, although it has no connection with my present narrative; but the opportunity may never occur (if I do not write my work) to allude to it again. One night, while he was playing on his violin, the notion seized him to coax all the porpoises in the Sound through a narrow inlet, called 'the Gut' into Huntington Harbor. He did so. When the day dawned, the tide being at the full, the porpoises were seen throwing up their backs and cutting all kinds of antics. A very singular notion seized the mind of one William Gardiner, who at that early hour was counting his chickens, that he would turn those porpoises into oil. He would call all hands together, arm them with spears and harpoons, blockade with boats the narrow inlet which is called 'the Gut,' then when the tide sank low, and the porpoises retreated to the Sound, they would find the way barricaded, and every one of them would die with a harpoon in his back.

He did so. The boats were anchored in their place; the tide retreated; the porpoises were in shoal-water; they approached the place with their noses set; they veered about and retreated. The men stood with weapons in their hands. A second time the porpoises arrived in a fishy column, steadily, and with great fury, but when they came to the boats, they curved their backs, they whisked their tails, and leaping high in air, one after another, in spite of all opposition, with a fearful rush over the boats, which compelled the men to fall upon their stomachs, attained the open Sound.

But notwithstanding occasional sport such as the above, they used to have a pretty quiet time of it on Long-Island. Nothing was to be heard there but the surf, as the sound of it came booming from the narrow beaches over the Big Plains, as far as Back-Bone, where the echoes were thrown back. On Sabbath, the people went to meeting-house to the sound of a drum, for which, by a town-vote, they gave the drummer so many shillings a year, the value to be paid in samp or Indian-corn, and he drummed them all into church, where one Jonathan Edwards, I think his name was, or some one else of less greatness, preached vast and dismal sermons, two hours and a half in length, by the hour-glass. There were some offenders against the laws of society, it is true, and now and then they used to whip a negro or an Indian, laying the lashes upon his bare back until he cried like a loon. And people may say what they like about it in these piping times of new dispensations. Prisons are very good in their way, and gallows are good in their way; for some must be put in limbo, and others must be hanged; but for petty and for paltry tricks, such as chicken-stealing and the like, which are apt to come off scot-free, there is nothing so salutary as a good sound licking.

There was a stool of repentance in the churches on Long-Island, on which offenders, like Captain Underhill, the valiant warrior against the Indians, used to sit occasionally for his pecadillos about the fair sex, whereon he did so bewail his sins that his voice could not be heard for 'y' blubbering.' But the justices, deacons, and elect-men, by their

joint and pious endeavors, kept the devil pretty well at bay, only he would now and then show his foot, as at the 'Stepping-Stones,' aforementioned.

The case to which I allude, and which the court had before it, was a mild form of assault and battery, resulting in little damage. To this day an occasional offender is brought to trial for a similar transgression, to teach 'fast' young men to reflect a little before they venture upon a 'smack.' The law sometimes thrusts its arm pretty deep into the pockets of the culprit, and in old times his capital was endangered by an investment in *the stocks*. 'Kissing goes by favor,' which is right.

During the harvest-time at Coram, the boys and girls were binding wheat-sheaves in the field together. The latent jollity which there is in people will show itself, however restricted by the encampment of rules, or by an established severity of manners. Codes are artificial, but mirth is natural; and although the social life of the colonies was pretty grim and pretty grum, and what with the absence of luxury, the imminence of danger, the pressure of toil, the prohibition of sports, or the inability to engage in them, life assumed a stern and serious aspect, there was still a time when the profane fiddle would squeak out. There was some fatness in the lean land, and now and then at least an oily negro would 'yaw-haw!' over a basket of chips. On Long-Island, where there is a good deal of level plain, and muck, and sand, and barren sea-beach, and the inhabitants are disposed to be moody, they would sometimes shake with laughter, as well as with ague. There was some fun at Coram, and some relaxation at Buckram.

The boys and girls were binding wheat-sheaves, and the work went on merrily, and there was much song and laughter, and the minister looked with a pleased face over the rails; for many matches were the result of these festivals. In a corner of the field, at the base of a yellow stack, there was deposited a corpulent little jug with a short neck, and I am grieved to say that it contained rum. I think that it is very probable that the circulation of that fluid, imbibed as it was without any suspicion in those innocent days, caused a lightness in the head, and an activity of the animal spirits, which in old Puritan times was thought nothing of, but which is now considered as derogatory to character.

'Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur cum illis.'

Well, the boys and girls were binding wheat-sheaves in the field at Coram. It was near sun-down; the crop was mostly harvested; but although they had toiled diligently all day, their spirits did not flag. If the whole island had been a wheat-field, they could have garnered it in company no doubt. Cheerful labor does not result in painful weariness. Hitherto they had transgressed no rule of propriety, till all of a sudden, Bill Barkaloo, who was working at the same sheaf with Betty Scudder, threw his arms around her neck, and kissed her lips with a resounding smack. It was the height of audacity, and although the blood mounted to her eyes in anger, and she slapped his cheeks until his ears rang, he ran away and threw himself upon the ground, and rolled and roared with laughter.

Bill Barkaloo was about twenty years old, old enough to know better. He was a fellow with a big, bushy head of red hair, red face, covered with freckles, with a hand as hard as iron, and a grasp like the grip of a vice, and a voice like the roaring of many waters. He made a great noise as he drove his team, standing up in his checked shirt, and singing and hallooing to his cattle. He had an honest heart, but a reputation for wildness. His progress in the catechism had been hitherto small, and he had more than once been reproved in meeting. He used to hang his bushy head over the gallery on Sabbath till his face became as ruddy as a piece of raw beef, and then rolling his quid in his cheek, ogling and staring about him, find what amusement he could, and exhibit a lack of attention to the preached word, to the no small disturbance of the speaker. Sometimes he would fall fast asleep, and snore so rancously as to be heard over the whole building, or he would set the negroes who congregated in the loft a-tittering, and otherwise mar the solemnity of the day. He was moreover fond of horses, (which fact alone, if there were no others against him, would have been sufficient to stamp him in the eyes of truly religious people.) He knew the points of a horse; he trotted and cantered, and swore often in doing the same. Nevertheless, at the very depth of his character, there was a seriousness which no body had as yet fished up, because those who looked into him were more superficial than they thought that he was. He admired Betty Scudder, (and not he only,) for she was the gem of Coram, the pride of the Big Plains, and the flower of Long-Island; and he could have swam through the surf, clambered to the top of the Back-Bone, or crossed over the 'Devil's Stepping-Stones' to win her. He would have fought single-handed against all the Montauks to save her. When Betty milked the cow, he would sometimes watch his chance, and if the coast was clear, and no one stirred about the homestead, he would scale the fence, and kneeling down, assist her at the fragrant udders, although she protested that she did not want his help; and as the alternate snowy streams descended into the milk-pail, he would attune his coarse pipes to what love-ditties he could; then as the evening-star shone bright, he would retire to his own inclosure to tend his colt, or to unyoke his oxen. It was a pity that his reputation was not better, and that he had no standing in the church; that they looked upon him as an almost irredeemable sinner.

On one occasion, he had pinched the arm of Betty at singing-school, but the reproof had been so severe, that he placed himself for a long time on his good behavior. The temptation in the wheat-field was too much for Bill Barkaloo's philosophy. Betty was exceedingly toothsome. She had a form which was exquisite in its proportions. Her height was not one tithe of an inch amiss. The belt around her waist was as sweetly fitted as the girdle of Venus. Her head was poised upon a neck as graceful as the wild white swan's; her arms (which he had pinched) were most deliciously plump, with dimples at the elbows; her cheeks as red as roses; and her lips as tempting as cherries. Her eyes also, in color betwixt jet-black and chestnut, when she let down their long lashes, in hue so softened, but when in anger she uplifted the lashes, resplendent in their fire, were enough to put the amorous soul in

a blaze. What wonder then, that when at arms'-length from her, in the full flush of the spirits which the harvest brings, he threw his arms around her neck, and fondly kissed her. It was a crime which admitted of no atonement except by committing it again, which brought after it no repentant tears or remorse of conscience; for he went away, and his ears tingled with the delicious electricity from Betty's fingers.

Betty went home and told her mother, and her mother told the old man, who was smoking his pipe on the door-sill. He mumbled and groaned, but did not take it much to heart. Bill Barkaloo would, at some day or other, come into possession of a good farm, and that alone would atone for a multitude of sins. Nevertheless, this improper act was talked of, and produced a deal of scandal. The young people at their little gatherings would cry out: '*Who* kissed Betty Scudder?' putting an arch and emphatic emphasis upon the first word, which was provocative of mirth. At last, the matter became so aggravated, that it was deemed advisable to bring up the culprit, and at least to try him for misdemeanor.

The gay blade of Coram was summoned to answer to the charge, as well as those who could testify to the kissing of Betty Scudder. The investigation excited a deal of interest, from the place where it happened, through all the intervening villages to Montauk Point. Old maids and old wives discussed it with eager interest, while in the mouths of young Coram, and of young Buckram, of young Skunk's Manor, and of young Mosquito Cove, the words became a proverb, which were handed down through several generations, with their accompanying cadence: '*Who* kissed Betty Scudder?'

Young Barkaloo came to the trial in a brave suit of clothes, and with a showy team of horses, accompanied by all the gallantry of Coram. His hair looked redder and his freckles more numerous than ever, while his merry laugh was heard on the way, as if to defy the consequences of his misdemeanor. What had he done? Merely stolen a kiss in open day from one of the fairest of Eve's daughters, which he was willing to replace with another. Did Betty condemn him? If she did at first, there was reason to think, that upon reflection, she admired his dashing boldness; that she was stung with compunction for boxing his ears; and that with a woman's tenderness she now sympathized with him in his 'peck of troubles.' I have somewhere read that one day, as a young man was twisting up a wheat-sheaf in the field, he bound up a viper or a rattlesnake, which made an effort to strike him. We shall see whether this sheaf contained a rattlesnake or flowers! The following extract is from the town-records of Coram, copied *verbatim et literatim*:

'15 October 1701. William Barkaloo for kissing Betty Scudder. Fady Polhemus testified that he was in y^e wheat-field of Mr. Ludlum, and that he saw him put his arms round her neck, but that he did not see him kiss her. Cannot say that he heard him say that he meant to do it. Knows the defendant very well, but never played cards with him. Bought a cow of him before last fast-day, for which paid him; have also traded with him Considerabel, all right. Did not hear him

smack her, but thinks he might have heard him if he had done so. Knows nothing more about it.

'SOOKEY CARL examined.

'JUSTICE PROBASCO : State what you know.

'SOOKEY : I know William ; see him a-running, but could not say what it was about. Did not see her box his ears, but heard others say she done so. Know nothing about his milking the cow with Betty. Believe his character is good. Left the field before sun-down. Did not hear Othniel Everett say that the matter would come into court.

'PETER NOSTRAND examined.

'JUSTICE PROBASCO : State what you know.

'PETER NOSTRAND : Was in y^e field, but at the funder end. Did not notice that y^e defendant kept near Betty. If he had a done so, thinks he should have seen him, but Cant say, as he was too far off. Saw him running, but Cant say what it was flor. If he kissed her, would like to been in his place. That's all, may it Pleas the Court. (*Laughter.*)

'JUSTICE : Silence ! This proceeding is shameful.

'ANDRES KASHAW examined : See him do it ; was within three feet of hym. He done it all to oncet. Believe that Betty could not have Helpt Itt. Do not blame her for striking Him. Thinks she served hym right. Never have made any offer of marriage to Betty Scudder. Conduct always proper to her. Have no ill will against William Barkaloo.

'Several other examinations made. Fined 15s., and bound over to keep the peace.'

Thus much I have been permitted to copy from the records of Coram, and for the rest of this adventure in smacking, am indebted to Judge Benson, the historian of Long-Island, and the author of 'Ante-Revolutionary and Revolutionary Incidents,' who has paid much attention to such things.

When Bill Barkaloo was fined fifteen shillings, he roared out with laughter, and in fact he had been giggling and laughing ever since he came into court. He thrust his hand in his pocket and paid the fine in pieces of eight, out of a good store of cash which he had in hand. He also told the Justice to do his worst ; that he was an old fool ; and that as long as the girls liked him, he could afford to pay ; that he would do the same thing over again before the sun went down, and he defied all the select-men of Coram ; that he was of age that day, and that the Bible would prove it. He drove forthwith to Betty Scudder's, where he found the old man picking chips, and the old woman straining milk in the dairy, and Betty in tears because Bill had been brought into court, and he proposed to marry her. Nor do the records of the island, nor the historian, nor Judge Benson himself declare that she refused the suit. On the contrary, she said that she would think of it ; and she *did* think of it, and she turned it over and over in her mind ; and when it was viewed in all its aspects, and when that fine farm on the Hampstead Plains was taken duly into account, neither did old Mr. Scudder or young Mrs. Scudder venture to raise any objection. On the contrary,

they thought that the wild oats of William had been already sown, and those whom God had joined together, let no man put asunder. Consequently, when the New-Year came around with its happy congratulations, and the new cider was clarified, and Coram for once in a twelve-month put on a glad aspect, and the select-men relaxed their frowns, and the minister smiled, the minister was invited to the comfortable homestead, and there, (amid the same happy company which bound the sheaves of wheat in the late golden, glorious harvest,) when he had made a prayer, which showed how all things worked together for the good of those who loved the LORD; when he had pictured gleaning Ruth, and spoke of William Barkaloo and Boaz, he joined the pair in mutual bonds, and gave his benediction. The fête was happy, and many on 'Long-Island's sea-girt shore' will to this day attest that no harm was done in kissing Betty Scudder.

F. W. S.

MOSS ROSE-BUDS.*

I WALK as in a dream:
 Around me and about me
 The things of this life seem
 A vision's bright creation.
 Within me and without me
 There breathes a quiet tune,
 Like zephyrs born of June,
 That murmur in a garden 'neath the moon.

To hear thy young heart beat,
 And feel thine arms about me,
 Seems fancy's fevered heat,
 Or some wild fascination;
 Not that I mean to doubt thee,
 But oh! my soul had yearned,
 So long, so long had burned,
 That hope to black despair was almost turned.

Thy gift is precious, girl:
 I prize it highly, trust me;
 Had it been gold or pearl,
 Nor bought the boon it bore me,
 It had been worthless, justly.
 For me these buds are fraught
 With bliss too great for thought,
 A joy before whose height all else is naught.

Thy lips have touched mine own,
 Thy heart has trembled near me;
 Thine eyes thy love have shown,
 Peace cast her mantle o'er thee!
 I love thee, MARY, dearly;
 These buds are trebly sweet;
 Through them our spirits meet:
 Behold me! I am kneeling at thy feet.

Philadelphia, Aug. 1, 1855.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

THE meteor flag of England,
The tri-color of France,
Stream bravely to the tempest,
O'er ocean's gray expanse;
And 'mid the battle's thunder,
And o'er the smoke of fight,
Have kept their country's honor
Nailed to the top-mast height;
But the bold, brave flag of freedom
As peerless floats as they,
Nor veils to them its stars and stripes,
In the bloody battle-day.

It waves o'er many a fortress
Along the Atlantic shore;
Where breaks the surf o'er rocks of Maine;
Where Mexic billows roar;
It floats from many a rampart,
Far up Missouri's tide;
O'er many a block-house fort that guards
Arkansas' turbid tide;
And many a grim Osage that hunts
Across the far frontier,
Hath learned that banner to respect,
That noble flag to fear.

And far o'er Michigan's wild shore,
And Huron's yellow strand,
Where spreads the trackless wilderness,
Deep forests, wildly grand;
O'er many a white stockade it floats,
O'er many a guarded wall,
Holding the savage Ottoways
And Chippewas in thrall:
And far in utmost Oregon,
By broad Columbia's stream,
With beat of drum at morn and eve
Those starry emblems gleam.

Long may it float unsullied,
Long fan our fathers' grave,
The war-worn Continentals,
The bravest of the brave.
At Yorktown was it steeped in gore,
At Monmouth's deadly fight;
And scorched with flame and torn with steel
On Bunker's smoky height.
And while a freeman's arm may strike,
Or freeman's heart may beat,
Ne'er will that valiant banner
Be humbled in defeat.

THE BIRTH OF FLEANCE KRÜGER.

BY CAROLINE CHESBRO'.

A STONE-CUTTER stands in his yard, on the last day of spring, and looks thoughtfully at the granite blocks scattered around him. He has his tools in his hands, and his attitude is that of one who is going forth, rather than of one who has come in, to labors. And this is true of him ; he is going forth.

He is going from his accustomed place of business, in the village, up to the mountain-quarry, full ten miles away. To the quarry where he worked when he was young. Until quite recently he has been able to regard this stone-yard, in the village, as the reward of his industry ; and, accordingly, has taken no little pride in it ; such reasonable pride as a good man may indulge over the evidences of his honest toil. Frequently, since he entered into partnership with Proprietor Adams, Kruger has been up to the quarry, but he goes now as he never went before, leaving his heart behind him.

Kruger's youth was spent up there. In those days it was a rare thing for him to make a pilgrimage to any of the hamlets scattered through the valley. Nature had more to do with his development than human society. Among his fellow-workmen he was early distinguished for his prudence and skill, his sobriety and diligence. He assumed nothing among them, but his personal dignity was so great that even old men deferred to him, and felt his influence. His character was strong in moral integrity, his countenance the index of that character. It had a purity and a repose, that of itself was a restraint, agreeable and wholesome upon his fellows.

Benjamin Kruger's father had been a quarry-man, and as no accidental circumstance had breathed the spirit of adventure into the son, he had gone on from year to year, occupied in the same labors, only enlarging his sphere as opportunity led and compelled. He was not driven by any internal influence to find companionship in the heart of nature, or among the riotous crowds of men. Nor was imagination ever quickened by a sense of want, to find responses of himself in any direction. He had not the spirit of the young brave who waits watching in solitude and darkness for the honor of knighthood ; his sole battle-field was that on which spirits are marshaled ; his contest, that of which the SAVIOUR is the Judge.

But his spirit was greatly acted upon by the influences surrounding him. They were in harmony with the life that was in him. That spark, kindled into pure and steady flame, in its nature could never occasion conflagration. He was open to the sweetest and best influences of the wild mountain-country ; needed not that any should call his observation to the clouds that circled round the heights that lifted far above him ; to the dazzling effulgence of the seventh heaven ; to the

branches of the pines as they stood in fair relief against the azure sky on some great tower of granite ; to the mosses which overspread the rocks, or the delicate flowers, that sprung out on their thread-like stems from a sterile bed, or to the softness of a summer day, or to the sunrise or the moonlight ; he saw all these, sang at his labor, and was happy.

When, having won the confidence of the owner of the quarry, by his constant well-doing, Kruger accepted his offer, and invested his earnings with the funds of Adams, in opening the yard in the village, and removed from the quarry to the region below, not a man of his companions but rejoiced in and was proud of his prosperity ; the raggedest among them felt that some honor reflected upon himself in the advancement of his fellow, though he should never take the first step to prove himself the holder of a like aspiration and intent ; not one of them but wished Benjamin all future good-luck.

In the village Kruger's relations to life of course differed from those sustained by him in the mountain. He had not only the opportunity, but also the necessity of making new observations of life, and some changes in himself soon became manifest. He was sought by the young people of his own rank, and did not retire before the seeking. Thus he came into contact with those who were occupied by thoughts and things to which he was a stranger, and with his limited experience it must needs be a long time before he understood perfectly either himself or them. Before this time came, he married. Many people do the like. Do n't blame him. The girl of his choice was a gay, sprightly creature. She had seen more of the world than Benjamin, and yet but very little. She had been a belle among the rustic beauties. Kruger loved her at first sight ; she broke upon his vision a miracle of beauty.

It might have been the new face, or the manly beauty of the stoneyard man, or the reputed fortunes of Kruger, or his good looks, or all these things together, that made the impression on the heart of Fleance Brook. Most likely these influences acted in unison, for so they generally do.

In good time this young man and woman wedded, but it did not prove a very happy marriage. Fleance was not the person Kruger would have chosen or desired for a wife, had he known the world better ; and Fleance, for her part frivolous and gay and ignorant, would as soon have thought of marrying the Czar himself, as Benjamin, had she known what he was.

When experience proved to Kruger, that there was a cause for the differences daily rising between him and Fleance, lying deeper than education or circumstance had fathomed, he was, more than ever, master of himself, and his integrity remained uncompromised. This is the same as saying that he was by no means an ordinary person. His disappointment was too deep to find relief in querulous utterances, or by taking the village into his confidence. No gossip was refreshed at his fireside, or gathered refuse there, to distribute again to those that languished for such unwholesome food. Nor did he ever seek redress for his mistake, by visiting with any sort of vengeance the unfortunate occasion of it. He was too generous for that. He labored rather for the reclamation of his wife's thoughts and aims from their frivolity ;

to enter as he might into her enjoyments; to please her as he might. But they never were companions, as either he or she in days of courtship had anticipated. And all Krüger's efforts in his wife's behalf found their best result in his own soul. It *could* not be a vain work, since all endeavor must have a consequent.

It was to their child that the father learned to look with hoping eyes for the fulfilment of the longing, that from the day his eyes were opened, took possession of his soul. Fleance the daughter was the heir of her parents' best estate. She had her father's refined and beautiful mental organization, his sterling virtue of character, and her mother's vivacity of temperament, and grace of physical structure.

She was like every thing that had any loveliness to Krüger's eyes. Like the pure and fragile mountain-flowers — as free, pure, meek, innocent. She was like the stars he used to watch in the summer evenings of his youth, when he sat resting in his cabin-door, up in the mountain-land; the stars, who were called by the old Hebrew poets 'Daughters of God,' and 'Angels!' She was like the laughing brooks that danced whither they would, and always might be trusted that they would discover for themselves the best way. Her voice, so soft yet strong, so loving, brave, and so melodious, reminded him of the clearest and the softest notes of the horns of hunters, when they rode among the hills and told upon the bugles the tidings of success.

In the hour of her birth Krüger consecrated himself once again to God, by vows, the like of which he had not before uttered, and he implored divine wisdom for the guidance of his child. From the hour of her birth, she was the burden of his thoughts. He carried her, thus, about with him, wherever he went, as her mother carried the child on her bosom; he was as faithful cherishing the thought as she the form; as solicitous in guarding it from harm. He was not demonstrative of his paternal pride; he had even no birth-day festivities for her; but he watched the development of his daughter with eyes that saw no fairer, purer, or more precious thing on earth.

Thought of her sent him deeper and deeper into himself; made him a searcher for all knowledge hidden there that could concern her. He would learn of no less loving oracle, all that he might do for her sake. More and more exacting he became of his energies and impulses and thoughts. His love exacted of him self-denial in which an anchorite might have gloried. His sense of obligation to this life, his sense of responsibility to this being he had called into the world, deepened with each passing day. Time and eternity, with their dangers, trials, glories, impressed him as they might not otherwise have done, and demanded of him, in her behalf, that which he was ready to yield, incessant watching, care, and toil.

The responsibility, in the first weeks of the child's life, took the form of a moral obligation to his consciousness, and he said to himself, She shall never out-grow the instinct of these days; this instinct of loving dependence shall endure. But, as weeks and months passed on, and his mind, under the new influences, expanded, Krüger began to take a more serious thought of his worldly fortunes than he had yet taken. He became — and his wife hailed with joy the symptoms which she could not understand — he became ambitious.

Small though the village was, in it were to be found many of the varieties and grades of social life. When Krüger began to look for diversities of rank, circumstances, and capacity, he beheld the phenomena. And as his daughter grew out of babyhood into speech, and winning ways, and gracefulness, he began to consider these manifestations with all a parent's seriousness.

When Krüger began to talk about these things, to manifest some curiosity in regard to the methods by which the best people in the village had attained their elevation, his wife in secret did rejoice. Now there was a bond of sympathy between them; and, perhaps with some exaggeration, as she gave him a town history, she dwelt upon the fact that among the notable families, the chief among them all, the wealthiest, had 'risen from nothing.'

'Do not all men rise from nothing?' asked Krüger, with a solemn smile.

But the words of Fleance had made an impression. There was a duty which he owed to his child, and he returned to his labors with renewed energy, and a steadfastness of purpose that robbed life of some of its freshness, and brought about a struggle in the once serene dominion of his soul. For these were cares from which he had been free; anxieties new and strange beset him, and a hope that was to hold his life in bondage till a deliverer should come.

'The cares of this world.' It was no lust of riches. In the midst of his new surroundings, and with his new aspirations, there was still nothing in his heart that could respond to the voice whose utterance, as his wife gave it, astonished and disgraced him.

She had lived all her life in sight of those goodly mountains, but was not thus protected from certain very, very grovelling, and alas! common notions in regard to worldly fortunes. Success she regarded as in itself an absolute good — not the token, not the outward and visible sign of an inward possession of the powers that control circumstance, and make the possessors everywhere and at all times triumphant.

She had not found it possible, even amid the surroundings of her childhood, to grow as Benjamin had done. The fault is not in our stars, dear Brutus! Neither mountains, atmosphere, nor education were at fault. Evil is not of circumstance and surroundings. Circumstance may foster, surroundings may encourage, but a man's soul is a power distinct from, and not to be confounded with, its conditions. A man's clothes cannot be the best of him, unless he is a beggar!

Clothes are not Man — Circumstance is not Evil.

Krüger was not the prisoner of lust but of hope, when he began to give more thought to labor, and more strength to money-getting. He had a lofty aim in view — the best good of his child. And he only manifested his abnegation of self, in the exhaustion to which he cheerfully submitted in his labors. Let no professional hair-splitter presume to say that he was after all but selfish in his working, because it was for his child. A selfish soul must of necessity be selfish in all its loving; because the object loved is loved for what it is *to him*, and not for what it is to others and to God. No assurance of perpetuity is ever given in

such demonstration of affection, though it issue even from a parent's heart. It was not, I say, because the infant Fleance was *his* child, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh ; not that she should in after-times reflect honor or credit upon him, that he would have her adorned in royal appareling. But for her own sake. Not that she might eclipse her neighbors. For the advantage, not the vanity — for the enduring joy, not the hourly parade ; he would have the young immortal's wings grow for immortal flight — not clipped for a safe strutting through the limits of his paternal pride. And for this he would first of all guard her against the assaults of time and temporal things ; he would prevent the possibility of want ; spiritually, as well as in her external fortunes, he would fortify her, he would make the ways of life broad and open to his child. She should have the means of culture ; all that was advantageous as aids to her growth.

With joy did he behold, as she out-grew the obligations and necessities of instinct, that a true filial love was unfolding in the child's heart, manifesting itself, and more and more distinctly as the spirit within her more intelligently ascertained itself, in obedience, reverence, perfect trust. With joy too he beheld — eagerly he had watched for this manifestation — that the mother of the child shared in this filial recognition, this expression of the young heart's loyalty. Nor was he blind that he could not behold the purifying and exalting influence of their daughter's love on the heart of her mother. With the child's growth and development, she too seemed to grow and develop. External nature with all its significancies had been in a most vital sense lost upon her ; but the demonstrations of the heart, when they were made through her child, were not beyond her grasp and apprehension. She was alive, and she too became with her husband a prisoner of hope, and if the bonds and bondage were not precisely what they were to him, if there was more of dross in them, and fear and weariness because of them, still the bondage was the same, and both felt their union in it.

But Fleance had not out-grown her childhood when her mother died, and Kruger was left alone in charge of his daughter.

There were many ways suggested to him for the disposition of the child after this bereavement ; his friends offered their counsel, and the parents of his wife opened their doors for their son and grand-child ; no plan that occurred to him, none that was submitted by the sympathy of his friends, did Kruger reject without careful consideration ; but the result of his deliberation was in the face of every proposition, and the occasion of no small surprise among the people to whom he was known. He took the house of one of his workmen on the borders of the stone-yard, and removed to it from his pretty cottage. There would he live, and Fleance should thus be ever under his own watchful care ; by day and by night she would be with him ; none should come between them ; he would be all in all to her, as she certainly already was all in all to him.

Since that time, year after year the partnership between the proprietor of the quarry and Kruger had continued, and Kruger by diligent working and prudence had brought all affairs in which he was concerned into a very prosperous condition ; but the proprietor, for his part, had been

going on recklessly, and disaster once overtaking him, could not be impeded; it followed him into every path of his operations, spreading ruin wherever he had moved. Kruger was involved in the ruin. There was no possibility of his escaping it, none that he would have taken advantage of, not for his child's sake, even had he been forewarned of what was to happen. But the calamity overtook him in a day, and without suspicion. Conscious of his own integrity, and confiding in that of others, when the discovery was made that swept away his earnings, leaving not a trace behind, he would not, if he might, have saved them.

He was not the man to sit down despondingly and lament over a failure; money he had none; yet within himself were resources. With a valorous determination he rose again from the unanticipated overthrow, and behold, his indestructible Hope still on guard before him! and his work to be completed. He was an intrepid man, if not one of resources; he could work in his own way, if he had not ability or opportunity to labor in other directions. And so he decided that he would return to his work in the quarry, and strive there for the satisfaction of his creditors, and the education of his child.

Up to this time Fleance had beside himself had no instructor. But during the winter which now was ended, he had begun to think seriously of placing her under the charge of some person better qualified than he was to carry on the task he had begun. He had done his best, and with no small measure of success, to inform her mind with great principles; had cultivated in her heart the love of nature, which was a portion of her inheritance; but book-knowledge he had none to communicate, and was not prepared even to direct her in the acquisition. Before the change took place in his worldly fortunes, of which mention has been made, he had taken these facts into consideration, and had formed his plan; in this plan he now made no change.

In one of the most beautiful residences to be found through the length of the valley, lived the widow of a gentleman who had died, not long ago, insolvent. By a marriage settlement this property had become the property of his wife, and on his death, when his reputed great fortune was discovered to be an imagination, this portion of the estate, held in her name, alone remained to her. During the past year, the widow had opened a school in order to maintain herself, and in her care Kruger now determined to place Fleance.

Beside the widow's qualifications as an instructor and guardian of the child, there was an additional inducement which would have decided him, had he labored under any hesitation.

There had come to the village during the spring the present proprietor of the mountain-quarry, and he was accompanied by his sister. Kruger's attention was primarily attracted toward these strangers by the close connection with his own plans of future labor, into which they were introduced. Thus attracted, it was held by other influences. By the choice Miss Kingswood made of the widow's house for a summer habitation.

This lady was older than her brother, who had but just arrived at man's estate. She was unlike him. Though a woman of the world, a woman of fashion, she seemed in many respects a better type of manly

character than her brother, Arthur Kingswood. She had more decision ; she asserted herself more distinctly, and with the deep, undemonstrative pride of a conscious superiority. Her manners were the perfection of bearing and address. Her taste and intellect had been cultivated by study and travel. She had not much beauty — none that could please the sensuous eye ; but she had exceeding grace, and a smile, and a voice, that made common minds wonder, when they came within the range of her attractions, that she had never married.

She was devoted to her brother. And her influence over him, who was more effeminate in his dispositions, and more beautiful in his person, than she, and at least half a century younger in real life, was never for a moment doubted by her, nor by him. She was in society five years before he had finished his studies ; three years before she should have been, for her own heart's sake. And she had learned the world so well, had studied character so profoundly, that he felt all the confidence in her as his own guide, that she deserved. They had spent the last winter together, in one of the gayest cities, in a round of dissipation, and if the sister had been a trifle less haughty in her modes of thought, a little gentler and more gracious in her ways of judgment, as much so as in her manners when she felt herself surrounded by her peers, we might have called her, without the least misgiving, the guardian-angel of her brother. She stood almost in this relation toward him ; but there were some things essential to her soul's well-being which she could learn of him. This fact did not appear in any form of utterance ; it never would or could to him or her. If ever he should serve her it must be in act, not speech. It is just where speech fails that the still more marvellous, effective, attesting language of act begins.

Arthur Kingswood had come into this mountain and valley-land, where much of his property was lying, to look after the new purchase which his agent had made, and, tired of watering-places and all fashionable summer-resorts, his sister had accompanied him. She could appreciate the manner of life to which for a few weeks, or months, as it might chance, they would here devote themselves. There was that in her soul that found harmonious utterance in the midst of these solemn mountains. But it was a significant fact, that she had not trusted herself to them, foregoing all the appliances of daily life to which she had been accustomed. She brought her books with her, and she left her address with the world !

Distinguished as she was from every other being he had seen, or even imagined, there was much in this lady, far beyond his circle as she was, that Kruger could perceive and understand, and honor with an homage in his admiration, such as, amidst the flatterings of worldlings, she had not been accustomed to receive. He saw instinctively how rich the culture her mind must have had, the improvement that she had made of every variety of advantage, talent, and ability ; and from the moment he learned that she had taken up her abode for the summer in the widow's house, he determined that his child should come within the sphere of the lady's influence.

Accordingly, having taken counsel only of himself, Kruger went to the widow ; he told her of the hopes he had for his motherless daughter,

and the anxiety under which he labored on her account, and so well did he present the case, that the lady, who had often found occasion to observe the youthful Fleanee, and to praise the father's fostering and successful care, was moved in her heart to listen to his request.

Kruger left his child in ignorance of the disposition he was about to make of himself, his strength, and time. He said to her that he was going on a journey into a land that was strange to her, and that it was impossible for him to say when he should return; but that though he was going from her he never should lose sight of her. She would continue to be, as she had so long been, the dearest friend he had on earth; for his sake, and her own sake, he charged her to make much of the time of separation. Partly he unburdened himself by giving her a glimpse of the greatness of the confidence he had in her, the expectation he had formed; sufficient incentive he believed this expression of his great desire would be, and with the teacher and the pattern she would have when he was gone, he doubted not that all hope led him to anticipate would be crowned with fruition.

Save for a few hours they had never been separated since Fleanee could remember; and the novelty promised in the change that was before her, was not sufficient to soothe her in the parting; nor when she had fairly entered on the new round of daily duties, did all that was thus afforded compensate for that which, in her father, was taken away.

Meeting this young girl day after day at the table of the widow, observant of her — for Miss Kingswood, though preëminently aristocratic in all her associations, was a humanitarian, in one sense of the word, and not narrowed or contracted in any respect by her position — it could but follow that Fleanee should find place in her thoughts. Fleanee and herself, as lodgers in the house, stood on an equal footing, at least the only advantage that Miss Kingswood chose now to recognize as hers was that of years and experience. Aloof she may have stood from the rest of the villagers, finding no one there that interested her — or perhaps, more properly, not caring to discover whether there were any such or not. Her brother was often absent from the village, sometimes for several days together, and to one whose life had been in a great measure made up of actions and impressions from the outer world, it was almost impossible to live without some sort of communion with the living presence that could serve her as a friend — child, man, or woman, either, if the creature only proved sufficient for the passing time.

Therefore it was that when Miss Kingswood went out to walk early in the morning, or late in the afternoon, Fleanee was often her companion, and the young girl greatly interested her; and Fleanee, not old enough or wise enough to understand the lady, or rather understanding her only by the wisdom of a child, found in turn a fascination, a charm in this association, so deep, so pervasive, that the result could but become at once apparent.

She surrendered herself to Miss Kingswood, without a question of the act; the perfect refinement and various culture of the lady, meeting her at every turn, won from the little maiden the most reverent affection. All the teaching of her father, his instructions and injunctions, the hopes he had expressed for her, utterance of which in her hearing

had so inspired her that she was seeking in her ways and doings to realize his ideal in herself, all seemed to point to such a noble being as she beheld in this lady. To the child's eyes she seemed the personification of all those perfections at which she aimed.

For either of them it was a novel companionship. There was little that any worldly philosopher could have suggested to a woman so sharp of sight, and subtle in thought, as this woman who was of the world, and yet above it. But this girl, with her courage in loneliness, and over-much solitude, her heroic devotion to her books for her father's sake, the interpretation she was continually giving to the young life as it manifested itself, these influences were acting upon Miss Kingswood's inner life, as upon her physical being the breath of mountain air that swept upon her in those early morning-walks, while the dew yet glistened on the grass, before the sun came down into the valley.

The fair face, blue eyes, and sweet smile, and simple manners of the girl won insensibly upon her heart; the rapid development Fleance had made after her father's departure, development induced by force of the lives around her, her own relation to them, and the comparative isolation of her lot, made her also a study which Miss Kingswood did not disdain.

It was singular how, as the summer passed away, the father of Fleance became associated in the child's thoughts with so much that the lady had to say; how the empire was divided over which he once held dominion alone. A pride, not like her mother's — for the soil on which it grew was different, and the influences under which it expanded were different, yet an inherited pride that was not in agreement with dominant characteristics of her nature — began to betray itself in her ways of thought, and more distinctly thus than in her ways of action. Letters from her father came to Fleance at regular intervals; they bore no date, but in them he spoke much of the scenery through which his course of travel led him, and it required no great stretch of the child's imagination to think of him as journeying through those famous distant lands, of which Miss Kingswood sometimes spoke to her, the lands beyond the ocean, from which she had brought home so many rich memorials. And by degrees, from thus associating him with Miss Kingswood, Fleance came to have a new idea of her father, as she came to have new ideas of all other things in life. With her own development her thoughts of him had a corresponding progression. He was to the young maiden another being from what he was to the young child. The measure of her love to him being graduated now by a scale correspondent to that which had answered to the needs of her childhood, he had an exaltation and nobility in her imagination which, not disproportionate to the truth as the angels beheld it, might still have seemed to less far-seeing mortals a strange exaggeration.

No, he lost nothing by her association with these new friends'; the daughter's love and reverence placed him on a level with them, and her pride in them rose accordingly, as she appreciated and understood them.

So bound up was Arthur Kingswood in his devotion to his sister, or rather so accustomed was he to regard her acts without the implied question of them there would have been in referring to their causes, that when, sometimes in her parlor, sometimes in the street, sometimes in

the garden, or on the balcony, he found this child her companion, listening while she read aloud, or looking over her portfolio of engravings, or engaged in conversation, he saw nothing strange in the new manifestation, nor sought to discern in the girl a cause for it. Once or twice an expression of surprise may have appeared on his face, but he never pursued the feeling to demand its explanation. He saw the young girl there, and that, to his mind, was sufficient passport for her, whithersoever she would go. She needed no further indorsement than this.

Occasionally, however, it would occur to him to wonder — but the wonder was not the result of an elaborate process of thought — whether Fleance was in the slightest degree aware of the companionship into which she had come. And this wondering led him idly enough to be more observant of Fleance when he encountered her. He found, for he was a judge of beauty, that there was not a feature of her face that let down her character in the slightest degree from the refinement betokened by the general expression. That her movements were free and unembarrassed — that she never did an awkward thing, or said a coarse one. Ignorant of the laws which he had been taught to obey from his youth up, she seemed as good a law unto herself. She never became aware of the belittling process to which the worldling submits in a slavish regard to conformity. So, more and more she interested the brother, and it was not in the nature of things that it should be merely in the way that the sister was interested. He could not make a study of her, and award her his respect, and do her what good he had to do, and derive what good he might from the unequal friendship, and let her go. His sister could and doubtless would do this, for this she had been in the habit of doing, it is no special disparagement to her to say it, these many years.

He was neither strong, nor wise enough for that. He knew not enough to regard human friendships in this light; that is, his experience had not been sufficiently profound to serve him so. He was more enthusiastic, more alive to pleasant influences, more readily quickened by them into action. His sister had set out in her career with a confidence in her own powers something too high. She had arrived at self-knowledge, not by the kindly unmasking of herself by gentle and friendly hands, nor by the sharp blade of satire; flattery, adulation, had been her portion, but the sweet draught had only sickened, had not poisoned her. She had for herself, under the impulsion of the integrity of her own soul, done all the good work that as yet was wrought in her. Had accomplished it by a study induced by the people around her, whose shallowness, hypocrisy, uncleanness, and sycophancy had betrayed them to her in spite of themselves. She had never yet met the man or woman who, able to do so, had so understood her as to come into sympathy with her heart, and satisfy it, and give to her understanding repose. She had demanded more than any gave. Her demand had been in proportion to the depth of her vision, and the estimate she had put upon the divineness of life, and to her satisfaction in that which appeared, which was not merely within her reach but obtruded upon her, forced on her acceptance. Arthur was captivated more easily because his feelings were near the surface of his nature; one need not dive for them in the dark

as divers do for pearls. And Fleance, who pleased him, in whom his sister was so much interested, was quite certain to affect him more deeply, if he remained long near her.

But his sister's thoughts were not in this direction. She had no apprehension of *any* result. She was ambitious for her brother, in spite of all she knew of the world, or probably just because she knew so much of it. She may, confiding in her influence as a generally binding law upon him, from sheer habit of trusting it in all things, have ceased to particularize instances and effects. May have forgotten that the very warmth and generosity of his love for her, for it was love more generous than weak, was in itself a proof that his affections were his life, and that, wanting in coolness and deliberation of thought, a time might come when there would be a revolt among them. I can only account for her oversight thus — that she was too wearied by the disappointments she herself had met, too chilled by her intercourse with the world, to think much of this exposure, when the arms of so devout a love were around her. It satisfied her far too well to admit it willingly as the occasion of new speculations, and further prophesyings. She cared not to prove her skill in discernment in a direction where the life was so near, so dear to her.

Among the men now working in the quarry to which Krüger returned, were some of his old associates in labor. In the house of one of these he lodged. There was not a man of them but sympathized with him in his losses; and the more deeply, it may be said, because of the composure with which he bore them, the cheerfulness, the quietness. No man ventured to make an exhibition of this sympathy. They all knew him so well as to understand that it would be no acceptable offering to him; but it was evinced in ways he could but feel, that led him to express the gratitude he felt for their sympathy and welcome. He stood in his old position, filling it, however, with an increase of dignity. It was a vacant place; no man had held it since he went away years ago, and in his return to it not a man but felt that he was worthier of a better.

He had always been the pride of the quarrymen's hearts, and was as much so now in his adversity, as he had been when he advanced from their ranks to a seeming prosperity. Benjamin Krüger was equal to the task of beginning life anew with determination, and with cheerfulness, for experience had enriched him. He was changed somewhat in his bearing toward others since his experience of village life; he had learned many things of love, and joy, and sorrow. These experiences had not made him selfish, but more thoughtful and careful of all in proportion as he became so of one life. Though never jovial or familiar, nor one whit lessened, but instead established, in his personal dignity, he had more to say to his fellows than he had once, he had more in common with them, he understood them better, he was not so abstracted, he found a new and an increasing interest in entering into the hidden lives of his toiling companions. His hope had made him a prisoner, and for all his brethren in bondage his heart was full of tenderness.

It was not much that he ever said of Fleance; it did not suit him to

be garrulous of his love. It was known among the men that he had a child, a daughter; that she was motherless; that she had been placed at school somewhere. These facts were known, but not as points for curiosity or speculation to circle round. Inquiries were sometimes made of her by the woman in whose house he lodged, and by others, but they went no farther than he cared to have them go.

Whenever Krüger wrote to Fleance, he went down with the letters, and himself deposited them in the office for her. He was careful on those occasions to avoid observation; he never went except by night. He had voluntarily dissevered himself from his child; he would not have her know at what a cost he was securing to her the advantages which, to his mind, were above all price. And so he never saw her, only with his heart, only with the tender eyes of loving mental vision, did he behold her as she grew subject to the new influences of her lot. He thought he understood what culture would do for his child.

Thus the summer days were wearing on with their influences and results. Fleance at school was her father's child. He was her prevailing conscience. But as we have seen, he was her father 'with a difference;' not quite that Benjamin Krüger, whom we have seen watching over her so constantly and tenderly, no more than she was now actually the Fleance of his daily care. He was interpreted to Fleance by the light that had come to her through the mind of one who, to all intents, was her present illuminator. He was idealized by this manner of interpretation. In school or out of it, the influence was the same. Miss Kingswood had virtually taken her father's place, but Fleance did not understand it, nor perceive, child that she was, how great an influence the affection which this strong woman lavished on her brother, shaped and modified her own feeling for him. Without thought, without perception, this became true. Her brother was the only person to whom Miss Kingswood's life was opened, as free to his eyes as her own; that he could not decipher all its languages, its signs, was no fault of hers. She hid nothing from him; if he could not read, the fault, or rather loss, was entirely his. She trusted no mortal as she trusted him. Orphaned at an early age, he had since then been under her care. Though guardians, tutors, and governors were over them, all authority and power was at once set aside when she came into conflict with them. She had watched Arthur's growth and development with the jealous eye of love; they had studied and travelled together; the thoughts of neither had ever wandered far or long from the other; the fact that no one coming between them had been able to engross her affections had but rendered him, as years went on, the dearer. When her eyes fell upon him the piercing orbs lost their sharpness of discernment; no cold or scornful or satirical thought was ever passed on him, though men precisely of his stamp had met with not much consideration or mercy at her hands. She could have understood the spirit that actuated Krüger to the banishment he had imposed upon himself for his daughter's sake. Had there been any need for sacrifice or act of this nature on her part for Arthur's sake, she could have rendered it.

Fleance beheld so much of this as must have revealed itself to every loving eye. She knew what it meant when she sat at Miss Kings-

wood's feet, and listened while Arthur read to them, and the lady's hand stroked gently the young girl's head; the tenderness of the touch thrilled her, and it told her well the tenderness that was in the sister's eyes as they fixed upon the reader, though Fleance saw them not. She knew also why, when he came into the parlor, whatever work his sister had in hand was laid at once aside, as if, when he were by, all other things were dwarfed in importance. When they stood sometimes, she hanging on his arm, chatting together, or silent before the windows, watching the rain-storms flying down between the mountain-craggs, Fleance knew why the voices of the speakers were so soft and low, and if she felt her loneliness the more, and longed the more for the return of her father, who would be to her what Arthur Kingswood was to his sister, what wonder? Was she not thus proved all the worthier? Fleance saw young Kingswood through his sister's eyes; how could she but like one whom the lady loved so well! And beside the gentleman was very kind to her; he imitated his sister in this; though *he* never of himself invited her to accompany them in their walks and drives, yet, when his sister had done so, he was always certain to enforce the invitation by its repetition.

Miss Kingswood had been talking for a long time of going up to the quarry with her brother some fine day, and one morning Fleance was arrested on her way to the school-room by the lady's voice. Would not she like to take a drive up the mountains, on this fine breezy morning? Fleance's face glowed with pleasure at the prospect; permission of absence had already been obtained for her of the widow, and instead of proceeding to spend the day in the school-room, she ran to her room to make herself ready for the excursion that promised so fair.

The road which led up to the quarry had been travelled these twenty years; but now for a long time it had not been used for the transportation of stone to the world below; the canal which passed at the base of the quarry-mountain, and through the valley, being the mode of communication between the workmen and the market. The road therefore, though still in use, was neither the safest nor the most easily travelled. But our party was in no haste; it was but a pleasant variety to them when compelled to alight, and walk or climb in the midst of scenery so fine, on this transporting day.

Toward noon they came in sight of the cave in the mountain-side, and the pit beneath it from which the stone was taken for the city buildings miles away; and as the road wound higher and higher, they saw the dwellings of the workmen perched among the rocks like the nests of hanging-birds — apparently as inaccessible.

While yet at some distance from the quarry, the little party alighted from the carriage and walked on to the pit; Fleance following Miss Kingswood, as she descended into the place where the men were at work, for toward this point, as having a human interest, the lady first directed her steps. But Fleance only followed in the descent, she did not advance with her from the entrance into the place.

On a block of granite she sat down and looked around her; up at the mountain-peaks, towering so high above her head, and on the depth of the bright blue sky beyond; on the working-men's tiny huts; on

the great piles of broken rock, the dark fissures, made by blasting, in the mountain's heart ; on the dusty and diligent workmen, many of whom suspended not their toil for an instant even at the unwonted sight of guests in the pit.

But, while she looked on all these points of interest, about which her imagination had been so busy as they came up the road, what was it that suddenly oppressed her as if overcome by that great bodily fatigue which sends faintness and sickness through the frame, lassitude and depression ? There, on that granite block, at the termination of the happy drive, she sat, as if exhausted by some fearful labor, or bound by some dread spell. What is it she anticipates ? What can she here anticipate, the fair young village-girl in such good company ?

While she still sat there, bound thus inexplicably, Fleance heard Miss Kingswood speaking to one of the workmen who was hid by a sharp, rocky projection from the child's sight ; hearing the voice, Fleance arose, and would have advanced toward the speaker, but the voice of the person who had been addressed arrested her.

In itself, the manner of Miss Kingswood's speaking to the man, was worth considering ; it was not after the manner of that vulgar curiosity and impertinence which seem to be considered the prerogative of idle people, who stroll around the world to visit works. Her voice had in it neither rude challenge nor the insult of ignorance and base self-disrespect, but was a kindly human greeting of the good day ; a king in his capacity of manhood could not have demanded a better. Haughty as her character may have been, as interpreted by pretenders, there was nothing here that betokened such a trait. Miss Kingswood had not yet seen the face of him she addressed ; he was bending over his work ; therefore it was not to him individually that the manner of speaking was to be imputed. Not that he admitted no other style of address, but that she who spoke could give no other. It was her voice that attracted Fleance and called her to her feet, I said. But she went not forward ; it was the responding voice that staid her ; the voice that answered so deep, full, clear ; oh ! it bound her hand and foot.

What had she heard the workman say ? Only a few common words, a response to Miss Kingswood's remark on the wild scenery, and the strange effect of light and shade upon the hills, and something of the pleasant morning. There was nothing in the reply that in itself seemed powerful, either to draw Fleance out from the strange depression and heart-fainting that she felt, and bring her before the speaker, nor any thing to keep her chained to the rock on which she stood, while her face became so pale ; nor any thing to send her off when the voice spoke again, and she had listened to its every utterance, to another part of the pit, and presently up out of it, and away along the mountain-side.

There alone, safe at least for the moment, she sat down and tried to forget what she had heard ; tried to forget it, but the regular clink of the workmen's tools could not drive it away. She watched the strangely-shaped shadows that strolled like spirits up and down the mountains, that rose abrupt and lofty on the other side of the valley, when the sun was for a moment obscured by the swiftly-flying clouds. She stood up

to see the canal-boat as it passed, drawn by tired horses, far down in the valley. She walked along a path into which she struck unawares, that she might see the road by which the stone was conveyed to the boats. O glorious, shining sun, and heaven far away, and majesty of clouds ! miracle of rock, and cliff, and peak, and bald or wooded mountain-height, sweet shadow of the lovely valley ; broad fields of sun-light lying between the deep rocky gorges, tree and flower, stone and brook, and bird, what were all these things to her ? Treasures so rich for memory, if stored at any other time, or under any other circumstance, drawn in by eager eyes, as the warm, bright breath of spring by the chilled and dying frame, sounds not one of which, at any other hour, had escaped her. What were these now to her ? A devil and an angel struggled in her breast, in the brave and gentle heart of Fleance, making an evil coward of the child.

If on earth she has a father — and at this moment it would not be a grief beyond endurance to know that father she had not — if he is alive, she has heard his voice ; she heard it in the pit. The pit ! She heard it speaking to Miss Kingswood. It was his hand that lifted the hammer, and smote the chisel, toiling, without loss of time, over the stone, when Miss Kingswood turned away from him, and when she (did Miss Kingswood see ?) turned also, and could hardly stay her steps from flight to that slow movement by which she went from her father. His hand that lifted the tools and went on with the work. For whom working ? This, then, was the foreign country ! this his land of travel ! these the scenes through which he was passing !

Had he been false to her ? There might be then some justification in her falseness to him, or at least there was no injury done ; they both stood on one footing, mutual deceivers. Eagerly she looked around her, and the consolation was taken away. She was his child. Of old, her vision was like his, and it seemed now the same, as she looked and recognized, faster and faster, as her memory and her thought worked, points on which he had elaborated, scenes before her on which he had exhausted his portraying words, were recognized, identified by her : in a tender, playful mood he had written these descriptions : in an agony of feeling she recalled them. But of this I must speak in another and concluding chapter.

S O F T A N D S O F T E R .

ONE eve, in velvet bravery arrayed,
As PHIL sat toying with his darling maid,
Her little bosom waists bewitching charm
The while half-folded in his furtive arm ;
He took her dimpled hand, and with a smile
Stealing it gently o'er the silken pile,
Asked, in a tender silence of love-chat,
If palm o'er fondled aught so soft as that ?

She archly answered, ' Might I venture, pet,

I could press yours on something softer yet.'
With sidelong glance of amorous mistrust
Adown the graceful neck and swelling bust,
Whose ermine cape, his daring fancy taught,
Was the coy 'something' of the maiden's
thought ;
He fondly sighed, to fingers' ends a-thrill,
' Ah ! dearest, do ! — my hand is at your will !'
But O lost rapture ! — for, no sooner said,
She gayly clapt it pat on his own head ! w. r. r.

D E T R O I T .

WEDGED OUT FROM A POEM 'ON THE STOCKS.'

BY L. J. BATES.

BLUE roll thy waves, Detroit, as fair and free,
 And still they murmur with as sweet a fall,
 Slow rippling downward to the summer sea,
 As when, beneath thy forests, green and tall,
 The wandering Jesuit reared the first rude wall;
 Or when in later, more historic years,
 The young State gambolled in thy capitol,
 The child of many prayers and many tears,
 Whose growth her sisters watched with changing hopes and fears.

Blue roll thy waters still, and still as fair
 As when they trembled at the gathering strife,
 The cannon's thunder shook the dewy air,
 And the wild savage, with relentless knife,
 Poured on thy tide the wilder tide of life;
 While through thy streets, with ashy lips and cold,
 And darkly-lowering brows, with anguish rife,
 The awe-struck multitude in terror rolled —
 A living tide of fear, whose looks of danger told.

Slow sank the sun upon that awful night;
 But darkness showed fresh horrors through the veil:
 The distant roar of the advancing fight;
 The lurid fires, that made the starlight pale,
 From burning hamlets, where the tender wall
 Of infant innocence for life was vain;
 While fearful shrieks rang wildly on the gale,
 Or moaning sobs, in last extreme of pain,
 Drowned in the savage yells exulting o'er the slain!

The answering signals on the distant heights,
 And ever and anon the muffled roll
 Of the alarming drum, all sounds and sights
 That shook with horror many a gentle soul;
 While rude, wild hunters, mad beyond control,
 With eager strides rushed breathless through the street,
 And poured along the river to the mole,
 With hearts on fire, the coming foe to greet,
 When his insatiate thirst should bloodier vengeance meet!

And there were gatherings round the cheerless hearth,
 And choking prayers from hearts left desolate;
 Since who could tell if evermore on earth
 Should greet them, scatheless from the field of state,
 The sire or son, who left with pride elate?
 And there were foot-steps faster than the gale,
 Yet noiseless as the airy fall of fate,
 And forms that glided from the nearest vale —
 Fleet-footed, practised scouts, each with a wilder tale.

The sun rose redly in a smoky sky,
And the black ramparts hailed it with a shout
That shook the hills, and woke a rude reply ;
On came the foe, with all his banners out,
In the full pomp and pride of martial rout ;
While the grim hunters, in their silent lair,
Waited with patience for the coming bout ;
And o'er the levelled death that waited there
A thousand longing eyes looked forth with deadly glare !

Near and more near drew the advancing lines ;
And, save the sound of their approaching tread,
Such silence reigned, but for the rustling pines,
It seemed even Nature, struck with sudden dread,
Paused for a while — the very air was dead,
Which soon, alas ! should wake to fearful life,
When the quick tides of slaughter, warm and red,
Should meet and mingle in the deadly strife,
Whose clouds were with the fate of a broad empire rife.

The signal ! Hark ! It comes not. From the fort
A white flag flutters, which some coward hand
Has flung abroad, to mar the rarest sport
That ever thrilled the pulses of the land.
And see ! the soldiers yield at the command,
When certain victory, an hour before,
Stretched to the grasp of every hardy band,
And stooped to hail the cannon's opening roar,
Whose first loud call should ring from ocean-shore to shore.

It boots not now to tell the coward name
That gave an empire to a meaner foe ;
When e'en a stripling, but for very shame,
Had scorned the truce, and struck at least a blow.
It were enough for history to know
That not in vain the eagle banner fell,
But fiercer wrath, resistless in its flow,
In after fields revenged the insult well,
And broke with bloody hands the foul, disgraceful spell.

I stood upon a fragment of the wall,
And all the past went by me as a dream
Of some deep slumber, which I would recall,
But that it vanished : hither runs the stream,
Still golden in the sun-set's latest beam ;
But all its silence and its freedom o'er,
A thousand white sails on its bosom gleam,
And flying steamers glance from shore to shore,
Where erst the light skiff plied, but may not venture more.

And, turning to the forest, it has fled !
Nor tree nor shrub the longing eye may greet ;
The pines are with the memory of the dead.
But fairer scenes the startled vision meet :
A vast and busy city, street on street,
Lit with a thousand lamps, dome, tower, and spire,
As if some brain-wrought fancy, fever heat,
Glow crimson, ere the glory quite expire,
Reflecting the last beams of day's departing fire.

Grand Rapids, Aug. 15, 1855.

Summer Recreations.

SARATOGA: A TRIP TO CANADA: THE GREAT SAGUENAY.

It is a rare combination of beauties in nature and art which renders Saratoga preëminently attractive to summer visitors. The invalid, drawn thither by its healing fountains; the lover of gay life and fashionable amusements; the devotee of nature, and one who would read human character, each unquestioned in his pursuit, finds ample means of enjoyment there, and all who will may find genial friends.

Congress Hall, with enlarged borders, has appeared the past season in more than its pristine glory. The exquisitely beautiful grounds of the United States Hotel, at every returning summer, with their array of beauty and talent, invite you to their enchanting shades. In addition to its other attractions, Saratoga is emphatically the great exchange for summer-tourists in America.

It was my good fortune, during the month of August last, to meet there a friend, whose timely suggestion induced me to join a party to the great Saguenay; and well did the varied delights of our excursion repay us for the elegant enjoyments we left.

The morning-train took us to Whitehall, where we met the steamer 'America,' Captain Flagg, on Lake Champlain. The beautiful home-like comforts of the 'America' well comport with the world-wide reputation which has belonged to the Champlain steamers from the time of Captain Sherman and Captain Chapman to the present. I enjoyed, as I have done before, and hope often to do again, the surpassingly beautiful scenery on this lake, hallowed as it is by associations with stirring events in our revolutionary history. The day was one of peculiar loveliness, of genial warmth and refreshing breezes, and the sun-set was enchanting. But there are no words which can picture that gorgeously beautiful sun-set on Lake Champlain, August eleventh, 1855. On board the cars, from Rouse's Point — on the border — to the St. Lawrence the twilight afforded only an imperfect view of the country, but my thoughts were busy with local associations. To account for the origin of the name Canada, I have somewhere read that Spaniards first went thither in search of gold. Disappointed in their hopes, they frequently exclaimed, '*Aca-nada*,' 'nothing here,' an expression which the Indians soon understood. When the French subsequently visited the country, the natives, supposing that they also had come in quest of the precious metal, and believing that the whites all spoke the same language, in order to anticipate the inquiries of their new visitors, greeted them with '*Aca-nada*.' The French, in turn, ignorant of the Spanish as of the Indian tongue, took this oft-repeated exclamation to be the name of the country. Hence it was allowed to supersede Cartier's appellation of New-France. Notwithstanding the seeming probability of this account, I do not recollect any authentic record that Spaniards were the first explorers in this northern region.

Another agreeable transfer from rail-road to steam-boat took us

across the St. Lawrence, and in a few moments more we were introduced to Mr. Coleman, of the 'Montreal House.' Here we were on the island of Hochelaga; but the Indian race, with the name of their rude fortress, has passed away. Their successors, the Normans, have also long since been conquered, and we were within the empire of Britain.

Mr. Coleman is always 'at home' to his guests, though his private residence is in a retired part of the city. The 'Montreal House' is within a stone's-throw of the wharf, and offers every convenience and comfort to travellers.

A Sabbath morning at the cathedral, during the celebration of high mass, and a discourse in French, succeeded by a visit to the Presbyterian church, where we listened to an excellent sermon by the Rev. Dr. Martin, late of New-York, brought us to the evening, when I was glad to retire to my pleasant room, looking out on the splendid river. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, of the following day, after a visit to the convents, a view from the summit of the cathedral, and a drive round the mountain, that we went on board the steamer 'John Munn,' Captain Crawford, for Quebec. The small white farm-houses which border the St. Lawrence like a continuous village from Montreal to that city, bring to mind, in striking contrast, the magnificent palaces which deck the shores of our Hudson.

Early next morning, without landing at Quebec, we exchanged the steamer, which had afforded us very comfortable accommodations for the night, for the 'Saguenay,' Captain R. Simard, bound for Ha-ha Bay, the end of steam-boat navigation in the Saguenay River. Captain Simard has the past season made weekly excursions to the Saguenay, expressly for the accommodation of tourists, leaving Quebec on Tuesday mornings, and returning on Thursday evenings.

Seven miles below the city are the Falls of Montmorenci. As seen from the St. Lawrence, they present the appearance of a sheet of white foam, overhanging the immense perpendicular cliff which there rises on the margin of the river.

Just below the Montmorenci Falls, lies the fertile island of Orleans. The luxurious vine which Cartier found growing there in such abundance, and which induced him to name it the Isle of Bacchus, has given place to fields of grain and gardens of vegetables, fruits, and flowers. The white houses of the *habitans* dot the green turf of the island, and the spire of a Christian church rises among the trees.

Riviere Ouell, or Grosse Isle, about one hundred miles below Quebec, on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, was our first stopping-place. The town lies hidden behind the mountains. From the deck of our steam-boat but a solitary building was visible. This settlement, as also that of Murray Bay, twelve miles across the river on the opposite bank, is inhabited principally by French peasantry, who are contented to live as their fathers lived in Europe centuries ago, cultivating lands rented to them by their feudal lords. From Grosse Isle we crossed over to Murray Bay. This, beside being a farming and lumbering town of some importance, is also a fashionable watering-place, but its rural aspect certainly bears little resemblance to our Newport or Saratoga. I,

however, admired the simple costume of the ladies, among whom was the wife of the Seigneur, who, like many others, had come down in her *calèche* to exchange courtesies with the friends she might see aboard our steamer, to welcome the new-comer, or to say adieu to the parting guest. Peasants were also there, as is their custom, to witness the semi-weekly visits of the steam-boat. From the wharf one sees very little of the town; but farther out on the river, a fine landscape opens to view: the white church, in contrast with the deep-tinted evergreens; the small houses, all white, on cultivated farms, extending far back in the distance; the remote mountains, the intervening hills, and the broad expanse of water in front. It was a glorious view.

At Riviere du Loup, nineteen miles further down, on the opposite shore, and twenty miles above the mouth of the Saguenay, we lay for the night, in order that we might have a day-light view of this remarkable scenery. At the first glimpse of dawn, our steamer was again under way, and in the morning twilight we were gazing around from the place where the English squadron, under Wolfe, on its passage to the siege of Quebec, was 'becalmed off the mouth of the deep and gloomy Saguenay.' These waters are indeed dark and deep, very deep, but to me it was no gloomy appearance which they wore. The whole scene is one of 'wild wonder.' At its mouth, the Saguenay is one mile in width; farther up, in many places it is broader. It is walled in by rugged and irregular mountains, now jutting out far into the stream, now receding in the back-ground, forming open bays, until you are left to conjecture as to its course; and forgetting all else, you watch with intense interest the movement of the steamer, which appears at one time making toward the base of a mountain, at another striking out into an open gulf.

'Cap l'Eternité' rises eighteen hundred feet in a perpendicular line above the surface of the water. Our obliging captain, intent on giving us the most striking and comprehensive view of this remarkable cliff, sailed out into the bay, and doubling the cape, passed directly into its shadow. Here the water has been found to be more than three hundred fathoms in depth. Not a ruffle moved its surface, but from its dark bosom, it reflected with remarkable distinctness the high-piled strata of rocks, the stunted ever-greens, and even every tint of the little flowers which grew around the mountain-base. We had scarcely lost sight of l'Eternité when Les Trois Frères, or Cap la Trinité, rose before us. The three successive elevations which compose this mountain are intersected by clusters of spruce and pine, of a small growth, and of the deepest green.

All along on the declivities of the mountains which border this river, small trees and shrubs grow from the crevices of the rocks, and now and then, in beautiful contrast, appears a brilliantly-colored flower.

From the fissures of the rocks little rivulets burst forth; and as if grateful for being at last released from their dark caverns, 'they give back the sun's rays more thick and radiant than he sent them.'

Sixty miles of this wild beauty, from the mouth of the Saguenay, brought us to Ha-Ha Bay. Here is a mill-seat of considerable importance.

But it is a new settlement, and there is yet no wharf at the port. So, it being low-tide, we were obliged to anchor half-a-mile from the shore, and in the small-boat approached as near to dry-land as the shoals would permit. Here we were provided with new conveyances. *Habitans* in *calèches* had come down some three feet into the water to offer us an escort to their village. We had only to step from the boat into the *calèche*, and in another moment were driving rapidly on over all the stones which came in our way, up and down steep and winding hills, and through very narrow passes, *our cocher* by some mysterious means keeping his seat on a bit of board in front, close to the little pony's heels. we visited the saw-mills and the flour-mills, and, what appeared to the *habitans* an object of special interest, a ship, of one thousand tons, on the stocks. The one large handsome house was said to be the summer residence of a Scotch gentleman, interested in the business operations of the place. A Roman Catholic and a Presbyterian church were also pointed out to us.

Returning to the steamer by the same conveyances which took us away, we were soon 'homeward bound,' enjoying if possible more than we did at first the magnificent scenery on the river. Hitherto, since we left Montreal, the weather had been remarkably fine, but after we had passed the mouth of the Saguenay a heavy rain came on, and very soon we were enveloped in a dense fog. At sun-set Captain Simard deemed it expedient to remain at l'Anse a l'Eau, though it had been his intention to regain the harbor of Riviere du Loup, several miles further up on the opposite bank of the river, that evening. But the cloud and the vapor without did not obscure the cheerful light within. Agreeable conversation was kept up without effort in the saloon, while a characteristic dance on the lower deck proved with what gladsome glee the peasant enjoys a respite from toil. The next morning, our continued detention by the fog and rain, being the means of introducing us to a more intimate acquaintance with our fellow-passengers and with Captain Simard, gave me good cause to rejoice that I was weather-bound. There were tourists from Europe, and from various portions of the Canadas, from Massachusetts, the banks of the Connecticut in New-Hampshire and Vermont, from the Queen City of the West, and from our own metropolis. The merchant had left his counting-house for the unmolested enjoyment of the beautiful and grand in nature and art. The scholar was there in admiration and wonder. Turning for awhile from the written page, he felt and imparted the beautiful enthusiasm with which nature is wont to inspire the heart. Versatile journalists entertained us with their pleasant humor. Indeed it could be only once in a lifetime that I might hope to meet, on board a steam-boat, such an assemblage (including both sexes) of intelligence and wit, and good-nature.

In the evening our entertainment was varied by conversation, dancing to the sound of a violin and flute, and a concert of vocal music; which last, as the critics would say, was a 'decidedly brilliant affair.' I fancy that Mr. H—— must be endowed with the gift of improvisation; for how, amid early classical studies and later mercantile labors, he can have found time to become an accomplished artist, is more than I can

divine. Be this as it may, I thank him for the entertainment he gave us in his numerous songs, not forgetting 'God Save the Queen' and 'Yankee Doodle,' to which all present were happy to pay due regard.

Captain Simard is master of his ship, as his well-disciplined crew testify. Though a Frenchman, I am sure he belongs to some empire where there is no setting sun, for his face is in a perpetual glow. There is a sort of magic in his cheerfulness which makes every one about him happy. He is famed the country round for his nautical skill and his thorough acquaintance with every current in the rivers, which from boyhood have been his summer-home.

With the night passed away the clouds which had obscured our outward view. In the clearness of the risen sun, we looked with new delight on the sparkling waters, and on the mountains and valleys, and the plains passing in quick succession before us.

A morning call at Riviere du Loup afforded us an opportunity to take another drive in the *calèche*. *Cocher, calèche*, and pony, the exact counterparts of those we had left at Ha-Ha Bay, met us at the wharf. A commodious and substantial wharf is in process of erection, and nearly finished, at this place, which, like most of the settlements on the St. Lawrence, is devoted to farming and lumbering. I understand that Mr. Rice, of Quebec, is the man who has given impulse to the lumbering-trade, and put the mills in operation both here and at Ha-Ha Bay.

Although it was the seventeenth of August, when raspberries had quite disappeared from our markets, they were ripening in abundance in this northern latitude, all along on the margin of the narrow road over which we drove. Fields of corn and wheat and potatoes promised good crops, and new-mown hay filled the air with delicious fragrance.

Cacouna, three miles beyond Riviere du Loup, is a summer retreat of considerable note, where you may throw aside the restraint of town-life, and enjoy nature in its simplicity, its beauty, and its grandeur. I thought it would be charming to spend a few summer-weeks in one of those pretty white cottages, adorned with trailing vines and bright-colored flowers. In the humblest of these we noticed the most perfect neatness; the windows especially are always scrupulously clean. The French peasantry of Canada are peculiar for a native delicacy, which, united to their religious character and their artless habits, renders them objects of peculiar interest. When I afterward at Quebec saw them in their churches, I felt a real sympathy with what there is no doubt was the devout aspiration of their souls, however unlike their mode of worship to that which I believe is required in the simplicity of the Gospel. Such as these people were the Acadians, when they were so mercilessly driven from their homes. What Christian does not lament the dark error of a Christian people when he thinks of the tortures so needlessly inflicted on the neutral French of that rural paradise.

Three miles further down is the Indian village of Papinachois, subject to the Hudson Bay Company, and seldom visited except by fur-traders; though we were informed that parties sometimes drive out there from Cacouna, where you may enjoy the novelty of seeing Indians entering the village laden with rich furs.

An account of one of these drives, given to me on the cold morning when we entered the mouth of the Saguenay, called up associations particularly agreeable; and some of my lady-friends concluded they would like to open a commerce with Pappinachoix.

From Riviere du Loup we again crossed the St. Lawrence, and approached the long-wharf at Murray Bay. Here the good people, alarmed for our safety, were about fitting out a craft to search for us. Many had remained all night on the wharf watching our arrival. We understood that a fog, as deep as that we had encountered, had not occurred on this river during the eight years previous.

Leaving Murray Bay just before sunset afforded us another view of this fine landscape. Watching with intense delight the receding shore, we failed to notice sundry ominous clouds darting across the sky. Very soon, however, it became evident that the waters of the St. Lawrence are not in perpetual calm. But I have no fancy for a reminiscence of our rough passage over the Traverse. It is enough to add, that those long, dark clouds performed all they betokened, even to the most observing eye, and that I had an experience of a few hours which it is more pleasant to forget than to relate. I prefer a retrospect of the glorious sunrise which succeeded. When morning dawned, the eastern sky was decked in a drapery of resplendent hues, such as only Nature can paint. Fleeces of clouds, like crimson bathed in a flood of gold, lay all along the horizon. At length, in the early sunlight, we entered the harbor of Quebec.

Visiting various points of interest in this city my thoughts were again busy with the past. I reverted to that memorable tenth of August, the Festival of St. Lawrence, when the French explorer first came to 'a goodly great gulf, full of islands, passages, and entrances toward what wind soever you please to bend.' I might be traversing the very spot where, in the Indian *Stadacona*, three centuries since, stood the habitation of Donnacona, the 'great chief of the Canadas,' who went out to St. Croix, with his five hundred attendants, to welcome the Normans to his broad domain. Little did he then think that the guests he was entertaining with demonstrations of joy and hospitality would, ere long, hunt his people away from their native soil, dooming them to perish and be forgotten. Visited occasionally by Europeans in search of gold, the red man still lived for nearly a century in his wild freedom, until at length the French, tardily following up the discoveries of their early navigators, planted themselves on the shores of the mighty St. Lawrence.

Then began the contest between barbarism and civilization, idolatry and Christianity, which ended only with the extermination of the Indian, and gave to the French those splendid colonies which were destined, in process of time, to enrich the dominion of their proudest foe.

From the Plains of Abraham I looked on that magnificent river below the immense precipice, rushing on to the ocean with its multitude of waters, and on either side the fertile plains, now stretching far away to the horizon, now bounded by lofty and rugged mountains. Taking into one view the wonderful panorama before me, I mentally exclaimed: 'What is man that Thou art mindful of him.'

Again, as the same glance revealed cultivated fields, and human habitations of every description, from the lordly mansion to the humble cottage, when I recollected the invincible fortress beyond, when I embraced in one view the various wonders which human agency had here accomplished, my thoughts were turned into a new channel.

'Man is, indeed, the noblest of his MAKER's works.' I thanked God for my identity with the being made after His own image, and with grateful heart resolved to accept the teachings which nature and humanity proffer for our instruction.

On the battle-ground, the monument points you to the spot where '*Wolfe died victorious.*' Here one could not, if he would, escape the most thrilling recollections. The pages of romance scarcely furnish a parallel with the daring adventure which won for the Anglo-Saxon race the dominion of the western world.

From the distant citadel my eye wandered to that tangled path leading up the precipitous height from Le Foulon, now Wolfe's Cove. I gazed long and earnestly on the scene before me, then closing my eyes, went back in imagination to the night of September twelfth, 1759. I placed myself beside the great general in the boat which conveyed him, with some of his brave comrades, across the river. I listened to the only sound which broke the stillness of that 'star-lit night' — the voice of the warrior repeating, in low, musical tones, the poem* to which his own encomium has added fame. While still intent on the great work before him, he gave vent to the enthusiasm of his æsthetic nature. He 'would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec.' How exquisitely beautiful — how full of import — are these words, coming from the mouth of that brave officer; the man whom, for his daring courage and patriotism, among other peculiar qualities, William Pitt had selected to command the expedition which he foresaw might become, as it did, the crowning glory of his own administration.

Even when Wolfe landed at the foot of that overhanging cliff, how fearful were the odds against him! A single alarmed sentinel might have summoned the enemy from their entrenchments, before the heights could have been gained; then all would have been lost. Again, who could have foreseen, in the hitherto discreet and skilful Montcalm, that 'mysterious impulse' which led him to hazard a battle on the open plain?

Had he retired within his fortress you and I, dear reader, might now have been repeating our Ave Maria; for it was a religious as well as a political contest, which ended on the day when the British flag was first placed upon the citadel of Quebec.

A delightful drive of nine miles up the St. Lawrence, in view of many elegant country-seats and richly-tilled farms, brought us to Cap Rouge, at the mouth of a river which bears the same name. It was at this town, occupied by a detachment of the British army, in the spring of 1760, that a company of grenadiers, who had been out to reconnoitre, returning in the night were attacked by their own comrades, who took them to be French. The error was not discovered until, as history informs us, more than twenty of their number had fallen.

* GRAY'S Elegy.

The place is now a general dépôt for the lumber produced by the adjacent country.

I would recommend to the reader a visit to this beautiful town. Should he have the good fortune to meet, as we did, with the kind hospitalities of Mr. Jeffrey and his amiable family, to whom we were hitherto entire strangers, I am sure he would thank me for the suggestion. It was my ideal of genuine old English courtesy and Scotch hospitality. The picturesque view without, and the genial comfort within, brought to mind the Scotch bard's description of Loch Katrine's lale and of Lady Margaret, when

'Most welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unasked his birth and name.'

In the valley of the St. Charles, our attention was directed to a pretty white monument in process of erection, by the French and English, to the brave men who fell on both sides during the siege of Quebec. The bones of many of these have been exhumed within the last two years. I like such reverence for the memory of the dead. From a cliff overhanging the cove, which receives the waters of the Montmorenci from a perpendicular height of three hundred feet, we had another view of these Falls.

Every one knows that the Montmorenci Falls are worth visiting, but all have not learned — at least I did not know — that the 'natural steps' bordering the river, several miles above the falls, present a feature of remarkable and peculiar interest.

We were led thither from a little French inn, on the highway, by a narrow and *not* well-beaten path. Making our way through a dense wood, which skirts the river-bank, we found ourselves upon a table-rock of smooth granite, immediately on the margin of the stream. We descended a single step below our first platform to a second stone of equal finish and regularity. Again and again we descended in the same direction, and with similar facility. As far as the eye could reach, this succession of steps continued, combining convenient regularity with beautiful variety. Delicate little flowers grew from the crevices of the rocks. The steps are shaded on one side by a rich growth of evergreen. On the other, a few feet in a right line below their summit, the transparent water flows in myriads of eddies to the chasm beyond.

Throughout my Canadian trip I admired the solidity of the public works; also the absence of ornament on the exterior of both public and private buildings. The wharves, even of the smaller towns, where there is scarcely enough commerce to pay the interest on their first cost, are so firmly and commodiously built as to attract general observation. They are constructed by the government.

In the new and beautiful steamer 'Montreal,' Captain Rudolf, we again faced the rapid current of the St. Lawrence. After another day, and a night of repose at the 'Montreal House,' we left Canada at sunrise, and, hurried on by the usual flight of steam over rail-road and lake, before six o'clock P.M., on the same day, we rejoined our friends at Congress-Hall, Saratoga.

In closing this imperfect sketch, I perceive that I have but very poorly described events and emotions that will be cherished always in my memory, that I have failed to convey to others a fair impression of the scenes now so vivid in my own mind. I can only urge the reader to go and see for himself; and if from the visit he receives one half the enjoyment I have had, he will be rewarded an hundred-fold for his toil.

A. R. C.

T H E L E G E N D O F M A R G R E T H E .

'THERE was once a fair princess, who, at a feast, danced twelve knights to death; but the thirteenth coming up, cut her girdle, and she died, whom the darts of love had never wounded.'—A
DANISH TRADITION.

SOFTLY fell the shrouding snow,
Frozen lay the river's flow,
Heaven was hid, the moon was low;
But the warm joy-fires burned brightly,
And the flaming torches lightly
Flickered to-and-fro:
MARGRETHE!

Roughly raved the stormy sea,
And the wind howled mornfully
Round thy castle by the sea;
But the minstrels carolled loudly,
And the trumpet-blast blew proudly,
Harps rang merrily,
MARGRETHE!

Gayly gleamed the banquet-hall;
Banners from the roof did fall,
Floating o'er each blazoned wall;
Noble, knight, and Norland chieftain
Gathered to that festal meeting,
For thy glance or smile competing,
Queen of love with all,
MARGRETHE!

Oh! thou wert a princess fair!
Lustrous locks of golden hair,
Rippling o'er white shoulders bare;
And thy sweet eyes, softly shining,
Mocked the gems, gay robes confining—
Blue beyond compare,
MARGRETHE!

Then thou movedst down the hall:
'Honored guests! brave chieftains all!
Noble knights! on you I call—

You, who to this festal meeting
Came, for my poor hand competing.
Snowy prize, and small,
MARGRETHE!

'Hear me vow, by truth's sweet sake!
One among you will I take,
And my wedded master make.'
Loud the chieftains answered duly:
'We thy choice will honor truly,
For thine own sweet sake,
MARGRETHE!'

'Choice, where all so worthy be?
Dancing, who first wearies me,
He my fated mate shall be.'
Then the minstrels carolled loudly,
And the trumpet-blast blew proudly,
Harps rang merrily,
MARGRETHE!

Thou didst wave thy little hand,
With a gentle gesture bland,
To the youngest of the band —
BRUNHOLD, Langaard's bold defender,
Noble chief, and brave and tender,
Truest in the land,
MARGRETHE!

Oh! but thou wert fair to see,
When thy locks streamed wantonly
Round thy white arms, tossing free;
While thine azure eyes flashed brightly,
And thy feet, like snow-drift, lightly
Rose and fell with thee,
MARGRETHE!

Loyal BRUNHOLD gazed on thee,
And his blood ran burningly,
And his heart throbbed joyfully.
Full of joy, toward thee moving —
Woe! the brave knight, true and loving,
Sank down dead by thee,
MARGRETHE!

Then arose, no wise dismayed,
BIORN, in shining steel arrayed,
Crying: 'Fain, O peerless maid!
From this trial would I spare thee;
But the ardent love I bear thee
May not be delayed,
MARGRETHE!'

Proudly thy celestial eyes
Flashed on BIORN their mute replies.
Oh! thou wert a regal prize!
BIORN, with russet tresses hanging
O'er his armor, shrilly clanging,
Rudely forward hies,
MARGRETHE!

In thy soft cheek rose a flame —
 Not of love, or fear, or shame!
 And thy lips breathed one dread name —
 His, thy ruthless grand-sire royal —
 SIEGFRIED, DEATH'S dread caterer loyal.
 Soon the answer came,
 MARGRETHE!

SIEGFRIED'S shield, upon the wall,
 Glimmered o'er the banquet-hall.
 Lo! the shield, hung high o'er all,
 With a mighty sound descending,
 Felleth BORN, life and love ending
 In that cruel fall,
 MARGRETHE!

Hearken to the sea without!
 Hearken to the tempest-about!
 Hear the wild wind, round and about,
 And o'er the battlements, beating, breaking!
 Tower and bastion strong are quaking
 In the wizard rout,
 MARGRETHE!

Angry hands at the casements beat,
 Over the roof tramp stormy feet;
 They drown the song of the harpers sweet.
 Sea-spirits under the surges crying,
 Storm-spirits through the rent air flying,
 Loudly each other greet,
 MARGRETHE!

Then, as though thy snowy breast
 Were a soft and fragrant nest,
 By some nightingale posset,
 From thy lip of roses springing,
 Floated such unearthly singing,
 That each fated guest,
 MARGRETHE,

Nearer thee, enchantress! pressed,
 And the witching charm confessed
 Of that magic melody;
 While the tempest, lulled by thee,
 Soothed and silenced, peacefully
 Sighed itself to rest,
 MARGRETHE!

Then a measure didst thou move,
 Soft as summer, light as love,
 Motion sweet as melody:
 Ten brave knights rose trancedly,
 Shieldless, helmless, silently,
 To dance for love of thee,
 MARGRETHE!

With thy cruel beauty dight,
 Moved a bodiless phantom light
 Round each chief; each, vainly deeming
 Thy blue eyes beside him beaming,
 Followed but an airy seeming,
 Raised by magic might,
 MARGRETHE!

Weep, Odensee! never more
 Shall thy knights, their perils o'er,
 Tread with joy thy welcoming shore.
 As the leaves in wintry weather
 Blighted fall, so fell together
 SINTRAM and JASOHR,
 MARGRETHE!

JARL, THEODRIC, young SLAVVOLD,
 LEULFH, and that Viking bold,
 EDRIC, of the lance of gold,
 Ere the dark and stormy dawning,
 Lay beneath thy cruel scorning,
 Pale and still and cold,
 MARGRETHE!

When the pallid dawn of light
 Gleamed above that castled height,
 In the hall twelve chiefs were lying,
 Done to death by thy beguiling:
 ADALBERT, whose charms defying,
 Rose before thee, sternly smiling —
 Stainless, fearless knight,
 MARGRETHE!

FREYAH, of the milk-white brow!
 THOR, the mighty! bear me now:
 Vengeance true with strength endow!
 Guilty witch, of soul sin-laden!
 False enchantress! curséd maiden!
 Thou shalt keep thy vow,
 MARGRETHE!

'DEATH alone can weary thee!
 DEATH alone is worthy thee!
 DEATH thy bridegroom bold shall be!
 DEATH alone, the conquering chieftain,
 Foremost in this fatal meeting —
 DEATH thy mate shall be,
 MARGRETHE!'

Then thy cold and cruel heart
 Thrilled beneath an angry dart,
 Sank beneath a piercing smart:
 Wound so wild, to know no healing,
 All the founts of life unsealing,
 Love could ne'er impart,
 MARGRETHE!

Out upon th' embattled heights
 Sprang ADALBERT; aloud cried he:
 'Hither, vassals! hither flee!
 Come, and mourn twelve loyal knights!
 Come, and raze the stains of slaughter!
 Come, and shroud this devil's daughter
 In the hungry sea!'
 MARGRETHE!

Pleasant Memories of the Old World.

BY JAMES W. WALL.

A DAY'S WANDERING IN LONDON.

THE literature of England, of Europe, of the world, at any place, or for any time, contains not a page, a volume, or a book so mighty in import, or so magnificent in explanation, as the single word, London. That is the talisman which opens the book of nature and of nations, while it sets before the observer the men of all ages and countries, both in respect of what they are and what they have done. Elsewhere one may contemplate a single feature or lineament of the great picture of man, but here they are altogether at once upon the canvas, singularly blended and confounded together, yet still strong, graphic, and perfect in all their peculiarities. London, considered by itself, without reference to the power and influence of the government, of which it is the chief locality, or of the extended ramifications of those people over whom its sway is extended, is a great nation in respect to the number of its population, and a mighty one when the wealth, intelligence, and concentration of that population is taken into the account.

This great city may present a sombre appearance amid the fogs of November, but one can form little conception of its brightness as seen in the vivid light of early morning in June. The solitary appearance of the streets of the mighty metropolis at such an hour, is singular and striking. With such a city we naturally associate crowds and bustle, and to be surrounded on all sides with the myriad habitations of man; and yet scarcely to behold a single being in the whole length of a street; to hear one's own footsteps echoing in the silence, excites singular emotions. The contrast too with the appearance of the same streets, when in the bright noon-day the restless tide of life throbs through their many arteries, is striking. No lumbering wagons, no unwieldy brewers' drays, no rumbling omnibuses, or dashing carriages, with their liveried attendants, disturb the silence. A costermonger's barrow, who is wending his way to Billingsgate for a supply of fish; a butcher's cart rattling along to the well-stocked market, may perchance be seen; or a solitary newsman is already on the alert; while a yawning printer wearily bends his steps homeward from his nocturnal labors.

The general effect of the minor details of the public buildings of London may now be seen to the best advantage. In the light of the yet untainted atmosphere, the mouldings and cornices are discerned with unusual distinctness. The picturesque spires and towers of Sir Christopher Wren stand out in bold relief against the sky, while the more harmonious proportions of his noble works are exhibited to the best advantage. In the more ancient parts of the city, where some of the houses are still of wood, with quaint over-hanging stories, many an antiquated

piece of wood-carving strikes the eye at this hour, which in the bustle and crowd of noon would ordinarily escape attention. Even your most frequented haunts will, in the smokeless air of this silent hour, present many new points of interest and beauty. Not the least interesting is it, while sauntering along some quiet street at this early hour, or exploring some untrodden nook, to call to mind the men who by their virtues and genius have hallowed the spot, or the stirring events which in days gone by have given celebrity to the locality. Here was the residence of some celebrated divine; there the school where the talents of some world-renowned genius first developed; beneath the shadow of that cloud-piercing spire sleeps a poet, whose fame the world will not 'willingly let die;' in that old, grotesque house, with its strange carved work over the antiquated windows, died a celebrated author; here stood formerly the gate of the city, and there is the site of its ancient wall.

London may be seen to great advantage from many of its noble bridges that span the Thames. Among them may be mentioned Blackfriars, observed from which, St. Paul's has by far the most imposing effect, while some of the more ancient parts of the city lie in close proximity. But by far the finest point of observation is from Waterloo Bridge, from which the view on a clear, bright morning is magnificent. Beneath you, in Wordsworth's charming words,

'The river wanders at its own sweet will.'

The thickly-clustered houses on every side proclaim the vast population of the city, and the numerous towers and steeples, more than fifty of which, together with five bridges, are visible from this spot, testify to its immense wealth. The features of the south shore on the right hand are comparatively flat and uninteresting, there being on this side of the river few other buildings beside timber-wharfs, tall chimneys, and erections belonging to the worst part of London. The ancient church of St. Mary Overies, with its four-pointed spires and square tower, is the only point of interest. There the good old poet Gower, Chaucer's 'honored master,' sleeps, awaiting the resurrection-morn; there reposes Cardinal Beaufort, that wealthy and ambitious prelate, whose death-bed has been painted by Shakspeare in such awful colors:

'LORD-CARDINAL, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope:
He dies, and makes no sign!'

Beneath its venerable roof assembled the Papist commission to try heretics, and on its sacred floor, Smithfield's noblest martyr, Rogers, received the sentence of death by fire. Within its hallowed cemetery, close by its ancient wall, sleeps 'Beaumont's twin worthy,' Fletcher, while in close communion with such honored dust lies Massinger.

On the north shore of the river, the features of the view are impressive in the extreme. In the fore-ground, with its noble terrace overlooking the water, Somerset House stretches magnificently along the river. Farther on, Temple Gardens, with their trees and verdure down to the water's edge, contrast refreshingly with the masses of brick and stone around. Glancing over the graceful steeple of St. Bride's Church,

St. Paul's towers above every object, as it were, with paternal dignity, its huge cupola forming the most imposing feature in the scene. Behind these, among a cluster of spires and towers, rises the tall shaft of that monument which 'lifted its head to lie,' when it ascribed the great fire of London to the Papists; and there, in gloomy magnificence, you may behold the once great state prison of England, the Tower, so pregnant with associations of the romantic and fearful, while the extreme distance presents a bristling forest of masts, belonging to every nation. Turning westward, and looking up the river, several objects of interest meet the eye. The Lambeth shore is marked by little except a lion-surmounted brewery, which somewhat relieves its monotony. The sombre dome of Bethlehem Hospital is seen behind, fraught with the most gloomy associations, while Lambeth Palace rears its towers in the distance, interesting as the scene of so many church councils, and within whose walls Wyckliffe, the first Reformer, read his startling doctrines, after he had been previously cited at St. Paul's. On the opposite side is the interesting locality of the Savoy, reminding us of good old Geoffrey Chaucer; for here he resided so long under the protection of the Duke of Gaunt and his amiable Blanche. Here he composed some of the sweetest of his poems.

Still farther on stands Hungerford market, with its graceful suspension-bridge, while behind rise the column of Nelson and the towers of Westminster, the great national Walhalla. At the back of Whitehall may be seen the gardens of the aristocracy, reaching down to the river's brink, and forming a pleasing feature in the scene; and there too you may observe the new Houses of Parliament, stretching their vast length along the water-side, with a dignity and grandeur befitting their high destination.

As the busy eye glances around from spot to spot, and from spire to spire, how the recollections of the past crowd upon the mind! The Tower, which forms so prominent a feature in the distance, how much of history and romance does it suggest to the mind! Kings, queens, statesmen, and patriots form the almost unbroken line of its captives for five or six centuries. There is hardly a single great event in English history where this terrible edifice does not loom out in fearful distinctness, and scarce an ancient family in England to which the Tower has not bequeathed some fearful and ghastly memories.

How many associations are awakened at the sight of Temple Gardens! There, in former times, proudly lived in splendor the Knights Templar; and the admirers of the 'Essays of Elia' will not forget that close by was the residence of good Charles Lamb. Farther on, and near the water-side, stands the little chapel where Milton was baptized; and nearly opposite, on the other side of the river, is the site of the celebrated 'Globe Theatre,' so intimately connected with the lives and early fortunes of Shakespeare and 'rare Ben Jonson.'

The sight of the venerable towers of Westminster awakens a strange interest. There are crowned the monarchs of England, and there, all pomp, power, and vanity gone, they moulder away like the humblest of their subjects. There sleep Elizabeth and Mary, the oppressor and op-

pressed, the destroyer and her victim. There, too, side by side, sleep Fox and Pitt, as Scott sings :

‘THERE, taming thought to human pride,
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side :
Drop upon Fox’s grave the tear,
’T will trickle to his rival’s bier.’

What moving scenes have broken the lengthened shadows which the high-piled pillars throw over aisle and choir ! the christenings, coronations, marriages, and funerals of departed monarchs, who have returned to the dust from whence they came. Light and darkness, summer and winter, have brightened and deepened thousands of times over the shadowy crypts in which their ashes repose. Every thing grand and imposing is swept away except the mighty monuments, which scarcely seem the work of human hands ; they rise like images of eternity, ever bending and keeping watch over their silent graves.

But leaving the Bridge, where such an interesting view spreads out before the eye, we direct our steps toward Hungerford Stairs. The barges moored side by side and putting into the stream have little safety, and still less convenience ; but a glance around us, when we have reached the last of them, affords abundant amusement. A small knot of people in one corner have been momentarily increasing, evidently waiting for a special boat. A portly matron with a collection of well-stored baskets ; a group of city-reared children, cared for by a very small Cinderella-like serving-maid ; a thin nervous gentleman, and ourselves make up the party, bound for different points along the river Thames. We start off in one of the dingy-looking steamers with great rapidity. Let us note as rapidly as the pace we are going, each point of interest as we pass. Look ! but a stone’s-throw from the pier is a water-gate, now out of use, and when the tide is low, beyond reach of the stream ; banks of mud surround it, on which here and there are thick, dank beds of reedy grass. That water-gate is clearly a by-gone, having out-lived its original purpose. That gate, the only remnant of a princely mansion, was designed by Inigo Jones, and in its day was vaunted as the most perfect specimen of architecture fashioned by his hand. It once was the river-gate of the palace of the Duke of Buckingham. The rustic basement and graceful columns still attest the taste and skill of the architect ; but cankered lock and rusty hinges tell that its day of usefulness is gone, with the old palatial mansion to which it was an appendage. Its aspect of neglect, if not of ruin, revives the memory of by-gone times and manners, and throws the mind back to the days when this bank of the river was lined by the mansions of the nobility ; when the strand from Temple Bar to Westminster was an open road, and the Thames was the king’s high-way between the Temple and Westminster Palace ; when each house fronting the stream boasted of its water-gate, and gilded barges floated on the tide, while liveried menials waited their lords’ pleasure at the stairs.

There are some interesting associations connected with this portion of the Thames. York-House, which once fronted the river almost at the very point from which we started, offers its share of stirring memories. The first breath of Francis Bacon was drawn within its walls, and

through its terraced walks he disported in his childhood. In York-House he passed his boyhood's happy days, and ere the sorrows of manhood had shaded his brow, he left it to engage in a vain strife for intellectual supremacy, and an empty worldly renown. Both were acquired and built up by the splendor of his achievements, and he returned to sacrifice to false ambition all his vaunted nobleness of purpose, after five and forty years of struggle against poverty, rivalry, envy, and last, though not least, against the baseness of his own moral nature. After nearly half a century spent in enduring duns and arrests for debt, suffering insult from Coke, his rival both in law and love, libelled by rumor, and frowned upon by his sovereigns, knowing that the good shunned him by instinct, and the bad, because they comprehended so well the small and base heart within him, he came back to the home of his birth and his boyhood. When again he left it, guards were around him, and he departed thence to the Tower. His domestics rose as he passed down the stairs. 'Sit down, my masters!' he exclaimed, 'Your rise has been my fall!' How bitterly must his soul at that moment have felt the degradation.

Next adown the stream stood Durham-House, the luxurious abode of Dudley of Northumberland, a spot most closely linked with the touching story of Lady Jane Gray. Here she lived, here she married, and from it was she tempted to the Tower, there to assume a crown she was destined so short a time to wear. From Durham-House, accompanied by her young and handsome husband, surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of new-born royalty, did she take water in a gilded barge decked with banners, and moving to the strains of merry music. Where Durham-House stood, and where an eight months' drama of real life was played, we now see the Adelphi, a noble pile, raised upon foundations of immense depth and thickness.

And now we are approaching Waterloo Bridge, the finest in its proportions of any bridge in Europe. Where those coal-barges and coal-heavers ply their dingy trade, the ancient palace of the Savoy once reared its dark towers in all the pride of feudal magnificence. There the unfortunate John of France, taken prisoner at Poitiers by the Black Prince, was held in gentle yet secure durance. About the same period John of Gaunt, 'time-honored Lancaster,' made the palace of the Savoy a residence, numbering the poet Chaucer in his retinue.

Clearing Westminster Bridge, Somerset-House displayed its imposing façade to the passenger on the river. Founded by the Protector Somerset, its princely magnificence aided the outcry against him, and before he had completed the palace, he died upon the block on Tower-Hill. Elizabeth-Catherine, the queen of 'the merry Monarch,' and Ann of Denmark, successively occupied this palace.

Quickly we pass the opening of Strand-Lane, a dirty court of no repute, and are soon opposite to the site of the palace where once lived the handsome and brave but headstrong Essex. Here audience was sought of him by princes, nobles, and ambassadors, when the sun-light of Elizabeth's favor was turned full upon him. Here the gallant court-favorite wore the love-token of his royal mistress, and from it he madly issued with an armed force to attack the city. That wild enterprise changed his abode from Essex-House to the Tower, ending for Essex in

a headless trunk upon Tower-Hill ; for his queen, a broken heart. In Devereux Court, fixed high in the wall of a tavern which I have visited, may yet be observed a bust of the Earl, in stone, the only token beyond the name of the street and court, of Essex-House. That tavern is 'The Grecian ;' hallowed now from the fact, that it was here that Steele, when the 'Tatler' first appeared, dated his articles, and where that improvident wit emptied many a bottle with Addison.

Next we may note the Temple Gardens and Temple Church, with its memories of the martial gatherings of Europe's early chivalry, to bear the Banner of the Cross, to shelter beneath its folds the Holy Sepulchre. Its circular church, built in imitation of the fane which in Jerusalem covers the tomb of CHRIST, was consecrated more than six centuries ago. Upon the floor still rest the sepulchral effigies of the Knights-Templar, whose bones are mouldering beneath. Temple Gardens is now an oasis in the desert of coal-barges and dingy-looking wherries, a spot still pleasant and cheerful as a promenade. It was here Shakspeare located the scene when those rose-emblems were plucked by the rival houses of York and Lancaster, that afterward developed in that civil strife, which deluged English soil with English blood. In latter days these Gardens were places of resort and solace to Johnson, Cowper, Goldsmith, and Lamb. The gentle Elia says : 'I was born and passed the first seven years of my life near and in the Temple Gardens. Its church, its halls, its gardens, and fountains are of my oldest recollections. I repeat to this day no verses to myself with greater emotion than those of Spenser, where he speaks of this spot.'

Passing the Temple and its associations, we give a hurried glance at some sooty-looking buildings with circular iron receivers. These form part of the numerous gas-works which make London the best lighted city in the world. These stand upon the very spot once occupied by the ancient sanctuary of the White Friars, peopled by Sir Walter Scott so graphically in his 'Fortunes of Nigel.' There his hero, like other fugitives from the talons of the law, obtained protection upon taking the rhyming oath :

'Br spigot and barrel,
By bilbo and buff,
Thou art sworn to the quarrel
For the blades of the buff.
For White Friars and its claims,
To be champion or martyr,
And to fight for his dames
Like a Knight of the Garter.'

Slash-bucklers and bullies have here now given place to coal-heavers, gas-men, and glass-blowers.

Soon we are under the shadows of Blackfriars Bridge. Clearing this, St. Paul's becomes the most noticeable object. The huge dome of the metropolitan cathedral is crowded round about by the spires and pinnacles of thirty other churches, many of them the products of the same genius that reared this rival of St. Peter's.

Soon we are approaching London Bridge ; and here we have, in all its perfection, the scene and stir of busy commerce ; crowded wharves, with huge cranes, still drawing richer cargoes into their deep recesses ;

barges floating by, laden almost to sinking with country produce. Close to this is the central spot, where

‘*LOFTY Trade*
Gives audience to the world ; the strand around
Close swarms with busy crowds of many a realm :
What bales ! what wealth ! what industry ! what fleets !’

Now we shoot under the magnificent bridge of Southwark, the first structure of iron, in the shape of a bridge, ever built. How light and yet how strong its noble arches look ! Almost in a line with the present roadway to this bridge, on the Surrey side, stood the Globe Theatre, the scene of Shakspeare’s first acquaintance with the sock and buskin, the place where he is said to have carried a wick to light the actors on that stage he was afterward destined to purify, enlighten, and illumine by the brighter rays of his genius.

Leaving Southwark’s iron bridge behind us, the turreted steeple of St. Mary Overies (the object of the excursion) towers up beyond. Our little boat is soon alongside the floating barge-built pier, where a dense crowd of passengers hustle each other in struggling to get first aboard. Elbowing our way up the steep ascent, we are soon standing in front of the modernized church of St. Mary Overies. In the olden time, long before the Conquest, a house of sisters was founded here by a maiden of the name of Mary, the daughter of the old ferryman. Toward the close of the fourteenth century it was restored by the poet Gower, Chaucer’s master, and recently has been again restored and modernized. The plan of this church is a simple one, being that of a cross. An old church is always a solemn place ; the silence, the repose, almost unearthly, which broods there, dispose the mind to serious meditation, and, in the presence of the many memorials of the dead scattered around, no one can forget his mortality. In the south transept is the monument of old Gower. Upon it you may read : ‘ Here lyes John Gower, a benefactor to this sacred edifice in the time of Edward III. and Richard II.’ On the purple and gold band, adorned with fillets of roses, encircling the head of the queer-looking effigy of the poet, are the words : ‘ *Merci lhu ;* ’ or, ‘ *Mercy Jesus.* ’ Three gilded volumes, labelled with the names of his principal works, support the head of the effigy. On the wall, at his feet, are his arms, and a hat, with a red hood, bordered with ermine and surmounted by his crest, a dog’s head. Near this monument, on a pillar at the side, may be seen a cardinal’s hat, with certain arms beneath. To that slight memorial is attached a long train of recollections, many of them being highly interesting. The arms are of the Beaufort family ; the hat is that of Cardinal Beaufort, whose death-bed Shakspeare has so graphically painted. Immediately opposite Gower’s monument, we have another with a life-like bust of John Bingham, saddler to Queen Elizabeth and King James. The complexion and features, the white ruff, dark jerkin, and red waistcoat of this saddler to royalty, are in admirable preservation. Crossing to the north transept, may be seen the monument to Dr. Lockyer, a famous empiric during the reign of Charles II. His effigy represents a very respectable-looking personage, attired in thick-curled wig and furred gown, pensively reclining upon some pillows, as if he half-doubted the truth of his own epitaph :

'His virtues and his pills are so well known,
That envy can't confine them under stone.'

In the beautiful Lady Chapel, with its slender, tree-like pillars, sending off their countless branches until they form a perfect 'contiguity of shade,' sleeps the good Bishop Andrews, awaiting, in sure and steadfast hope, a glorious awakening.

But we cannot linger longer upon the solemn memories which float around this hoary pile; they would alone fill this communication; for Fletcher is buried here; so is Massinger, but not, as we supposed, in a gloomy corner, amid a mass of misshapen and melancholy graves, but within the sanctified area of the church.

Leaving St. Saviour's, I instinctively turned toward that spot to which every lover of poetry is glad to direct his steps, the old Tabard Inn, the scene of the feasting of Chaucer's Pilgrims. It was soon found, standing nearly opposite the modern Town Hall of Southwark. The exterior is simply a square, dilapidated gateway, its posts strapped with rusty iron bands, and its gates half-covered with sheets of the same metal. As I entered the ancient court-yard, the landlord greeted me, and I thought of those lines of Chaucer:

'A seemly man ye hoste is withal.'

Merry doings were there in that old inn-yard, five hundred years ago; for Harry Baily, the hoste, was

'The early cock
That gathered them together in a flock.'

There is something extremely venerable in the old weather-beaten and iron-bound posts which prop up its comparatively modern gateway. They tell of the grazing and grinding of thousands of old wheels, while the stones are worn away with the trampings of many a steed. I was soon in the 'Pilgrims' Room.' With due reverence I looked upon its venerable walls, its square chimney-pieces, and its quaint old panels, reaching to the ceiling. It is now cut up into small rooms, but in examining closely the chambers at each end, it was clear to be seen that they had all been formed out of one chamber. The whole appearance of the building is curious and quaint beyond description. 'The Wife of Bath,' the 'Knight and his Son,' the 'Gentle Parish-Prieste,' and the 'Conceited Friar,' with all the rest of that pilgrim-train, came thronging in; and, as I stood upon the ancient balcony, and looked down into the old court-yard, the scene so graphically described by Chaucer was before me. Returning, I stopped at the tap-room, and drained to the memory of old Geoffrey a mug of

'Nappy strong ale of Southwark.'

What a forlorn-looking district is this of Southwark. Many of the houses, besides being old, are very large and lofty. Many of their courts stand just as they did when Cromwell sent out his spies to hunt up and slay the Cavaliers, just as they again were hunted after the Restoration. There is a smell of past ages about these ancient courts, like that which arises from decay, a murky closeness, as if the old

winds which blew through them in the times of the civil wars had become stagnant, and all the old things had fallen and died, just as they were blown together, and left to perish; so it is now. The timber of these old houses looks bleached and dead, and the very brick-work seems never to have been new. In them you find wide, hollow-sounding, decayed staircases, that lead into great ruinous rooms, whose echoes are only awakened by the shrieking and running of large black-eyed rats, which eat through the solid floors, through the wainscot, and live and die without being startled by a human voice.

In a few moments I was standing on London Bridge. What a crowd are coming and going over that vast thoroughfare; there hardly seems standing-room, and yet each one of the vast throng appears to have space enough. Just below, the dark-capped turrets of the Tower loom forth, with its grim memories and associations, its history as a fortress, a palace, and a prison. Although the old memories that float about this locality would fill a volume, we have no time to dwell upon them now. We have closed a day's wandering in London, physically wearied but mentally refreshed.

THE CHANGE OF THE SEASONS.

BY MINNIE MYRTLE.

PHILOSOPHER and bard have made it oft
 The theme of thought and disquisition too,
 Why we who live among the mountain-wilds
 Should love our home, and cherish all its dear
 And tender ties, far more than those who dwell
 In warmer and in more luxuriant climes.
 Why piercing winds and shrieking blasts should cause
 Devotion's flame to burn more pure and high,
 Than balmy breath of sunny, verdant isles;
 For true it is, however hard to solve,
 That if there be upon our native hills
 One spot, more bleak and bare than all the rest,
 'Tis this we love the best. . . . The rugged cliff
 And bold out-standing rock, and frightful steep,
 Are far more welcome to the eye than soil
 That teems with Nature's choicest gifts.

The broad

Bright surface of the placid lake that lies
 Embosomed in the circling hills, we love
 To look upon, and may be proud to call
 Our own. But 'tis with nobler pride we gaze
 Upon the tumbling, foaming torrent wild,
 That dashes madly down the mountain gorge,
 And say, with throbbing heart, 'Tis this we love;'
 We love it for itself alone. And when
 We may be called to part with all those dear
 Familiar scenes, we find affection's ties
 Are linked as firmly to the rock and glen,

As to the friends who can, by word and smile,
Return endearing thoughts expressed.

But why
Are prayer and penitence and lowly grace
The favored offspring of our sterner clime
And frowning skies?

We mark ties ever thus:
In winter's chill and icy reign, when hill
And vale are stripped of all their beauteous robes;
When every tree and shrub is naked, save
Some dry leaves rustling on a shrivelled limb,
All but the hemlock, pine, and hardy fir,
Through whose green boughs the winds sigh moaningly;
When depth on depth, o'er valley, field, and hill,
Is heaped the drifted snow; when towering peak,
Round which careering winds sweep madly, frowns
More darkly on the snow-clad earth below;
When huge, tall trees, the monarchs of the wood,
That have for ages braved the tempest's wrath,
Now beat upon by ruder blasts, uprooted
Or snapped asunder, prone to earth are hurled
With fearful groanings; when the stream that fell
In summer down the precipice, with noise
Like low and distant thunder, silent stands,
A frozen cataract; when hedged with ice
The river broad, that on its bosom bore
The fisher's skiff, now bears the laboring train;
For gazing on these scenes magnificent
And terrible, our hearts are filled with awe:
We bow in holy fear and silent prayer.
But Spring with genial influence comes: her breath
Dissolves the snows, the rill leaps laughing forth,
And hastens on to swell the torrent's course.
The river feels the rushing torrent's power,
And gladly breaks stern Winter's icy chains;
She wakes the sleeping Earth, and at her touch,
The grass grows greenly up, the trees begin
To bourgeon, and the fields are prauked with flowers.
And who has seen the merry April shower,
When dancing on the springing grass, and watched
The curling bud and tender leaf unfold
To drink the crystal drops, and give their first
Fresh perfume forth, to bathe the zephyr's wing,
And fill the air with fragrance; heard the songs
Of birds from every bush and tree-top; seen
The bright green moss o'erspread the crumbling rock
And fallen tree, and heard some joyous sound
From every living thing, and has not felt
His heart beat warm with gratitude and love?
The HAND that ruled the wintry wind, and quelled
The raging storm, now leads the sun-shine forth,
And Beauty glides o'er all the waking earth;
'T is Nature's infancy, and Nature's moods
Partake of childhood's changefulness; the skies
Will smile and frown alternately, the frost
And blight will fall, and then the genial shower.
The wind will gently fan the flowers, and then
Among the leafy boughs blow angrily.
And when perfection crowns the scene, the bud
Becomes the full-blown blossom, and the blade,
The tender blade of spring, in waving fields,

Is bending to the summer breeze, and hill
 And plain and vale are clothed in robes of rich
 Luxuriance, our hearts o'erflow with joy
 And love, our lips are tuned to songs of praise.
 How glorious is the cloudless summer sky!
 And when we see the sun majestic roll
 At morn his chariot o'er the mountain-top,
 Or blazing in the noon-day heaven, or spread
 His gold and crimson o'er the western sky;
 Or when her shadowy drapery Twilight drops
 Along the western hills, and one by one
 The stars appear like diamond points, till yon
 Blue vault is studded with the myriad orbs,
 Whose radiant beams in dazzling brilliance blend,
 In adoration humbly bowing down,
 What heart confesses not the wondrous God,
 Whose power created all, whose arm upholds;
 To whom angelic hosts their anthems raise,
 And cherubim and seraphim attune
 Their harps of praise, till all heaven's arches loud
 Resound, 'Hosanna to the MIGHTIEST!' Then
 autumn comes with nipping frost and blight,
 And leaf and flower fall withering from their stem;
 The landscape, late so gay in summer garb,
 Now wears a russet robe; the forest trees
 Assume a thousand gaudy hues, the sign
 Of death and quick decay. The mountain-peak
 In gloomy grandeur frowns, while round its sides
 The clouds in dark, unmoving masses hang;
 And where of late were heard the sound of life,
 The hum of industry, the voice of bird
 And bee, a solemn stillness reigns.

And now
 How prone the mind to melancholy thoughts,
 To musings sad, and dark imaginings!
 With every faded flower and withered leaf
 Some cherished hope seems stricken from our grasp.
 I love the high and holy lessons taught
 Thus in the ever-varying seasons' round;
 I learn to adore the wonder-working God,
 To look with cheerful hope and humble trust,
 And steadfast faith to HIM, who knows no change,
 For rest and happiness in yonder world,
 The brightness of whose glory never fades.
 The earthquake's shock, the thunder's awful voice,
 The ocean's roar upon the storm-beat strand,
 May drive the terror-stricken soul to bow
 In supplication to a God who wields
 The thunder-bolts and shakes the solid ground,
 And rules the warring elements; but when
 The storm hath ceased, the tempest's fury hushed,
 The prayer, by fear inspired, is heard no more,
 And mercy is forgotten by the soul
 Which threatening judgments could alone subdue.

My heart be ever filled with gratitude
 That I was cradled 'mid the mountain-wilds,
 By murmuring streams and forest breezes lulled.
 I love our season's never-resting change,
 That lends new beauties to our varying scenes,
 And plainly stamps on all His wondrous works
 The goodness of the OMNIPRESENT GOD.

SKETCHES FROM THE COUNTRY.

BY W. L. TIFFANY.

DRUM-FISHING.

JUNE 12. — The Big Drum (*Pogonias Chromis*) undoubtedly derives its common name from its habit of emitting a dull, booming sound, which through lack of more descriptive language is called 'drumming.' The fish not only utters this sound while ranging the waters, but the fisherman is frequently startled thereby when he has at length landed a drum in his boat. This species is at times exceedingly plentiful in the sounds and bays of southern New-Jersey. Its figure is oval, and its eyes, inasmuch as they are remarkably full and staring, and as large as those of an ox, arrest the attention particularly. Its usual weight ranges from thirty to sixty pounds, although some few specimens have been taken whose dimensions were much larger. Its gullet or pharyngeals (to affect the scholastic phrase) are armed with plates of curiously-arranged, broad, flat, teeth, which are bluntly called 'crackers' by our country naturalists, since with these instruments the fish crushes the shells of the clams and crabs that form the greater portion of its food. The drum commonly swims in schools, and during the summer months it is frequently seen disporting in great numbers in our shoaler bays and coves, when the vigilant seine-fishermen hasten to drop their nets around the schools, and thus catch the fish by hundreds.

The most interesting fact, however, connected with the history of this species, is the determined resistance which it makes when hooked; and this is so vigorous and enduring, that rare sport is afforded to the bait-fisher thereby, and hence all lovers of the 'gentle art,' in this section of the country, are generally given to drum-fishing. As a rule the drum takes the bait only from the time when the dogwood begins to flower, until the setting in of the heats of summer. The channel-ways of the Delaware Bay are the fishing-grounds mostly resorted to, since the bottoms of these sluices, abound with oyster and muscle-beds, and thus supplying the drums with exhaustless quantities of food, become their favorite abiding-places. In fishing for drums, the angler uses a strong, thick, hempen line, measuring full sixty feet in length. His hooks should be of the same size as those with which the largest cod are taken, and made as fast to his line as possible. His bait of course consists of clams or crabs.

Beside his fishing-gear and dinner-kettle, the drum-fisherman before engaging in his favorite sport, will not fail to avail himself of his entire stock of patience, and likewise of a staunch, sea-worthy boat. Having reached the fishing-grounds, (which in the Bay lie from one to three miles from shore,) he divests three or four clams of their shells, binds them fast to his hook with a thread, casts his heavily-led line over-board, (rather on the edge of the channel where the water ranges

from twelve to fifteen feet in depth, than in the middle where it is deeper,) and when his hook has struck the bottom, he gathers his line taut between his thumb and finger, and thus waits for what shall betide. At times he will pass the entire day without even getting so much as a nibble, which fortune proves the quality of his patience most severely; but more commonly the drums take the bait freely throughout their whole season, and if the fisherman is careful to be on the ground at the beginning of the ebb, and the beginning of the flood-tides, he will be almost certain to get plenty of bites, and his skill must be greatly at fault should he fail to hook his fish. While first engaging with the bait, the drum nibbles quite coyly thereat; but if undisturbed it soon gains confidence, and firmly seizing the morsel with its thick lips, bears it away, when with a sudden jerk the fisherman buries the hook in its maw, and now a scene of the most exciting description begins at once; for no sooner does the fish find itself fast, than it rushes off with the utmost frenzy through the water, until forty feet or more of the humming line is drawn through the fisherman's fingers; when, finding escape unattainable in that direction at least, it turns and possibly darts directly toward the boat like an arrow. This is a most critical period with the fisherman, for he must now gather in his line so swiftly that it shall still be taut on the fish, for if this be not the case, he runs great danger of losing it, either by having the hook shaken from its mouth, or the line broken by some sudden jerk. Before reaching the boat the fish will probably come up to the top of the water, and madly lash the waves with its tail for a moment, (its yellow sides gleaming in the sun-light like gold the while,) then plunging down with fresh terror, it perhaps shoots beneath the boat, attempting escape in that quarter. Notwithstanding the evident awkwardness of the position in which the fisherman finds himself by this last movement of the fish, if he preserves his coolness, and judiciously pays out his line, there is but little danger that his prey will thus break from him, and ere long it is led from under the boat to take a fresh plunge in another range. Thus shooting backward and forward with the utmost swiftness, darting to the top of the waves and lashing them into spray, and between whiles straining and jerking on the taut line with a power that brings runaway horses and hard-mouthed mules vividly before the mind, the hooked drum will commonly amuse and exercise the fisherman for a full half-hour before surrendering. Even when the fisherman has drawn his drum up to the side of the boat, he dare not count on his game until both hands are fast in its gills; for in the convulsions which follow its contact with the air and light, the fish frequently either snaps the line, or disengages itself from the hook, and of course makes good its escape.

Once landed in the boat, the drum practises its last round of ground and lofty tumblings most vigorously for a few moments, but ere long the bright yellow of its sides fades into purple hues, its flapping tail and gaping jaws become weaker and weaker, and gradually it yields up the ghost.

Whether the hooked drum weighs thirty or eighty pounds, it affords the same amount of sport to the fisherman, and some of our most respectable authorities declare that, as a rule, the smaller fish are the most

vigorous and difficult of management. In still, shoal water, however, its power and activity are far less enduring than in the free, cool currents of the channel-ways.

So highly enjoyed is drum-fishing among our bait-fishers, that on almost any day at this season of the year, one may count fifteen or twenty well-manned boats moored within ear-shot of each other on the fishing-grounds. As the greater number of the fishermen are neighbors and old acquaintances, they know no restraint whatever in each other's company, and in our bluff country fashion bandy the broadest jokes about, drink each other's health in free draughts of undiluted whiskey, and as each man hooks a drum, his success is announced by jocund cheers on every side; nay, further than this, the manner in which he 'plays' his fish is so sharply and loudly criticised, that if the angler can refrain from wishing every mother's son of his 'brethren in the art,' engulfed for a season in the Maelström, he is 'gentle' indeed.

We know of no sport or pursuit which more pointedly illustrates the value of patience and self-control than drum-fishing. When the fish refuse the bait, or when the tide is at such a stage that they have not commenced 'running,' the hot-headed, impetuous piscator soon loses all interest in his occupation, and becoming restless and enraged falls to swearing most dismally; nay, possibly he takes to drink so deeply, that by the time the fish begin to bite he is either *hors du combat*, or has picked a quarrel with some 'peaceful angler' in a neighboring boat, and gone ashore to fight it out. Admitting that Impetuous has the good fortune to hook a fish, he probably commences to battle and struggle so ferociously as to endanger the safety of the boat, and what with his greedy attempts to haul the fish in by main strength, he is almost certain to get a snapped line for his pains, when over-board goes whatever of its length remains in his hands, and every thing in the universe, his own stupidity excepted, is for a season well rated and belabored with the choicest of the proscribed idioms of our tongue. The worshipful and skilful fisher knows no such absurdities. Yesterday, when an increasing love for the sport had led us to devote a few hours to drum-fishing, we were anchored at but a little distance from a fisherman of high fame along our shores, and at length we had ample opportunity to see after what fashion it was that he had won his renown. He was a thin, dried-up, mahogany-colored old fellow, and with his line nicely adjusted in his hand, he calmly and silently gazed into the mystical deep before him for some three hours before getting a bite: at the end of this period, a sudden jerk that he gave with his hand was followed by a humming on the part of his line which declared most emphatically that he had hooked a fish; and now without even so much as changing his position, he 'played' the drum in all directions for more than twenty minutes, and at length merely reaching forward a little, tumbled a sixty-pound fish into the boat. This masterly skill and calm collected manner, characterized the old gentleman as long as he continued his sport; and while the greater number of the other fishermen were bawling, halloaing, breaking their lines, and losing their fish, he ere night had taken twelve drums whose aggregate weight amounted (as we have since heard) to over six hundred pounds, with the same coolness as if he had been opening clams in his own door-way.

Drum-fishing is not altogether unattended with danger; for at times sudden squalls arise, and sweep across the Bay with such force that exceedingly angry seas set through the channel-ways, whereby the boats are at times over-turned and the fishermen placed in situations of no little peril. It is to guard against this danger that the drum-fisherman should be mindful of the sea-worthiness of his boat, and moreover he will carefully study the signs of the weather while enjoying his sport.

To those who are in the habit of dining upon salmon and trout, fresh from the icy streams and lakes of our mountain-ranges, a meal upon the Pogonias that had been merely boiled, would doubtless seem quite insipid; but when the fish has been prepared for the table by the triumphant hand of Art, the case is far otherwise; for the disciple of St. Soyer, who clearly comprehends the culinary capabilities of the drum, will carve its sides into delicate steaks, and fry the same in a batter artfully composed of eggs and crushed cracker; and this dish when seasoned with sauces of the best London brands — inasmuch as it reminds one of veal cutlets that have been furnished by calves fed solely on thyme and violets — would scarcely be cavilled at by that most fastidious of all epicures, namely, the rake who has attained the ripe age of twenty years, and has just returned from a three weeks' stay in Paris.

THE WHEAT-HARVEST.

JULY 4. — Living as we do in a retired and thickly-wooded portion of the country, removed from the example of villages, and the professional exhortations of pot-house politicians, the anniversary of our country's birth receives at best but little of the grateful notice due from our hearts; but at the present recurrence of the festival we have been more than usually forgetful of its memories and celebrity, inasmuch as our granaries are quite empty, and the desire to replenish them at the earliest moment has led us to commence harvesting our wheat, which crop, after more than six months of anxious watchfulness and care, has at length become ripe. And though the popping of no squibs or ginger-beer resounds throughout our fields and woods, yet are the hearts of the husbandmen filled with joy and gladness, for every hour of the last few hot summer-days fell with gold on the wheat-fields, and the fulness and excellence of their present maturity have not been matched for many a year.

Until within the last few years our small grains were gathered with the sickle; but latterly this simple and poetical instrument has given place to the 'cradle,' a machine of no little ugliness and complication of structure, but which, in the hands of an apt and practised laborer, does its work with far greater expedition than its predecessor, and therefore is better adapted to the headlong hurry of the age.

A love for the wages of two dollars per diem, a yearning for fat victuals, and a vanity to display high skill with an awkwardly-contrived instrument, all combine to render 'harvest-time' a highly attractive season to our Jersey cradlers; and their services are so much in request, that what with working on this farm and the other, a family of three

or four stout, industrious brothers, frequently swing their *♠*adles together for some thirty or forty successive days, and earn some sixty or eighty dollars each before the general crop is secured.

In the afternoon preceding the day on which the cradlers are to commence cutting his grain, the farmer and his family fall hotly to work preparing for the great event. While the head of the house kills a sheep, and some six or eight chickens, and drives off to the nearest village for a gallon of whiskey, and some crackers and cheese, the wife and daughters churn butter, pick cherries and currants, set bread-dough to 'rising,' and make generous 'batches' of pies and cakes, with the greatest skill attainable to them, (for they would scarcely survive the moment, should the cradlers hint of having eaten or drunk better in any other house;) and when the pies and cakes are baked, the mutton is cut into broiling and roasting-pieces, the cows are driven home from the pasture and milked, the pigs are fed, and at the approach of sundown, when the farmer has returned home, he finds a 'picked-up' supper ready, and ere the last violet-hue of the twilight changes to gray, every body in the house lies snug in bed.

On the morrow the household rises long before the sun, and when the farmer has built a roaring fire in the wide kitchen fire-place, his 'women-folks,' with their hair smoothly brushed, and dressed in clean calico frocks, make a descent from their bed-rooms, and at once pinning up their sleeves, fall to work with a strong determination to distinguish themselves, if possible; and ere a half-hour has elapsed, the long oak table is spread in the coolest nook of the kitchen, covered with a snow-white cloth, and decorated with numerous fanciful plates of butter, pickles, and preserves; the 'four-quart coffee-pot' sits among the ashes on the hearth, sending forth a spicy perfume; the gridirons by its side sustain many a broad, hissing mutton-chop and slice of bacon; while from the andirons and chimney-sides, within a proper distance of the flames slants many a tin pan, each containing a long thin sheet of hot and delicately-browning johnny-cake.

Ere long, as Phœbus begins to light up the east, the brown, lantern-jawed cradlers, bearing their implements, and followed by two or three boys, (who are to glean the wheat and bind it into sheaves,) come into the yard, all wearing the utmost of that characteristic swagger, through which our laborers hope to strike the world with a fearful sense of their independence of spirit; and after the cradles have been carefully hung on the fence, the parties enter the house, haughtily salute the farmer and his family, utter a few gruff prognostications concerning the weather, and when each man has speedily and thanklessly swallowed a neat dram of whiskey, the whole company, without farther invitation, sit down to the table, while the house-wife proceeds to furnish supplies of coffee, and the girls swiftly serve the fragrant viands.

Having filled themselves to the gullet, the cradlers evidently become better-humored, and leaving the house with comparative mildness, they fall to examining the strength and fastenings of their cradles with the greatest possible care, and afterward proceed to 'whet-up' for full fifteen or twenty minutes. When the sharpening process has been satisfactorily completed, (and on this point all cradlers are extremely

precise ; for the best of them assert, that in cradling, the man is but little in comparison with the implement,) they follow the farmer to his wheat-field, and having rolled up their shirt-sleeves, and given their cradles another examination, and a few finishing strokes with the rifle or whetstone, the most skilful hand among them artfully desires to know 'which cradle is to begin?' This question universally leads to a general dispute ; for the most efficient cradler, with the completest mock-modesty, and through a desire to hear himself praised, is sure to protest that his cradle is 'the poorest on the ground,' while the remainder of the party firmly declare and asseverate, that no work will be done by those who value whole heels until the best hand concludes to begin. At last a word from the farmer decides him who is actually the superior workman to advance into the standing grain ; and after this delicate personage has made a few cuts, the next as to skill follows at his side in the rear, and so on until all have fallen in. In a few moments the boys commence gathering the severed wheat, and binding it into sheaves, and the farmer sets himself on the fence to watch the progress of the work.

While thus engaged, his eye naturally ranges across his ample field ; and scanning many an acre of golden wheat-heads, bending heavily down as if laden with shot, he is reminded of the prices of the grain-market, and computes the number of dollars which promise ere long to swell his money-bag. After an hour or more of these pleasant ruminations, his sense of satisfaction and thankfulness becomes so lively and uncontainable, that, knowing no better method of venting the same for the moment, he sends one of the boys to the house for the whiskey-jug, and some crackers, pies, and cheese, resolved that the cradlers at least shall partake of his happiness and have no cause whatever to complain of his hospitality either in the house or field.

When the boy returns, the cradlers seize upon a goodly portion of eatables, and pass round the jug with signs of high satisfaction, (the boys in the mean time not failing to take right good care of themselves ;) the farmer in his turn cordially drinks a universal health, and with hearts and stomachs steadily warming, all have soon fallen to the broadest joking and most lusty mirthfulness. At length, suddenly reflecting that he is encouraging the men to withhold from their work, the farmer frames some light excuse to cover his withdrawal, and, setting the whiskey-jug under a tree near at hand, departs for his neighbor's harvest-field, to see how affairs progress in that quarter. Having reached his neighbor's field, he finds his neighbor retiring from a ceremonial precisely similar to that in which he himself has but just assisted ; and after interchanging the ordinary salutations of the day, much more warmly than usual, the two twinkling-eyed friends (well sweetened with liquor as they are) fall to tickling each other most deliciously for awhile. Each in turn praises the other's horses, crops, and stock ; each avows himself a convert to the other's methods of farming and management ; and when these topics are exhausted, the present wheat-crop comes up again, and each relates, in his happiest manner, how well he remembers the difficulties connected with the other's sowing ; how beautifully and ingeniously the land was ploughed ; with what unparalleled

skill it was harrowed ; how every body declared that, treated thus and so, no land whatever could grow wheat ; and finally how, thus served, that very land had actually raised a crop, whose equal was never seen in the whole county.

Mutual flattery and appreciation so sweet as this can of course only be brought to a graceful close by the aid of the whiskey-jug ; and ere long the visitant farmer takes his homeward way, as happy as a cricket, and overflowing with universal love. Arrived in his own wheat-field again, he finds the weight of the whiskey-jug has considerably lessened during his absence, the cradlers, although making a show of work, in reality do little more than whet their cradle-scythes, and explode in horse-laughter, and the binders appear to be altogether given over to wrestling, or throwing stones at blackbirds. Although the farmer is himself in too merry a mood to allow serious thoughts to have much sway with him, yet his mere coming somewhat restrains the reigning tom-foolery, but at best little or no work is done ere the dinner-horn is blown, when, after another pull at the whiskey-jug, and a cool wash at the well, all hands sit down to roasted mutton, broiled chickens, and cherry pies.

Dinner over, the cradlers are fain to lie down beneath the trees in the house-yard, and covering their faces with their pocket-handkerchiefs fall asleep. Between two and three o'clock they wake up again, feeling intensely lazy and ill-tempered ; for their morning's work has left them somewhat sore, while the exhilaration of their whiskey has given place to a corresponding depression. Going to the field again, however, they take another swig of whiskey and fall to work, while the farmer superintends and directs the efforts of the boys. Ere the cradlers have cut their way across the field twice or thrice, the perspiration stands in beads upon their brows, the backs of their shirts are streaked with moisture, and they feel restored and like themselves again. Aware of the necessity of sustaining their reputations for being good and trusty workmen, they become somewhat ashamed of their foolishness of the morning, and, in order to retrieve themselves while there is yet time, the whistling cradle-scythes are swept swiftly through the wheat, and the grain comes down an armful at a stroke. Swarth after swarth and swarth after swarth quickly stretch their golden lines across the field ; the binders, too, drip with sweat, and the sheaves grow apace. And now that the binders are soberly at work, their operations deserve more than a mere passing notice ; for while one or two of the boys, with their mischievous heads running on some quail's nest, or turtle-ditch, may perhaps bind the grain loosely and awkwardly together, others display their inherent love for art and the beautiful, and secure the sheaves with wreaths as fair as any that ever graced the snowy brows of Ceres.

As the sun begins to decline, a cool invigorating breeze comes from the ocean, and the cradlers work with more zeal than ever, lest the time might come when it should be darkly insinuated that they once accepted wages which were not fully earned. You hear no jokes or laughter escape them now, but in the place thereof deep imprecation, and the short, angry ring of the whetstone and rifle fall on the ear. Faster and

faster the scythe-blades whistle, and faster and thicker the grain-heads drop. And these lantern-jawed Jerseymen will not fail in their purpose either, for their sinews are like steel, and their professional pride is as dogged as that of any Bayard or Lion-Heart.

At sun-down (when a good day's work has been fairly brought to a close) the girls come from the house, and every body hastens to set up the sheaves in large tent-like shocks. This finished, a good supper of cold meat, currant-pie and flapjacks is discussed, when the cradlers are fain to retire for the night, as the morrow's sun will not rise ere they are in the wheat-field again.

TO A NEW BOTTLE OF INK

I.

Who knows what mighty secrets lie
 Within thy dark recess, sealed up?
 How many a breast shall heave a sigh,
 How many a face with smiles light up
 At thy reports?
 What varied news thy drops shall bear,
 Glad messages of joy and love;
 Of dire affliction, grief, despair:
 Ah! what deep springs of feeling move
 In human hearts!

II.

What trifles thou 'lt be wasted on:
 A letter, essay, poem, tale,
 Which stranger eyes shall idly con,
 When all employment else shall fail,
 And *friends* shall prize.
 And things of moment thou 'lt impart,
 The gay afflict, the anxious calm;
 Bear joy or woe to many a heart,
 Perhaps some noble thought embalm,
 That never dies!

III.

Fit emblem thou of human things,
 As from thy murky contents flows
 A hasty scrawl, that haply brings
 Both lively joys and crushing woes,
 So 't is on earth:
 From many a trivial thing in life
 Great things and widely diverse come;
 Benignant Peace and deadly Strife,
 The princely hall and pauper's home
 One cause gives birth.

KARL KEAN

Fantasia: from Russian Themes.

DOCTOR ROMANOFF AT SILISTRIA.

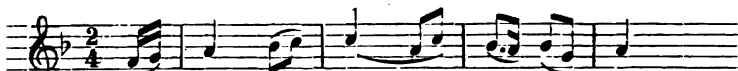
DOCTOR ROMANOFF swore that the 'sick man' was nigh
 To his uttermost gasp, and must certainly die;
 And longing to steal a sly march upon DEATH,
 And a *post-mortem* snatch ere the patient's last breath,
 He out with his scalpel, as who should say nay,
 And fain at the live corpse went slashing away.
 With that, springing up, like a JACK-in-the-box,
 On the Doctor it poured such a tempest of knocks,
 Right and left warding off, left and right plumping in,
 Banging ribs, bleeding nose, bunging eyes, bruising chin,
 That the royal Sangrado, made wise by hard whacks,
 Was glad to cut out of the ring, and make tracks:
 And 't was fun to behold how his coat-tail, in sooth,
 Stuck straight out behind, as he dashed o'er the Pruth.
 The moral our story 's intended to teach
 Is this: that whenever an ambitious leech
 Would rip up a sternum, or stave in a head,
 He first should make sure that his 'subject' is dead.

SEBASTOPOL: A MILESIAE EPISTLE.

DID ye iver hear tell of Sebastypole?
 By the powers of mud! 't is a nasty hole,
 With its turf all muck, and its air all fog,
 'Tis the devil's own bit of a dirty bog.
 Now wanst on a time, KNICK, a lean, hungry BEAR,
 That had feasted on snow till snow-white was his hair,
 Came prowling that way, och! the blatherin' baste!
 Jist to see how a good Tartar Toorkey would taste;
 And finding it swate, as a body may ken,
 'Be jabbers!' says he, 'here 's a place for a den!'
 So sturdily falling to work, claw and snout,
 He turned the tough hills, so to spake, inside out;
 And lo! where green headlands late smiled on the sea,
 In a jiffy grim bastions scowled fierce as could be.

Now it chanced that a COCK and a BULL, one fine day,
 Had gone out, cheek by jowl, for a Kilkenney fray;
 And spying the baste all alert for a foe,
 The BULL gave a bellow, the COCK a tall crow,
 As much as to say: 'Och! you ruffianly elf!
 Clap your tail 'twixt your legs and be aff wid yourself.'
 But divil an answer did BRUIN bequeath,
 Save a beautiful grin full of illigant teeth!
 With that COCK and BULL raised a dust and a din,
 As who should say, 'Honey, we 're bound to go in:'
 But the baste (sure possession 's nine points of the law)
 Knocked 'em heels over head with the wind of his paw.
 Up and at him ag'in! 'is the plucky *encore*,
 He has answered jist so for a twelve-month or more;
 And when I saw them last, all the craters, still game,
 Were airing their wrath jist in doing that same:
 The baste making taunt with that illigant grin,
 'Ye 're a beautiful set, but ye can't, faix, come in!'

H O M E .



MY GENTLE-NATURED FRIEND: To the lappel of thy walking-coat still clings the button I have so often held: thou seest I have it now. Sit here, in this pleasant place, and let me talk to thee of things which concern thee nearly.

When thou perceivest occasion, say aught which may occur to thee, remembering, only, there be some who know not when they have said enough. Thou hast perceived that my humor is not lively, as it was awhile since; I have been thinking of the Home I once called mine. Do not marvel that I weep to think of my dear wife whom I did love so tenderly. But she is happy now: and they — our children: but nay, let me not speak of them more.

Hast thou a home? From thine emotion I perceive thou hast. Children are there; and the youngest, mayhap, a darling boy, just learning to climb his father's knee. Hark! It doth seem to me the day hath passed, and thou hast invited me home, to tea. Let me not be gloomy, now; I will e'en forget my years and vanished sprightliness, and affect a gayer form of speech. Ah! there the brave little fellow stands, in the window, watching for Papa! Oh! what delicious music is that infantile 'crow' of delight, with which he greets you! And 'mother,' still 'the most beautiful woman in the world,' drops her sewing, and makes the promising student rehearse gleefully the fresh politeness of 'tissing hand to papa'! I know your nature well; and I know that now a flood of feeling overwhelms your heart. How you pray, inwardly, *he* may live to man's estate, and be an honor to his parents and his race! You *know* he will! You bound lightly up the steps — shut the door upon the world and its cares — and know you are in the only Paradise this earth affords!

Hush! Dost hear that strain of varied music? I have a theory it comes from yon dwelling. Now, to miss such harmony were a pity; and while we approach that prison-house of all sweetness, let us further discourse. You have said truly, children are not given to quiet. There seems a necessity in nature for children; and another necessity that they should remind one, timely, of their presence. The serpent, after exhausting the resources of his invention, has been known to resort, for this purpose to a 'rattle.' The child is not thus fettered; and it is believed that he neglects no means of warning which nature, accident, and kind parents have placed within his reach. Again that swelling harmony. But let us still nearer.

We have reason to think, that were the vocal capabilities of a child at all proportioned to his ideas of vocal effect, no sounds other than his own could by any possibility be distinguished. In fact, the auricular organ would be disorganized. But, circumscribed as they are, his vocal powers should be counted little short of the wonderful. Whether con-

fining himself to the recital of his first impressions, the indignant remonstrance against injury and neglect, or the outward manifestation of inward grief and pain, the execution is always such as does him credit. But when these and other 'disturbing causes' conspire, the effect may be supposed to approach very nearly the level of his most exalted conceptions.

Now the full tide of harmony arrests our ears and steps. Shall I describe to thee, in language at once technical and familiar, both what thou seest and hearest, and that which is unseen and unheard? Well, then; listen. The youthful *artist* and his nurse are improvising a varied and elaborate harmony, (*doloroso*,) in the natural key, the *tones* of which are few, but the harmony at once wild and wonderful. At intervals (were the music written) you might read along the score these words in the Italian language: '*Diminuendo, a poco laudandum.*' The startling injunction not to spare your breath, embraced in the abbreviated terms '*mezzo-forte*,' and '*forte*,' would also accompany every measure. The magnanimous duo lavish an amount of vocal sweetness upon the neighborhood which, were it properly distributed, might suffice for the vocal necessities of the whole solar system. At the distance of half-a-mile the attentive listener need not lose a single note. You will observe two distinct *tempos* — one for baby, and one for nurse — are beat upon drums by under-graduates; one of whom varies his rôle, in a '*pp*' passage by the subdued bump, bump, bump, of a fall downstairs, which 'passage' is immediately succeeded by a *Grand Finale*, *tutti, fortissimo*, with unprecedented modulations into remote and comparatively unknown keys, and a miraculous occasional return to the original one; the whole being relieved, at suitable intervals, by an *obligato*, skilfully executed upon the 'trumpet,' alternating with the shovel and tongs, which, under the influence of the prevalent inspiration, contribute their sweetest notes to swell the tide of harmony.

But we cannot have good music, like the poor, 'always with us.' A gradual 'stilling of the elements' is now taking place, and whom am I permitted to name as the happy 'instrument?' None other than the faithful nurse, erst Prima Donna. Ah! wondrous woman! A kind of recitative, half-sung, half-spoken, all original, combined with artistic treatment of the refractory infant, is accomplishing the seeming impossibility. Note her *language*, as you follow the music! [*Spoken*.:] See here, Tommy! Tommy dump? [*Sings, Presto, vivace.*] Up he goes! [*False motions.*] Up he goes! U-u-u-u-up. [*Goes up.*] - - - he goes - - - ! [*Spoken*.:] oh - - - oh - - - oh - - - oh - - - (!) What Tommy kying for? *Hey?* [*Savagely*.:] S'all Molly cut he head off? - - - [*Playfully*.:] O-o-o-o-off goes Tommy's head! [*Sings*.:] U - - - u - - - p - - - he goes in a ballo-o-o-o-n! [*Spoken*.:] Now baby's gone: whe-e-e-re's baby? *Oop* (!) [*Enticingly*.:] Won't baby tiss Molly? The-e-e-re! I knew he would! The-e-e-re!" The reason I do not represent to you her *action* ^{is}, that it is not to be imitated or described by a mere mortal.

But listen! *There* is a different strain. The *mother* sings, now. How sweet is her voice, and plaintive! There is a something in it makes one sad to hear. How strange, that 'old familiar air' should sound so mournfully! It is no pleasure to stay longer.

How pleasant is this place ! The kind trees bless us with all they have to give, a cooling shade ; and their still whisperings with the gentle breeze come down to us faintly and solemnly. Often, when I am sitting here, shapes, natural and spiritual, seem to pass before me ; the former youthful, sometimes, but oftener grave and old. They are alike welcome : and I have sometimes found myself unconsciously addressing them as though they were real : which, in some sense they may be.

The spirit is upon me. How thronged is this erst deserted scene ! Come here, dear boy, and listen to words of wisdom, from one long past the season of youth. (It seems but yesterday he began, as thou, to struggle for himself.) Ah ! some time you will not wonder, as now you wonder, at the earnestness of your father, your mother's tears, when they would have persuaded you to stay with them yet longer. How earnestly they besought you not to yield so readily to delusive arguments with which a youthful imagination, and a manly though untried heart, were urging you into the race and battle of life ! When thou didst bid them farewell, O sanguine youth ! thou wert leaving much happiness behind, more perhaps, than thou shalt find again this side the grave.

From a life of ease and indulgence, thou art come upon one of turmoil — of ambitious struggle — perhaps of final disappointment : and what if *success* prove unsatisfying, the beacon an illusory one ! Ah ! doubly illusory, twice unsatisfying, in the light that beams from the hearth-stone of your early home !

He passes on. I thought my language, in its earnestness, had checked him for a moment ; but doubtless this was too fond a fancy. And why should I detain so brave a youth, anxious for all the good this world affords, laughing at the promise of inevitable misery !

On the brink of yon cold, deathly river, stands a weary traveller, aged and trembling. With painful step, and slow, has he toiled thus far, and it seems as he would enter the waters. My soul yearns to comfort him, and to stay his steps.

Trembling Pilgrim on life's barren waste ! Dark is the tide that would arrest thy course. Why fearest thou not to plunge ? What sustains thee, now, O aged one ! what wilt thou find on the thither shore !

As he fades from sight, and the scene recedes, the chill wind from off that icy stream doth bring for answer one word only : In the distance, now HEAVEN it seems — now HOME !

JACQUES MAURICE.

A SUMMER DAY.

Through crelling sun from his covert of night
Is soaring up the sky,
And flooding the earth with a ruddy light,
And gliding the clouds on high.

Through pendent branches and clustering leaves
The winds go sighing away,
And awaying and bending the mossy trees,
And fanning the summer's day.

Sitting alone in the forest shade,
I watch the mottled clouds that sail
Across the sky, in streamers clad,
Like ships before a gale.

The night comes on with a stealthy pace,
The sun-beams are upward thrown ;
The winged hours have run their race,
And the summer's day has flown.

MY 'OTHER ME.'

And pleasant things to me the rain did whisper,
As I sat dreaming in my easy-chair,
Without a thought for urgent tasks unfinished,
And for the swift hours having little care.

I wandered back along a path of shadows,
With near a score of mile-stones on its way,
And came at last where May was sweetly blooming,
While o'er the mountains crept the morning gray.

It was the land of dreams : and yet the cottage,
With its low roof and woodbine-shaded door,
Was like to one where passed my sunny childhood,
And in my waking can be mine no more !

There was a band of little ones before it,
With sun-burnt brows, and brown, uncovered feet,
That knew full well the clear brook's pebbled bottom,
But never trod a hard and dusty street.

I looked in all their eyes, and oh ! what beaming
Of budding hopes and sinless faith was there,
And when their joyous laugh went up to heaven,
The angels must have borne it, as a prayer.

I looked in all their eyes, and 'neath the lashes
Of one, the wildest in her heart-taught glee,
A soul looked forth, and spake to mine a welcome,
And down I knelt, clasping '*that other me* !'

I pressed her long unto my lonely bosom,
And felt her dearest that the world did hold ;
And was I vain ? She was a sinless creature,
And earth is blighted, sorrowful, and cold.

She was not like to me, whom years have given
A tempted heart, that ever goes astray ;
Who cannot lift my eyes in trust to Heaven,
For doubts that bore my child-like faith away.

She was not like to me : her heart was sinless,
And I could see within her April breast
The tender germs, O CHRIST ! O love of heaven !
That might have proved to me a balm most blest !

I saw her love without a stain upon it,
Her faith as pure as prayers she nightly said ;
Her hopes so fair, they were the angel-bringers
Of the sweet dreams that came to bless her bed.

I could not say 't was I — the tender blossom,
That this dark day hath been so nigh my heart ;
Oh ! no, alas ! for since the years have met me,
The cord that bound us two hath snapt apart.

God keep and sometimes send '*that other me* '
To warn my feet, as she hath done to-day,
By all my foot-prints from the path of right,
And by the mile-stones passed upon my way !

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE POETRY AND MYSTERY OF DREAMS. By CHARLES G. LELAND. In one volume: pp. 271. Philadelphia: E. H. BUTLER AND COMPANY.

WE begin at once by saying, that shadowy as at first thought may be deemed the subject of this very handsome and well-prepared volume, as expressed by its title, it will be sought after and consulted by a very large number of interested readers. Even those who 'pshaw!' at dreams, and their denotements, will be among the first to examine its pages, for correlative demonstration of the purport of their *own* 'visions of the night.' 'Dreams,' remarks our author, 'are no longer for intelligent minds, sources of hope or fear, but they still wanton through the halls of the spirit as of old, though the horn and ivory gates which were once supposed to determine their truth or falsehood, have long since been broken away. And they are still recorded as mysterious or pleasing fantasies, still narrated at the breakfast-table, and still quoted by lovers, as affording involuntary illustrations of a passion which dares not declare itself in more direct terms. And there are many, especially among the young, who, although devoid of superstition, are still curious to *know what this or that dream is said to signify*, yet who very properly shrink from consulting those popular 'dream-books,' which are often not only replete with vulgarity, but also fail to give those explanations which were accepted as authentic in days when even the wisest placed full faith in the art of interpreting dreams.' 'There are very few,' continues Mr. LELAND in his 'Introduction,' 'who are not occasionally interested in the mysterious, uncontrollable operations of the mind during slumber. *Dreams are the novels which we read when asleep*, and it is in these wild romances that the sternest and gravest foes of the Imagination and Fantastic in art and literature read their reproof written legibly by NATURE herself. And when we reflect on the subtle manner in which the subtlest and most occult workings of the mind are at times entangled with our dreams, becoming (so to speak) half-revealed, and appearing to the observer who never investigates the wondrous world within, like a veritable gleam from a spirit-world above, it does not appear strange that there have existed in all ages myriads who believed with religious faith that supernatural intimations were permitted to even the humblest during sleep.'

However this may be, it is quite certain that our ingenious and tasteful author has brought together a large and interesting collection of *Dream-Exemplifications*, with cognate poetical illustrations from numerous popular writers, foreign and native, and among the latter several of his own, which are in no wise inferior to the best in the volume. The invocation, '*To Dream-Land*,' from the pen of W. B. HART, appropriately opens the work :

- 'Oh! blessed Land of Dreams,
Soft memories and blissful hours are thine;
Strange moon-lit fountains and fitful gleams
Surround thy shrine.
- 'Dreams for the weary one,
Who through a long and toilsome day must weep,
Come with sweet music breathing in their tone,
In balmy sleep.
- 'Dreams for the broken-hearted;
Glad angel-tones arise from the dim past,
Telling of hours that have long since departed,
Too bright to last.
- 'Dreams for the stained of crime;
Thoughts of their innocent and early years,
Come rushing o'er them from the past of time,
With bitter tears.
- 'Dreams, too, for those who mourn;
Of that blest realm which knows not care or pain,
From whence the dead to vision-land return,
We meet again.
- 'Dreams unto us are given,
To soothe the weary and the heart-oppressed;
Oh! realm of visions, poised 'twixt earth and heaven,
We call thee blest!'

'*The Anvil*,' to dream of hammering upon which, according to APOMAZOR, 'presages success and honor in spite of opposition and enmity,' affords Mr. LELAND a theme for the following spirited lines :

'I DREAMT I stood by a roaring fire,
Near the blacksmith grimy and grim;
And watched the blaze rise higher and higher,
As it lit up each brawny limb.
Bang, bang, his hammer rang,
And drove out many a spark;
They seemed the devil's own fire-flies,
As they darted through the dark.

'The smith struck high — the smith struck low,
As over his work he bent;
And if every blow had been on a foe,
A battle had soon been spent.
Cling, cling, the steel doth ring,
In flaming crimson dressed;
Of all the callings that I know,
I love the blacksmith's best.

'King SIEGFRIED of old was a blacksmith bold,
And well on the iron could pound;
With his very first blow, he drove, I'm told,
The anvil into the ground :

Round, round, into the ground,
And beat his hammer flat;
No man alive but a blacksmith stout,
Could strike you a blow like that.

'And SIEGFRIED became a monarch of might,
And so you may clearly see,
If a man would rise in power and height,
A blacksmith he first must be:
Smack! smack! with many a crack,
As he hammers the spade and plough;
For so did TURAL-CAIN of old,
And he must do so now.'

We have but one fault to find with the work. There are so many and various 'dream-things' spoken of and illustrated, that for familiar reference there should have been an *index* to the several subjects: but index there is none.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Number One Hundred and Sixty-nine. For October, 1955.
Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS and COMPANY. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS and COMPANY.

THE last two numbers of the '*North American*' passed unnoticed in these pages; not from any lack of interest which they possessed, but from a lack of space, which we did *not* possess. The present issue strikes us as in several respects better than any previous one for several quarters. The articles proper are eleven in number, and are upon the following subjects: KINGSLEY's 'Westward Ho;,' 'Genius and Writings of VICTOR HUGO;,' FLANDERS's 'Lives of the CHIEF-JUSTICES;,' 'LAURENCE STERNE;,' 'SCHAMYL, and the War in the Caucasus;,' 'ST. AMBROSE and the Church of the West;,' 'JARVES's Art-Hints;,' 'The History of the Crimea;,' 'Diplomatic History of the War in the East;,' 'AMOS LAWRENCE;,' 'The Opening of the Ganges Canal;,' together with the usual assortment of briefer 'Critical Notices.' The paper upon VICTOR HUGO is written with signal ability. We subjoin an extract embodying certain literary truths, which we would advise sundry of our correspondents, whose communications we have been compelled to decline, to lay to heart:

'The leading characteristics of French style are clearness, point, simplicity, grace, and fluency. If the object of language be to convey thought, it will not be disputed that these are merits of the first magnitude. Still less will it be denied, that in all these points of excellence the French leaves the German tongue hopelessly behind. And our own language, though perhaps unequalled in richness and power, must suffer the criticism, at least as to current modern usage, of a want of free natural movement, a labored structure of sentences, and a large infusion of bookish and pedantic words. The idea expressed by the Latin word '*inconditus*,' *disorganized*, or rather *non-organized*, is peculiarly appropriate to the style that disfigures so many English compositions. Our writers for the press—especially the periodical press—have no conception whatever of style, as an art. Hence they heap up a huge collection of sentences, in the most tumid and tumultuous way, in which all idea of sequence is lost soon after starting, and the graces of simplicity and clear-flowing speech are merged in a torrent of verbose and windy loquacity. So wide-spread has become this disease, that the appearance of any book, discourse, review-article, or newspaper-leader, written in terse and vigorous English, excites universal remark.

'Not only is our literature thus burdened with the vices of a cumbrous and chaotic style, but our language is suffering from a growing plethora of vicious forms of expres-

sion and slang phrases. Pure idiomatic English has become almost obsolete, and its place is usurped by a mongrel and depraved dialect, composed of the oddest jumble of French, German, fustian, and Billingsgate, with long words ending in *ology*, *osity*, and *ation*. This frightful medley of the worst materials seems first to have risen from the gutter into ordinary conversation, then to have been imitated in the newspapers, and finally to have been reproduced in more permanent forms. Their permanence, however, thanks to the preservation of better models, and to the normal sanity of the human intellect, is not yet an established fact; and we congratulate our countrymen, in view of the vast daily spawn of the American press, and the enormous editions of irreclaimable trash which are daily sold, that there are probably no books which the world will more willingly let die.

The following touching description of the sad lot of the forty thousand exiled French republicans, is admirably translated from the original of Hugo. It certainly justifies all the encomiums bestowed by the reviewer upon the style of his author :

'THE exiles are scattered abroad : Destiny has her winds, which scatter men like a handful of ashes. Some are in Belgium, in Piedmont, in Switzerland, where they have no liberty : others are in London, where they have no roof to their heads. This man, a peasant, has been torn from his native homestead ; that one, a soldier, has only the stump of his sword, which has been broken in his hand ; that other, a laborer, is ignorant of the language of the country, is without clothes and without shoes, knows not what he shall eat on the morrow ; this one has quitted a wife and children, a well-beloved group, the end of his labor, the joy of his life ; that, has an old mother, with white hairs, who bemoans him ; this one has an aged father, who will die without ever seeing him again ; that other is a lover, and has left behind some adored being who must forget him. They raise their heads, they stretch out their hands one to another, they smile ; there is no people that does not view them on their passage to exile with respect, and that does not contemplate with profound tenderness, as one of the most beautiful spectacles which fortune can give to men, all those serene consciences, all those broken hearts.

'They suffer, they are silent ; in them the citizen has sacrificed the man ; they look fixedly in the face of adversity ; they do not even cry out, on the pitiless verge of misfortune, '*Civis Romanus sum* !' but the night, when one dreams, when every thing in the strange city is clothed with sadness, for what seemeth cold by the light of day becomes terrible and funereal at twilight — but the night, when one cannot sleep — the most stoical spirits are open to the inroads of sorrow and of grief ! Where are the little children ? who shall give them bread ? who shall give them their father's kiss ? Where is the wife ? where the mother ? where the brother ? where are they all ? And the songs which one heard at evening in his native tongue, where are they ? Where is the grove, the tree, the foot-path, the roof full of nests, the belfry surrounded with graves ? Where is the street, where the faubourg, the lantern lighted before the gate, the friends, the work-shop, the business, the accustomed labor ? And the furniture sold at public out-cry, the auctioneer invading the domestic sanctuary ! Oh ! what eternal adieux ! Destroyed, dead, scattered to the four winds, that moral being which we call the household hearth, and which consists not only in conversation, in tenderness, and in embraces, but which is also composed of hours, of habits, of the visits of friends, of the laughter of this one, of the pressure of the hand of that, of the view we saw from such a window, of the place where was such a piece of furniture, of the arm-chair where the grand-father used to sit, of the carpet where the first-born has played ! Torn from us all those objects on which was imprinted our life ! Vanished for ever the visible form of all our souvenirs !'

To our conception, the very best article in the number before us is that on '*Schamyl and the War in the Caucasus* : ' and as an example of vigorous language and vivid grouping, we point to the annexed account of the storming of Akhulgo, a mountain-fortress, in July, 1839. Our extract is long, but it will richly reward perusal :

'At last the storming began. Three terraces, rising one above the other, were the foremost obstacles to be overcome by the Russians, and of the fifteen hundred men who made the first assault, only one hundred and fifty were able to retreat in safety. The third charge carried the first and second terraces, and then came the tug of war. The firing ceased. With the bayonet, the shaska, the dagger, hand to hand, they strove and wrestled together. There was no noise save the cries of victory or of agony. The smoke rolled up like a curtain from the face of the rock. High up the cliff, the Circassian

women, in the last extremity of despair, with bared breasts and hair streaming over their shoulders, poured down volleys of stones upon the heads of their advancing foes. 'I saw a woman,' says an eye-witness of the scene, 'suddenly grasp the little child that clung to her garments; I saw her dash its head to pieces against a projecting rock, and, hurling it with a wild shriek down the abyss, leap after it.'

'Akbulgo was taken, and the carnage that followed repaid the hungry Cossacks for their long delay. No mercy was asked, and none would have been given. But among the dead, SCHAMYL was not to be found. What miracle had saved him again? After a long search he was discovered, with some of his Murids, lodged in a deep chasm of the rock over-hanging the river, to which there was no access but by the rope that had been drawn up after them. As the Russian leader was intent upon capturing SCHAMYL, living or dead, he stationed a guard of horse and infantry on both banks of the river. Then it was that the three companions of SCHAMYL performed that act of unsurpassed heroism and devotion, which will cling to the memories of future generations. They knew that, if they were all made prisoners, it was probable that they might be ransomed and returned, but that their leader must inevitably be lost to them for ever. They agreed to give their lives to save his. One dark night, the Russians upon the watch saw a raft put out from the cave, and lowered down until it floated upon the river. A man then let himself down upon it; a second form descended, and at last a third, dressed in the white robe of SCHAMYL, cautiously followed. Immediately the guards, having remained silent until now, rushed forward; the Cossack cavalry plunged into the stream; the infantry skirted the shores; a moment—and the three men upon the raft were shot or stabbed with a thousand deaths. But to the inexpressible vexation of the Russians, on examining the faces of the slain, it was found that neither of them was that of the terrible SCHAMYL. They discovered too late, that, while the attention of the whole troop was directed toward the three men, the real SCHAMYL, the one object against whom the whole expedition had been prepared, had lowered himself quietly down from the cave to the stream, and swam uninjured to the opposite shore.

'After the loss of Akbulgo, the Imam exerted himself to gain from the Russian general some terms of pacification. The latter would hear of nothing but unconditional surrender. SCHAMYL then passed, like another Peter the Hermit, across the mountains, preaching to the Tcherkessians in the Turkish language, and endeavoring to arouse them to their common danger. But he failed to overcome their private jealousies, and the blood-feuds of race and family. General SASS at that time commanded on the Kuban. His policy was to meet the wily natives on their own ground; to oppose cunning by cunning, and to employ the system of espionage which they had used so successfully against the Cossacks; to fall upon them by night; to delude them by feigned retreats, and never to attack them when an attack was expected. Once he pretended to have died, after a regular course of sickness, and when the Tcherkessians had assured themselves of the truth of this report by a view of his splendid coffin, covered with the well-known hat and orders of the general, and had returned to celebrate the propitious event by an appropriate jubilee, by night, the ghost of the general, at the head of a most substantial column of soldiers, stole across the Kuban, and came down upon them 'like a wolf on the fold.' This man was a perpetual terror to the Northern races. Children grew quiet at the name of SASS. He was superseded in command, however, by WILIAMENOFF; who, in 1837, proceeded to break the spirits of the mountaineers by words such as these: 'Russia has conquered France, put her sons to death, and made captives of her daughters. England will never give any aid to the Circassians, because she depends on Russia for her daily bread. There are only two powers in the universe, God in heaven and the Emperor upon earth; and though the arch of heaven should fall, there are Russians enough to hold it up on the points of their bayonets.'

'But to the Eastern Circassians this trumpet was blown in vain. They looked up to their hills, and laughed to scorn the paper bravery of the Muscovite. The blood that was shed at Akbulgo washed out their petty jealousies. The eloquence, the daring, and, above all, the miraculous escapes of their leader, and the success that always followed in his steps, made the mountaineers regard him with a veneration little short of idolatry. SCHAMYL was their messenger from God. He proved himself not altogether unworthy of their simple homage. Deep in the forests of Itchkeria he again took up his position. He surrounded his person with a body-guard of one thousand of his hottest enthusiasts. He divided the region over which his influence extended into districts, and appointed one of his Naibs governor over each, whose duty was to make regular reports to his master, as the great head of the government. He established a system of posts for transmitting the earliest intelligence of the enemy's movements, and raised a standing army of five or six thousand men. All males, from fifteen to fifty years old, were trained continually in horsemanship and the use of arms, ready to defend their homes in case of attack, or to follow their leader in his hostile expeditions. Of ten families, one furnished the man; the remaining nine equipped him for service. Honorary orders were bestowed as the meed of the faithful, and medals, stamped with poetical inscriptions, were hung upon the breasts of the brave. When SCHAMYL moved abroad, his guards walled him in on every side. When he retired for prayer, thousands waited outside of the

mosque in reverent silence. Then MOHAMMED appeared to him in the form of a dove, whispered sweet encouragement in his ear, gave him new commands, and revealed fresh mysteries of the faith; all of which he rehearsed with his wonderful eloquence, to the multitudes that thronged to welcome his reappearance.

Writer who have seen SCHAMYL have much to say of the majesty of his person and manners. His stature is not above the middle height, and in his regular, handsome features, and white complexion, there is nothing of the fanatic or enthusiast. He possesses entire control over himself, and whether he is bestowing rewards or pronouncing the death-sentence, he maintains the same imperturbable composure. He never betrays either anger, uneasiness, or fear. A great calm rests upon him.

"His face is like a star,
That, from its incommunicable height,
Looks coldly on the feverish world below."

'St. AMBROSE, and the Church in the West,' and the two articles on the Crimean War, and its diplomatic history, are well written, and the two latter especially, timely and instructive at this period. In one of the briefer 'Critical Notices' deserved justice is rendered, in terse, condensed language, to the character of the late SYDNEY SMITH.

ORATION AND POEM, delivered before the Convention of the DELTA-PHI, in the City of New-York, April 12, 1855. New-York: WILLIAM C. BRYANT AND COMPANY, Printers.

'MUCH annoy' did it 'work us,' that we could not be present, with our congregated brethren of the 'Delta-Phi,' when this excellent address and poem were delivered before our large and fraternal body. The exercises before us attained to print at an advanced period, and the book reached our publication-office too late for notice the ensuing month, as we were on our Western travels at the time. The 'Address' is from the pen of Mr. CHARLES E. WHITEHEAD, and does honor to his talents, both in thought and style. We copy a single passage, giving in a vivid though compressed picture a striking example of an old 'Secret Society,' one of the predecessors, in its kind, of the order of the DELTA-PHI. The orator is speaking of 'The Knights of Malta:—'

'THE flower of the Eastern nations had joined in a crusade against the Knights with the same religious fervor and enthusiasm of purpose that had carried the Crusaders to Jerusalem. Each attacked the other as the desecrator of their shrines and the enemy of their faith, and joined to national enmity the bitterness of religious fanaticism.

'During four months, the fierce soldiery of the Occident swept around the walls of Malta; towers were lost and won, catapults, lombards, and mangonels were constructed and burned, walls destroyed, ships blown up, and from morning till evening, and all the sultry tropical night, the Janissaries, amid the clang of uncouth music and the jar of artillery, charged against the steel barricade of the Knights of Malta. A dull, dun cloud hung over the town, that the distant merchantman hurrying past mistook for the smoke of Mount Etna; and all night long the Sicilian sentinel, leaning on his pike, listened to dull booming from the south, well knowing that the rocky island from whence it came was the last barrier that existed between the home of his childhood and the Spahis of SOLYMAN. Thousands of Turks were floating in the harbor, and their bodies festered in the sun-shine; the ditches were filled even with corpses, so that they formed a bridge for the living; and yet the hills were still white with Turkish tents, and the air still trembled with Moorish war-cries.

'The walls of the city had been completely prostrated, and the Infidels and Knights glared at each other, face to face, over heaps of slain, and gleaming weapons, when lo! on the heights that surrounded the beleaguered city, shone the dear cross of Malta on the breasts of the Knights who had come from Europe to the succor of their comrades

in distress. The relief was immediate, and proved to the Musselmén the force of the ancient proverb :

‘ ‘Yx race is not always to be won
By him who doth ye fastest run,
Nor ye batelle by that peopelle
Who has the moostest guna.’

‘As the eagle launches on the hunter who has climbed to his craggy nest, the forlorn hope of St. JOHN charge against the spoilers of their homes. The bauscant rings as of old on the plains of Palestine; and lance to cimeter, breast to breast, and the hauberk of the Knight against the silken vest of the Turk, they play out the desperate game of life.

‘See the varied hues of rare garments how they flutter at the blows of those steel-ribbed men! and ‘heavy through the reeking pall, hear the iron death-dice fall.’

‘The sea is reached, and gurgling forth their last imprecation, they stab under its blue waves. The ships! the ships! the sole refuge of the invading host, they gain them, and cutting loose from the fiery valor of their foes, are gone, leaving Malta a heap of ruins, yet still mistress of the seas.

‘From this time, for a period of more than two hundred years, the Knights of Malta remained in undisputed possession of the island they had so fiercely defended, and only used their arms at sea or in foreign lands. But still they fought on every battle-field in Europe and Asia, and their pennant led the line of every naval engagement. Their arms carried victory from Saragossa to ‘High Belgrade,’ and the shadow of their flag fell on Lepanto’s sea. The Musselman merchantman, for fear of their cruisers, crept timidly along the shore, and scarcely a galley could leave the Egyptian ports for the Levant, without being boarded by the Maltese Knights.’

This is forcible limning; but there is much more and earlier historical reminiscence, in the same spirit; together with a description of the rise and progress of the DELTA-PHI Society, to which, in the volume itself, we are obliged to direct the attention of the reader.

The ‘Poem’ is from the hand of Mr. ANSON G. CHESTER, of Erie, of whom and from whom our readers have sometimes heard in these pages. He has written well and fervently. From his apostrophe to the ‘*Goddess of Fraternal Love*’ we take the only passage for which we can find room. It will indicate the true source of the feeling which was manifested by the auditory of the poet on the occasion of the delivery of his poem :

‘To be her faithful votaries we must learn
The reigning follies of the day to spurn;
Despise the current estimates of worth,
Remember merit does not spring from birth;
That money is not genius, and that brains
Are never bought with promises and gains;
That talent, though it venture forth in rags,
Is better than the miser’s ponderous bags;
That mind alone is god-like; we must share
Our joys and ills in common — gladly bear
The burdens of the weak, the bad reclaim;
Contribute to another’s good and fame,
As if they were our own; if one is sad,
Speak some sweet word to make him blithe and glad;
If one is head-strong, seek to change his mind;
If one is ruthless, seek to make him kind;
Eschew this silly pride of name and place,
And own that men are equal; boldly face
The weapons aimed at him whose only sin
Is poverty, and gently lead him in
To taste our luxuries; close door and gate
Against the imps of jealousy and hate;
Be cautious in opinions and in words;
Fly from suspicion, as affrighted birds
Fly from the fowler; keep our hearts and minds
Pure as the stars and fearless as the winds;

So shall we serve our peerless Goddess best,
Receive her sweet approval, and be blest."

The varied ornamental borders to the amply-broad pages of this 'booklet' are in excellent taste: as attractive to the eye as the matter to the mind.

A BASKET OF CHIPS. By JOHN BROUGHAM. In one volume: pp. 408. New-York: BUNCE AND BROTHER, Publishers, Number 126 Nassau-street.

MR. BROUGHAM, as an actor, is so well known to the public; he has become so popular in the rendition of light, humorous parts upon the stage; and his conception of fun is so transparent, that this book may be said to be well advertised by the very name of its author upon the title-page. But aside from his reputation upon the boards of our metropolitan theatres, Mr. BROUGHAM has been not only a writer of successful plays, but a frequent contributor of pleasant articles to American periodicals and journals, certain of the latter of which he himself projected, and of which he well sustained the direction. So that we need take no farther trouble to introduce Mr. BROUGHAM, '*per se*,' to our readers, but proceed to say a few words touching the volume before us. One thing, at least, might be predicated of the book, in spite of its title: it is not as 'dry as a chip,' although there is a 'basket' of them. '*Some Passages in the Life of a Dog*,' which opens the book, deserves the place of honor which it occupies. Its close is singularly pathetic. There are several burlesques and travesties, for which the writer has evidently a *penchant*, and in the execution of which he shows undeniable skill. The rendering of the opera of '*La Fille du Regiment*,' and the popular play of '*Pauline*' are as faithful to the originals as they are amusing. It was our purpose to have given a 'ballad' or two, with specimens from 'Evenings at our Club,' 'Night-mare,' and 'The BUNSBY PAPERS;' but as we cannot do it, in the crowded state of our pages, we have only to ask for these papers, and the others which make up the contents of the book, the favorable regard of our readers. It is well printed, and contains two or three clever illustrations.

A VOICE TO AMERICA: OR, THE MODEL REPUBLIC: Its Glory and its Fall. With a Review of the Causes of the Decline and Failure of the Republics of South-America, Mexico, and of the Old World, applied to the present Crisis in the United States. In one volume: pp. 404. New-York: EDWARD WALKER, 114 Fulton-street.

THIS '*Voice to America*,' the publisher assures us in his preface, is not the product of any clique: it enforces the opinions of no one party: it has not been prepared under the auspices, nor has it received the sanction, of any set of men organized for political purposes. The subjects treated of concern not only the statesman and politician, but every American citizen, however humble or exalted—whether native or naturalized. They extend over a vast range of valuable facts and historical illustrations, pertaining to the rights and immunities of citizens under a republican government.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PHOENIXIANA: OR, SKETCHES AND BURLESQUES BY 'JOHN PHOENIX.'—A rare and most amusing volume is in the press of MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY, awaiting early publication, entitled '*Phoenixiana: or, Sketches and Burlesques by John Phoenix.*' 'In the name of the PROPHEET—Figs!' is his motto; but it is too modest by half, if intended to indicate the character of the contents of his volume, which we have had the pleasure to examine in manuscript. A more complete master of that species of wholesome satire which is best conveyed by a dexterous use of the broad burlesque, we have very seldom, if ever, encountered. But it is not alone with his *pen* that this is done. The numerous illustrations, from his own pencil, are master-pieces of art in their kind. In correctness of drawing, naturalness of accessories, and exquisite humor of expression, we know of nothing out of PUNCH better calculated to excite mingled admiration and cachinnation. We proceed to give a few specimens from the 'copy' now in the hands of the printers. The following is an extract from the brief preface:

'THE author does not flatter himself that he has made any very great addition to the literature of the age by this performance: but if his book turns out to be a very indifferent one, he will be consoled by the reflection that it is by no means the first, and probably will not be the last of that kind, that has been given to the public. Meanwhile, this is, by the blessing of DIVINE PROVIDENCE, and through the exertions of the immortal WASHINGTON, a free country, and no man can be compelled to read any thing against his inclination. With unbounded respect for every body,' etc.

The annexed is taken from an account of '*Phoenix's Visit to the City of Benicia*,' at which flourishing metropolis he arrived late at night, and before morning had nearly expired from the ravages of 'countless hordes of mosquitoes.'

'But every thing must have an end, circles and California gold excepted, and day at last broke over Benicia. Magnificent place! I gazed upon it from the attic window of the Solano Hotel, with feelings too deep for utterance. The sun was rising in its majesty, gilding the red-wood shingles of the United States' store-houses in the distance. Three majestic hulks were riding at anchor in the bay; clothes-lines

with their burdens were flapping in the morning breeze; a man with a wheel-barrow was coming down the street. Every thing, in short, spoke of the life, activity, business and bustle of a great city. But in the midst of the excitement of this scene, an odoriferous smell of beef-steak came like a holy calm across my olfactories, and hastily drawing in my *cabasa*, I descended to breakfast. This operation concluded, I took a stroll in company with the oldest inhabitant, from whom I obtained much valuable information, (which I hasten to present,) and who cheerfully volunteered to accompany me as a *guide to the lions of the city*. There are no less than forty-two wooden houses, and many of them two stories in height, in this great place, and nearly twelve hundred inhabitants, men, women, and children. There are six grocery, provision, dry-goods, auction, commission, and where-you-can-get-almost-any-little-thing-you-want stores; one hotel, one school-house, *which is also a brevet-church*, three billiard-tables, a post-office, from which I actually saw a man get a letter, and a ten-pin alley, where I am told a person once rolled a whole game, paid one dollar and fifty cents for it, and walked off chuckling. Then there is a mountebank, a common council, and a mayor, whom my guide told me was called '*Carni*,' from a singular habit he has of eating roast-beef for dinner. But there is not a tree in all Benicia. '*There was one*,' said the guide, '*last year, only four miles from here, but they chopped it down for fire-wood for the 'post.*' Alas! why did n't the woodman spare that tree? The dwelling of one individual pleased me indescribably. He had painted it a vivid green. Imaginative being! He had evidently tried to fancy it a tree, and in the enjoyment of this sweet illusion, had reclined beneath its grateful shade, secure from the rays of the burning sun, and in the full enjoyment of rural felicity, even among the crowded streets of this great meropolis.'

The foregoing will remind the reader of the burlesque description given by the lamented ROBERT C. SANDS, of a '*Geological Visit to Hoboken*,' which he once made in a horse-boat, before the days of steam. The sub-joined satire upon a rich vulgarian, who had '*made his pile*' in California, and was '*going in for science*,' is not without its exemplar nor its moral. It is '*Mr. B. S. BAGS*' who is speaking, before the '*California Antiquarian Society*:'

'He had not the advantages of an early education; not much he had n't; but he read a good deal, and liked it; and he dare say now, that if the truth had been found out, he know'd a great deal more than some other flosifers at the East. He wanted to see science go on in California. He had a considerable interest in the place, and expected to spend his days thar. He was now fifty-three year old: he come out here twenty-three year ago as stoward of a whale-ship, and he run away and turned doctor. (*Laughter. Cries of 'Hush! hush!'*) But he married a Californy widder, with a large ranch, and he had, when the gold mines broke out, made his pile. He had over three hundred thousand dollars, and he did not care who know'd it. He meant to devote the interest of the same to learning science. (*Uproarious applause. Cries of 'Go it! 'That's the pint!'* and '*Carrambas!*') He had three daughters, and he meant each on 'em should be a scientific man. (*Loud applause.*) One of 'em wore green specs now. (*Immense applause, accompanied by a cry of 'Hee-ah!'* from a person in a white hat and blue blanket coat, who, having evidently mistaken his place, was requested to leave at once by the chair, but did not do it.) Order being restored, Mr. BAGS went on to say that he had money enough, and had given up trading stock, and begun to study science

for itself. He had bought a 'mahomedon,' and could tell how hot it was at any time: he had examined the 'ah-teasin'-well in the square, and knew something about hydrocronics from a contemplation of scientific structures. By reading the papers daily, particularly the '*Alta Californian*,' he found all sorts of new matters, which he supposed give him considerable idea of 'New Mattix:' but above all having seen in the papers from the States an account of the 'BOSILIST Pendulum,' and its application to the Bunker-hill Monument, by which it showed how the earth turned round from east to west, he had ever since, for three hours each day, watched the flag-staff on the Plaza, and he could assure the meeting that when the flag was trailed, it always flow out to the west, and when it was h'isted, the rope always bent out to the east. (*Hear, hear.*) Gentlemen might say it was the wind that did it, but what made the wind? If any gentleman here had ever rid out to the Mission on a calm day, (*'Hear' from a savant who kept a livery-stable in Kearney-street.*) he must have felt a breeze blowing in his face. Well, he made that wind, he did, a-going; and it was the earth that made the wind, by turning around in just the same way. (*Deep impression produced: low remarks: 'We must examine this: 'Bags is a trump,' etc.*

'Mr. BAGS concluded that he had took up a great deal of time, but he hoped a society would be formed, and he would give his share toward it—(*applause*)—and more too. (*Loud applause.*) He hoped he would be able to do more. He was now reading a paper in '*Silliman's Journal*' on the 'Horizontal Paralysis,' with its effects on the 'Cellular System,' and he hoped to get some ideas out of it which he would adapt to California: and if he should, the society should have the benefit of it. Mr. BAGGS here sat down, amid prolonged and continuous cheers.'

We must now approach Mr. PHOENIX as a journalist. He is acting as the *locum-tenens* of the proprietor and editor of the '*San-Diego Herald*,' Hon. Judge J. JUNSON AMES, who is compelled to be absent in his official capacity. On taking his temporary seat in the chair editorial, and in the first number of the paper under his management, he says:

'It will be perceived that I have not availed myself of the editorial privilege of using the plural noun in speaking of myself. This is simply because I consider it a ridiculous affectation. I am a 'lone, lorn man,' unmarried, (the LORD be praised for His infinite mercy!) and though blessed with a consuming appetite, which causes the keepers of the house where I board to tremble, I do not think I have a tape-worm: therefore I have no claim to call myself 'WE:' and I shall by no means fall into that editorial absurdity.'

But it seems, from the following, that he *did* use the editorial plural noun, and in the conduct of the journal under his charge so compromised 'the JUDGE' as a politician and a consistent editor, that rumors became rife that when the latter returned to his post, there would be trouble. They were not without foundation, as witness the following:

'PUBLIC anxiety had been excited to the highest pitch to witness the result of the meeting between us. It had been stated publicly that 'the JUDGE' would whip us the moment he arrived: but although we thought a conflict probable, we had never been very sanguine as to its terminating in this manner.

'Coolly we gazed from the window of the office upon the New-Town road. We descried a cloud of dust in the distance: high above it waved a whip-lash: and we said: 'The JUDGE' cometh, and his speed is like unto that of JEHU the son of NIMSHI, for he driveth furiously!'

'Calmly we seated ourselves in our arm-chair, and continued our labors upon our magnificent 'Pictorial.' Anon a step — a *heavy* step — was heard upon the stair, and 'the JUDGE' stood before us:

'In shape and gesture proudly eminent, stood like a tower: . . . but his face deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and caro sat on his faded cheek: but under brows of dauntless courage and considerate pride, waiting revenge!'

'We rose, and with an unfaltering voice, said: 'Well, 'JUDGE' how do you do?' He made no reply, but commenced taking off his coat.

'We removed ours: also our cravat.

'The sixth and last round is described by the press-man and compositors as having been fearfully scientific. We held 'the JUDGE' down over the press by our nose, which we had inserted between his teeth for that purpose, and while our hair was employed in holding one of his hands, we held the other in our left, and with the 'sheep's-foot' brandished above our head, shouted to him: 'Say 'WALDO!'

'Never!' he gasped.

'Oh my! BIGLER!' he would have muttered,
But that he 'dried up' ere the word was uttered.'

'At this moment we discovered that we had been laboring under a 'misunderstanding,' and through the amicable intervention of the press-man, who thrust a roller between our faces, (which gave the whole affair a very different complexion,) the 'matter' was finally settled on the most friendly terms, 'without prejudice to the honor of either party.'

'We write this while sitting without any outer clothing except our left stocking, and the rim of our hat encircling our neck like a 'ruff' of the ELIZABETHAN era; that article of dress having been knocked over our head at an early stage of the proceedings, and the crown subsequently torn off: while 'the JUDGE' is sopping his eye with cold water in the next room, a small boy standing beside the sufferer with a basin, and glancing with interest over the advertisements in the second page of the 'form,' a fair copy of which was struck off upon the back of his shirt, at the time we held him over the press.'

Mr. PHOENIX evidently 'had the worst of it' in this engagement, although but for his allusion to the '*misunderstanding*,' of which he finally became aware, the inference would be that 'the JUDGE' must have had a precious time of it! But once to see the personal *status* of the latter would put *that* matter at rest. In his valedictory, the ex-editor says:

'DURING the period in which I have had control over the *Herald*, I have endeavored to do my best to amuse and interest its readers. If I have given offence to any persons, by the tone of my remarks, I assure them that it has been quite unintentional; and to prove that I bear no malice, I hereby accept their apologies. Certainly no one can complain of a lack of versatility in the last six numbers. Commencing as an Independent Journal, I have gradually passed through all the stages of incipient Whiggery, decided Conservatism, dignified Recantation, budding Democracy, and rampant Radicalism, and I now close the series with an entirely literary number.'

And that 'literary number' was the following '*Illustrated San-Diego Herald*,' a most telling satire upon the first species of 'illustrated' sheets which were 'got out,' made up of old English wood-cuts, of all kinds and

descriptions, the text adjoining which was often crowded with the most ridiculous blunders. We have seldom met with any thing so broadly burlesque and utterly laughable:

Phoenix's Pictorial,

AND SECOND STORY FRONT ROOM COMPANION.



JOHN PHOENIX, San-Diego, Oct 1, 1853. Vol. 1 No. 1.



PORTRAIT of His Royal Highness Prince ALBERT. Prince ALBERT, the son of a gentleman named COBURG, is the husband of Queen VICTORIA of England, and the father of many of her children. He is the inventor of the celebrated 'ALBERT hat,' which has been lately introduced with great effect in the U. S. Army. The Prince is of German extraction, his father being a Dutchman and his mother a Duchess.



MANSION of JOHN PHOENIX, Esq., San-Diego, California.



HOUSE in which SHAKESPEARE was born, in Stratford-on-Avon.



ABBOTSFORD, the residence of Sir WALTER SCOTT, author of Byron's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' etc.



THE Capitol at Washington.



RESIDENCE of Governor BIGLER, at Benicia, California.

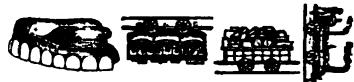


BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE, (see remarks, pp. 96.)

[PAGE 96.]

THE Battle of Lake Erie, of which our Artist presents a spirited engraving, copied from the original painting, by HANNIBAL CARRACCI, in the possession of J. P. HAVEN,

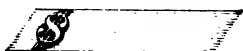
Esq., was fought in 1836, on Chesapeake Bay, between the U. S. frigates Constitution and Guerriere, and the British troops under General PUTNAM. Our glorious flag, there as everywhere, was victorious, and 'Long may it wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the slave.'



FEARFUL Accident on the Camden and Amboy Rail-Road! Terrible Loss of Life!!



VIEW of the City of San-Diego, by Sir BENJAMIN WEST.



BANK Account of J. PHOENIX, Esq., at ADAMS AND COMPANY, Bankers, San-Francisco, California.



VIEW of the Gas-Works at the San-Diego Herald Office.



STEAMER Goliath.



VIEW of a California Ranch. — LAND-SEEN.



SHELL of an Oyster once eaten by General WASHINGTON, showing the General's manner of opening oysters.

There! This is but a specimen of what we can do, if liberally sustained. We wait with anxiety to hear the verdict of the public, before proceeding to any farther and greater outlays.

Subscription, \$5 per annum, payable invariably in advance.

Twenty copies furnished for one year, for fifty cents. Address JOHN PHOENIX, Office of the San-Diego Herald.

From the '*Popular Lectures on Astronomy*,' specimens of which we have heretofore quoted in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, we take the following characteristic 'bits':

'It is a curious and interesting fact, much dwelt on in popular treatises on Astronomy, that were a cannon-ball fired from the Earth to SATURN, it would be one hundred and eighty years in getting there. The only useful deduction that we are able to make from this fact, however, is, that the inhabitants of SATURN, if warned of their danger by the sight of the flash, or the sound of the explosion, would have ample opportunity, in the course of the one hundred and eighty years, to *dodge the shot!*'

'PERSEUS, near ANDROMEDA, holds in his hand the head of MEDUSA, a glance from whose eyes turned the gazer into stone, which accounts for the origin of the STONES, a numerous and highly-respected family in the United States. If we prolong the handle of the dipper some twenty-five degrees, we observe a brilliant star of the first magnitude, of a ruddy appearance, called ARCTURUS, which many years since a person named JOB was asked if he could guide, and he acknowledged he couldn't do it. The star is in the knee of the Boötes, (which is pronounced 'Bootees,' as he was the inventor and first wearer of those articles,) who, with two gray-hounds, ASTERION and CHARA, is apparently driving the BEAR for ever round the Pole.'

A sharp piece of criticism on POE; the story of the man who married a Georgia widow; and a brace of sly paragraphs from a fragmentary column of his paper, must close our extracts:

'It is amusing to observe the shifts a maker of poetry will resort to when compelled to make use of an irrelevant subject to eke out his rhyme, to convince himself and his readers that the *faux pas* was quite intentional, the result of study, and should be admired rather than criticised. In a poem called '*Al Aaraaf*,' by EDGAR A. POE, who, when living, thought himself in all seriousness the only living original poet, and that all other manufacturers of poetry were mere copyists, continually infringing on his patent, occurs the following passage, in which may be found a singular instance of the kind alluded to:

"LIGEIA! LIGEIA!
My beautiful one!
Whose harshest idea
Will to melody run,
Oh! is it thy will
On the breezes to toss;
Or, capriciously still,
Like the lone albatross,
Incumbent on night,
As she on the air,
To keep watch with delight
On the harmony there?"

Observe this note: 'The albatross is said to sleep on the wing.' *Who* said so, I should like to know? BUFFON did n't mention it, neither does AUDUBON. COLERIDGE, who made the habits of that rare bird a study, never found it out; and the undersigned, who has gazed on many an albatross, and had much discourse with ancient mariners concerning them, never suspected the circumstance, or heard it elsewhere remarked upon.

'I am inclined to believe that it never occurred to Mr. POE, until having become embarrassed by that unfortunate word 'toss,' he was obliged to bring in either a 'hoss' or an albatross; and preferring the bird as the more poetical, invented the extraordinary fact, to explain his appearance.'

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet;
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings;
In a moment we shall meet;
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

VII.

'Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head;
My own dove, with the tender eye?
But there rings on a sudden a passion-
ate cry —
There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is rolled;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake, my dream is fled;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed,
That abiding phantom cold.

VIII.

'Get thee hence, nor come again,
Mix not memory with doubt;
Pass, thou death-like type of pain,
Pass, and cease to move about;
'Tis the blot upon the brain,
That will show itself without.

IX.

'Then I rise, the eave-drops fall,
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes, a dull red ball,
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke,
On the misty river-tide.

X.

'Through the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame;
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Through all that crowd, confused and
loud,
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

XI.

'Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering through the laurels
At the quiet even-fall,
In the garden, by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall.

XII.

'Would the happy spirit descend
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to greet my friend,
Or to say, 'Forgive the wrong';
Or to ask her, 'Take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest?'

XIII.

'But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets,
And will not let me be;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me:
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee.'

THE TRIUMPH OF BIG WORDS AND VIRTUE. — '*Virtue will Triumph*,' is the title of an 'oration' delivered by W. L. SYMONS, Esq., of the '*Cyrillogian Society*' of the village of Mount-Vernon, Ohio, on the occasion of a contest between the '*Excelsior*' and the '*Cyrillogian*' Society aforesaid, both of that place. We give the opening passage which, as a model of perspicuity and simplicity of language we have rarely seen approached, much less equalled. 'Mark, learn, and inwardly digest' the following. It is presented *verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatim*:

'In observing the pending crisis of the world, and searching for a theme appropriate to the present occasion, that most expressive one presents itself — '*Virtue will Triumph*!' This has ever been dwelt upon as a theme of peculiar interest. Orators have exhausted their spacious fund of rolling genius in delineating the incomprehensible vicissitudes of Virtue! Wise and prudent philosophers, with tacit interrogations, have levied upon it the profoundest powers of the mind; while the world, in anxious numbers, attracted by inherent curiosity, turns to it a solicitous eye. Retrospectively wafting our mental visions back upon the stream of time, all along the regular routine of providential jurisdiction we behold the approximate exterminations of morality, the

nefariously diabolical javelins of SATANIC influence maliciously hurled upon the zealous vindicators of truth, the procrustinating comperendinations and the congealing coagulations of the limpid stream of eternal life, the somniferous lethargy and stupefaction of the most inveterate defenders of justice, the thundering volcanoes of sin, exhaling the stygian smoke and dark malaria of their subterranean cavities, projecting the fiery meteors of destruction high into the moral atmosphere, while the obstinate streams of melted lava vehemently dash, with furious precipitation, down the rugged precipice, effeminating, breaking down, and overwhelming the verdant forests which over-spread the volcanic slopes, irremediably bearing every vestige of moral goodness from their respective situations, sweeping them down and suffocating them beneath the heterogeneous aggregations of concupiscence and immorality below! This, ladies and gentlemen, is an epitomized panorama of the epicurean performances at which philanthropists, patriots, and Christians have reluctantly gazed for many of the last anterior centuries of the world; and earth's most fiery hells have been terrifically uncapped, and the pestilential stream has rolled down happyfying Edens, propagating infernal dragons, naked devils, and hot damnation, until philanthropists have interred their beneficent motives of universal toleration, and themselves have sunken down into universal gloom; amorous patriots have been disturbed, lest their voluntary immolations should not be responded, while Christians, with hearts bent heavenward, with anxious solicitations have watched the approaching gloom. But this chronological routine of affairs in the moral world is soon to be revolutionized, and '*Virtue will Triumph.*'

There is more, much more, of the same sort; and if we have a reader who desires another specimen of SYMONSIAN 'rolling genius,' it shall be forthcoming. But won't this do '*for now?*'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — A correspondent in the 'Crescent City,' from whom we are always most happy to hear, sends us the following capital 'dish' for our 'Table.' He says it 'was written with mosquitoos twenty-three to the square inch, and very ravenous,' buzzing about his ears. If these 'bothersome botherers' caused him to write so nervously, we can only hope that they will not 'disappear with the first frost.' But hearken to '*The Coroner's Inquest, and what was Found in the Coffin:*'

'In a certain village in the western district of Tennessee, lived Lawyer BAIN, a man of good education, and more than ordinary intelligence, but so utterly devoid of energy and spirit, that he had never been known, by the most observant of his fellow-townsmen, to have done one useful act, nor even to have entertained a single idea that required the labor of thought, much less the action necessary to bring it to a practical result. PROVIDENCE, in compensation for his misfortune — hopeless, helpless laziness — had bestowed upon him an active, thrifty wife, and a large family of healthy boys. Well do I remember the sun-burnt rogues, from Bob, the eldest, down to the round, bald-headed, dumpling baby, that lay patiently on a blanket, and looked you gravely and steadily in the eye, without once blinking or turning aside: no matter how long you looked, his well-opened, round, blue eye was upon you in all the simple nobility of baby-hood, exempt from shade of fear, or shame, or guile.

'Early and hard was the toil of the elder boys; but with their good mother's help, bread and meat, house and fire were some how or other got together; and each younger 'bud,' as it appeared on the family-tree, was affectionately welcomed and tenderly nursed by those rude and hardy boys. On a holiday, little JASON, the youngest but one, might be seen drawn on a little wagon of their own manufacture, surrounded by his brothers, marching off in triumph to the green-wood, there to spend the bright day among flowers and birds and squirrels, with none to look superciliously at bare feet or bare heads, or 'looped and windowed raggedness;' while the dog BOB scampered away in long excursions, ever and anon returning to see how the baby got on, and to lick its dirty face in affectionate joy, as he found it 'all right.'

'As the said dog 'Bon' occupies an important position in this story, I will describe him at once. The boys called him a 'Russian terrier.' Whether the empire of Russia produces a race of terriers, or whether the words should not be *rushing terrier*, on account of the impetuous character of the animal himself, I am unable to say. 'Bon' was a medium-sized, reddish-brown dog, with rough hair, a black muzzle, and nothing remarkable about him. But when the first frosts of autumn had dyed the sumach with crimson, and converted the bright green of the young hickory to a golden yellow, and turned the sour persimmon to a ball of luscious sweetness; when the night came early, after a short day of smoky sun-shine, and the young moon peeped awhile from behind the dark western forest, and then modestly retired, veiling herself in silver fog as she went, then came hunting-time; and then BOB RAIN and RAIN's 'Bon' were in especial request. We might possibly have got on without the biped Bob, but the dog 'Bon' was indispensable. At night, we boys assembled, with a stout negro or two, who were as anxious for the sport as ourselves, attended by a choice collection of nondescript curs, to hunt the 'possum and 'coon; but in the dog 'Bon' was our main reliance, whether to find or follow the trail, or to do the fighting when the 'coon was brought to bay. Gayly we trudged off to the dark wood, far into the depths of the river-swamp: at first all talking together, laughing and joking, until the darkness and silence of the forest came upon us like a great mystery, and hushed us into awe.

'And then we halted under some mighty sycamore, and sat down on a fallen log, and listened until listening became a pain in that soundless vacuity, and peered intently among thick shadows and strange shapes, till imagination gave them form, and giants and dragons, bears and panthers, elephants and castles, dragons and genii, boa-constrictors and crocodiles, or whatever else fancy suggested, appeared among the fallen trunks, thick-hanging creepers, and tortuous vines of the luxuriant forest.

'And then when some youngster would attempt to dissipate the icy horrors he felt creeping upon him, up his back and through his hair, chilling and ridging as they came; when he whistled or spoke, to keep his courage up, he was promptly 'snubbed' by old 'Uncle Bex,' who said 'Hush!' in a deep, prolonged tone; and then forgetting his own caution, 'not to disturb the dogs or scare the varmint by talking,' he would go on to tell us of ghosts and 'sperits,' 'bloody Injuns' and headless horses, until our young blood fairly curdled in our veins — what a relief it was when 'Bon's bark was heard: a bark, a whine, a yell — and away went the whole pack! Up we jump, with a perfect war-whoop, and away in hot pursuit: through and over roots and logs, vines and creepers, into holes and out of them; what mattered a few bruises or scratches, so that we kept within hearing?

'An old 'coon in the West is as proverbial for cunning as a fox is elsewhere, and quite as well deserves the character. We will not follow him through all his windings, his climbings up trees, and swinging off on vines; his returns on the 'back-track,' and his deviations into the water and out again, by branches which he can reach without placing his tell-tale foot on the shore. 'Bon' was educated in every part of this business, and was certain to see Mr. 'COON home, and to indicate his presence by a peculiar bark, which drew round him the rest of the hunters, human and canine.

'Then when our torches were lighted, and the wood illuminated, and the tree was cut, and began to crack and bow its lofty head, and the less sagacious curs prepared themselves to spring among the breaking branches of the top, as it came whistling, crashing, thundering to the ground, 'Bon' stood quietly at the butt, confident that if the 'coon was a stout old fellow, one worth having a tussle with, he would almost certainly meet him on the way down; and then 'Bon's spring and his grip were inexorable as fate: torn and bitten he might be, and often was, and that severely, but such an event as the 'coon's getting away is not recorded in 'Bon's history. In fact, his combative propensities were seldom satisfied by the mere death of the 'coon: he generally in addition took it upon himself to 'pitch in,' and chastise the nearest unlucky cur he could find; and if that gratification were denied him, it was at the risk of his biting some of the hunters. And if, as sometimes happened, the 'coon remained in the top 'ill the tree fell, and then escaped the other dogs in the scramble that ensued, 'Bon'

would attack the pack promiscuously, and a 'general muss' prevailed, until he had half-strangled some of the dogs, or was well-nigh choked to death himself — it mattered not which — when he would condescend to good-humor again, give himself a rousing shake, and return to his hunting.

'But time and tide wait for no man, and with the dog Time's dealings are still more summary than with his master. 'Bon' grew old and feeble. Death found him, one freezing night, on a ragged sheep-skin by the fire-side, where he had been nursed for weeks, and now was mourned by the whole RAIN family.

'I was informed of the sad event the next morning, and requested to furnish the coffin, which I readily did, by sending a pine-box, which had contained boots in my brother's store.

'The little wagon was put in requisition, the same that was formerly appropriated to carrying little JASON, but now the property, by right of descent, through two successions, to young NAPOLEON, the latest white-headed addition to the line of RAIN. Into the wagon was put 'Bon's coffin, and trundled off to the woods. Under a spreading walnut was his grave dug, and all due rites performed. The mourning boys turned sadly homeward, in the belief that his remains would rest in peace for evermore. In this belief, Time showed that they were mistaken. Our little town, like all other little towns, had its special busy-body. Mr. HIRAM BIRK was the man: a little, quick, active creature, with a pair of restless eyes, whose every glance was a series of prying, intrusive, impertinent questions. The perfect opposite, and the particular antipathy of Lawyer RAIN, was HIRAM BIRK.

'Now about a week after the burial of the dog 'Bon,' it fell out that HIRAM BIRK's cows should go astray, and that his boy JERRY should go to look for them, and not find them, but come home and report to his master the finding of a new-made grave in the woods! The cows were immediately forgotten by HIRAM BIRK. 'Bless my soul! JERRY — a grave, JERRY? — a new-made grave, JERRY? — a short, new-made grave, JERRY? A murder committed! — a child's grave! — a child murdered! Who could have done it? — whose child could it be? Bless my soul! JERRY, don't mention it to any one: murderer escape; do n't open your mouth about it! Do you hear, boy? Must be investigated! Bless my soul!'

'Very little rest did HIRAM BIRK get that night, and poor Mrs. BIRK, after an ineffectual attempt to learn the cause of his mysterious fidgetyness, went quietly to sleep, knowing that her husband 'had something on his mind,' and fully satisfied that he would never get a moment's peace until he had told her all about it. So good Mrs. BIRK asked no more questions, but, as related, went quietly to sleep — a mode of procedure I venture to recommend to the wives of all fidgety husbands, who 'have something on their minds,' as the most exasperating conduct possible, and the most likely to drive the said husbands to distraction — a punishment richly deserved by all men who 'have something on their minds,' which they do not share with their sweet partners. And if there be any good lady whose laudable spirit of inquiry will not admit of her sleeping under such provocation, let her assume a virtue, if she have it not, and pretend to sleep, and if she will only compromise her angelic nature, by getting up a counterfeit snore, she may rest assured that her husband will either go stark crazy, or, sweet alternative, tell her all about it. Now, I have no certain information that Mr. BIRK did tell Mrs. BIRK all about it, but I am morally sure that when Mr. BIRK rose at day-light next morning, Mrs. BIRK knew all about it. At day-break, Mr. BIRK mounted his horse, and followed by JERRY with a spade, proceeded to the grave. A few feet of earth thrown out, discovered the box, from which emanated a certain scent that satisfied all doubt of the nature of its contents. Mr. BIRK replaced the earth, and rode at once to the residence of 'Squire CARSE, the county-coroner, found the 'Squire at home, and informed him of the awful discovery.

'The 'Squire and Mr. BIRK ate a hasty breakfast and proceeded to town. A jury was summoned and sworn, twelve good men and true. Dr. ROAN and Dr. SLICK, and several younger doctors, were requested to attend, to give their evidence as to the man-

ner of the death of the unknown deceased, and followed by a crowd of boys, idlers, and curious people, the procession marched to the grave. The young RAINS went but a short distance until they learned to what spot this formidable body of dignitaries was bound, when they went off snickering, half-laughing and half-frightened at the possible consequence of the inquisition. But no one paid any attention to their movements, and the party soon arrived at the grave. Those who had brought spades and hoes were about to go to work, when they were peremptorily ordered to hold by Colonel MACRORY, who spoke in a voice of authority, and then drawing a surveyor's compass from under his coat, he proceeded to get the exact bearings of the grave. 'You see, gentlemen of the jury and feller-citizens,' said the Colonel, 'this grave—if it is a grave, and HIRAM BIRK says it is—this grave—admittin' it to be a grave—is mighty nigh north and south. Now, some people mout think it do n't matter—some people think nothin' do n't matter—but them that know better, know that some things *does* matter. Now, I ask you, 'Squire CARSE, and I ask you, Dr. ROAN, and I ask you, DUFF SHUMAKER, I ask you as men of sense and experience, what does this grave argue in regardin' the p'int of the compass?'

'Squire CARSE said he thought the jury ought to make a note of it. Dr. ROAN shook his head gravely, but said nothing.

'DUFF SHUMAKER muttered something about finding a mare's nest, but was told not to make a fool of himself.

'Col. MACRORY proceeded: 'I ask severals of you as men of sense, and as brother Masons, what it argues to find a grave north and south, or mighty nigh to it—why it argues, gentleman of the jury and feller-citizens, that this feller-creeter, if he is a feller-creeter, want buried by the Masons; and if he's been murdered, upon which pint the jury and 'Squire CARSE is to make *thar* verdict; why, it argues, feller-citizens, that this feller-creeter, if he *is* a feller-creeter, haint been murdered if he *has* been murdered, least wise, that is, feller-citizens, if any body's been murdered, it haint been done by the Masons, who allers buries east and west.'

'Every body was impressed with the Colonel's sagacity, and amazed at his foresight in bringing the compass; there was a short pause, the party with the spades a little dubious about recommencing their work, lest some other man of wisdom should draw forth some new scientific instrument, to the confusion of any precipitancy on their part. All eyes were turned on 'Squire CARSE; 'Squire CARSE looked at Dr. ROAN. Dr. ROAN shook his head gravely, and raised his cane to his lip in profound consideration. Dr. SLICK got nervous and wiped the perspiration off his bald forehead; and there being no movement to the contrary, 'Squire CARSE waved his hand to the diggers to commence. The first blow on the lid of the coffin produced a hollow sound, and old JONAS CLOCK, who was using one of the spades, turned pale and resigned his place to TOM BEVIS. The earth was carefully removed, and the box lifted out on top of the pile. All gathered eagerly around. The top was removed, the sheepskin thrown aside, and there lay poor old BOB, with his jaws tied up with a white rag, and his paws decently crossed on his breast after the most approved style of the undertaker.

'The scene that ensued was indescribable—so I'll not attempt it. 'Squire CARSE and Colonel MACRORY got very drunk that evening and so continued for eight days, during which time they made repeated efforts to march to HIRAM BIRK's house, and arrest him for a misdemeanor.

'Lawyer RAIN, when told of the affair, for he had been too lazy to walk out with the party, laughed heartily. This unaccustomed proceeding brought on an immediate attack of the spleen, from which he never recovered.

'HIRAM BIRK sold out all his possessions as fast as possible, and went to Arkansas, where he has lately discovered a gold mine, which, when properly worked, is expected to yield him an immense fortune.

'And the RAIN boys are now all grown, sturdy, independent men. JASON is practising law in Texas, and is the most prominent man in that part of the country, and likely to represent his district in next Congress.'

Capital! — send us 'more such.' - - - THE daily journals, with their extensive corps of accomplished reporters — themselves, with rare exceptions, men of education, and 'up' to any emergency, political or literary — have anticipated the poor weekly, and even less fortunate monthly 'organs,' in spreading before the public, in amplest detail, the proceedings of the late '*Complimentary Fruit-Festival of the New-York Book-Publishers' Association to Authors and Book-Sellers,*' at the Crystal Palace, on the twenty-seventh of September last. It may therefore suffice for us to repeat, that most of the prominent American authors and writers, whether of prose or verse — male and female — were assembled together on that brilliant occasion; that *seven hundred* guests were seated at once at the different 'illuminated' tables; that there were pointed toasts, spicy letters, 'telling' speeches; that the effect of all these, under the beautiful tracery of the lofty arches, galleries, and dome of the Great Crystal Palace, was exciting and inspiring, to the last degree; *but* of all this, we have already been duly, amply, *abundantly* informed by the daily press. The opening remarks by WILLIAM H. APPLETON, Esq., explaining the objects of the Association, and the purpose of the Festival, were sententious and in excellent taste. Mr. PUTNAM introduced the regular toasts of the evening with a statistical sketch, which may be commended for the great amount of bibliographical information which it conveys in a marvellously-condensed form. To the second toast, '*American Literature,*' Mr. BRYANT responded in a manner which showed that good writers are not always inferior speakers. His running history of American literature, and comments upon the same, elicited the warmest applause. Rev. Dr. OSGOOD, spoke with his accustomed elegance and force upon the 'Fine Arts;' and Judge DUER made a most capital response to the toast, to '*The Bench and the Bar.*' But 'brief must we be.' JAMES T. FIELDS recited in an excellent manner, some felicitous verses, which 'held a delighted audience for about five minutes, and were rapturously applauded.' The '*Blind Preacher*' made a very admirable speech; so did Mr. CHAPIN, (and the most brilliant of the evening, 'out and out,') from which we take the annexed eloquent passage. We wish it were possible to transfer to the printed page the expression and vigor which characterized its delivery. Mr. CHAPIN responded to the toast to '*The Power of the Printing-Press:*'

'But even as the concentrated force of public opinion, or the expression of live thought, it is an incalculable power. From its own lips thousands take truth or error. It lines the humblest cottages with its cheap libraries. They will as soon go without their breakfast as without the daily paper; and so wide is its scope and so rapid its movement that people half-way up to Albany will read a report of this meeting before we are half out of bed. And if it engenders evil, it is the only vehicle through which the remedy can be poured into the world. And then, Sir, just consider its power as a money-interest. We are hardly aware, many of us, of the amount of capital which is employed; of the amount of wealth imbedded in stereotype and electrotype plates alone, crowded in the vaults of great publishers as a merchant crowds the hold of his ship.

'Why, Sir, in this very city there is finest treasure, treasure under ground; not diamonds, not ingots, but treasure worth far more than any said to have been hidden by Captain Kidd. Genii, imprisoned in little boxes, that at the beck of the publishers start out with a power more potent than that of the spirit described in the '*Arabian Tales.*' Surely, then, the press does indeed constitute the 'fourth estate;' and if it were not, as I have observed, so democratic, I should say that to it belongs one of the great diadems of the world.

'And thus, Mr. President, the third phase of the printing-press, in the age of steam and electricity, assumes the most momentous interest. For no body can study this wonderful instrument without discovering that mainly, that on the whole, it is an agent of great and beneficent uses.

'I shall not enter, now, into any abstract argument to prove that this is the case, by showing that freedom and intelligence, virtue and religion are linked indissolubly together; and that old MUROW

was right in what he said about truth being left free to combat with error. But, *a priori*, I should believe that the printing-press, in the age of steam and electricity, must be the agent of the highest uses — the best ends, because, Sir, I believe that there is no great action of the natural or social world, *permitted* by PROVIDENCE, without these ends. There was truth in the old conceit that the stars are mated with human destiny, and that distant planets reflect aspects of this earth. There is truth in the conception that every great movement of being and of power involves the purpose of God in regard to humanity.

'Do you think all these splendid vehicles of communication were matters of pleasure and profit of commerce and the custom-house? I see a Providential purpose *laying on these rail-roads and telegraphs to do its work, and far out on lonely seas it hangs its signal-lanterns on the bows of your steam-ships.* And almost the first thought — the comprehensive and most glorious thought — which the printing-press awakens in your mind and my mind and in the mind of every man, is that of great and beneficent uses. All its appurtenances are quickly translated into this meaning. Human measures are defeated, methods fail, but God's own purposes never; and the processes of His eternal righteousness and truth run in the iron grooves of the printing-press.

'And so, Mr. President, it is the moral interest of the great power that is represented here tonight, that lends to the occasion its most suggestive aspect. It is the fact that the power wielded by this Publishers' Association is so much power working, on the whole, against the wrong and the falsehood that are in the world. I look upon these great printing-offices and factories of books as so many moral encampments, and upon these ranks of working men and working women as indeed a vast army arrayed against huge Redans and Malakoffs of evil. Gentlemen of the New-York Publishers' Association, I thank you for those munitions of war, those embattled hosts and yonder glittering signals of success. Women, bending over your work, toll on, for its leads to a result well worthy the spirit and the true mission of woman. And you, my brethren, with rolled-up sleeves, remember it is a moral war, a final conflict in which you are engaged. *The rumble of the power-press is better than the rattle of artillery. The click of composing-sticks is more inspiring than the clank of armor, and every type, more sure than a bullet, and shooting noiseless as the summer air, shall hit the mark, though it be a thousand years ahead.* Advance, battalions! for with every forward step the old wrong and falsehood of the world grows weaker, and is made ready to pass away.'

MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER followed in some remarks which would have been heard with more interest, as he himself intimated, if so eloquent an orator as MR. CHAPIN had not preceded him. And thus terminated, entirely successfully, a Festival which will long be remembered by all who were so fortunate as to be present. - - - Is it our friend of the '*Bunkum Flagstaff*' who sends us the following from Silver Lake, the locality of the 'Grate Sarpent?' The letter was evidently penned in much haste, and under a good deal of excitement, and the initials are so blotted that we can only decipher what seems like 'WAGS . . .', in very straggling characters, at the end. The internal evidence of its authenticity is much stronger: 'JOZ GILMAN has just brought over startling news from Snaiktown. It has been seen *again*! Yes — the wreptyle is thair. They are expectink to maik a forchin to-oncet. The Snaik will be kort and egzibited all over the ked'ntry at 25 sents. A stork-kompany has ben form'd, to spekilate into the grate Monster of the Depe — also onto the chansen of ketching the same. The shares are all taken, but the Snaik aint. The monney is all paid in, but the old whaler's line is n't all payed out yet. The objek was saw yisterdy onto the bottom of the Laik, with a mairmaid on his back, a-comink of her hair, and the stork-holders' hartz beat hi — also the shares sell higher. The comepany hev bilt a high observatory, and highered watchmen to 'observe the 'Snaik of Snaiks,' and 'keap their eye onto him when seen.' The watchmen stand onto the top of the observatory, being selected from among their fellow-citizens for their superior hite; and the aforesaid being bilt at least fifty feet hi: and the above are paid a high salary, which elevated position nables them to gain a unobstructed view of the broad expans of water, and make affidavys of seeing the Snaik, which doubbles the value of the stork: it is a capital stork. Haz been seen every day twicet, and on 'one occashun only,' 3 times. On transfer-days it will be vizzible during bizness-hours, (by

order of the Board.) The observatory is furnished with quizzing-glasses and a telluscope. It is thought that the observatory is sufficiently conspicuous to attract the notice of the Snake. And such people, as is too poor to buy shares, say if he does twig the preparations made to catch him, he will die of laughing, and his skin stuffed immediately! There will be a '*Consolidated United States Snake Company*' before long! - - - We know of no present publishers to whom we feel more gratefully indebted for true intellectual enjoyment than to Messrs. LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY, of Boston, for the successive issues of their convenient and beautifully-executed '*New Edition of the English Poets*,' which is also published in New-York by Mr. JAMES S. DICKERSON, Broadway. It seems but yesterday since we received, in five volumes, all the quaint writings of the 'golden-hearted EDMUND SPENSER,' with a noble portrait, and now there lie before us, in three volumes, the complete poetical works of PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. From the briefer poems of the latter we cannot resist the inclination to transfer for perpetual preservation in these pages, the most touching '*Lines written in Dejection near Naples*.' They are not new, it is true, but how surpassingly pathetic are the lines we have ventured to italicise:

'The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:
The breath of the moist air is light,
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

'I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

'Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned —
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround;
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

'Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and still must bear,
Till death-like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

'Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan ;
 They might lament ; for I am one
 Whom men love not, and yet regret,
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.'

We may well say, with a contemporary : 'It is almost incredible that such a treasure as this edition of the English poets can be purchased at the low rate fixed by the publishers. The typography is beautiful, the paper exceedingly good for the price, the engravings admirable, and each poet is represented in the fulness of his writings. All that Time has done to perfect a knowledge of their labors will find itself recorded in this edition, which is in every respect fully equal to the London one.' - - - Don't we 'get it' from 'Meister KARL' for a mistake which we made in one of the 'Literary Notices' in our last number? Read, and answer, and commiserate : 'What do you mean by saying of a 'characteristic specimen' of mine, in your October Number, etc., 'that it *ought* to have been sent for a first appearance to us?' *Ought!* ha-a-ay? OUGHT!! Gotteshimmeldonnerwettersturmsackerlotsptzhagelkreuzelement-blitzsaczamentunddonnerunddorianochienmal! — 'OUGHT!!' Turn your eyes to the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine for November, 1849, you deluded sinner : find page four hundred twenty-five, you heathen. Have you found it, you Philistine? 'Manes!' *There!* Your Magazine goes from the Californicators of the west, to the Chineymen, round by the way of New-York. Where the wild persimmon dances in the evening breeze ; where the boomerang flits through the twinkey tree ; where the ousquewhap woos in dulcet tones his feathered mate ; 'where Brahma's darkness gathers,' and where the polar bear dances his skuijack to the lorn Samryedan maid, your demd old Magazine is read. And all — all of 'em — boomerang, Chineyman, ousquewhap, Brahma, and skuijack, have all been informed that I wrote one of my better pieces and did n't send it to the KNICKERBOCKER. Sir, that piece was written *for* the KNICKERBOCKER — the first three verses thereof having been composed during sermon, in a church, in the pleasant, pretty, amiable and genial New-England village of Dedham. *Ain't* you ashamed? In the KNICKERBOCKER you have it unemasculated and complete. I require *fourteen* distinct retractions of your assertion. I consider the assertion that *I did* not send that piece to the KNICKERBOCKER as SCAN. MAG. (who was SCAN. MAG., by the way?) and slander.' - - - WHILE in Louisville, in our recent western trip, it was our good fortune to be entertained at an hospitable mansion in the neighborhood of the city, and the turbulent river that runs thereby. The proprietor of the spacious and beautiful estate, Mr. E —, was absent : but 'the honors' were most cordially rendered by his representative, Captain B —, of the United States Army. We shall invade no rites of hospitality by saying, that for richness and variety of 'all manner of fruits' and rare vegetables, we have never seen an estate to equal this. On each side of the main edifice, a little in the rear, are two handsomely-

painted and carpeted dwellings, the 'quarters' of the colored house-servants. We looked in upon the inmates, and found the apartments as 'neat as a pin' in every part, with good beds, covered with gayly-mosaic'd counterpanes, clean and nice to the last degree. At table, for the first time in our life, we were waited upon by a female slave, a young woman apparently of some twenty-five years of age. She could not have been dressed in better taste, nor have behaved with more quiet self-possession, had she been herself the mistress of the splendid mansion. We were agreeably surprised by this specimen or phase of 'serfdom.' - - - Mr. P. PEPPER PODE will accept our thanks. We share his adoration of 'genus' and his admiration of its renowned exemplar, in the person of Mr. K. N. PEPPER, Esq. PODE is right. We were *not* disappointed in the bearing and 'feachures' of 'the Grate Pote.' We should like to know who *could* be :

'L. GAYLOR D. CLARK :

Demosthenes 4 Corners, Oct. 12st, 1855.

'SIR: I congratulate you. PEPPER is with you! You have *seen* him! You have looked upon his face. You have beheld his person — his gate — his feachures. Did I deceive you? I anticipate your answer: 'You did *not* deceive us: on the contrary, 'The half was not told us.'

'Sir. I send you a letter from PEPPER from the city. It speaks for itself. It is not in blank-verse, his favorite stile; but how compleat and repleat it is with poetic feeling! It breaks out stimultuaneously, you will perceive, where he speaks of war and bums. *There* — and there only, have I ventured to draw a line under his lucubration.

'Sir: I have known many writers. MILTON is good. JOHNSON (SAMUEL) wrote good, also. But, did they write like PEPPER? Sir — they did *not*.

'I have no hesitation to remark, and I say it with deference, and without preference, that if I understand myself, and I think I do, I do n't know as I ever know'd a man that know'd as much as what PEPPER knows.

'Sir. I am, yours,

P. PEPPER PODE.

'FREN PODE :

'DEER FELER: Hevin got settled into mi new corters, i imejitly remember mi oald reverens & Aw fur your karicter, wich is simular to WASHINGTONS oanli you aint hed no chans to fite & dewelup your Talens. Youm a particelerli mute HAM DONE & a rayther ingloris MILTON (wich Triboot plesse aksep in remembrans of me.)

'altho we new Yorkers doant thinc nothink ov it, praps a brefo discripshur of this sity wood be interestin & instructive 2 a kedentry feller like you. new York is comprised onto a iland wich is sevrul mild lonk, & rayther lest, brod. the prinsipel rode is Brodway, besydes wich their is as much as 19 or 20 uthers, be the saime moar or lest. You ken git the best Liker hear ov any placot of its sise into the unitedn Statesn. in varis plasis is a liburty Poal, oald with aig. their is a muse-um hear kep bi a mr. barnum, (wich last is a Umbug ov the larg gray kynd,) hear is to be seen the SNAIK wich fit with the ALEGAITER in gottimali. (n. b. The tale is suplide by a god-fish.) the other thinks aint much. there is a Drammy attach to it wich the pirformers complanes ov mr. b. he wans all the moril parts to his-self. he is verry affectin in the cryin parts, & kin imetait a rale dyink cristian so well you thinc hese a-goin rite up, wich is a mistaik. here is oshuns of hansum wimmin, (the 1st into the sity,) to be sene at al ours. they lok helthy, & hev red

chees. they air cuite frenli, 2, & aint $\frac{1}{2}$ as stiff as kedentry girls. this is al i ken thinc ov now. so ile giv you discrispshun ov mi adventures sens i lef your hospital Manshun.

'It was *al rite* onto the bote. dident you notis how the Captins is sparkel wen you introdoos me? So thay did al the way down. he was complainink of soar is wen we got hear. he giv me the 1st chop of everythink, & i dident hev to pay a red sent. i heerd a lady wisper whoos that distingiah furrin lookin individooal, a lenink so grasefully onto his elbo? wen she found out, she coodent help fallin into love imejitly. but as i discuverd as her father was only a oldurman, i verry proper looct coald onto her. (besydes, how cood i forgit HANAH GANE!) wen i was a-comink of ov the bote, the yung lady stood there with her frens, & sed, here comes the red-hared foo-foo agin! wich was verry kynd ov her, as i am alus anxious to be noan. from the '*red hare*,' & not noink wot '*foo-foo*' ment, i thought at 1st she was mad a little; but a yung man which i saw afturwards sed '*foo-foo*' ment '*german Barren*,' & that the germans (espeshally the Barrens) waros red hare out of choia. how stronk is *woomins afeckshun*! she doant chaing fur nothink.

'How they pull a feler, onto the docs! wen i got of, sum litle Bois cumd a-run-nink up, & sed al to onct — cary your carpit-bag, mister? teched bi sech kyndnes, i was givin it to 1 ov em wen a nuther 1 sed — ile cary it fur 5 sents; 1 more yeld with teres into his is 4 sents, & so they kep a-goin down, a hunchin ov each uther, til 1 sed, ile cary it fur nothink, & as i coodent wate fur em to git to paying me fur the chans, i let the last boy hev it, fur which priveleg he semed moar thankfie than i was to git it dun so chepe. as i was a-goink to *Nickerbocker Offis* 1st, i ask a man with a wip ware Brodway was, & he sed 4 mild firther on, & ask me ef ide hev a carrig — only a doler. noink i coodent afoard it, i toald him i was fond ov walkin, wich he sed it was cuite lucky i was. after goin 3 or 4 blocs i cumd to a nice wide rode & a L ov a nois. i ask a man wot it was call, wich looct at me a spel as ef struc with Astonishmeant, and sed — ware did you come from, greny, thats Brodway — & then i new the man with the wip hed ben a-lyink. i was a-goin bac to lic him, but thif i woodent.

'wen ide got up a little ways i met a well dres yung man wich looc egzackli as i looc into a glass; it was gest as ef a man walks out and sees hisself a-comink alonk. i could see Genus in his i. he notist i was a lookin at him, so he cum up and interdoos hisself as mr. P. k. Pockit. wen i toald him who i was he went into rapchers, sed he admyred me so much as he dident know as hede be abel to expres hisself. he ofered to show me sum sites, so we went alonk together. we sune cum to a plais dug out in the syde walk ware thay was a-buildink a cupel ov uvens-lyke. he sed wede hev war sune, & them was to put Bums in, to blo up the British & French. he sed evry hous hed 1 or 2, reddy to tech of. wot a awfie plais fur a horstil Army! *i thinc i here sumthink go of now — & se about 1 thousan evacuatin ov the sity. i thinc i se a hull Army fall bac! i thinc i here em cus! & then i thinc i doant.*

'Perti sune we cumd to a corner, wen mi fren remare that a man wantid to se him, a few dores down this strete, & toald me to wate fur him. i ges lykeli he foun his fren, fur i watid so lonk that foalks toald me to moov on, or els git mi fete out ov the way; boath ov wich i finelly did. wen i got to 348 i foun i hed to cros the rode, & *bi gimini!* ow the dryvers swoar at me! i cum purty nere gittin rund over 2, also ov fallin down & gittin mi pans derty. wen the Boy giv me mi carpit bag, wot was mi serpris to hev him put out his han & say — cum, mister, & over that shad-scail! *Sech lyink!* i was so astonish i stood putrifide to the spot. i rase

mi bag to stryke at im, wen he rund of, observin — *peraps i didnt se no boddý a'andlin ov your oald silver watch nor nothink!* wich alas! Podd, wasent no goke. it *was* gone! i went up stares with a evy Art, & a tere into mi i.

'wen MR. HEWSTON discover who was his vissiter, he manifes depe emoshun; & smoothink ov his gray & wite Baird sed — this is the prowdes moment ov mi lyfe; wich i thought cuite lykeli. a yung man cald SLY fel onto his nee, & gase at me with speechles addorashun. SLY, sed MR. HEWSTON, we wont werc no moar to-day. MR. PEPPER, air you fond ov Appel? wen i replide i was, he toald MR. SLY to go out & git me 1: wich roas & went. i foun how rite was his naim, wen he caim bac. the Appel had a pece bit out. wen i remarc onto the goodnes of proffidens in a-maikin ov The Appel, he sed Appel was good. then he sed the Publishers Ass^{tion}, hevin herd i was a-comink, wantid me to oner the cristle Palis with mi presens at a Feast of Authers, amungst wich i stood so elevatid. their, sed he, youll git lots ov the productushuns ov the Orchard, ef you doant git nothing els, wich last part he spoak into a meloncolly toan, as i afterwerds discuverd he hed resun for. he now give me a wite card about foot wyde with 'G. P. P.' rote onto it in ritink, wich evidenli ment — Giv Pepper Plais. any ways i no it hed that effec.

'wile i was a-settin their, who shood cum in but MR. CLARK. he new me by instinc imejitly, & in a Profetic vois sed — i new as how Grates was hear! & now ow do you fine yourself't, O yooth't? to wich i replide into mi usocall grasefle stilo, after wich we went down & hed Clamb into the $\frac{1}{2}$ shel. He sed imus go hoam with him, up the ryver, & in hail the patriotic are ov WASHINKTONS Hed $\frac{1}{4}$ s, & JOHN ANDERSONS gallus. no sooner sed than dun. at 3 p. m., wich was a few ours after, we startid; & into a incredibel short spais ov tyme we glyded ore lower part ov the Udson, & foun ourselvs $\frac{1}{2}$ way up a ill in Piermont, standink be4 a Butifile cottig, & engoyink a splendid vew ov the ryver consoled bi fog. i aint got tyme, & it wood-ent be fare to tel al about wot i saw, & did, & herd, & thought, &c. ile oanli remarc that thay was so kynd it seam as ef i was bac to mi dero fren Podd's agin! i thinc as hapend nex day, affecktid me 2 teres. wile we was to dinner, in cum MR. N — (wich is a fine man) with 3 red peppers, maid into a bo k, wich he sed his wife't sent fur a Triboot to Genua. MR. CLARK got up & maid a Butifile speech, presentin ov em to me, & sot down onct moar to his Lam. i tooc the Triboot with emoshun, & wen i roas to respon, mi teres run so i coodent. i never was so affectid into mi lyfe — & i hoap i never shel be agin, at lest not into the saim way. mi apetiati was completeli spile't.

'I thinc i muss rite about seein the Relicts ov the Revolooshun sum futer tyme: but i cant help spekin of MR. FOLGER, the gentelmanli oaner and proprieter ov the '76th Hous.' ef his I shood perceiv this, may it lite onto it with plesoor & a smil: his wife also.

'I am stoppink now at St. NICKOLAS Hous, becos it souns so much lik NICKER-BOCKER. How differen to 'mi little hous a-fruntin onto the Laik!' altho i git the werth ov mi munny, i shant hev no munny to *git* the werth ov, ef i stay hear much longer: i shel hev to looc for a hoam kep bi sum Benevolen femail, wot givs you chepe vitle.

'i went up to *cristle Palis* amungst the uther authers, and hed a golly tyme. severil ov em sed how thay coodent thinc of writin eny moar boocs now *ide* commenced. MR. O'BRIAN (a pote) with a wite Baird, sed my stile't was a lonk shot ahd ov hissen. he confos mi '*Grek Slaiv*' cuite noc the spots off ov his '*Tunny-topsyturny*,' he sed oald as he was he ment to bete me yet: but he *ca-a-a-n*, you se; no use't tryink. i no dout hele conclood to stic to his *Poast*, lik a sensibel man, & not tri to di lik egle.

' WASHINKTON IRVINK shed teres when he see me. he sed I remynd him of *somnolen Jo*, in *Pickwic* (wots that, i wunder?) not to show mi ignorens, i sed — so a grate menny hev toald me; wich seme to plesse him. he sed he wish he cood go out and drine with me, but he supoas bede hev to stay their, & droun bissell in the Aquis Elemen. i foun Appel their. Appel was good. 1 long-windy feler, after hevin a pare ov tin Lunks maid (as i am creditabli inform) — but i muss stop. ile tel you moar in mi nex.

' Yours wile the Vittle Sparc continuoos to shyne't,

' To P. PEPPER Podd, Esq.,
' North D: & C.'

K. N. PEPPER.

PEPPER AND Podd! — appreciative pair! - - - 'JOHN HONEYWELL,' who never does any thing ill, has 'carried out his principles' to the letter, in the subjoined lines, hight '*The Rail*:'

' I met him in the cars
Where resignedly he sat;
His hair was full of dust,
And so was his cravat:
He was furthermore embellished
By a ticket in his hat.

' The conductor touched his arm,
And awoke him from a nap,
When he gave the feeding flies
An admonitory slap,
And his ticket to the man
In the yellow-lettered cap.

' So, launching into talk,
We rattled on our way,
With allusions to the crops
That along the meadows lay —
Whereupon his eyes were lit
By a speculative ray.

' The heads of many men
Were bobbing as in sleep,
And many babies lifted
Their voices up to weep;
While the coal-dust darkly fell
On bonnets in a heap.

' All the while the swaying cars
Kept rumbling o'er the rail,
And the frequent whistle sent
Shrieks of anguish to the gale,
And the cinders pattered down
On the grimy floor like hail.

' When suddenly a jar,
And a thrice-repeated bump,
Made the people in alarm
From their easy cushions jump;
For they deemed the sound to be
The inevitable trump.

' A splintering crash below,
A doom-foreboding twitch,
As the tender gave a lurch
Beyond the flying switch,
And a mangled mass of men
Lay writhing in the ditch.

' With a palpitating heart
My friend essayed to rise;
There were bruises on his limbs
And stars before his eyes,
And his face was of the hue
Of the dolphin when it dies.

' I was very well content
In escaping with my life,
But my mutilated friend
Commenced a legal strife;
Being thereunto incited
By his lawyer and his wife.

' And he writes me the result,
In his quiet way, as follows:
That his case came up before
A bench of legal scholars,
Who awarded him his claim
Of '\$1500!'

There is just satire in this. - - - THE story about PRENTICE, of the *Louisville Journal*, which made us laugh in even *thinking of*, while we saw him, (in a visit of five minutes,) sitting at his editorial table, was this. It was, as we have said, an 'awful' hot day in Louisville. The pale-blue eyes of his regardful amanuensis were directed toward his small jet-black 'sparklers,' as much as to say, 'What next?' and the half-sheet of ochre-yellow wrapping-paper before the scribe was yawning for the 'utterance.' We knew what a 'bore' was, to an editor, and was not desirous to 'fuse' with the class. As we looked, however, we could not choose but think what 'good

things' had gone out from the man ; how often, in times by-past, the '*Journal*' had given a sting by a squib, that was inflamed anew every time it was afterward thought of, though years had elapsed since the little stab had been given. Then we remembered his advent in that beautiful and flourishing city ; his contest with TROTTER ; an antagonist-editor of the fire-eating school, who had previously killed a brace of opponents in duels, and his triumphant issue out of the same ; being enabled, in the final result, to characterize his discomfited combatant, as a man who had sought his life 'with the malignity of an assassin, and the nerves of an old woman.' And then came the remembrance of the before-hinted-at anecdote, or story. When PRENTICE was a student at an academy in C——, Connecticut, through rivalry of some kind, he incurred the envy and jealousy of a young lawyer, who manifested the same to such an extent, that an open rupture occurred between the 'parties' of the 'first' and 'second part.' The poison rankled and ripened ; recrimination and mutual anger ensued ; even personal violence was threatened, and attempted to be put in execution, as follows : Three negroes of the village were hired by the young lawyer to call at night upon Mr. PRENTICE, under some apparently plausible pretext, and to give him a sound beating. They called accordingly ; but the proposed recipient of 'punishment' had, by some friendly listener, been made aware of the proposed visit, and its object ; and when they came, he was quite prepared to receive them. They began to state their assumed errand, when Mr. PRENTICE said : 'Step to the door for a moment ; I wish to meet a friend who desires to see me, while passing hurriedly up the street in his wagon.' The negroes preceded him to the door. When they had reached the door-step, he put on his hat, drew from his pocket a pistol, cocked it, and pointing its deadly muzzle toward the black belligerents, said : '*I know you — who sent you — what you were to do. I've heard it all. Now form in single file, and march ! I shall follow you ; and the first scoundrel of you who attempts to diverge from a straight line of march shall receive the contents of this pistol, as sure as I am a living man !*' They formed in line, as commanded : they were marched through three or four short streets, and were finally brought to a halt in front of the law-office of their employer, who was awaiting them, and their report, when their commander said : '*Front face — salute your officer ! Eyes right ! You are dismissed !*' And home walked the afterward-renowned EDITOR, without hindrance or molestation. We heard this story years ago. - - - As we go to press, we rejoice to be enabled to say, that the terrible pestilence which has prevailed to such a truly awful extent in Norfolk and Portsmouth, Virginia, is wholly staid. Thank God ! And now that it is arrested, forget not how it was engendered, and do all honor to our city authorities for their rigorous enforcement of the laws of quarantine. A single ship at Norfolk, from an infected port, according to a report in that excellent work, the '*Virginia Medical and Surgical Journal*,' was the certain source of this dreadful calamity. So it was in our own State, in the last visit which '*Yellow Jack*' paid us. In our very sanctuary in the '*Shanghai House*,' on the slope above us, over-looking the Tappaan-Zee, died a Mr. JESSUP — his brother was taken with the fever at

Rondout, from a schooner which brought fruit there from the West-Indies, to which he had the first access, after the hatches were unclosed, and the cargo of the vessel broken open. A large number who entered with him, or during the day, while the bulk was first being broken, took the fever, with a majority of whom the disease proved fatal. The malady was unmistakably Yellow Fever. Our friend and neighbor, Dr. HOPSON, of Piermont, attended upon the case, in consultation with Dr. HOFFMAN, of our city. The wife and six children of the victim all escaped intact: nor was there afterward the slightest trace of the disease in the neighborhood, although there was constant contact with the family by all who were in attendance. - - - THERE is no necessity of introducing the following: and that is the reason why we don't do it. It speaks for itself:

‘Rail Bird Shooting.’

BY H. P. LEIAND.

‘He went out in the morning early,
Cocked and primed was he,
‘I’ll bring home a load of RAILS!’
Was his mental soliloquy.
He hired a splendid ‘pusher,’
A cock-eyed, stout-built man,
Who’d always stand by liquor,
‘As long as water ran.’

‘His ‘ammunition-box’
He put in the stern of the boat.
He loaded his KARRAS gun;
He took off his shooting-coat.
‘I’ll have warm work to-day,’
He spoke — but a gentle creek!
Showed him a Rail just rising,
So he raised his gun to his cheek.

‘‘Rip-bang!’’ went the right-hand barrel.
‘Mark!’ said the pusher: then
Uprose from the reeds another Rail;
Rose up — to fall again!
He loaded and fired away
Till the tide began to fall;
Up to his knees in Rails he stood,
The BRAG-SHOT of them all.

‘‘We’d better git out of this,
For the tide’s a running down!’’
Thus spoke the stout-built pusher,
As he whirled the boat around.
No answer the gunner made;
For he was taking a drink

Out of a big black bottle
Containing rum — I think.

(GUNNER *speaks*.)

‘‘I want more *Rails*, by thunder!
To fence my hunger in:
I’ve only shot six dozen yet:
To knock off now’s a sin.’

(PUSHER *answers*.)

‘‘I rather think I’ve got
Three dozen ‘staked out’ here.
You’ll make the bulliest shooting
Been done down here *this* year!’

‘Then fraternally both took a drink
From the big black bottle of rum.
The stout pusher said, with a wink,
‘I guess that liquor’s *some*!’
Over the side of the boat,
Over the side leaned he,
And pulled in the ‘staked out’ Rail;
‘You’ve shot *nine* dozen!’ said he.

‘As he turned to hand them over
To the gunner in the stern,
The bottle tripped up his foot,
And he made an over-turn.
Into six foot mud and water
Went gun, men, birds, and all;
And — then came the *genuine* railing,
RAILING with shout and bawl!’

Now this is what we call ‘very clever.’ - - - NEVER attempt to jump upon a rail-car when in motion. When the moving power is a locomotive, *never* do it, and when it is a *city* car, always get on *behind*. While on our recent Western trip, we stopped at Corning, on the Erie Rail-Road, for a moment; and while we were taking a glass of ice-lemonade, from a boy

with a 'fountain' on the platform, off started the train, without signal, by steam-whistle, 'All aboard!' or otherwise, and off started also two rail-road friends, who jumped upon the platform of the middle-cars while they were in motion; the hindermost being nearly thrown under the wheels by a trunk standing end-wise on the platform. We heeded not the 'Jump on!' of our friends, and away went the train. We started *after* it, and thanks to the kind courtesy of the conductor, Mr. TOMES THOMPSON, we were enabled to reach it, 'weary and way-worn,' and out of a large amount of breath. But if it had been to lose the entire trip, we should not have jumped upon the moving train. The very next day, a most promising young gentleman of Buffalo had his right leg cut completely off above the knee, by falling under the cars, in attempting to jump upon the train, from the same platform. Think of what we are saying, reader, whenever or wherever you are tempted to jump upon any but the hind-end of the *last* car of a moving train. *Never do it!* You may repent it for life! - - - We hope that the following may make many a panic-stricken person pause, before proceeding to extremities with a fear-haunted, faithful dog, only *supposed* to be rabid. CHARLES LAMB's advice was: 'If a dog, inferred to be mad, bites your child, kill the child at once, and let the dog live, that you may test the fact whether he was rabid or not:'

'DEAR MR. KNICKERBOCKER: Your Northern papers teem with terrible accounts of hydrophobia; but here in the South, in over twenty years' residence, I have never met a single well-authenticated case. Southern dogs do not go mad — neither here, nor in Egypt, nor in Syria, nor in Thibet, nor in Turkey, and not in Africa, nor in Australia, as far as heard from. Hydrophobia, like Fourierism, and Bloomerism, and Communism, and Abolitionism, and Spiritualism, and Free-Soilism, and Angel-Gabrielism, and Higher-Lawism, and a variety of other *isms*, is a peculiar institution confined to a northern climate, and incapable of production in this soil. My private theory is this: That that imitative and sagacious creature, the dog, in order to qualify himself for the society of man, his master and patron, voluntarily goes mad in your part of the Union, where all those species of lunacy prevail; but this theory of mine let no man adopt without due observation and reflection.

'True we poison our dogs, here in New-Orleans, but it is a custom kept up more in compliance with the fears of our Northern friends among us than from any real danger.

'The writer once had a dog, and thereby hangs a tale, which, with your permission, he will proceed to unfold as *apropos*. The dog was bought from the mate of a ship in Mobile Bay; he cost a price — no matter how much; I was young then, and had no bills payable to provide for. ROVER was a splendid fellow:

"His mouth, his size, his hair, his legs
Showed he was none of Mobile's dogs,
But whelpit somewhere far abroad
Where sailors gang to fish for cod."

In short, he was a genuine Newfoundlander — and cost money — and was brought to New-Orleans to be sent to a lady in Texas. As to the lady, who she was, or why the dog was to be sent to her, these particulars in no manner affect this narration, and are therefore very properly omitted. ROVER arrived here one intolerably hot morning in July, and was placed in charge of the porter at the grocery-store:

sixty-six Magazine-street. Here he showed great uneasiness, howling and struggling to get loose, and at length broke his chain, scrambled over the warehouse wall, leaped into a boarding-house, dispersed its inmates, cleared the kitchen, and raising a muzz generally, darted into the street, pursued by all the boys in the neighborhood. He took his course down the Levy, showers of brick-bats followed him, draymen threw their whips at him, laborers their cotton-hooks, hucksters their rotten oranges, and every soul cried out 'Mad Dog!' as loud as he could bawl. ROVER ran as only scared dogs can run, and seeing the masts of the vessels in the Third Municipality, he headed straight for what he had always found to be a home and a refuge, a ship; but he was intercepted at the Picayune Ferry by a party of skirmishers, advantageously posted on an oyster-shell bank, and was compelled to wheel short for the river; he sprang on board of the steam-boat 'Nashville,' and was there received by a gulling fire of lightwood knots from the crew; rendered desperate by this sort of treatment, he scampered up on the hurricane-deck and pitched over-board into the river. From the water he was dragged out by a courageous person in a green blanket, with a cat-fish hook on the end of a long stick, and securely tied to a steam-boat cable.

'I had just finished a good dinner when the news of the dog's escape reached me. I easily traced him to the Levy, and there found him the point of attraction to a vast multitude: loafers, laborers, wharf-rats, and all that class of indescribables who seem to have been near the spot on watch, and immediately rush in and take possession the moment a fire, an accident, a fight, or any other excitement occurs. In the midst lay poor ROVER, howling piteously, foaming at the mouth, struggling in strong convulsions, and biting clear through his tongue as he snapped and gasped; while his eyes were red and lurid, their speculation gone; and there also stood my friend JOE BURKE, with a COLT's revolver at the dog's head, considering how he could manage to blow his brains out without making a family shot of it, and killing a score or so of the American public who stood, crouched, and sat in range in every possible direction. I begged my friend JOE to hold up. JOE is remarkably prompt in action—man of quick decision: had he then shot the dog we should have reported a well-marked case of hydrophobia; but as he seemed about to depart without the aid of gun-powder, we awaited the event. His struggles grew weaker, until at last he lay perfectly still, to all appearance dead. 'Poor ROVER,' said I, 'farewell; you will never again breast the foaming surge, never plunge through the deep in the cause of drowning humanity, never gambol and roll in wild play through the mountain snow-drifts of your native land; and moreover, poor fellow, you'll never go to Texas and see your sweet mistress,' which just then I thought the greatest misfortune of all. Perhaps I did not say all this. No; on reflection I'm very confident I did not say it, but I thought it, which amounts to the same thing so far as the dog is concerned, and it should have been addressed solely to the dog.

'Poor ROVER,' said I, and his ears feebly moved, his eyes opened in glad intelligence, and his poor draggled tail made an effort at wagging; in a few minutes he staggered to his feet and looked around in recognition; consciousness had returned and mind resumed her empire, as they say in the novels. That same evening, after a moderate dinner and a sound sleep, ROVER and myself were passengers on a Red-River packet. I had many misgivings as to the bestowal of ROVER, but after due inquiry gave him in charge of the second cook, a man of the philosophy of the stoics, who regarded the evils of life a part of a great whole; the absence of ice, the drunkenness of the pilot, and the leakiness of the boiler were all trivial matters:

and, moreover, he was of the Baptist persuasion, and therefore, it is presumed, not liable to be bitten by a dog of ROVER's intelligence, if ROVER should relapse into a second fit of hydrophobia. But ROVER did not relapse; he reached Texas in fine health, and was praised and caressed to his heart's content; fetched and carried, and brought drowning kittens out of the creek, and no doubt would have saved children quite as readily, had they afforded him an opportunity by tumbling in; and he still lives a large, handsome dog, too fat, lazy, and dignified to make himself amusing; too good-natured for a guard; too clumsy for a pet; too much encumbered with hair and flesh for any sort of hunting, but altogether as fine and as useful a Newfoundland dog as I have ever seen in this country. Now, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, for the moral. It is this: Every dog that takes fits is not mad: if he is properly secured let him not be destroyed: he will probably recover and never have another attack. This is in the case of a good dog: if it should be a worthless, annoying cur, kill him quick while you have a good excuse.

'Yours ever,

PHILO-CARLO.'

Dogs! bark your thanks. - - - 'OUR short summer,' writes 'C. D. S.,' a favorite Canadian correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER, 'is just winding up with the transient glories of a Quebec October;' which 'glories' he proceeds to depict in the subjoined beautiful lines. If our friend could look at this moment from our little 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' upon the deep-blue Tappan-Zee, reflecting serenest skies, and upon the far-stretching inland landscape, and the surrounding Highlands, all bedight with such brilliant colors as no artist's pencil could reveal, surely he would rejoice in the sight:

'Autumn in the Hills.

'Time is on the autumn yellow,
Short will be the golden days,
Sad and short the glory mellow
Of the calm October haze.

'Paint for me the glory dying,
Swift must ply the pencil bold
That would seize the splendors flying
O'er the autumn's cloth of gold.

'Up the rugged-edged horizon,
Catch the changes as they creep,
In chromatic ridges rising
From the valley-shadows deep.

'Purple-mantled sits the mountain,
Cushioned on the yellow vale;
Silver-stemmed beside the fountain
Gleams the lamp of the birch-tree pale.

'Through the golden, hazy reaches
Radiant bars of sun-light come,
Slanting down among the beeches,
Where the wood-grouse rolls his drum.

'In the trembling light the spruces
Waver on the hill-sides old,
Revellers in velvet raiment,
Overlaid with larchen gold.

'Oh! like dreaming is the gleaming
Of the autumn-tinted hills;
Sketcher, darker grows their beaming,
While thy hand the picture fills.

'Passing is the autumn yellow,
Short will be the golden days
Of the Indian Summer mellow,
And the bright October haze.

'For the wild-fowl's trumpet ringing,
Over-head the silence breaks,
See the phalanx southward winging
From the marshy northern lakes.

'Clouds are curling, smoke is whirling,
Rain is in the driving racks;
Comes a hand the dead leaves hurling,
Dreary days are on our tracks.'

Yet this is the 'Sabbath of the Year.' - - - WHETHER it was ignorance or affectation, we could not say; but while taking with a friend a hurried steak at a restaurant, as we were about departing for 'up-river,' we over-heard this colloquy from the 'precinct' of the bar. 'Some bee-ar, please.' A glass

was evidently drawn and passed to the speaker. 'Oh! ah! — is n't this your *common* bee-ar? — your *small* beer? I want a glä-ä-ä-ss of the *ne-gew* keind of bee-ar — the *lä-ä-ger* bee-ar, don't ye see?' As he went away without grumbling, it is to be inferred that he obtained a 'larger' glass of 'la'ger bee-ar,' the 'popular' German beverage, which 'cheers but not inebriates' those who desiderate it. - - - Isn't it curious how thoughts will associate and 'connect' in one's brain? Looking just now over the beautiful specimens of letters, of all varieties, contained in Mr. McLEES' new work — a perfect *cade-mecum* for all *letterers*, whether bank-note engravers, sign-painters, or type-founders — we were taken back to Cincinnati. For, with the sight of these graceful specimens came at once to mind the delightful trip which, with our travelling-companions, we took with Superintendent BRADLEY, of the Miami Rail-Road, to Columbus: a pleasant season, not to be forgotten. Also in the morning, at wide-spread, level Columbus, how we looked from the windows of our excellent hotel, fronting the capitol, (of marble, and imposing in dimensions, but dome too *peaky*, and windows *much* too small,) and saw a huge structure afar off, surrounded by a vast wall, and puffing forth steam and smoke along and over its sides. That was the *Ohio States Prison*. We had expressed a wish to visit it. BRADLEY, with no farther hint — it is '*his way*' — had a carriage at the door for us, and together we went. What a prison! A vast open court is inside, where stalk tame deer, and peacocks flaunt their gay plumage in the sun. 'But what of *Letters*?' asks some impatient reader. Why, this: in going through the work-shops, we saw wood-letters, *made by steam-moved machinery*, in all varieties. It was a beautiful sight — so simply and rapidly was the whole thing performed. And the very prisoner who made the letters we thought might, should he chance to escape, be recalled to his labors, by impressions from the very types which he was making for the extensive contractors, Messrs. W. F. and S. D. DAY, who likewise furnish, for all the great Mississippi Valley, and the 'far, far West,' borders, presses, and all kinds of printing materials. - - - We like, once in a while, a little good-natured satirical burlesque; and here is a capital specimen of the same, from the '*Evening Post*.' It hits off a certain ambitious 'E. M.,' who is often before the public upon the great topic of '*The Weather*.' After it has been uninterruptedly hot for a couple of weeks, he lets us know that we have had a 'heated term,' and when it is cold, he will tell to a day when it ceased to be hot, and began to be cold! He 'predicts' events also that happen all over the world, the very day he hears of them; while his mysterious 'WIRES!' connect with all creation:

'THE present cold snap commenced at 2.35 P. M. on the afternoon of Sunday, the 25th instant. Should it continue until 2.35 P. M. of next Sunday evening, it will have passed through seven vertical sections of fourteen great circles, and the fraction of another, (the chord of the arc being always equal to the hypothenuse of the radius.) From records which I have kept at intervals of two hours with entire regularity, ever since a little before the date of BRADDOCK'S defeat, (using for that purpose two self-registering thermometers, a second-hand spirit-level, and some smoked glass,) it appears that this cold period has been accompanied by librations on the wires, which in their remarkable intensity have rarely been surpassed. In about three years and six months from the present time, earthquakes of moderate or average severity may reasonably be expected

to be heard of as having occurred within a few days past in the extreme southern circum-polar regions.

'From the same cause, or one nearly connected with it, doubtless arises the interesting increase in the number of still-born children and slunk kittens during the late meteorological cycle.

'With regard to the method by which my observations are taken, it is proper to observe that the positive extremity of my chief magnetic wire rests on the bottom of the rain-water cistern in my back-yard, while the negative extremity is connected with the earth through a hole in a one-story wooden building on the rear of my lot.

'It may be interesting to remark, that the first blue-jay which I observed in the year 1837, was as early as the 12th of April, 1838. The common poke generally appears earlier, and is partial to the poke-berry, while quails (which the children of Israel desired when in the wilderness) prefer buck-wheat.

'It is wonderful to reflect that common soap is made of fat (an animal product) and ley or lie. They combine in various proportions, and become electro-positive during the process. Its manufacture is elevating, ennobling, and instructive; the result is emollient and detergent; and in its application to members of the community, often most beneficial.'

OUR friend 'H. P. L.' will pardon the necessity which compelled us to lay over until now his clever sketch of '*The Malcontent*.' It has lost nothing, however, by the delay:

'Ah, ça! JIMBY, veux tu te tenir mieux que ça, t'as l'air d'un serin. . . . Je ne te mènerai plus en société et tu n'as pas de chic. CORALIE DU QUARTIER BREDA.'

'HAVE you been sick, my cheerful friend?' said I to JIMBY, as I grasped that talented character by the hand and gazed upon his shaven head.

'Yes, sick—at heart, proceeding from the head,' he replied. 'It's all owing to those old Zouaves: why did they ever leave Algiers to the tune of *Partant pour la Syrie*, and get lithographed?'

'Drawn before quartered?'

'Bosh!' said JIMBY: 'come round to my rooms, and over a bottle of claret and 'Queen of the Antilles' segars, I'll tell you a tale should be told by the gas-light alone.'

'The claret was up to the mark; as for the segars—have you ever smoked them?—words stagger round when they try to describe that brand. JIMBY, snugly settled in an arm-chair, thus gave voice:

'I went into old FRISEUR's one night—very warm night. You know old FRISEUR? Capital hair-cutter. No body in his rooms. Don't like crowded rooms; do you? Took off my coat and cravat—how do you like this cravat I've got on?—hung them up, and just then saw an engraving—new one; old FRISEUR just got it. Zouave defending the body of a *vivandière*; elegant engraving, full of fire—smoke in the back-ground; terrible-splendid pair of moustachios, as long as my arm; big breeches, determination, energy, soul! and very little hair on his head. How do you like these segars? pretty good, eh? Says I, 'FRISEUR, how would I look with hair cut like that?'

'It is more baycooming to gennelmen of more broadair four-heads. Cut zat a way we have a costume in Paris to name it MALCONTENT, saving zat in zis mode it is more brushéd upper on the four-head. If I shall name a mode, I wood racker-mend *Louis Cal-horse*, leetle as you ware it now; or even *Virgile* soots wal on you phiz; or *mon Dieu! Napoleon ze Grate*, wizz a shentle locks a hanging this a way; and here he pulled a rat-tail down over the middle of his forehead, and looked like a three-cent plaster-cast of the 'LITTLE CORPORAL.'

'Cut ahead, FRISEUR!' said I. 'Go it on the 'MALCONTENT'; that means discontented in French; don't it? Go on: I'll look like any thing to be like that

Zouave in the picture, big breeches, glory, smoke;' and here FRISKEUR'S scissors commenced a lively tune on my cranium. Lock after lock—elegant curly hair I used to have, you know—fell on the floor.

'Got any contract to furnish hair to mortar-men building houses?' said L.

'Not at praysent,' answered old FRIZZER.

'To cut the matter short, in twenty minutes he had done the same with my hair, only a little more so. I won't say I looked like a shaved pig, that's low, but I felt like one, that's lower. Had n'ta hair on my head a quarter of an inch long; felt glad DAMOCLES' sword did n't hang over me tied up by one of them. Hat came down over my nose. Went home, took a bath, went to my chamber, picked up both hair-brushes—had no use for them! Looked in the glass, had to call the waiter—yes, called the waiter to get some ice-water, and took a drink of brandy; very nice thing for the nerves. Hair stood up on my head like circus-boys. Swore!—swore the handles off my bureau. No help for it; warm night; hate warm nights; don't you? Had to dress—evening dress, you know—and called on ladies—strangers. Had just arrived in city. Had n't seen them for a year before. Sent in cards—went in; people looked at me half-civilizedly; spoke to SUGAR ESTATE, had forgotten me; spoke about rides, drives, dances, recalled scenes and so forth.

'Can it be possible,' said she, 'that you are the same Mr. JIMBY'—throwing a look at my shaved head—'we had the pleasure—but you have been ill since we last met?'

'I am convalescent,' I answered. 'I would not do, with my round head; I might have rowed my heart out against such a tide of cavalier prejudice. I had won her by capillary attraction and lost her for want of it. Some body else is cultivating that SUGAR ESTATE. This horrid appearance of my head worries me. I've become absent-minded.

'Wits have gone wool gathering?'

'Yes, met with no success; life is a blank, I'm sorrowful: in the hey-day of youth have no sun-light of mirth to make it with. My woes are too numerous to mention, for particulars see small bills. And then I've been called impolite, because, in order to hide my diminished head, in several places I've worn my hat where I ought to have taken it off. No matter, my hair 'll grow, my strength will return, and

'The MORAL of all which is?'

'Have n't got any morals,' interrupted JIMBY: 'people now-a-days never have any to their tales. Take another segar and my advice: If you are *mal-content*, don't have your hair cut that way, unless it becomes you.'

H. P. L.

We are not 'malcontent' with this. - - - Our old confrère and correspondent, 'RICHARD HAYWARDE,' paid us literally a 'flying visit' the other day, accompanied by a brace of friends of like genial kidney. In their little private yacht they came: and in three-quarters of an hour after leaving 'Locust-Cottage,' opposite the most teōwering part of the Pallisados, they had entered and glided over the Tappaän-Zee, and arrived at 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' overlooking the same in its whole breadth and extent, and fully commanding, on the other hand, all of 'the vast inland stretched beyond the sight' that *could* be commanded by any body. Well: there was 'a good time.' After dinner, when we were enjoying our *patès de pomme et pompion*, with old cheese of

an approved flavor, and wine and walnuts, Captain Du B —, of the yacht aforesaid, remarked, in answer to a proffer of cheese, that he did not affect the article at all, but that he had a little daughter who was so excessively fond of it, that on one occasion she ate a pound 'at one sitting.' 'It is not at all surprising,' quoth Mr. SPARROWGRASS, 'that a *skipper's* daughter should be fond of cheese!' ('*Prolonged laughter and applause.*') - - - Our scholarly correspondent, 'Meister KARL,' who understands 'twenty living and forty dead languages,' sends us the following ballad, which he has translated from the Illyrian :

Ballad.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ILLYRIAN.*

BY MEISTER KARL.

NARODNE PĚSME.

DĚVOJKA sědi kraj mora,
 Pak sama sebi govori:
 'Ah! mili Bože i dragi,
 Ima l' što šire od mora?
 Ima l' što duže od polja?
 Ima l' što brže od konja?
 Ima l' što sladje od meda?
 Ima l' što draže od brata?'
 Govori riba iz vode:
 'Děvojko, luda budalo!
 Šire je nebo od mora,
 Duže more od polja,
 Brže su oči od konja,
 Sladji je šecér ad meda
 Draži je dragi od brata.'

POPULAR SONG.

A MAIDEN sits beside the sea,
 And to herself thus speaketh she:
 'Ah! me! thou LORD, so dear and good,
 Is there aught broader than the flood?
 Or longer than the grassy mead?
 Or swifter than the frightened steed?
 Or sweeter than the honey-comb?
 Or dearer than my brother at home?'
 Up from the water spoke a fish:
 'O maiden, pretty fool!' saith he,
 'The heaven is broader than the sea;
 The sea is longer than the mead,
 Thine eyes are swifter than a steed;
 Sugar is sweeter than the comb,
 And a lover dearer than aught at home.'

* THE South-Slavonian language, says FRÖLICH, has two names, that of the Illyrian and Serbian. It is essentially the same language, whether spoken in Herzgovina, Bosnia, Montenegro, Dalmatia, Croatia, Servia, or South-Hungary. The above translation of an Illyrian ballad is curious, as greatly resembling one or two specimens of Old English 'accumulative poetry.'

Who has not, at some solemn moment of his life, looked at his hand when writing, or at his limbs outstretched before the glowing grate, or at his face in the glass, and not called to mind the awful inquiry of the poet:

‘And *must* this body die,
This mortal frame decay;
And *must* these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?’

Yes: death is the law and the lot of nature; yet what we call death is but a passport to life. Bishop WHATELY, in his new work on the future state has some beautiful thoughts upon the resurrection from the dead: ‘A wound received in childhood bears the scar, although every atom of its flesh has long since been resolved into other matter. Now, how is this to be accounted for? Why is there the same scar upon the tiny arm of the infant and the brawny arm of the man? The *substance* of the infant and of the man is the same. Is it not, then, this *substantial* body which is raised to incorruption? Take the case of an infant dying three days old; does it rise an infant of three days? Shall a man who is born lame be lame also in the resurrection? Or is there difference of color in the resurrection? Then must that body which is raised be the *substantial*, and not the *accidental* body. It shall be a spiritual, and not a natural body, an incorruptible and glorified body, made like unto the glorious body of our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. We shall arise in His likeness.’ - - - MR. JOHN LANDIS has addressed us from Indianapolis, Indiana, another ‘*Letter to this Mighty Nation*,’ with ‘Card for Patronage, and Defence contre-Libels, and Sentimental and National poetry.’ That many-headed delinquent, ‘THE PUBLIC,’ he says, owes him ‘for pictures which he has painted on national themes, but which have not been purchased: VAN BUREN Recalled, only \$5000, (seventeen feet by twelve;) WASHINGTON at Devotion, eight by nine feet, (together, same year ‘40) finished.’ These and other large pictures, fully *equal*, as we understand from good judges, to these great works in ‘high-art’—for in height and breadth Mr. LANDIS’s ‘*shefilovers*’ are seldom equalled, and *in their kind* never excelled—are now for sale, and Mr. LANDIS wants the money for them. Have we a single reader of these pages, among the lovers of ‘high-art,’ who does n’t ‘*wish he may get it?*’ Probably not; unless they are hard-hearted, envious rivals. - - - We have heard of a great many laughable mistakes and ludicrous transpositions, made by actors upon the stage, such as ‘forks upon the fretful quillcopine’ in HAMLET, and ‘Stand back, my lord, and let the parson cough,’ in RICHARD the Third, and the like: but we can recall nothing more ridiculous than the transposition made by a western actor, in the furor of rendering the awful curse in LEAR:

‘—THAT she may feel
How sharper than a serpent’s thanks it is
To have a toothless child!’

There was very little sympathy manifested for poor old LEAR after this blunder. BURTON once amused us with some most laughable ‘experi-

ences' in this kind. - - - A 'RIGHTE pleasaunte season' had we, on a late lovely October day, in a ride with a genial friend to the *Rockland County Fair*, at New-City, a small but pretty place, in a fertile plain, surrounded, in all the soft, hazy distance by lofty hills, chief among which, on the north and east, loomed up the 'Hook Mountain' and 'High Torn,' which look down upon the majestic Hudson. It was a regular old-fashioned country fair, reminding one (aside from the long tent, filled with a goodly show of rich agricultural productions) of the 'General Trainings' of our boyhood's days. A group of graceful and self-possessed lady-riders contended for the premiums for the best horsemanship: and thus ended the first day. On the second, prizes were awarded. We hear that the decisions were generally approved. - - - If you hear any body boasting *overmuch* about 'big apples,' reader, please mention a present just received from a cordial friend in Stillwater, Saratoga county, 'M. T. S.,' (an umqwhile travelling-companion of ours, in pleasant western journeyings,) one 'specimen' of which, a 'Pound Greening,' measured *fifteen inches in circumference, and very near five inches across!* There was nothing like such a 'sample,' as we are credibly informed, seen at the late State Fair at Elmira. Why, fourteen such specimens would entirely fill a bushel-basket! We thought we had seen *apples* before — but this caps the climax of our experience in this kind of fruit. THANKS! - - - PROFESSOR HANNIBAL's last lecture is upon '*Electricity*.' As usual, he begins at the beginning. He says: 'De fuss question I ax am: 'What *am* Electricity?' — and I answer myse'f, like de eko in de hills, 'No body knows.' Some say dat electricity am 'de lightning ob human thought;' and dat's jist about as clear as dey deal it out to us ignorant darkies.' But he cites *one* illustration of 'de tex,' which seems conclusive: 'Sposen you see a silver dollar laying on de pavement, lookin you full in de face whar some body drop it, would you stand and consider long before you pick it up? Your sourcastic smile answers, 'No.' Well, den, what make you grab it up and drop it in your pocket as if it was hot, and makes you turn de fuss corner you come to? Why, electricity, if I kno any thing 'bout it!' - - - We very much wish the pressman wouldn't break off our types, particularly when they are initials of a proper name. The boozy sketch in our 'Editor's Table' of last month should have had the letters 'H. P. L.' attached to it, instead of 'P. L.' Meister HEINRICH, or HENRY P. LELAND, brother of 'Meister KARL' (*par nobile fratrum*) was the man: and he writes '*The Malcontent*,' elsewhere, also. Speaking of Meister KARL: his book of sketches is nearly out, and *when* out, our readers shall hear of it. It will achieve a wide popularity. Mark the prediction, and see if we are not 'near the mark.' - - - Our readers will be glad to learn, that our pages will continue to be frequently enlivened with the favors of Mr. SPARROWGRASS, *alias* Mr. RICHARD HAYWARD. Pleasant reading we can venture to promise our friends by the winter-fire over their apples and cider, or their wine, and 'wal,' hickory, butter, and other nuts. - - - A CHOICE and we think 'well-selected assortment' of '*Little People's Gossip*' awaits insertion in our next number, together with other deferred communications, in prose and verse, from correspondents old and new, brief notices of new publications, etc.

New Publications, Art-Notices, Etc.

*. We beg the indulgence of our friends the publishers, and numerous correspondents. Every month, many pages, containing brief reviews of new publications, short communications from correspondents, and notices of metropolitan attractions and novelties of various kinds, musical, artistic, and other, are *unavoidably* postponed. But for all there shall be 'a season.'

THE success of Mademoiselle RACHEL was by many considered very problematical on her first appearance in our city. The style of the French drama and acting is so entirely different from that in vogue here, the absence of all violent stage action it was thought would fail to satisfy our theatre-goers. When to this was added what we consider a capital error in the management in putting the prices of admission exorbitantly high, it was not a matter of surprise that they had for some time to perform to very slender houses. The reduction of price (which we think ought to be still lower) has brought more to go, and we are glad to see that they have been pleased, and thus led to go again and again. We consider it a token of a refined taste in our people that the quiet, spirit-like representations of RACHEL are appreciated by those to whom the style is entirely new. We are glad also to know that the performances of this most gifted actress will give a new and extensive addition to our knowledge of the French language and literature. If this company will take the Academy of Music (as has been reported they are to do on their return to our city) and put the price at one dollar and fifty cents for the best places, we should feel safe in saying they might perform here three months with more profit than they will receive in any other city in the United States. But Mr. FELIX has yet to learn, that in America at least, liberality on the part of managers is the surest way to success. It was nothing but the want of this in one who ought to have known better, that sent GRIFF and MARIO with such speedy disappointment from our shores.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC opened, as announced, on the first of October, with an excellent company, and Madame LAGRANGE as *prima donna*. The state of the weather, and the fact that RACHEL appeared on the same evenings at the Metropolitan, prevented as large an attendance as the excellent performance of 'TROVATORE' and other favorite operas would ordinarily have secured. We look forward to a very successful season at this magnificent house as soon as the causes abovementioned have ceased to operate. Mr. PAINE spares no expense or pains to gratify the public, and the operas of the 'PROPHET,' the 'HUGENOTS,' and 'L'ETROILE DU NORD,' which are shortly to be produced, cannot fail to attract the lovers of this refined amusement. We have been much gratified at the favorable reception Miss HENSLER has received, and are certain she will grow rapidly in the favor of our citizens.

THE new American opera of 'RIP VAN WINKLE,' founded on IRVING's well-known story of that name, has been performed almost steadily for one month at NISLO's. The music is by Mr. GEORGE F. BRISTOW, and the words by J. H. WAINWRIGHT, Esq., whose contributions, both in prose and poetry, in this Magazine, will no doubt be remembered by very many of our readers. A notice of this opera is necessarily postponed until our next number, but the public verdict in its favor is unequivocal, and we doubt not entirely satisfactory to all concerned.

MR. C. L. ELLIOTT, the eminent portrait-painter, has returned to town, and 'resumed his palette and pencils' at his old studio in the Art-Union Buildings. His facile hand has not been without exercise during the summer, nor 'forgot the cunning' of his beautiful art. Mr. ELLIOTT has executed, during his absence, commissions for distinguished male and female heads, in Rhode Island and Central New-York. Private report and the public journals chronicle his accustomed marked success.

MESSRS. LEAVITT AND ALLEN, Number 27 Dey-street, New-York, publish a variety of beautiful annuals and gift-books, among which we notice the 'BOOK OF BEAUTY,' a royal octavo, in beautiful binding and elegantly illustrated. Also, 'LEAFLETS OF MEMORY,' an illuminated annual for 1856, elegantly printed, bound, and illustrated. Their list of annuals will be found in our advertising sheet, to which the reader is referred.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ART. I. MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES. PART THE TENTH,	553
II. GLIMPSSES. BY MISS E. L. VICKROY,	564
III. THE LAST SIEGE. BY MISS RACHEL A. ACKERMAN,	555
IV. HOME. BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR,	566
V. THE INDIAN SUMMER. BY J. SWETT, CALIFORNIA,	572
VI. THE BIRTH OF FLEANCE KRUGER. CONCLUDED,	578
VII. THE OLD MAN'S MUSINGS. BY H. B. WILDMAN,	584
VIII. BEACH-STONES: A SEA-SHORE LIMNING,	585
IX. THE FAIRIES' FROLIC. BY E. W. B. CANNING,	587
X. THE LAST TRIP. BY A STREAM-BOAT CLERK,	592
XI. THE LAND O' THE LEAL. BY 'THE PRASANT-BARD,'	606
XII. THE OLD MAN'S WISH. BY H. W. ROCKWELL,	607
XIII. LETTERS TO ELLA: FATHER GREEN. NUMBER FOUR,	608
XIV. LINES: THE OLDEN TIME,	615
XV. STANZAS: BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR,	616
XVI. THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.,	617
XVII. LINES: NOVEMBER,	619
XVIII. THE BLIND BOY'S LOVE. BY JOHN H. NEW,	620

LITERARY NOTICES:

1. THE RED EAGLE: A POEM OF THE SOUTH. BY A. B. MEEK,	621
2. THE OLD HOMESTEAD. BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FASHION AND FAMINE,'	626
3. SCENES IN THE PRACTICE OF A NEW-YORK SURGEON. BY EDWARD H. DIXON, M.D.,	627
4. THE PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS. BY L. MARIA CHILD,	628
5. THE SONG OF HIAWATHA. BY H. W. LONGFELLOW,	630

EDITOR'S TABLE:

1. A GLANCE A HUNDRED YEARS AHEAD,	633
2. INTERESTING AND 'PEPPERY' CORRESPONDENCE,	635
3. 'PATIENCE': A SHORT 'DOG'S TALE,'	637
4. 'THE MURDERERS OF RICHARD DOWNIE,'	639
5. PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO MR. JAMES GRANT, OF SAN-FRANCISCO,	641
6. GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS,	642

1. DECEMBER: THE DYING YEAR. 2. SCENE AT THE NORTH CAPE OF LAPLAND. 3. COMPRESSED DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO OLD MAIDS. 4. A BIT OF BITTER IRONY OCCURRING IN A POEM OF GREAT POWER, BY JACQUES MAURICE. 5. THOUGHTS ON THE LOSS OF A WIFE. 6. AN AUTUMN PICTURE, COPIED FROM NATURE. 7. LUDICROUS THEATRICAL 'FAUX PAS': A NEW SCENE IN MACBETH. 8. A LEGAL CASE: BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER. 9. NOVEL METHOD OF PRESERVING THE PURITY OF ELOCUTIONS. 10. SINGULAR USE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. 11. A LECTURE ON PHYSIOLOGY AND THE 'OCCULT SCIENCE.' 12. MISTAKES IN HISTORICAL KEEPING. 13. MR. JOHN A. GRAY'S GREAT PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT. 14. LINES ON THE DEATH OF A HORSE: BY JOHN HONEYWELL. 15. NOTICE TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE. 16. THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC: OPERA OF THE 'PROPHET.' 17. FARMERS' DEPARTMENT: SUMMER CROPS AND FLORICULTURE AT CEDAR-HILL COTTAGE.

7. NEW PUBLICATIONS, ART-NOTICES, ETC.,	653
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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XLVI.

DECEMBER, 1855.

No. 6.

MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER TENTH.

PART ONE.

THE garden of the castle cleared, we took the aqueduct leading along the causeway of La Veronica, toward the garita of San Cosmé. Every few steps lay wounded men, some senseless, others quite calm and clothed in their right mind: this one drinking from the canteen generously handed him by perhaps the very man who shot him; and that one accepting from a late deadly foe the proffered cigarito, with an easy dignity and nonchalance.

'Howld! you *villians*, howld! Them's me property, and I'll pur-tect 'em, so I will!'

Instinctively turning toward the voice, which clearly rose above the rout of the opening fusilade, I saw a private of mine, escorting five prisoners, whom, in the phraseology of the thread-bare jest, he had surrounded and taken. Never was there expatriated from the Green Isle of the Ocean a more noble heart than himself. His tall, ungainly frame had acquired a heroic cut, as, balanced upon one foot like an indignant gladiator, he protected his lawful prizes from threatened violence. and with looks that spoke more forcibly than words, as his huge hand clutched the lock and trigger of his musket, he made his blood-thirsty countrymen fall back. In a moment after he had turned over his captives, two of whom were officers, to the proper authorities, and then he reappeared on the busy scene. Poor Jack! less than what he and some of his younger comrades did that day would have eternized their names in armies where unobtrusive merit is sought out and rewarded; but mere privates were passed by unmentioned. Young Elwood, a boy of sixteen, was the first to spring upon General Bravo; yet his name was not mentioned until a month or two afterward, when the surgeons anatomized him, to unravel if possible, some physiological mystery.

A section of a flying battery now rumbled along the hard, smooth road, so fast as to pulverize the clay into an impalpable powder, then suddenly

halted. Magruder, the captain, wheeling his horse, gave the order to unlimber. Those who have witnessed the evolutions of such flying artillery as we then had, can form an idea of the rapidity with which the efficient artilleryist put his guns in battery; and those who have not seen such, will not soon have an opportunity. Discharge followed discharge in such quick succession, that the rallying forces of our opponents were checked in their movements. Retreating to the side of the causeway, where the massive arches of the aqueduct afforded shelter, they kept up an animated return of civilities. It was a sufficient inducement for us to comply with the desire of the enemy to tarry awhile; and we did modestly remain back until the advance could be made with more propriety: the readier, indeed, because of the recklessness with which the opponents aforesaid threw their shot about. All that time, small detached parties were engaged in bandying compliments with small arms. The pleasure was worth the hazard run. Many little incidents worth relating occurred.

'No! no! no quarter for traitors. Quick, men, load, and then — but here's an officer. Attention!'

The allusion was to myself: the orator, a non-commissioned officer of the Fourth Infantry. In an adjoining field a score of soldiers formed a promiscuous group, in the midst of which stood several prisoners. Like their captors, the latter still grasped their fire-arms, and the misty smoke issuing from their muzzles showed that they had recently been discharged. Doggedly they stood, and silent, only returning scornful glances for the menaces of the stronger party.

'We are under your orders, of course, Sir: but look at their caps.'

There was the damning proof. Their caps were encircled by red bands, and that was testimony of treachery sufficient to destroy them, had individual recognition failed. One look sufficed: they were deserters from our ranks to the San Patricio Battalion! So dark and tanned had they become, they might have passed for natives of the country, but a slight peculiarity in dress had attracted a fatal attention. Their doom was fixed. As one by one their names were called by quondam associates, all attempt at disguise was discarded, and they retorted in bitter tones of defiance. It would have been a solemn mockery to remind them of the fate of the greater part of their comrades in crime; for they too knew that their last quivering struggles had scarcely allowed their bodies to cool under the scaffold from which they still dangled. They well knew that but one thing could save them from expiating their treason in a like manner, and that was to stand before a platoon at ten paces. There were some who would willingly have interposed to reserve the culprits for a formal trial, but the hardened wretches were beyond the pale of sympathy, and words of mercy fell on listless ears.

By a curious coincidence, the squadron of *contra-guerrilleros* in our service, under the command of the veteran highwayman, Dominguez, came trolling up the road. They regarded the scene with as much *sang-froid* as if they were not in a similar predicament, with the same reward in store against the day of capture. These Mexican gentlemen who were usually denominated *spies*, took very little interest in our battles unless there were chances of driving their old trade: but they

religiously fulfilled all their pledges when plunder was to be had. Shooting their fellow-creatures was to them dull work ; quite insipid, indeed, unless money could be made by the operation ; and they slowly passed by without noticing a matter that did not concern them. Gay jail-birds !

I must confess that it was quite a relief when a senior officer approached, as upon him devolved the unpleasant duties of provost-marshal : and springing once more into the road, I regained more congenial company. The simultaneous report of a dozen pieces rang in my ears with a peculiar distinctness. It could not be mistaken for ordinary firing : the felons had received their choice ! Such was the finale of those miscreants' career. They richly merited the punishment ordained by the military code of all civilized nations : one, too, not at all inconsistent with the higher rule of the moral law. Taken in arms against their adopted country, their oaths as false as vows made in wine, they could not reasonably expect any mitigation of the law's severity. They had fought as desperadoes, until escape was as hopeless as their own hearts.

Within pistol-shot of the castle walls, the grass grows rank and tall in the meadows. In a field near by could be seen a couple of our soldiers holding a parley with two boys, of about the respective ages of ten and twelve, or even less. The interrogatories of the men became more savage, as their violent gesticulation attested ; but the little fellows looked quietly at the soldiers and at each other, and seemed to be undismayed. It was an enigma to me, and I looked each way for some one who could explain why the lads were meddled with at all. Every body else was busily engrossed in the skirmishing. It were futile to attempt to reach the men with my voice ; for the din of preparation was already swelling into the noise of a hurricane : as the cannon bellowed, small arms imitated the rattle of castanets, and shouts and cheers rose high. Some response made by the boys exasperated their captors. Stepping back a few paces they took deliberate aim at the breasts of the lads. Was it a mere menace to frighten them ? Possibly it was. No : scarcely a second of time had elapsed after the muskets fell to a level ere one of the victims bounded from the soft carpet of grass, tottered an instant, with upthrown arms, then fell back into its yielding embrace, *dead !* How exciting to the passive spectator ! A wide ditch was between us, and the only means of passage was a narrow foot-bridge a hundred yards distant from me ; then the long, tripping grass intervened, and all that was to be done in half the time it takes to think of it. The other musket had missed fire ; it had become foul by the amount of powder fused. The remaining lad placidly folded his arms across his breast, and awaited the fleeting messenger which was so soon to consign him to a peaceful sleep. As soon as the man could shake some fresh priming into the pan, he re-cocked, and a puff of white smoke darted from the muzzle of his piece. With the pang that tells the severance of soul and body, the last short act of a thrilling tragedy was finished. I wish my eyes had not witnessed the deed, for sometimes it comes into my mind when all is still around, and then it makes audible the beating of my heart. Wholesale carnage did not so painfully impress me as the killing of two lads. At the preliminary movements of

the self-appointed executioners, and until the first barrel had sent out a fiery stream, their intentions were not divivable : but then, the rifle that I had picked up early in the action, instinctively sought my shoulder, and the sight was about to cover the man still in reserve, as I meditated sending a bullet through his brain. It sank again. It had been discharged a few moments before, and was still unloaded.

The youths might have been deserters, for many of our music-boys were no older : they might have been guilty of some dark deed which war familiarizes to those who were otherwise innocent and kind. The enigma still remains unsolved. The youthful martyrs — for so they seemed — heroically met their fate. Indifferent effort at word-painting could not convey an idea of my emotions at the scene ; nor can any one, without the kindling accessories of time and place, fully realize them. A manœuvre of the enemy required a corresponding shifting of position on our part, by which I was prevented from again seeing the homicidal actors, even had it been desirable. Perhaps justice, harsh, inexorable justice, had been dealt out to the boys : yet how improbable ! Were they guiltless ! Then their slayers are left to the unerring JUDGE, to receive a retribution that the most callous-hearted atrocity merits. Until then, if in the wrong, may the intensest lashings of conscience, if such they possess, perpetually remind them of their sin !

'*Too-roo too, ti-roo-too,*' vehemently rang from a trumpet, whose blower seemed intent on splitting the brazen instrument or bursting his own lungs. The blast was directly in our front, and well-trained ears told us that the signal announced a charge of Mexican cavalry. It was responded to by our lads with cheers louder than all the noise, and the archways reverberated the loud acclaim. All were eager to come to close quarters. The expected feat was not performed : and whether the intent was to create diversion, or because the courage of the doughty cavaliers oozed out at their finger-ends, the result was the same : the sagacious foemen did not budge. A breast-work barred the road near to the Protestant cemetery of San Tomas, and we were advancing to stir up those there posted, just for sport. The pleasure of the chase is never so ecstatic as when the game is human.

'General Worth desires you to halt, Sir, until further orders,' said an aid, who, half-breathless with riding, came up to our leader. In un willing compliance with instructions, the guns were again unlimbered and pointed to the work in front.

'Sharp work over the way !' observed a friend to me, as he steadily gazed toward the Bridge of the Insurgents, where the battalion of Morelia had made such a memorable resistance. Upon stepping into one of the arches of the aqueduct, a tableau was exposed which made the heart to bound : a scene that caused the electric current to rush with increased velocity through the nervous system of such persons as *have* nerves. Across the wet, spongy ground, unbroken by a single undulation, where sailed the light canoe of the Indian before the enginery of the scientific pale-face drained a great portion of the lake, we saw the column of General Quitman hotly engaged. The animated struggle, as almost hand to hand they fought, the occasional booming of the large guns, and the volleying roll of musketry, the more distinctly heard because of

our temporary inactivity, made men rabid. With eager glance we swept the intermediate space, for some avenue or means of joining our countrymen. No medium of communication appeared. We then consoled ourselves with the idea that it was the illusion of distance, and that our side presented quite as charming a picture during the busier hours of the day. So they cut and thrust, loaded and fired, charged and ran, rolled into the slimy mud and scrambled out again, and had the fun to themselves, until the enemy wavered and fled toward the city-gate.

The prospect of our soon moving was so slight that the fellows gathered into knots, out of the range of harm : and they chatted and took a lunch from their havresacks, or a draught from the limpid stream, with as much coolness and apparent indifference as if the dangers of the day were past, or their lives insured, with the policies in their pockets. The uninitiated, whose military experience never extended beyond the glory of shambling along on a broken-winded horse on training-day, cannot fully understand the feeling. The fear of personal danger seldom troubles the true soldier. The experienced man of war contemplates the strife with a smile, in the comfortable assurance that 'every bullet has its billet ;' he troubles not himself with imaginary evils, for he has enough of the genuine article. Like society at large, the army is made up of all kinds and conditions of men. A complex piece of mosaic work, the aggregate is a curious compound of entertainers of every shade of opinion, creed, moral and physical complexion : dissimilar in character, unequal in quantity and quality, they yet are all essential in forming the concrete whole. One is a soldier because he had a wife ; another, because he had none ; some, from a superabundance of courage ; others, to increase their moderate inbred stock of the same : this one, because care weighed him down ; that one, because he was destitute of any care. There are those who entered the service to finish their education ; who desired to more than read and hear of battles ; who wished to peep behind the curtain, and see how the thing is done ; who take a campaign or two, and follow the profession *con amore* the rest of their days. Those there are, in the morning of life, whose veins burn wildly, as the vital fluid courses through them as if anxious to be let out : buoyant with hope and spirits from their very thoughtlessness and inexperience : who go into an action with hearts as light as if to tread the mazy dance. The merry grig near me is such an one. He beguiles the idle moments with snatches of ballads about 'Mary dear' whose true love's far away, or he cracks jokes. Could we but dissect the internal organization of the mind, and disclose the hidden springs of action, what an analysis it would be ! We might then conclude that all of our army do not assume the colors from patriotic motives : but as our means are limited on that score, we must not make any flying assertion, but indulge the most charitable presumption, and leave all who will, to speculate upon unscrupulous promotion and gain. There are few of the selfish in comparison to the number of an army : yet that man who is so elated at the death of his senior officer is one of the detestable class. Such were my reflections during three minutes' time, as we rested.

Our attention was soon called off to a substantial white stone build-

ing situate on ground reclaimed from the ancient bed of the lake. It stood out from its rich green parterre like a fresh water-lily from its leaves, and was pleasant withal to the sight. A body of the enemy had ensconced their comely selves therein: but after returning for a little while the salutes of our skirmishers, they wisely determined to vacate the premises, and raised upon the roof the symbol of capitulation — the white flag. Sanguine of taking a host of military gentlemen under our fraternal charge, a number of us hastened to cross the ditches and moats that abounded betwixt us and the objects of desire: and having with leaps and strides and springs accomplished that end, we stood in front of the elegant mansion.

The white flag, so gossamer-like at a distance, but which upon closer inspection appeared to have been purloined from the laundry, still waved from the roof. The rooms and walls smelt strongly of villainous saltpetre as we stalked into the house to seize our lawful prey. But where were they? — gone? Echo and the landlord answered *gone!* While we were floundering about in the mud, they had prudently retired, and were now safe from pursuit: and the retreat was achieved in so masterly a manner, that nothing of the glorious circumstance of war, not so much as a cartridge-box or the fringe of a worsted shoulder-knot, was to be seen. Instead of fire-eaters ranged in a row behind huge bristling moustaches, we only met an affable Frenchman, probably the lord of the manor. He gave us hearty welcome, and an invitation to participate in the good cheer of the establishment. We must be fatigued! He was sure we were. We explained. 'Ah! ha! *le drapeau blanc!*' As he significantly glanced in the direction of the city, with its circumvallation of fortifications, he ventured to hint that a visit to his larder would not be amiss. He was under the impression that there was little probability of our very soon obtaining permanent quarters or any board or lodging inside the hostile lines. Knowing that his countrymen did not deeply fraternize with the native-born citizens, we, as in duty bound by courtesy, laughed at his jests: and furthermore we informed him that our leader had overruled the decision of Santa Anna, who forbade men or devil to enter. An assertion that the premises were evacuated, combined with fresh foot-prints on the herbage without, was satisfactory evidence of the fact. We were prevailed upon to tarry a moment with the host. A nice, dapper little man he was, and the consequence was, he became very popular with us. Ardent fluids were tendered, and as quickly declined. Some of the warriors who scented the liquors from afar were not proverbially as abstemious as anchorites, when allowed too much latitude. However, to avoid giving offence, another species of refreshment was quite acceptable. Then copious supplies of *pulque* were brought, and a prolonged gurgling noise proved that ample justice was done to that grateful beverage — that nectar and ambrosia of the natives. This exhilarator has been the favorite of the Mexicans from the time of colonizing the valley. It is recorded that their old men were permitted to imbibe until they became as full of frog as of years: an act that in case of juvenile indiscretion was visited with condign chastisement. Old-fogyism is an ancient institution.

Drawing from its case the field-telescope which had found its way into my possession while I was an acting aid-de-camp, and steadying it against a salient angle of a wall, I peered back toward the town of Tacubaya, the better to judge how things went at the scene of the first fight of the day. It did not require the aid of a glass to perceive the prancing of a mounted officer, who advanced on the carriage-road laid in the spongy soil of the meadow-land. Doubtless he was allured by the same 'Will-o'-the-wisp' which had led us into the bogs and fens, the white flag. As the sun flashed upon the polished lens and tube, the cavalier wheeled his horse, and imitating the skill of the red man of the wilds, he spread himself almost flat on the back of his steed, and retraced his steps with arrow-like speed. He did not stop to take notes nor make observations, until he had placed a good distance between his own precious person and what in his imagination was a piece of ordnance, treacherously levelled against him. Such a swift expert in equitation would certainly have taken the cup at any ordinary race. Had it transpired who the equestrian was, the service might have lost one of its men. The incident added materially to the good-humor of all who witnessed it. Loud laughter ensued; and it was none the milder, that the boisterous crew had recently been lodging in a damp trench. A farewell to our host, and we got back again to the theatre of active operations.

The light battery was still at a halt, in silence, and the men belonging to it were dismounted: and, regardless of the shot that occasionally whizzed past, they were discussing the events of the day. The officers were as anxious as their men to advance. Their manifestations of impatience did not diminish as the skirmishers in front threatened to spoil the sport before the artillery could take much of a hand in it. More than once did the wily foe draw small parties into ambushades, for which the waving fields of maize and a grove of trees afforded excellent facilities.

'Here you black fellow!' shouted a corporal to a gentleman of color, who sat with his back against a tree. A fine stream of ascending smoke denoted that he was reducing a roll of the narcotic weed to ashes. So effectually was darkey under the soothing influence of the solacer of what amount of wordly care he might be supposed to have, that he heeded not the call. Immersed in a sea of reverie, or not choosing to recognize the title, he answered not until again hailed. He at length rolled his eye-balls round to save the trouble of moving his body, and said: 'Call me, Sah? — my name is Scipio.'

'Yes; jump up — take that musket near you, and help to keep the embrasures clear of the Dons. Good shot?'

'Hab dat reputation, Sah: hab dat reputation at home in Souf Carlina, but must decline de honor, here: must, indeed, Sah.'

The cool response of the lineal descendant of an African prince, (all Southern darkies are descended at least from nobility,) and the roguish leer that sat upon his ebon face, were not half as provoking as the low chuckle of glee which escaped him.

'What d'ye mean, rascal? — jump!' exclaimed the man of brief authority, inflamed with wrath. The impertinent fellow kept his place,

and the smoke of the fragrant weed still curled upward from his ample lips.

'Beg pardon, Sah : meant no 'fence, Sah — no 'fence. De fac is dis : I belong to Leftenant M —, ob de Palmettoes. I'se cook, and Massa told me to look out for de mess tings, Sah, and I'se gwine to. Yah ! yah !'

The argument was conclusive, and fully established the right of the bondsman to exemption from powder and ball, beside giving him some license to show his impudent teeth to those below his master's rank : but had it been otherwise, his sardonic squint would have brought upon his woolly pate the spleen of the excited corporal.

At a signal, the artillery-men sprung into their saddles, and upon the caissons and gun-carriages, and dashed along the road until within less than point-blank range of the breastwork of San Tomas. There, two pieces, a cannon and a howitzer, were being trained, with the laudable design of purifying the neighborhood of all who claimed alliance with our colors. When our guns opened in return, and the flashes struck the enemy's eyes, they either fell flat upon the ground, and so let the shot fly harmlessly over their heads, or with a truly magical rapidity darted like lizards into the hospitable archways, and thus for the most part escaped. They were nimble gymnasts. During the continuance of this, our skirmishers' rifle and infantry had jumped into the dry ditch running parallel with the road, and stooping out of sight, with arms trailed, stole along in the direction of the unsuspecting foe, who in the mean time had their attention directed to other objects. Suddenly the sprightly lads appeared under the very noses of their opponents. From behind a tree, I saw one who appeared to be a leader of the Mexicans in front of their work, and to judge by the rich velvet poncho that hung upon his shoulders, he was a man of rank.

Then was the time to cut off the leading spirits ! As he stood on an elevation, making motions, I took aim. His fine figure was a capital mark. No time was to be lost ; for a second was of value. I drew a bead on him, and the rifle-ball went spinning on its fell errand. It was a nervous piece of business to shoot such a gallant soldier, but duty ! duty ! required the sacrifice. Such a man might cost the lives of a score of us. My heart beat violently. He did not fall, but the bullet did, right by him. It was one of the worst shots I had ever made. Our cannon ceased to play, and notwithstanding the beating of the storm full in their faces, our men leaped the narrow moat, and rushed into the work. Hurrah ! the position was carried. The owners of the ordnance consulted safety in a precipitate removal to a more secure position, about two hundred yards nearer the city gate. The road there turned at nearly a right angle, and exhibited the task preparing for the assailants. Shortly after making my bad shot, I was grasping the object of it by the hand, and telling him hurriedly the story. It tickled him. A miss was as good as a mile. The daredevil was a private of our army, who, after adorning himself with his plunder, bearded the lion in his den, in advance of all his comrades. To follow up the chase was the most natural course in the world. Away, tally-ho ! like hounds slipped from the leash, went the whole of the

advanced party. Our men loaded as they ran at full speed : while the enemy, adopting the Parthian mode of warfare, sent back their missiles as they fled

The whistling shower that then flew about would certainly have been none the less agreeable if composed of milder ingredients. The tiger had to be looked in the eyes to insure success. Over went the gallant bearer of the guide-color : yet scarcely had he bit the dust when another as brave raised the little red flag of the Fourth Infantry. A ball shattered the right hand of the bearer : he shifted the color to his left, and slackened not his rapid pace, until another shot pierced his forehead, and he reeled and measured his length on the earth. A blue-jacket stooped, and by the hair lifted the head of his comrade and propped it on a knapsack lying there — a useless act of kindness. Again the flag soared in the van, as if the charm were working in the third trial. Two minutes more would have given us the guns : the garita would by their immediate help have fallen into our hands, and with a great saving of life, an entrance to the city would have been won. Just then a bugle behind us sounded the recall. It was an ill wind that raised that blast. About seventy good men and true were brought to a dead halt. The systematic coolness of the old birds, and the unchilled ardor of the youngsters, who were as merry as crickets, then clashed in the crisis.

'*Fall back!*' commanded the senior officer.

'The recall can not be for us. *Come on!*' shouted another, insubordinately. I think it was my friend Maurice M —, of the Fourth Infantry.

'*Follow lads!*' sang out a third, as he pointed his thirsty blade to the advance. He was the man. Follow was the word ; and about thirty became at once afflicted with a total deafness to all sounds from the rear ; but the majority, obeying the call of discipline, much against their wishes, fell back upon the main body. That moment's hesitation was fatal to success. The smaller band boldly trotted on, although unsupported ; but the deliberation had allowed the enemy time to get their guns into position. Enfilading the street, they poured out a galling stream of copper balls, scraps of iron, and such like. The musketeers on the roofs kept an ever-active discharge, until there was scarce a man of the party who escaped some scratch or wound, while several fell to rise no more. Then the party sought shelter for an instant in the reëntering angle of a wall, to take breath and form a plan of further operations.

It was not any the more comforting, that by a coincidence we stood upon the exact spot where were enacted the scenes of *La Noche Triste*, the *sad night* : when Cortes and his heroic band of graceless scamps found themselves hemmed in on every side : when, pierced with arrows and darts, many were dragged into the boats alongside the causeway, to grace the idolatrous sacrifice, or give variety to cannibal feasts. It was somewhat ominous. The antiquarian who suggested the unpleasant thoughts, received only shrugs of shoulders for his pains. Although the mooted question of Alvarado's wonderful leap on that eventful night was tacitly reserved for future discussion, yet all who were then

present, and still survive in the flesh, can attest, that in the retreat, a little later, the alleged gigantic leap of the conquistador was rivalled by a baker's dozen. Whew! what an incentive to gymnastic efforts it is, to have a couple of heavy-shotted guns blazing away a hundred yards in rear of one's coat-tail! Wo be to him whose joints lack suppleness, whose limbs are short, or habit plethoric, at such a time! Seven-league boots would not save him if he had to stop to put them on. The missiles crashed through the boles and lower branches of the beautiful trees that lined one side of the street: and the crumbling of bricks of the heavy houses, and the shattering of the wood-work of the more humble dwellings, admonished the laggard to stir himself up. Then our cannon opened their hoarse throats in reply, and a squadron of lancers in pursuit of us got more than they bargained for. But I am completely out of breath, and must rest awhile on a stone, while fresh men take their turn.

PART TWO.

I PROPOSE to take a walk. My fierce compatriots may spend their spare moments in indolent activity. I will take a quiet walk. 'Take a walk!' That's what few know how to do — meaning, in their own company — without feeling a disposition to yawn.

'Take my word for it,' (said a *vielle moustache* to me at a midnight out-post bivouac,) 'take my word for it, when a man can't take pleasure in his own society, there must be something wrong.' So I then thought, and still believe; for if one cannot take a solitary ramble without his wits going wool-gathering, and all kinds of imps, elves, and intrusive demons, unwelcome as unbidden guests, harassing his brain, he must be a miserable fellow indeed: and he should, by all means, be married, so that a brace of unhappy mortals may be linked together. Any member of my mess might have given me a good character for sociability: yet, in spite of fondness for my kind, it was my wont to let Imagination have full play, like a young colt turned loose after breaking in. It is very well to allow it to expatiate at large, and people the mind with ideas — the more precious from their scarceness — and in the absence of tangible company to create 'airy nothings' and furnish a variety of comforts, elsewhere denied. I was about to take a walk, alone.

The skirmishing had gradually subsided into a few cracks, and far between, leaving most of the work to the Artillery. In fact, the affair was becoming decidedly stupid. Ever since dawn, 'five tall fellows' had been shooting each other, and there was imminent peril from hunger, unless a cessation of hostilities gave time to recuperate — and eat. Hunger! that word but faintly expresses the vitriolic sensation that gnawed into my visceral region. Fortunately, there was a tacit and exceedingly well-timed understanding, to suspend mutual annoyances for a brief space. Had it not been for a certain rule of military etiquette, I dare say all would gladly have anticipated the occurrence of a later date, and dined with their national enemies: but, as matters then stood, there was nothing to do but to cast about for the wherewithal

to prolong existence, until a well-directed round of ammunition should close the account.

'*Boong! blang!*' 'A shell! a shell! — look out! — here comes another.'

It seemed unkind, just as our men were ransacking their havresacks, in search of provender to throw bomb-shells among them: and, at the best, it was a piece of ceremony which they would have willingly have foregone.

'That's the dinner-gong,' chuckled a rifleman, as he sat munching his dry food.

As the first shell had done no more harm than to cut a waggon-mule in twain, scatter a crowd of teamsters, and drive a small negro-boy to turn a summersault, and seek refuge beneath an unhurt mule, it did not cause much commotion. Every body made low reverences: that was all. Its successor impinged on the edge of the aqueduct, grinding the masonry to powder, and harmlessly burst. A few inches to one side, and a live shell would have lighted in the midst of about thirty persons, embracing many of our most distinguished officers. Almost every corps engaged had its representative there. After a short council of war was concluded, several started off, in different directions, to forage for a meal. I cannot pretend to that philosophy which can make famines to dance, and fevers to sing; but I was too old a campaigner to be down-cast at the trivial mishap of an empty viaticum. Raising my dusty cap, to cool a fevered brow, I scanned each object within the range of visual rays, for some prognostic of good cheer. The smoke ascending from an *adobe* hut caught my eyes, for the blue wreaths, that scarcely mounted into the thin atmosphere, were an earnest of life and habitation. My internal cravings were to be alleviated.

Forbidding as was the uncouth, neglected look of the exterior, my olfactorys elicited promise from the inside of the rural home. Behold me, seated in company with five as ferocious, ill-looking natives as could easily be pictured, all engaged in watching, with cat-like glances, the motions of a sulky specimen of the softer sex, who was cooking dinner. Military habits engender a great contempt for the restrictions and conventionalities of polite society, which would require a week's notice to dine. Waiving all formalities, which tend to embarrass simple people, like my hosts, I determined to partake of the frugal repast, in their own homely style. The manner in which they received me did not argue their belief that, like the Patriarch, they might be entertaining an angel unawares: but that might be owing to diffidence. There was no doubt that they would have made an angel of me — if they could.

In answer to my inquiry: '*Tiene algo a comer?*' Each one of the worthies wagged the index-finger of his right hand, the more forcibly to convey the unanimous response: '*No hay, nada.*' Not desiring to evince doubt of the veracity of my informants, but setting that down to bashfulness, in a degree, or 'in a horn,' if you please. An inspection of the *cuisine* removed all doubt. In addition to a plentiful supply of vegetables in preparation, a large fat fowl was undergoing the process of a broil! The knaves watched me askance, with the eye of a night-

bird. Perchance they had 'made a hit' on the road, and were about to regale themselves on the plunder.

While awaiting the repast, and inhaling the steam, so redolent of savory herbs, I sat in a corner by the door, studying the idiosyncrasies of the *hombres*, through the media of their physiognomies. One of the number, of a sinister expression of countenance, and withal of a murderous cast, with half-averted gaze, surveyed my person from top to toe, meanwhile muttering something which my ear could not catch. The others scowled fiercely, and seemed disposed to eject me from the premises by summary process: but as such an eviction would incidentally have furnished the *confrères* an opportunity of scouring their knives against my ribs — and dear me! I am so ticklish — my only safety lay in prompt measures to enjoin them against 'proceeding.' Giving the fellow nearest me a quick punch with my rifle, as a hint to stop the impoliteness of whispering in company, I toyed with the lock of the piece, as much as to tell them, that it might accidentally go off, and hurt some body. The clattering of the arms nettled them still more: nor was their uneasiness lessened, when a howitzer, exceeding its proper range, burst over-head, with a noise that was a compound of shrieks, fiendish laughs, and shrill whistles, as the torn fragments flew away: and they started up, to see through the openings in the cabin-walls the white balloon-like cloud sailing away into the azure sky. Dismayed, they would have rushed from the place: but it was not prudent to let them pass me: so up went the rifle's muzzle again. That motion quelled the mutiny, until even the smothered mutterings of indignation ceased, as their bosoms heaved and swelled with grief and disappointment.

Poor fellows! — what a situation! Scylla and Charybdis! — what a battery of looks they directed against me, as they merged from the talkative to the taciturn! No basilisk was there. They were as innocent as if they were intended to be terrible. The Señorita did not fully enter into their feelings, as was evident from the smirk on her face. A piece of the precious metal had crossed her palm, as half-gratuity, half-compensation for the bill of fare: and may-be she had some of the lighter foibles of her sex, including a fancy for the soldier-lacings. Dear soul! With what a look of witchery she spun round to serve up the viands!

Had I not been familiar with the outrageous custom of the country, of almost poisoning food with pungent spices and peppers, the fare would not have vanished so rapidly: but the additional sauce of hunger, and the chance of being shot, before poison could have time to work, banished all hesitation. After all, it was not a bad dinner. Waving my hand, with an air of gravity, and a mock dignity equal to that of the Mexicans, I gave the sturdy rogues to understand that their visitor was not to be out-done in deeds of generosity, but had made them residuary-legatees of the unconsumed viands. Their feast was necessarily for the most part on fancy, but that would counteract any natural tendency to corpulency!

The fun was about to commence, as I re-joined my comrades — my hungry and cross associates. On the roof of one of the most elevated buildings, Gen. WORTH stood overlooking operations, directing his eagle

glance to each pregnable point of attack, and issuing orders accordingly. Two Mexican women were seen staggering across the road under the weight of some heavy burden. Some great treasure, doubtless : for who would peril life and limb, as they did, unless for great reward or gain ? A little closer view disclosed an action seldom equalled in any other clime. They did not falter in their anxiety to secure the precious budget, although the air was vocal with the singing of balls ; and they stopped not until they had deposited the prize out of the way of harm. It was a poor soldier whom they so lugged along, and he an enemy, and no Adonis at that. It was John McK —, of my company, who had saved his five prisoners from harm that morning at Chepultepec. He told me the story a week after, as he lay on the only bed of one of his protectoresses, who was then making him broth from her last chicken ! He thanked her a month. He was then dead.

Our straggling forces were concentrating for the final assault. The clear notes of a bugle echoed from the arches of the aqueduct. We knew the signal. It was necessary for us to pass singly within range of the enemy, stationed at the garita. At the latticed windows of one of the larger houses, whose *sala* was but a yard or so above the pavement, were seen two foreign young ladies, whose likeness to each other proclaimed them to be sisters. Both pressed forward to look out, although the bars of iron were bent, and the casements of the windows shattered by shot. The game of life that was being played, absorbed them, and they entirely forgot personal safety. There was a palpable sympathy for our uniform ; for no sooner was a request for a draught of water breathed in Spanish, than several bottles of *vino-tinto* were handed through the bent bars, and an animated, though hurried conversation, in English, commenced. Never lily-scented maidens looked more charming ; never did a touch of Cockney-English sound more sweet, than then. We swigged the wine, hazarded our lives, and thought of home. The green veil which one of them wore was, to me, what the print of a palm-tree was to the Arab in a street in London. Sunny boyhood was revived : and the halcyon days of early youth came back. We took a lingering look, and were gone !

Gen. Scott had come up. Walls were scaled or broken through in the rear of the houses, and the roofs peopled with our men. The church of San Cosmé had been taken, and from its flat roof our wicked little mountain-howitzers poured down a destructive fire upon the heads of surprised foemen. Teamsters and army-followers had ascended to the church-top, where they did good service as sharp-shooters. Almost in the moment of victory, several were struck, and losing their balance, turned over and over, as they fell from the fearful height to the ground ! The final onset was successful. SANTA ANNA escaped by getting over a wall, while his aid-de-camp, all the troops stationed near the garita, and all the cannon but one, fell into the hands of the Americans of the North. *Hurrah ! — the city was entered !*

The last regular battle of the war had been fought and won. Many who were the impersonation of manliness, whose features I could not forget, were life as long again, attested the act, with the red seal of their hearts' blood ! The work finished, it would make an angel weep to see

the carnage of that spot ! The jubilant shout of victory does not rise : the death-drum throbs no longer : all seems to be suppressed. It cost too dear !

Then the holy reflection, that the ministering inhabitants of the air had fulfilled a mission of philanthropy, in averting the tangible, yet as unseen, hail of battle, stole over the minds of the survivors, who ever thought. NIGHT was drawing her curtain over the scene.

'Let not sleep,' said Pythagoras, 'let not sleep fall upon thine eyes, until thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the day.' The sage was not a soldier, in actual service, when he thus discoursed : he would not then have always followed his own prescription. No sooner had my head struck its resting-place, than I was beyond the reach of dreams. Two of our largest-sized mortars were fired in the night, within fifty yards of me : a dying soldier was laid by my side, on the same mattress, and attended by faithful comrades : yet neither circumstance kept sleep from my eye-lids for three seconds after its occurrence. The guard was taken from the troops who were the least fatigued : the stormers were excused. We slept.

W. H. BROWN.

G L I M P S E S .

BY MISS L. E. VICEROY.

WHEN the Angels their holiest vigils keep,
As our life lies folded in silence deep
In the arms of DEATH, and we call it sleep :

Familiar music we often hear,
As by Memory brought from some other sphere :
Strains which we know, yet have learned not here.

And glimpses wander the vision o'er,
Of paths where our footsteps have gone before,
In some far-off shadowy Heretofore.

And fair is the light where the Spirit stands,
And dear are the smiles of the kindred bands,
And the fond caresses of loving hands !

We may know not now where the region lies,
Under the arch of whose cloudless skies,
Such love looked out of such gentle eyes :

But these glimpses show how this life of pain
Is only a link in an endless chain,
Like 'mid sands of an ocean, one small grain :

And we find where we grope 'midst shadows deep,
The secrets OBLIVION fain would keep,
Almost revealed in the realm of Sleep !

Johnston, (Pa.) August, 1855.

THE LAST SIEGE.

THE purple clusters of the grape are pressed,
 The song amid the vineyards is at rest :
 The mellow fruit upon the bending bough,
 The reapers' golden sheaves, are gathered now
 In Palestine the harvest-shout is done,
 The 'Feast of Tabernacles' is begun.

Up to Jerusalem the tribes repair,
 The hum of merry voices fills the air :
 The myrtle-blossom casts its fragrance round,
 With silver willow and the palm leaf bound
 And psaltery and harp, and Music's shout,
 With cymbals' clang, to the blue skies ring out.
 But hark ! there swelleth o'er the festal song
 A note of Lamentation deep and long :
 Whence doth it come, so fearfully and lone —
 That wild, deep voice of the sepulchral tone ?

Far, far above the busy, moving crowd,
 Where the green hill-top seems to kiss the cloud,
 Stands one who, in his gestures strange, would seem
 As one who walketh in a frenzied dream :
 His dusky robe floats out against the sky,
 A Prophet's light is in his restless eye :
 His arms are raised, as if in wild despair —
 The wind is sporting on his temples bare :
 'Tis his — the voice, the wild unearthly cry :
 And as the eager multitudes come nigh,
 Thus, echoing round the city's mighty walls,
 Upon their startled ears the warning falls :

'A VOICE from the east and west,
 From the rising and setting sun :
 A voice from the winds of Heaven,
 Whose race ye soon must run :
 A voice against the altar-side,
 A voice against the Nation's pride,
 Against the bridegroom and the bride —
 Oh ! woe to them !
 Woe to the shining Temple's dome,
 Woe to the cheerful hearth and home —
 Woe to Jerusalem !'

Still comes the echo back upon the air,
 But the lone Prophet is no longer there :
 He hath passed on amid the distant throng.
 With eye so piercing and with step so strong !
 He windeth 'mid the laugh and cymbals' play,
 As one whose dwelling-place is far away.

'Tis the eighth day, just ere the set of sun :
 The Tabernacle feast is nearly done :
 The pure white temple, with its gold and gems,
 Stands gleaming through the leafy olive stems,
 With purple wild-flowers o'er the door-veil hung

From jeweled columns shadows light are flung,
 And over all, far in the red light, shine
 The clustering blossoms of the golden vine.
 The sons of ISRAEL are gathered there
 To offer to their GOD a grateful prayer.
 The rainbow-light through burnished windows flows,
 As if with wreaths of flame, the arched roof glows :
 And, stretching far the fretted aisles between,
 The entrance to the holy place is seen.
 The Levites, with their silver trumps, stand round ;
 Their long, white vestments flow upon the ground :
 And waxen candles, in their golden stems,
 Fling brightness o'er the brodered robes and gems.
 The curtains from the inner shrine arise,
 The High-Priest cometh to the sacrifice :
 The victim's blood flows o'er the marble fair.
 A cloud of fragrance melts upon the air :
 The frankincense upon the altar burns,
 And to the holy place the priest returns :
 The wax lights in the scented air grow dim,
 With sound of harp and trump peals out the Hymn :

' We praise THEE, GOD above,
 LORD of the earth and skies !
 THOU giv'st the harvest-time,
 THOU biddest the storms arise.

' We praise THEE, LORD ' —

But hark ! what voice is there
 So sadly ringing out upon the air ?
 Still, still it cometh : listen to its tone :

' Wo to the shining Temple's dome,
 Wo to the cheerful hearth and home :
 Woo to Jerusalem ! '

He comes ! he comes ! — the prophet wild and lone :
 The Hymn is hushed, the trump and cymbal's sound,
 And but the shrill, despairing cry rings round :
 ' Woo to Jerusalem ! '

SEVEN times they 've gathered in the golden corn,
 Since first that cry was o'er the city borne :
 Then palm-trees cast their shadows, light and still,
 The olive bloomed upon the sunny hill :
 The waving branches are no longer there,
 The myrtle's fragrance fills no more the air :
 The brook still floweth, but its banks are dyed
 In the red stream, that mingles with its tide :
 For the green hills have seen the battle-spear,
 Have heard the clash of shield and helmet near.
 The Enemy hath pitched his camp around
 Amid the valleys — but there comes no sound
 From the besieged within the mighty wall :
 A silence, even of Death, is o'er them all !
 For FAMINE, with its withering breath, hath sped,
 Strowing their palaces and stroets with dead !

The strong man flingeth all his armor by,
 And near the temple lieth down to die;
 The mother sinketh to her dreamless rest,
 With famished babe upon her icy breast;
 And those who linger o'er their forms to weep,
 Deem it too blessed, that untroubled sleep.

'Tis night; a trumpet peals along the wall,
 The foeman answers to the echoing call;
 A sound of clashing swords and flying feet
 Is rising far along the silent street.
 The night is gone, the day looks down again;
 Spears ring and banners float upon the plain;
 The victor and the vanquished, side by side,
 Are rolling in their life-blood's crimson tide.
 Upon the battlements a form is seen,
 Rushing with wild, distracted eye and mien:
 'Woe to the people! Lo! the arrows flee!
 Woe to Jerusalem! woe, woe to me!'
 A stone descends from off the towers high;
 And, as the echo still repeats the cry,
 The prophet falls, 'mid shriek and triumph-swell:
 He has fulfilled his dreary mission well.

'Tis eve; the Roman resteth in his tent —
 The fight is done, the victor's strength is spent;
 The helm is lifted from his heated brow,
 The sword, unsheathed, is resting by him now.
 His face is turned to the bright setting sun;
 Perchance he muses on the battle won,
 Perchance upon the mystic prophet's word.
 He starts, he turns, he grasps again his sword;
 A shout is borne upon the evening air,
 A frantic wail, as if of wild despair:
 'Save! save! the holy place, the temple burns!'
 Swift thitherward his flying steps he turns;
 In mad confusion shout the assembled throng,
 The echoing hills the piercing shrieks prolong.
 He gains the blood-stained spot, he waves his hand,
 And gives in trumpet-tones his stern command:

'Save ye the altars of your God,
 The holy aisles your fathers trod!
 Fling not a torch or brand!
 Save! save! the flames are rushing high!
 Men! soldiers! sons of Israel! fly!
 Ye sacrilegious wretches! stand!'

They heed him not, they have not heard the sound;
 'Mid roar of crackling flame his voice is drowned.
 Far spread the flames, and louder roars the din,
 A crowd has gathered in the court within;
 The smoking pillars one hot ruin fall —
 Men, soldiers, priest, and temple, perish all!

'Tis done, and desolation makes its home
 Where in the sun-light gleamed the temple's dome;
 'Tis done, and Jewish tribes their tribute bring
 The heathen conqueror, Judea's king.

RACHEL A. ACKERMAN.

H O M E .

In the night when all is silent and still, and the little stars twinkle in the far-off heavens, I look lingeringly across the wide ocean and sigh for home. The power and beauty of that word few can realize who have not at some time lived in other lands, far away from the associations of early childhood, and from the sweet by-lanes all fragrant with the primrose, the daisy and the brier — lanes where children gathered in joyful gambol of mirth, sacred now to the heart of ripened manhood.

It is some years since I first thought of wandering into distant parts, and gathering up the romance of enchanted localities, to return laden with associations that should make me happy, and lend a halo of glory to my homely fireside.

Man sets out in the morning, all-sufficient in his enthusiasm, and chanting his merry notes thinks so to pass through the turmoil and contention of life ; in the midst of his journey he wavers and staggers oft, without knowing which way to go. See him — a look backward and a look forward — mammon is struggling with him, while affection is presenting to his view the child at its play, and the rippling brook where he was wont to watch the bubbles, as they kissed the lillies in the evening tide — accents gentle say : ‘ Home, Home.’

Our ejaculations startle many ; they view us with astonishment ; they are dim, shadowy, and incoherent ; often in talk the heart is wandering and unstable, where it should be fixed and abiding.

Oh ! this indecision of purpose, this gnawing at the heart, that will not let us rest ; all the day long we are binding ourselves to the bidding of expediency, and all the night unravelling those very things by the force of affection.

Awhile we have a quiet conscience, build up friendships, and think what other years will do, if God spares us, to cement those ties ; but suddenly a little trivial incident unmans us, the music that swells the hearts of our fellow-workers finds us in tears. Yes ! that is a song mother used to sing ; we remember her gentle voice ; that sweet, benignant face we must see again.

Our resolutions of yester-hour are gone. Once again we start on a new life ; we talk to our friends of going home, resigning all our prospects, and gladdening the old fireside by our presence ; and yet we do not get away ; the struggle goes on ; we are not consistent ; we are as changeable as the wavering wind : so say those who know us outwardly. Man, do you understand the struggle that is going on ! Do you understand the human heart ? Accuse us not harshly.

When letters go to tell those at home that we are well, they are written with a sad heart ; with all our seeming cheerfulness and desire to make absent ones think we are happy, a little word unconsciously glides in ; wishes and joys and hopes are not strangers in such connexions, and never will be until the heart becomes unconscious of life.

Mother thinks our absence long ; brothers look forward with delight to a happy reünion ; sisters feel the separation on a bridal day.

Was it for bread that we came away? then if we return can we find the means of support for ourselves in a society in which we have no distinct identity? Here we live and have every intellectual gratification. There we may sit and revel in the warm affections of kindred and friends, but we lack the bread; we do not possess the ability to apply ourselves to the old routine. Does not mistrust dim our vision?

Let affection be but our guide, and though humble our cottage-fare, words of content are on our lips, children gather around our knees. The church-bell sounds through the dell, and before the night's rest songs of joy are heard to ascend on high.

The meandering river that our little bark gayly glided on is ever present to us; we see its green banks in the twilight. Here we gently floated down the stream as the evening sun went to rest on the top of the distant hills, and we sang a merry rustic's song.

The coy young maidens sat on the water's banks, and pleasant looked each one as we shouted a hearty 'Hurrah!' Then we would pull our boat on shore, laugh at the wild stare of the cattle, dance in the woods till all the children put on our gestures, and bashful girls gave glances of approval, and once again row away and sing the boatman's song.

By the home fireside we lent ourselves to romance and a dreamy imaginativeness, told tales of giants craving for the blood of Englishmen, of little Tom Whittingtons and great Bow-Bells, built pretty castles in the air, rode on airy nothings, and shut our eyes to behold little firmaments of sunshine and glory revolving at our pleasure; and then the sea-coal fire was full of images; sometimes it would have a trim-looking sailor, that was to be sister's sweetheart; there was grandfather tottering onward with his staff, till one full blaze sent him into nothingness; mother had a stern old bachelor always looking at her, and I sometimes fancied—it was but a fancy—that a little child in innocence wooed me as a lover.

Alas! these thousand little images are gone; we no longer close our eyes to invite a feeling of dreaminess; it would only bring back to our memory the things that are gone for ever.

A real child of flesh and blood, whom we all loved, made us much mirth. His little blue eyes and roguish laugh, always full of life, and such a plump, round-faced little fellow, happy and as joyous as a bird in spring.

Yes, but this child is growing out of these habits and looks every day, and if we see him again perhaps we may not be able to recognize him. That image that we treasured up in our memory will not answer for him. Affection is a corporeal conservative to absent ones. How oft have we indulged the thought that if we had the little one by our side we could bury our cares by tossing him in our arms.

Not altogether in idle talk or fairy mythology were our evenings spent. Mother had too deep a sense of the reverence due to an all-wise God to counsel this. Each repast found us offering up our thanks for the blessings we enjoyed, not of our own merit, but of the fruits of mercy and compassion. The Bible oft was read; and at night (it is a sweet remembrance to us) mother taught our infant lips to repeat the Christian's prayer, and then with a kiss and an invocation to God to bless us and keep us always under His care and by her roof, she half in sadness and half in joy left us for the night. Sometimes when she thought we were

all asleep, she came, perhaps once, perhaps oftener, to look at us again. Yet we did much to make her sorrowful, committed wrong and pained her heart deeply, and now the very thought of these things presses upon us heavily, and we can only say : Blessed be God for a mother's love, pure and undefiled, that hopes and lives and loves for the wayward and the wicked. Here is no interest mingled with respect, here is no compassion wound up in cold looks and lofty bearings, but a free and extended arm, and a voice that gives utterance only to assure that we have a true friend.

Not lightly would we portray the character of a mother endeared to us by all that is noble and good. There are fountains of bliss that exist not for the world ; it is sufficient that the flower blooms and flourishes in quietude.

We love not our birth-place because it is peculiarly picturesque or beautiful, because it is hallowed by the association of great deeds of valor, or that sanctity here has built itself quiet retreats and found a resting-place in days gone by ; it is for none of these things that we care aught. If the hills were as barren as the desert, and the valley possessed no lovely retreat, it would still be the same cherished place. We love it simply from early association. It is a place where every man's heart centres, where he hopes one day to return and build up a name, or perhaps to lay one aside to become the counsellor and friend of the poor and needy.

We look at home as it was in our early days. There was the cottage half hid in honeysuckles and graceful running-roses, with an old apple-tree close by, known by all school-boys and school-mates ; the garden, neatly bordered with box, here a stalk, there a lily ; in this corner a sweet perfuming geranium, in that a diffident hearts-ease ; the centre was full of cluster-roses, carnations and fusia, and then there were the garden fences, inclosing bushes, the delight of juvenility. Some little unknown birds, bold at our hospitality, built their nests and reared their young in nooks of the garden.

In this quiet, secluded home we passed many happy days. Men called it the grove. Tall elms stretched their majestic heads high in the air and played with the wayward wind.

The parish church, with the adjoining ruins of the once-renowned monastery of the White Friars, and the massive stone walls encompassing the town, stood as monuments of the industry of the men of the twelfth century, and were as a book in which were written strange tales of invasions and wars, valor, heroism and devotion. We have often looked upon these noble remnants of a by-gone age, and asked ourselves if the little pigmies of these our days bear any resemblance to the valiant and heroic men of yore.

Not to be forgotten is the organ ; its body made of Saxon-oak, cut and carved with the most grotesque figures, nowise symbolical of the life ethereal, monstrosities all of them such as youth loves to study, and as oft deride. We confess, however, our ignorance in these things. St. Nicholas may, for aught we know, be personified in a look of exultation, as if at some sad thing done evincing his supremacy.

On the centre of the organ stood a sentinel of purity, with stretched wings and a trumpet in his hand, and after the soft, soothing persuasives

bringing calm delight, the angel's voice awoke, and out of the trump came an angelic 'Shout, shout!' Oh! the rapture, the overpowering sense of beatitude; we are drinking in the experience of a higher BEING; we do not breathe. There is no animal life in us, and if these sounds were reverberating through us long, we should have no tangible being; we are overwhelmed, aghast, astounded; we will put our hands to our mouths and be as dumb men.

Not far away the great sea cast its restless waves on the bosom of the hills. You would stand in a still night and hear its roar, and the shingle tossing hither and thither, now advancing a step and then receding again; and in dread winter-storms not unfrequently did the cries of the perishing sailor come to you in vain. A wild, piercing shriek of despair went up from the wreck, and all was over.

Out in the ocean laid quicksands and shifting banks, that no buoys or lights could speak of — monster spies and entrappers. Bravely sailed the bark homeward from a far-off land; she strikes, is on her beam ends, and ere many hours the cold and the fierce dash of the surf over the imbedding ship have released each human soul from the cares and troubles of life.

Men would oft peril their lives in venturing out to sea in the hope to save whom they could. They, too, not unfrequently were heard of no more, and little children were left to mourn and suffer with hunger.

That sea, that distant roar, that wild, frantic cry of despair, are ever to us a lesson of the omnipotence of the CREATOR and RULER of the universe.

Many of these associations have passed away for a while, to give place only more vividly to the remembrance of the day of separation, when half-unconscious of our future, we bid good-by. What an overpowering sense there is in this word. Every thing says farewell. The children kiss you, and then weep; the tender mother presses your hand, and hangs around your neck, while she implores the protection of HEAVEN. All is a sad echo, farewell! We go away with an undecided purpose and a faltering footstep.

And now after many years we retrace our course, we come to join our friends; but how many have we not to count as among the dead, and sorrowful more than all is the thought that one to whom we felt more than a brother's affection is no more, that the cheerful face and bright smile have passed away, and that in a distant land lies all that is mortal of a tender and benignant companion.

No more! no more
In autumn's solemn eve
He lingers on the lonely shore,
Or hears the angry ocean
Dashing at the prison-door.
Rest! rest!
The spirit homeward's gone;
Dust to dust hath mingled.

As we meditate calmly on our short pilgrimage, we are conscious that the only true solace and comfort for the yearning and discontented soul, is a reliance on a holier and better life, and a steadfast looking forward to the realization of the same.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY J. SWEET.

I.

THE Summer takes a sad farewell,
And glides with noiseless step away;
Brown Autumn comes o'er hill and dell,
To hold o'er earth her sober sway.

II.

On dying leaves, with magic hand,
Frost-spirits rainbow-colors trace;
The forest seems enchanted land,
The fairies' chosen dwelling-place.

III.

The Beautiful claims earth's domains,
And unseen artists every hour
Are sketching on the hills and plains
The softest tints, with matchless power.

IV.

The Indian Summer's glimmering haze
Rests on the changing earth awhile,
And over field and forest plays
The Summer's last sad parting smile.

V.

The winds lie hushed in dreamy sleep,
And Nature sinks in calm repose,
A prelude to her slumbers deep,
Beneath the wintry shroud of snows.

VI.

The roving Indian, Nature's child,
Felt the sweet influence in his breast,
And fancied that the season mild
Came from SOWANO's realms of rest.

VII.

The Orient basks in brighter skies,
Italia boasts a softer clime,
But no land has the gorgeous dyes
Of our mild Indian Summer time.

VIII.

These autumn views are all our own,
Painted by Nature's truthful hand,
Hung on our Northern hills alone
To beautify our father-land.

THE BIRTH OF FLEANCE KRÜGER.

BY CAROLINE CHESBRO.

PART TWO.

It was a fierce struggle through which Fleance Kruger passed ; not what they might think who, by association, had entirely lifted her from such a sphere of toiling life as this, even to their own. What they might think was not the point. It was the sudden unmasking to herself of the extent to which she had been dreaming ; but she did not stand before herself as one who had dreamed. She had actually lived ; but what she had believed through that living, now so rudely swept away ! A stern, fierce struggle, and the light stood in the midst of the darkness to help her through the conflict, and she comprehended it not, and fought alone, and so was overcome.

When at length Miss Kingswood came seeking her, she was too much absorbed in her own delight, in all that met her eyes, to observe her young companion's mood. When she sat down beside her on the bank, under the evergreens, she did as she supposed, if at all she thought about it, Fleance also was doing. She lost herself in the wide and varied prospect, the wild heights, and the sweet dreams that lay along the slumberous valley's heart. And when her brother joined them, and they walked about, down the bank, and further up the heights, they were too much absorbed in these scenes to notice Fleance, too happy themselves to suspect any thing beside delight in her heart. Wherefore should they imagine that she was beyond her own control on that sweet morning amid those blessed prospects ? — she, who should have walked like an angel of God among them, breathing in their purest and serenest influences, beyond her own control !

Not until she was again in the carriage, seated beside Miss Kingswood, and they had set out on their return home, did she breathe freely. Now only was she safe from discovery. On their way home, in the pauses of the conversation, the lady was thinking on that human life she had found there in the midst of the solitude of nature, a solitary soul, and by-and-by she began to speak of him, to contrast the characters of the workmen as they appeared to her, to note the various effects of nature and the comparative isolation of their lives upon them. The old workman, whom she had first addressed, had made the deepest impression on her mind ; he seemed, she said — and she spoke thoughtfully — the best specimen of what grand scenery could do for a man who was deprived of social advantages. And Fleance, while she listened, thought, with a spasmodic effort, to repress the thinking of the father she had rejected, of whom these words were spoken. Only to pass from this mountain region to the valley below, to be beyond the sound of those tools with which the quarry-men wrought the blocks of granite. Away ! but the horses seemed to go at a snail's pace. If she

could have flown, she might have passed out of reach of her accusing conscience ; but as they slowly, cautiously made the descent, these condemning facts arrayed themselves against her.

Why, in that moment when she heard her father's voice, after the tumult of the surprise, had so hard and relentless a feeling come over her, to stay her foot and speech ? Not for his sake had she kept in the dark shadow ; not because of the belief that he must have had a reason for concealing his occupation and place from her ; it was her own proud heart that had prevented her — false pride, false shame, and vile ingratitude. She called things by their proper names now, but it was too late to confess him. Perhaps it was only on this account that she gave remorse full sweep, because certain that there was now nothing to be done but to go on to the village, back into the school, and leave him toiling in the mountain for her sake, and say nothing about it. But who will prefer to believe that ? She was cowardly rather than criminal now. She was not equal to the task, not able to rise up with all the indignation that she really felt against her coward self, and therefore breathed she more freely as the distance increased between her and him she had denied.

Instinctively she knew and shared in the horror with which Miss Kingswood and her brother would look upon her, did they but know all she knew in regard to this day, which had given them so much enjoyment. They, because of whom she had wrought the iniquity, how would they denounce it ! She saw the look with which Miss Kingswood would regard her ; the wondering contempt and pity. And she deserved it. She had no better way of knowing that this would be the reception the confession would meet at Miss Kingswood's hands, than the fact that it was deserving of just this reception, and no other.

They passed by the grave-yard on their entrance into the village ; it lay close upon the road-side, only half-screened by the rows of ever-greens that bordered it. There her mother's grave was ; but Fleance had lost every thing. She dared not look down into that quiet spot. Accusing spirits seemed hovering around her and above her, and the dim, shadowy recollection of the mother rose in condemnation of the child. She could not steel herself against these things, as for a few moments after they were fairly on their way from the quarry, she had contrived to do. She could not again forget herself, and listen to the conversation, and enjoy the prospect.

She had no one to whom to speak, on her return, of the happy day. The school was dismissed just as Arthur Kingswood reined in his horses in front of the widow's door, and all the children were coming out. Many eyes were on Fleance Krüger as she alighted ; she saw them : she knew how they looked upon her, and hard she strove — it was a new task and a difficult one — to hide what was passing in her heart. She knew that the girls looking at her envied her as she went up the walk to the door of the house, by Miss Kingswood's side ; that they all looked at her with wonder when they saw the stately lady, and the noble horses, and the elegant man who had driven them in such a grand and lofty style. But these things were no joy to Fleance. She felt no triumph because of them. A little while and she stole away to

the garden, and walked alone there, and took her books and tried to fix her mind upon them, and even endeavored to spur herself on, and to cheat herself, saying, that for her father's sake, she would from this time make great progress, and give herself no rest, and, since he was working so hard for her, and expected so much of her, she would surprise him by an advancement, and she would be like Miss Kingswood. Pale and grave, with an aching head and a heart that ached still more painfully, she sat poring over those books; but she could master nothing. The purpose with which, in the hours of the declining day, she bent herself over them, more and more resolutely, failed. Her memory refused to retain those lessons.

At night-fall, Miss Kingswood, walking on the balcony, espied Fleance in the garden, and called to her; and as Fleance came, she gently chid her indiscretion in remaining out while the dew was falling so heavily. She would have had Fleance go with her to her room, but on the plea of her headache, the girl went off early to her bed, you do not think to sleep.

She laid aside the garments she had worn that day, purchased by her father's toil. She piled her school-books together, as was her nightly habit, on the stand beside her bed — books purchased by his labor, his hopes in the result of her faithful study. She laid herself upon her bed, and thought of him lying under the roof of one of those mountain-huts, wearied with his day of toil, thinking of her, praying for her, as she had often heard him pray. She saw him not with her eyes, but Miss Kingswood had not remarked, as she would have done had there been occasion, that his dress differed in any respect from that of his hard-working companions. He was like the other men whom *she* had seen. Miss Kingswood had merely observed his civility, his self-respect, and nothing more.

It is the stupid and the dull that sleep on while 'the hour is at hand.' Fleance could not sleep, could not rest upon her bed, could not even lie there, and she arose, re-lighted her lamp, and bolted her door. Having done this, what now does she contemplate? She takes from the box, where, under lock and key she keeps them, the letters he has written from 'abroad,' and she reads them all again. Then she crept back to bed again, put out the light, and wept till long past midnight. Bitter tears they were, for sin was borne away in them, and the bitterness of death is in sin.

But when the hour that was at hand had come, then she sat up in her bed again, thinking; and drawn out by her thinking, she stood before the window and looked on earth and heaven, and heaven and earth waited while she stood and thought.

The moon was shining, the earth was still. She did not particularly observe either of these facts. They were not things to be taken into this account. Storm and darkness, light and calm were now merely names to her, and not with names was Fleance Krüger dealing. With great haste she turned at length from the window, and began to dress herself. Nosomnambulism here! She knows what she will do. Thank HEAVEN! she knows what she will do. Not in the holiday garments she has worn to-day, does she proceed to array herself — is her working-dress that she puts on.

A door of her room led into the back part of the house, where no one slept. Fleance went that way softly, cautiously, as though walking in her sleep, and got out by the window. She was escaping, but from herself, rather than from any hand or voice of authority, or love; there was but one thing in this world for Fleance Krüger to do; and the swiftest way in which that might be done, was the best for her, and there was no counting of the chances.

By the window she made her escape, and passing through the yard, she ran on till she reached the mountain-road. The moon was in mid-heaven, and at its full, but the light thereof was often obscured by flying clouds. A little rain had fallen earlier in the night, and a mist was now passing through the valley, but Fleance saw nothing but a bent figure toiling over blocks of stone for her, heard nothing but a voice calling to her heart, and she made haste to answer it.

The distance that lay between them, the weariness, the possible danger had not occurred to her when she gave way to the leadings of the impulse through which her better nature made proclamation of itself. To right a monstrous moral wrong; to assert, not her innocence, alas! that could not be, but her penitence and remorse; to confess him whom she had denied; to tell him that she knew his route of travel, and to beseech that she might abide with him, work with him in the pit, if he must work there — for he should make no further purchases at such a price as he had paid for one worthless as she — for this she went. And as she went, the agitation and confusion of her thoughts was lessened and subdued. Her pace slackened, but she did not halt to rest, nor pause to look back, nor take any thought of those whom she had left behind her. On, on she went, without lingering, without haste, growing, as she ascended, more calm, more resolute, more sorrowful. That night had no terrors for her; temporal things were out of mind; a spiritual contest, a spiritual victory had raised her above mere mortal fears. She climbed the winding road without anticipation of evil, and no evil was there. She could have encountered any obstacle with courage, for none could come to her in a shape so terrible, or compel a contest so fearful as her own self had compelled that day.

She was unmindful of the passing of the night. The moon hid the glory of the dawn, and the day broke upon her at sun-rise. Night or morning, it were all the same. If she could but live to confess her father before all the world, that toiling man before Miss Kingswood as her father, to do him honor, as before Heaven she had shown him dishonor, that was all she asked. She did not hear the birds that sang, nor see that the day was to be one that would rival the glory of yesterday. She had no sense of these things. Time might bring to her again its accustomed joy, but for her it has none now. After a brief pause for rest, she set forth again. She would not spare herself, nor confess by any motion that she was weary, and it was not an hour after sun-rise when she came within sound of the workmen. No sound ever fell upon her ear so grateful as that. It staid for a moment her foot-steps, and she laid her hand on her heart, but its fluttering was not to be stilled thus; so strangely it fluttered, so fast it beat, so violently it throbbed; and yet she went on; for there was at least no faltering or fluttering of her

purpose, and it was given her to forget herself, to go forward thinking rather of the approaching union than the cause that impelled it.

When she came at last in sight of the pit, and drew near and nearer to it, until she stood again on the spot where yesterday Miss Kingswood and her brother and a happy child alighted from the carriage, she paused again to think, and then once more she went on resolute, and descended into the pit, and did not think to observe if the workmen would recognize her for the person that came yesterday with the grand lady, or to see if they would look up from their work and pause a moment before they went on again, as they did on that fatal day.

She thought that she could tell the very place where her father would be working; but the pit was changed since yesterday, both in form and occupancy. The workmen had been blasting the rocks, and the corner in which Kruger had worked was quite torn away, and great piles of broken stone were lying there where she had hoped to find him. Disappointed, Fleance turned from this scene, and advanced toward the nearest workman.

'Does Benjamin Kruger work here?' she asked.

The man dropped his hammer and looked at her. His face lengthened, he seemed about to answer, but changed his purpose. He had heard that Kruger had a child, and, without pausing to consider the reasonableness of his guess that this was she, he said:

'Did you get the news down in the village so quick?'

'What news? Do you know where he is? I have something to say to him,' said Fleance, hurriedly, alarmed by the man's words, and by his manner, which made them doubly significant.

The quarry-man hesitated; he thought he could discern a likeness to Kruger in the girl, in her face and her voice, and instead of replying, he concluded by pointing to the man next him, and went on with his work.

The strangeness of the act heightened her trouble; fearing she knew not what, Fleance went on and repeated her question. Duller than the other, or more intent upon his labor, the man, hardly looking up, said:

'He's up to his cabin, I expect. That's where we left him.' And when Fleance begged that he would tell her which cabin it was, he looked up slowly and pointed out the path that led up to the hut.

Up that path, as if for life or death, she ran. That same dreadful thing had happened, she knew, but what or how, she dared not ask or think. Many eyes were on her as the slight figure went, and seemed to fly up the steep and rocky way. The man whom she had first addressed, wiped his eyes as she ran past him, and he seemed for a moment on the point of following her, when he saw her hurry up the path, but he did not, and she went alone.

Breathless she reached the place she sought, the point of land for which she made with desperate endeavor, as the shipwrecked sailor for the harbor near. The door of the cabin stood ajar. Gently pushing it, Fleance crossed the threshold.

Kruger was lying upon the bed. She knew that it was her father, though the room was darkened, and the face of the person on the bed

was hidden from her sight. The chair on which she placed her hand, against which she leaned for support when she first entered the room, held his garments, his poor, worn garments, and his cap. She knew that they were his. There were two persons standing by the bed when she went in — a woman and a man, and she recognized the man's face ; he was a physician of the village. He also recognized her, and came up to her, and took her by the hand, and led her softly out into the open day.

He hardly questioned her as to how or why she came. He said nothing to indicate surprise when Fleance told him that she had come up to see her father ; but he told her what had happened in few words : that he had been summoned the evening before to attend Mr. Krüger, who had been hurt by a premature ignition of the powder, and explosion of the rock, and that if she went into the room again, which he seemed inclined to think she had better not do, she must remain quiet and disturb no one. He offered to take her back with him to the village ; he should now be going home in a few minutes, having done all that could be done just yet for the comfort of the patient. He should be up again that day, and every day, of course, and would constantly report to her ; for this was not a very comfortable place for her to stay in.

Fleance listened to all he said, quietly. She seemed to repress the impatience she felt at this manner of the doctor's address, to listen as if it were a part of the penalty she should pay. What cause had any one to suppose that she cherished an affection for her father such as would impel her to put up with inconveniences, and insist on remaining to serve him, at least to watch beside him, who had no child but her ?

But she answered with a determination such as the doctor attempted not to thwart. She did not ask him what the wounds were her father had received ; she dared not, but she said :

'I came up to the quarry without Mrs. Thomas's knowledge. If you will be so good as to go and tell her I am here with my father. I came up this morning, and I shall stay till he is better.'

The doctor merely answered that her wish should be obeyed, and that his order must be. If she remained, she must say nothing to her father, must do nothing that would in any way disturb him. He turned from Fleance as he said this, and went back to the cabin. Fleance did not follow him.

She sat down on a projecting ledge of rock, and hid her face. This that had befallen her seemed verily greater than she could bear. The courage that had sustained her, the strength of a high resolve had borne her through all the distance that lay between her father and herself, but now here, she was powerless. What was it that had befallen him ? How was he wounded ? Would he recover ? She dared not think upon it ; she lay down upon the rock, and shut the day out from her eyes, and within her soul was darkness.

But her unasked questions were immediately to be answered. While yet she remained there alone, a sound of voices, speaking in the path

beneath, came up to her, the words spoken rising distinctly through the stillness of the place, as if whispered in her ear :

‘His right arm gone ! Poor fellow ! poor fellow ! And his eyes blinded, did you say ? Terrible ! But still he may recover his sight ; such accidents ——’

It was Arthur Kingswood’s voice speaking to his guide. The doctor had left orders in the village that Kingswood should be apprized at once of what had happened, and when the intelligence reached him, the proprietor lost no time in coming up to the works.

Fleance Kruger started to her feet as she heard that voice. She did not need to nerve herself in order to do this. She had no more battles to fight ; she was free. As she stood up, and he advanced, Kingswood saw her, and seeing her, he stopped short, as if a spectre had risen in his path.

‘Fleance ! you here !’

‘I came up to see my father. He is in there,’ she answered hastily, so eager was she that he should know it was her father that was wounded, so eager to confess him. As she spoke, she pointed to the hut. Then she added, for he was surprised, and not quick to understand her, and stood looking at her without speaking : ‘When you go back, tell Miss Kingswood that I came up to see my father, and that I am staying here to nurse him.’

Kingswood advanced toward Fleance with misgiving, thinking that she must be beside herself. He was troubled on her account, she looked so pale and so exhausted. The man who had been his guide went on his way toward the cabin, and left them alone there together.

‘Fleance, how came you here ?’ asked Arthur Kingswood.

She met his glance and answered instantly :

‘I walked up, Sir.’

‘What could have sent you ? Did you dream that your father was hurt, or did any one come for you ? Your father, you say ? Did you know all the while that he was here ? You said nothing of him yesterday.’

Fleance paused a moment before she answered. Her cheek grew violently red ; his words seemed to express some doubt of her, at least very much of surprise. Then she said, in a slow, distinct tone, as if she would not have him lose a word of what she had to say :

‘Mr. Kingswood, I did not know that he *was* here when we came up yesterday. I thought he was away on some business somewhere. I did not know that he was working up here for me. When I heard him speak to Miss Kingswood, I knew his voice ; but I could not believe it was his for a moment ; but I knew it right afterward. I knew it was his voice. Oh ! it was wicked and cruel, but I went off, and did n’t see him ; but last night I repented. I repented before we got half-way down the mountain. But in the night I determined to come back to him, and so I had n’t to be sent for, Mr. Kingswood.’

These last words she said with a trifle of exultation, as though, in the midst of all these miserable circumstances, there was a spark of comfort.

Kingswood was slow to take in all that was involved in these

words, more slow than his sister, who wept, her first of such tears, when he repeated them to her; but the words left him more thoughtful than they found him.

'Have you seen him yet, Fleance?' he asked, it seemed to her with more than his usual kindness.

'No,' she answered.

He did not let go her hand, but led her on with him along the narrow path. At the door of the hut she released herself, and sat down on the step.

'Will you not go in?'

'When you are all gone I will. I must not speak to him, the doctor said.'

So Arthur Kingswood left her there, and went alone within.

The few words he had spoken to Fleance, his presence there, the opportunity she had found, and so speedily, to confess her folly and sin, did more for her than repose or refreshment of body could have done. She had now no thought of weariness, and the soreness of her anguish was removed. On the words she heard Kingswood saying to his guide, she pondered. Blindness! mutilation! and in that hour she did not so much grieve over her father's loss as resolve on her own doing.

Kruger's right hand, Kruger's eyes would his daughter Fleance be. She waited without the hut, heard the soft steps within, and the suppressed voices, and when they came to the door again, she arose and went noiselessly farther away. The woman of the house — a stout, kind-hearted body, who had lived in reverence of Kruger from her youth up — came out with the doctor and Arthur Kingswood, and the doctor gave her his instructions. When the consultation was over, Kingswood followed after Fleance, and she saw that he had wept since she last spoke to him. He came now and said to her: 'I shall go down to the village at once. The first thing I shall do will be to tell my sister where you are, and deliver your message. We shall do every thing for your father's comfort and speedy recovery that can be done. I need not say that. It is well that you came up. I am glad you came; I am glad you walked; but you had better not speak to him until the doctor comes again. You can help the woman, but you had better go in first, and put yourself into a condition for doing so. She will find a place where you can lie down and rest. You must be very tired after so long a walk. If you should fall sick yourself, you know your father would then be under the care of other people.'

This being Arthur Kingswood that spoke, the brother whom Miss Kingswood seemed to take such pleasure in obeying when he made any suggestion, or expressed any wish to her, it was enough for Fleance Kruger, and she promised that she would do as he had recommended.

Under the same roof that sheltered her father, she lay down to rest. She had stood beside his bed and noiselessly listened to the painful sighs which now and then escaped him. So near, and he not know it! but not as yesterday, near by. Here, in the midst of this fearful ruin, there was less inward striving, and less bitterness and anguish. She had stood shudderingly and yet resolute, thinking of this mutilated life; yet it was life: and she had prayed in that silence.

For several days, Krüger's mind was delirious, but the fever and the pain at length abated under the constant and tender assiduity of his nurse and doctor ; for Kingswood was 'a man having authority,' and his demands on these aids were incessant.

As Krüger's mind became clear again, though he said nothing of his daughter to any one, when day after day Kingswood came up from the village, he seemed to take an increasing interest in his arrival, and there was a question that lingered unspoken on his lip, which in his blindness and helplessness he could not endure to speak ; for he had no more proud hopes for Fleance ; he could do no more for his daughter.

The fact at length became apparent to Arthur Kingswood, and he said one day quietly :

'Krüger, you should have your daughter with you now, you are getting on so fast. She longs to take her place here, but is almost tired of waiting, you are so slow about giving your invitation.'

A silence intervened between the utterance of these words and those that followed in response. When the father spoke, his voice was tremulous in the eagerness of its injunction. Stretching forth his arm, and groping toward the young man, he said : 'Bring Fleance.'

'I will do that most gladly, Sir, and there shall be no delay,' said Kingswood cheerfully, though far from unmoved ; and leaving the bedside a moment, he returned again with Fleance. He said not a word as he reëntered, but the quick ear of the sick man caught and recognized the fall of the young girl's foot. It was the same step that he had listened to these many days, dreaming as he heard it that in the foot-fall of the mountain maiden, he could catch the sound prophetic of the advance of his dear, coming child.

She told him, when Arthur had gone away, saying that to-morrow his sister was coming up with him ; Fleance told him, for he would have him tell her all, all that she had felt and thought and done since they parted in the spring ; she told him, holding his hard hand that had toiled so long for her, with some tears, for all that welled within her heart could not be repressed ; she told him of that summer which was waning now ; of the manner in which his letters had come to her, and to what a pleasant deception she had given way, believing that he was indeed as he said figuratively 'abroad ;' at all which Krüger smiled as he listened, and then looked grave when she had finished, and said, as if in some sudden apprehension of consequences he had never feared before : 'I should not have done it ; poor child, I meant no deception, yet it acted as one on you !' and then, strengthened by his words, yet eager to acquit *him*, in a lower voice, but bravely still, she told him of the visit to the quarry, and of all that followed after. She would keep back none of this. Her father desired most of all, now, even as in the by-gone time, to know how she was growing in her heart, how mentally ; and could she bring herself before him and not tell him of all this ? It might pain him for a moment, but if he knew her fall and the way that she had risen again, would he not trust and confide in her, and love her as he could not have done had she merely left him to conceive of her as a child who knew nothing of such conflicts and victories ?

When she had finished speaking — for he let her go on with the story without once interrupting the low sweet voice that poured the burden of her heart upon him — Krüger cried : ‘Glory to God ! O child, child !’ With a broken voice, and a tenderness such as even from his lips had never found expression, he said this, and then aloud he prayed, and the listening Fleance heard him give thanksgiving unto the LORD of heaven and earth, the REDEEMER of souls, that unto him HE had vouchsafed this manifestation of His infinite loving-kindness.

Humbled, as no rebuking word could have humbled her, stood Fleance, leaning against her father’s bed, bowed over him, his hand upon her head, where it had rested in his praying, and GOD heard the vow she made ; and the angels, whose one impulse is loving adoration, might have struck their harps even to a note of triumph echoed from her soul that day. For her soul’s song like theirs was of thanksgiving to the LAMB.

She did not leave her father’s side that day. Waiting upon, anticipating his wants, a deep comfort to his heart by her presence and her speech — for she had youth, and strength, and a courage that could look life in the face — she sat there and talked to him, and her voice hardly faltered, of the coming time when they would go back to the village, and in some way, not a doubt or fear of it had she, they would be able to live on the fruits of their, by which Fleance meant *her*, industry.

It is on the morning following this happy day, that Miss Kingswood comes up from the village with her brother. To Fleance, who looks up from her place by the bed-side, place of whose holding she is now most jealous, as she sees that noble figure entering the hut, and advancing straight toward her, her face more glorious in the young girl’s eyes than it ever was before, perhaps from the force of contrast presented by such a presence in such a habitation ; to Fleance it is hardly a strange sight, though in the village even the widow’s pretty parlör has looked poor and common for so a queenly tenant ; it is hardly a strange sight now when she beholds this woman entering this hut, and coming toward the bed on which her father lies. She knows now that more than a royal presence, even a human heart, is there. And Fleance can see its emotion ; it is visible in the lady’s face ; and her own heart is quickened to understand the kiss with which Miss Kingswood greets her, when she bows down to her and says : ‘God bless you.’ She had never named that name in the hearing of Fleance before ; never had she kissed Fleance till now.

When the lady lays aside her shawl and bonnet, and sits down upon the wooden chair beside the bed, and speaks with such respect and kindness to her father, Fleance can bear no more ; her tears in the past grievous and exciting days have not often fallen, but now she goes out to weep ; but they are happy tears that fall, and the child’s heart is glad. And it happens that the out-door world is full of sunshine : when she steps beyond the threshold its pure glory is around her.

If I went further in this telling, it would be to say something of the life of Fleance Krüger, of its growth from this birth, and of its after-destiny. Of the years in which Benjamin Krüger’s HOPE ripened into the beauty of its fruition.

There comes a time of trial to every spirit in which its temper is told, and its destiny thence may be prophesied. Such a time has here been dwelt upon; and the prophecy requires no special gift of inspiration. I would not have these pages degenerate into a mere purpose of amusement; my own aim would be lost. Though were the tale told out, it might be a tale of life nobler than people who do not pass for blind choose often for themselves; for Ananias and Sapphira cannot be taught the truth, they must live and die their falsehood. It might in some manner and degree illustrate our highest possibility; and show how the true human must be a partaker of the DIVINE nature, as an Apostle said. But I have finished that which I attempted here to do.

And yet, it might not be amiss to say that Fleance *did* become the right hand and strong staff of her father, (though only an idiot could doubt it,) true to the necessity that compels hidden principles and feelings, whether for good or evil, to assert themselves. Nor will I even decline saying, lest some gentle soul would wish it had been said, that Miss Kingswood did return to the world strengthened to herself grow in grace, and to fill a larger sphere more nobly, to occupy and use her own powers more efficiently, to behold with kinder eyes and judge with wiser judgment; and above all, to look more reverently, and tenderly, and hopefully, on the struggle of unfledged youth, and to pray over the struggling, and to smile also, though through her tears, though not without a contest and a surrender, when in after-years Arthur came to her from a sojourn in the region of the quarry, and laid bare his heart before her, and said that with her decision his future time and his eternity should rest; for as he loved none beside his sister he loved Fleance Krüger; that she said kind and holy words to him that day, and saw him go from her, feeling that he had been brought into the noble relations he sustained toward the working world by the life, the true, holy, happy life to which he hastened; that when he told this love to her who had inspired it, there was in the heart of Fleance also a struggle, a surrender, a subsequent abandonment of the fear that the old time's pride and weakness would ever again conspire against her soul's integrity, for Kingswood loves her father, and has told her so, and his words and acts all prove it; that these things were true of all these lives, it may be well to say, lest amid the throng of disappointed and ever-valorously hopeful souls, one might feel to say: If here Hope had fruition, why are we defrauded?

I therefore do aver these things were true of these true souls; and that Benjamin Krüger, where he sits, blind, though even now not hopelessly, maimed and well-nigh helpless, on the portico of his daughter's dwelling, still her constant care and pride as she his glory, humble and grateful in heart that he is, has accomplished in these souls that came within his own soul's range, work such as the Pure in Heart who see God alone can hope to do: and if still he is the prisoner of Hope, it is of that Hope which is fettered by no worldly anxiety; of that which day by day leads him out to the discernment of the fairest prospects, and opens wider to his mind the kingdom which is over and above all, circumscribing and within all, who have come to know the path in which their feet are treading, and the bourne to which it leadeth.

THE OLD MAN'S MUSINGS

BY H. B. WILDMAN.

I.

EVERY thing looks old and dreary —
 Age is stamped on NATURE's brow :
 Earth itself looks wan and weary,
 And I fain would leave it now.

II.

Scenes my early fancy painted,
 Like the dew, have passed away :
 NATURE's breath, alas ! is tainted
 With the dampness of decay !

III.

Early friends are flown for ever,
 Home's dear fields are sere and brown :
 And 'the old house by the river,'
 Like this heart, is falling down.

IV.

Founts are dry that used to filter
 Dew upon the vales below :
 Oaks are dead that used to shelter
 Me in childhood, 'long ago.'

V.

Voices come, like tempests' rumbling,
 Telling me I soon must fall ;
 That I am but mortar, crumbling
 From Life's mouldy prison-wall !

VI.

AGE on oaken staff upraises,
 One more backward look to cast,
 Where Life's fitful lantern blazes
 Dimly o'er the mighty Past.

VII.

TIME is rushing, like a hedger,
 With his gleaming scythe in hand :
 DEATH is footing-up his ledger,
 'Leaving figures in the sand.'

VIII.

Every thing looks old and dreary —
 Age is stamped on NATURE's brow :
 Earth itself looks wan and weary,
 And I fain would leave it now.

B E A C H - S T O N E S .

I LIVE on the sea-shore, in the suburbs of a quaint old town, and about half a mile from the high-road, which is visible from the western window of my pleasant room. The town lies to the north, about a mile distant ; while the sea is ever dashing against the rocks, and breaking upon the beach, but a few rods in front of my door. I like to watch the vessels. To-day there are not less than sixty sail lying within a short distance of each other, and all of them visible from the window at which I sit. Each vessel has her mainsail set, and the men are busily employed in catching mackerel, myriads of which fish have lately entered the bay. It is a pleasant sight. Although there is not a breath of wind, the hungry fish, swimming close to the surface, ripple it to such an extent that the vessels seem to be in the midst of a gentle breeze, and this illusion is heightened by the ebbing tide, which is slowly sweeping the fleet out to sea, their white sails flashing in the sunshine. In the offing are two or three ships, bound, probably, to remote parts of the globe ; while close in shore a red-shirted doryman is examining his lobster-traps. And now the silence is broken by the report of a musket, and a little skiff darts into view from behind a rocky island, where her crew have been lying in wait for sea-birds.

This latter circumstance reminds me of an afternoon in June, many years ago, when the quiet of the bay was broken by the roar of cannon, the groans of mutilated seamen, and the loud shouts of victory. How often, since that time, must the fishermen have cast anchor on the very spot where the battle was fought. Looking down into the peaceful depths, perhaps some of them have fancied they beheld the whitened skeletons of sailors, who that day died and were forgotten ; and thought, with a shudder, of the horrid turmoil in the midst of which Lawrence received his death-wound, and Broke called upon his boarders. What a contrast between that day and this ! I perceive that a flock of school-girls are gathering flowers on the neighboring heights, which then supported a powerful battery, and were dotted with the white tents of a company of artillery. Let flowers grow there for evermore.

Within a league of the beach there is a sandy island, on whose highest point stands a rough, dismal-looking building, which was erected for the benefit of any who might be so unfortunate as to be there cast away. And this rude structure has done good service in the cause of humanity ; for one winter night a timber-laden schooner struck on the north-east part of the island, and became a complete wreck ; and it was not without great difficulty that her crew reached the land, having to struggle against a stifling snow-storm. Entirely ignorant of their whereabouts, and well-nigh exhausted by their sufferings, they were on the point of yielding to despair, when one of them discovered the house. Had they not found it, without doubt every one of them would have perished.

If we may rely upon tradition, there was once a time when the town of which I am a temporary resident, must have been a very peculiar place. I have heard, that before the Revolutionary War, the washer-

women were in the habit of stretching their clothes-lines across the streets, threatening to 'wallop' any market-man who should dare to drive his team against them. Such a practice must have had a bad effect on trade. It is also said that strangers were sometimes pelted with stones, and obliged to ride for life, pursued by a pack of boys, hounding one another on with the cry: 'Rock him, matey; he would 'nt let me hold his hoss!' A visit to a place where the manners and customs of the people were so singular, must have been a decidedly perilous enterprise.

And notwithstanding so many years have fled since the time just spoken of, I would advise any one contemplating a visit to the town, not to make his entrance on horseback; for although there may be a great deal of truth in the saying, 'Times change and men change with them,' I am convinced that it does not apply to the boys. A few days ago, having bought a splendid pacer, I sprang into the saddle with the intention of cantering down to the post-office. At that time I was not a very superior rider, and in passing through the streets I was invariably cheered by the boys at play, who in some cases came crowding after me, making sundry contemptuous remarks in regard to my horsemanship; and as I dared not put the beast to his speed, and was afraid to retrace my steps lest the young rascals should pull me out of the saddle, I thought it best to slip into a back lane and leave my gallant roan with a farrier, telling him that the horse's shoes were rather loose. This accomplished, I skulked home through the fields, and about two hours later Hotspur galloped into the yard, ridden by two boys whom I thought I had seen before. Since that time my equestrian excursions have not extended beyond the limits of my farm.

Although our dwelling-place is in so secluded a spot, we are not by any means without visitors. Sometimes they come by water. A few years ago we were beset by a scouting party of Penobscot Indians, who had come all the way from their eastern homes in birch canoes, paddling them along the coast. They remained encamped in our neighborhood nearly a week, earning a little money by selling fancy baskets and other knick-knacks to the 'palefaces,' who came in swarms to see them. Two or three of the young squaws were very pretty and dressed with great neatness. The young braves gave proofs of their skill as archers by shooting coppers from the head of a cleft stick, driven into the ground at a distance of from eight to ten yards; while the older men spent the greater part of every pleasant day in their canoes, in the management of which they were remarkably expert. One of their most favorite articles of food was the flesh of the puffing pig, a curious sort of marine animal which rises to the surface, puffs vigorously, rolls clumsily over, and then disappears. This they used to shoot with a musket. I was rather loth to part with these picturesque strangers; but trade had slackened, and they were compelled to go.

Occasionally a troop of little girls, after a tiresome ramble through the fields in search of berries or wild flowers, throng into the yard, tap timidly at the door, and ask for a drink of water, and leave to rest themselves in the barn. They are easily persuaded to enter the house, and how their young faces brighten at the sight of a pitcher of milk. After half an hour's rest, during which time they tell of the mishaps that have

befallen them in the pastures, they depart on an exploring expedition to the barn, where some of them promise corn to the old gobbler, on condition that he will show his pride, while others throw handfuls of hay to the heifer, who keeps them at a safe distance by divers threatening motions of her head, and a third party make an unsuccessful attempt to corner Clarion, who flies screaming over their heads, making them scatter in all directions with a tremendous uproar. Finally they gather up their bonnets, come to the door to tell us they are going, and in a few minutes the yard is as quiet as it was before they came. For a little while the silence is so painful that I listen with suppressed breathing, eagerly catching at the sound of distant voices, growing fainter and fainter, and ending in a dreamy burst of girlish laughter, which mingles with the solemn roar of the sea. The stillness that ensues at their departure seems no longer desirable, and it is thus that I realize the happiness which their presence has afforded me.

And what has the future in store for these little children? Even if death should spare them for a season, time and circumstance will divide them, bringing riches to one, and poverty to another, and sorrow and weariness to all; so that they will sometimes think with a sigh of the summer afternoon that was spent so pleasantly in a farm-yard by the sea.

JESSE HEYWORTH.

The Fairies' Frolic.

BY E. W. B. CANNING.

CHAPTER FIRST.

Musing alone the other day,
And giving fancy transient play,
I dropped into that phase of life
The poet speaks of in his dreams —
'When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife.'

While thus entranced, appeared to me,
As real as a thing could be,
The curious fantasies that follow,
Which, although due not to Apollo,
Gave me some grains of truth to swallow;
For truth sometimes, as it would seem,
Is taught us even in a dream.

Methought I saw an ancient codger,
Whom I, for short, appellate 'ROGER';
(It might have been TOM HARRIGOOD,
Or other name of longitude.)
Said ROGER was a hard-faced man,
And o'er his brazen features ran
Some dozen lines or more, which care,
And avarice, and 'wear and tear,'
And selfishness had furrowed there.

Broad acres ROGER could command
 Of pasture, field, and meadow land,
 Whereon he raised tremendous crops,
 That rivalled even his chimney-tops.
 Potatoes — 'Carters' and 'Neshannocks,'
 'Sand-Lakes' and 'Pink-eyes,' 'Rappahanocks,'
 'Merccers' — in bushels by the score,
 When *not* to walk his fields forebore;
 Half-miles of corn, green, stout, and tall;
 Wheat, rye, and oats and barley — all
 (Pardon my fancy for such yarns)
 Determined seemed to burst his barns.
 To mention not his tons of hay,
 That scented the capacious bay,
 Or rose in mimic mountains where
 He stacked the surplus, rich and rare.
 Omit, too, all those minor things
 Of which no decent poet sings:
 Carrots and cabbage, onions, beans,
 Squashes and pumpkins, beets and greens,
 All of a California size,
 Which made old ROGER bless his eyes.
 And then his dairy! What a store
 Of milk-pans, brimmed and running o'er!
 Cheese by the hundred, large and sound,
 Like FALSTAFF's stomach, plump and round.
 Such were the good things ROGER had:
 But every good hath eke its bad.
 There were some other things he'd *not*,
 For his ideas never shot
 Higher than steam of dinner-pot.
 Of the true and the beautiful,
 He, as his ancient milking-stool
 Was ignorant; and much I fear,
 Woo never cost his eye a tear,
 Or his purse six-pence — save his tax,
 And that stuck to his hands like wax.
 To sum the whole,
 (If you were on such trial bent)
 Just bait a mouse-trap with a cent,
 You'd catch his soul.

And now 't is time, this story telling,
 Briefly to speak of ROGER's dwelling.
 It was the same (save greater wear,
 And thumped by later tempests) where
 His sire and grand-sire life had tried,
 Toiled, married, moved, grew old, and died:
 Guiltless of paint for fifty years,
 Sad as a Hottentot in tears;
 With storm-beat boards, whose creak and wail
 Asked vainly for another nail.
 No tree of grateful shade grew nigh,
 To cool the beams of hot July;
 But down they shot, like hissing ball
 Sent into doomed Sebastopol.
 Stumps two or three were there, to show
 Where maples, many years ago,
 Had dared in honest pride to grow.
 Alas! their owner thought them made
 For back-logs rather than for shade:

They shadowed, too, a carrot-patch,
 So down they went with all dispatch.
 Of fruit-trees, ne'er a one had he,
 Nor for them cared a 'sumarkee :'
 I'm wrong, for in one pasture grew,
 Or rather stood, a sorry few,
 Which for their hold had fought the storm
 A hundred years, and moss and worm.
 They *looked* like apple, and his axe
 Had spared them, for they paid a tax
 Of cider (though 't was very small,) *When*
 Whenever they strained to bear at all.
 Of other kinds, peach, pear, or plum,
 Cherry or quince, had sooner come
 In grounds of Pandemonium.
 His yards to better ends, thought he,
 Could open and devoted be.
 Carts, harrows, ploughs, and chips and muck,
 And various kinds of farming truck,
 Lay scattered round — the veriest clutter,
 But grateful as his bread-and-butter.
 Old ROGER's field-crops were his pride ;
 But give him these, and all beside,
 Except his stock, was balderdash ;
 And as for fruit — such foolish trash
 His boys could steal, he took for granted,
 On moonless nights, and when they wanted.
 Careful, on such nocturnal rummage,
 The owner sought not *him* for damage ;
 And only for such legal jogging,
 The boys were called to take a flogging.

—
 CHAPTER SECOND.

Thus endeth part first of my story.
 One day, absorbed in vain self-glory,
 In corn-field, on a pumpkin, sat
 Old ROGER. Down he put his hat,
 Then plied a horn of Holland gin,
 Which he had bought *for medicine* ;
 And, leaning 'gainst a tree that grew
 Where it could never *damage* do,
 Composed himself his crops to see,
 And fell into a reverie.
 And now the strangest thing of all
 Transpired, to which I beg to call
 Your strict attention ;
 Fearing that, in this latter day,
 When spirits so fantastic play,
 You 'll think that what my muse may say
 Is pure invention.
 Was I mistaken that I heard
 A signal-whistle ? — when appeared
 An army of the quaintest things
 That e'er employed or legs or wings.
 So odd they seemed,
 That sure I am no mortal e'er
 Saw beings so grotesque and queer,
 Save when he dreamed.

The nearest picture of their looks
 You 'll find in ancient story-books —
 Of elf and ogre, sprite and fairy,
 Some winged, some clawed, some smooth, some hairy;
 Grimacing, frolicking,
 Dancing and rollicking,
 Kicking and leaping,
 And hopping and creeping;
 Some turning somersets
 Over tall violets;
 Some little joses
 Each other's noses

Pulling, and hiding behind the bright roses.
 Brimful of fun

 And mischief, they run

And scamper like mice, old GRIMALKIN to shun.

Well, such a host as this beset
 Old ROGER, and he 'll ne'er forget
 The awful way they treated him
 Till feathers sink and lead can swim.
 All seemed with earnest zeal to be
 The champions of some favorite tree,
 Which he, with hatred unalloyed,
 Had always warred on and destroyed.
 Each little imp possessed, I ween,
 His own peculiar magazine:
 Capacious pockets, hugely stored
 With various fruits — a motley hoard,
 Which he, with hearty aim inspired,
 Right plump at ROGER's target fired.
 Here flew a peach and there a plum,
 While fore-and-aft the cherries come.
 Alarmed, he squirmed on every tack,
 And caught on every side a whack;
 Hard apples bounded from his pate,
 And thumped his ribs at shocking rate.
 The little torments mocked his fears,
 Plugged at his eyes, his nose, his ears,
 His mouth, his cheeks, his sides, his breast,
 Without a single moment's rest.
 Now, with a mad, spasmodic grasp,
 Old ROGER sought a foe to clasp,
 Clutching around him far and near;
 But, with inimitable leer,
 Of his intention well aware,
 The left his fist fast-closed in air;
 Then, full of glee, like hail and rain,
 They poured their missiles in again.
 Perhaps a listener might have heard
 The pigmy-torturers fling a word
 Amid their sport, like this, to wit:
 'Please tell me how those apples fit!

 Take that, and that!

 And learn, old rat!

Your war on our domain to quit.

 At him, my braves!

 Till peace he craves —

No sin his villain blood to spill!

 We 'll pommel him

 Till stars are dim;

He 's worse than the Nebraska-Bill'

No lack was there of hearts and hands
 To execute these said commands.
 Battered and bruised and blind and numb,
 Old ROGER thought his hour had come.
 With conscience, then, fast growing tender,
 An unconditional surrender
 He deems it best to make, until
 He time may have to write his will.
 So, with an accent far from bold,
 He calls: 'Peccavi!' 'Quarter!' 'Hold!'
 'Cease!' quoth the leader of the host:
 Each Lilliputian at his post
 Repaired at once, from arms and cries,
 But still looked daggers through his eyes.
 Then came a parley, and a truce,
 The terms of which I beg excuse
 For not repeating, as they're long,
 Inapt for weaving into song.
 Their purport may be gathered well
 From the brief sequel I shall tell;
 And I'll for ROGER's credit say,
 He kept them to his dying-day.

LONG years elapsed, and ROGER's home
 Had quite a different place become:
 Fine rows of thrifty, shady trees
 Lifted their verdure to the breeze;
 The plum, the apple, and the peach
 And pear were all within his reach;
 While, nailed to every garden wall,
 His grapes were neither few nor small.
 In fact, his nursery was famed
 The country o'er, for model named.
 Still greater crops increased his joys;
 He grew in wealth, and then his boys
 Went forth no more o' nights to sin —
 Their 'mother knew that they were in.'
 His neighbors dropped the name 'old codger':
 'T was now respectful 'Mr. ROGER.'
 His dwelling, too, kept pace with all:
 The shingles new, and painted wall;
 His fences straight, upright, and stout;
 His door-yards neat and clear throughout.
 In fine, whoso'er might ROGER scan,
 Found him a wholly-altered man.
 The little sprites who nightly came
 To frolic on some funny game,
 Declared he'd met their expectation,
 Needing no farther visitation.

And now, my friends, the *moral* hear;
 Then you and I are this time clear.

M O R A L .

Nor crops, alone, gigantic, can
 Of a curmudgeon make a man:
 And wondrous 't is, how raising fruit
 Can civilize the human brute.

T H E L A S T T R I P .

BY A STEAM-BOAT CLERK.

'ALL in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above my head doth stand,
No bigger than the moon,'

with nothing to protect me from its fever-engendering rays but an inch and a half pine-roofing, reeking with its melted, tarred, canvas covering, while far surrounding, as we 'urge our solitary way' up the mile-wide river, there is naught to be seen but the same dazzling, blinding, blazing flame,

'GLITTERING keen and bright
For miles away,
And stretching to the dazzled sight
A luminous belt and fiery light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and 'bars 'of sandy gray.'

Perched up at the desk in my little 'den,' like old Tim Linkinwater, and feeling under the influence of the weather nearly as 'fizzly' as that 'notched and cropped scrivener,' I cease writing, reverentially pausing, while Imagination takes wing, and, transporting me from the essentially 'sunny South' to the far North, visions of shady places, cool, sequestered dells, remembrances of quiet, deep valleys, dense woods, breezy knolls, gently-flowing murmuring streams, and harvest sounds from the green meadows and ripened grain-fields, 'reeling and blushing to the sun,'

'THE tinkling of the shepherd's bell
And singing of the reapers,'

seen and visited aforetime, come mingling in one dreamy sound that drowns even the noise of 'clanging wheel and lifting keel,' that accompanies our hot progress, causing me to feel cool again, and impatient for the 'drawing nigh' of the time when, once again released from the car, I can once more 'reign and revel' in home delight among the everlasting hills.

The two preceding trips to the one now in progress were what in boat-man's phrase are called 'flat' and 'coal-boat trips,' and which, when made, are generally considered the closing trips of the season, and which are also dreaded by steam-boat officers almost as much as was the transportation, in by-gone days, of the Salt-River and Kanawha men.

The returning crews of these leviathan arks of our Western wealth generally follow their leader. Whatever boat is selected by their pilots or captain, is pretty certain to secure their several crews. Like sheep, they go in gangs, the fastest boat, as well as those who have been most liberal in throwing out papers to them when ascending, being the most popular.

Once on board, they are generally masters of more than their own portion of the boat. Considering themselves privileged characters, they ignore all conventional rules, and hints to them of this or that part of the boat to be sacred from intrusion, hooted at. Their previous free and unconstrained life gives them an independent air that is truly American, and would be admirable, did it not trench on the right of another class of passengers, who find themselves provokingly anticipated in the choice or selection of any particular dish or delicacy at meals.

At night, ignoring state-rooms, they sleep any and everywhere: on the deck-room freight, on the boiler and hurricane-deck, the guards, under the boilers, and if in a cool night, *on* them.

Of course, in a horde of two or three hundred, (and we have often had that number,) there will be some black sheep among them: desperadoes, 'wharf-rat,' and 'heavy villains' seek such opportunities to ship as deck-hands or passengers for the purpose of robbery and murder, if need be. These robberies are of frequent daily (or rather nightly) occurrence, and still more frequent the bloody rencontres between them and the belligerent mate, employed to protect the exposed deck-cargo from depredations, in express view of his giant frame and the reputation he enjoys for terminating a 'muss,' in his own original and summary manner.

Such are some of the reasons why steam-boat officers dread a 'flat,' and more especially a 'coal-boat' trip.

Poor fellows! We see them only in the darkest phases of their lives and career, and are too apt to forget their previous life of hardship and exposure, their incessant toilsome and wasting labor, their industry, indomitable energy, calm endurance and perseverance, their contempt of danger and even of death; for who so exposed to a sudden one as the workers of a coal-barge, loaded with so heavy a cargo, and to within a few inches of the very surface of the treacherous waters, in whose gloomy depths so many have found a watery grave!

Who can judge hardly of poor human nature if, when after running all these risks, wherein so many have perished by the way-side, and concluding safely the long, tedious journey of over two thousand miles, they see the termination of all their toils, and the vast city, which had loomed so weirdly to their boyish imaginations, and now perhaps seen by some of them for the first time in their lives, heaves in sight, buoyant in their exultation, sharing their captain's pride and gratification in having so safely delivered the costly cargo intrusted to his skill and care, they

'UNANIMOUSLY agree,
When the barge is safely landed,
To the wharf moored,
By rope secured,
To get up the tallest kind of a spree,'

in which sad aspect of their character we only see them fit subjects for any prevailing epidemic, which too often seizes them and hurries them to their eternal sleep, enforcing on the officers of the boat the melancholy duty of burying them upon the banks of the lonely river, amid

the eternal solitudes, there to repose till the rank vegetation of this climate, blooming and then rotting and mouldering, reduces all to one common level ; or the mysterious river, whose remorseless waves are continually giving and taking away in its ceaseless changes, whirls away all traces of the spot ; but alas ! not all remembrance from far-away mourning friends.

During a brief escapade from duty and brief sojourn in 'old Pitt,' in the winter, among other interesting memorials and things of fame that characterize the Birmingham of America was the sadder sight of the assemblage every morning of the hundreds of this class on the banks of the river, in anxious expectancy awaiting the moving of the waters that would furnish them employment and means of subsistence for their dependent families. The ensuing summer enforced upon me the melancholy duty of assisting in the burial of many of these poor fellows.

The truthfulness of the flat-boat trip terminating the season, was not verified in our case, and our blissful anticipations of so soon exchanging our floating-home for one more dear, was cut short by the unwelcome intelligence at the termination of our voyage, from the chief men in authority, (every man has his master,) that as the telegraphed intelligence of the increased virulence of the fever below would doubtless create a stampede of passengers northward, we must make another venture. The reason given was not exactly calculated to strengthen one's faith, and many in consequence refused to return. For myself, I have no apprehensions of epidemics, and think that a partial residence for so many years in this enervating and debilitating climate has hardly left material sufficient in my body corporate for any epidemic to operate upon to any dangerous extent ; and beside all this — and all reverently be it spoken — I believe I am under the BENEFICENT care everywhere, and upholden by this faith, care not whether I die

'In field or in wood,
Or go down in the silent sea :
Or die in my bed, as a Christian should—
'T is a matter of small concern to me.'

My faith, however, may have been somewhat strengthened by the belief in the correctness of the theory generally entertained and so strenuously maintained by the 'medicine men,' that a person who has once undergone the ordeal of the dread fever, is for ever after exempt ; for I produced sufficient evidence of that fact to satisfy the scruples even of that honorable body known as the New-York Life Insurance Company, and induce them to remit the twenty-five dollars annual premium they exacted for the pleasant luxury of residing South after June, though they flouted at the modest request I made for them to remit the *other* additional twenty-five dollars for what they in their simplicity termed 'compensation for an extra-hazardous profession,' classing me with a powder manufacturer.

Reluctantly, with such a crew as could be gathered, we turned our faces sadly from home, and turned southward. Who of us would return ? was a question each asked himself silently.

The trip seemed like a lonely voyage in some newly-discovered sea, so few boats did we meet, those few stopping like ships at sea to hail us,

and shouting to us alarming intelligence of the spread of the fever. Those rumors increased and became more fearful as the distance lessened between us and the doomed city. It seemed to some like a tempting of PROVIDENCE — a going forth with one's life in one's hand.

At Vicksburg and Natchez we were told that on our return we would not be permitted to land, as both places would then be placed under quarantine regulations, and also that it was extremely doubtful whether we would be permitted to land at New-Orleans, as the authorities, in their excessive zeal to isolate the city from all foreign contagion, had extended their prohibitive law to all vessels coming from the torrid zone or tropical climes, the only feasible way to evade which, that seemed at all feasible, was the taking out of fresh custom-house papers dated from Kamschatka.

A few days' more journeying, the monotony of the trip only broken by the frequent hails from plantations we were passing, from the frightened occupants thereon, to call and take them up on our return, and we came in sight of the coast, so called from 'Cote Joyeuse,' or joyful coast, so named by the original French settlers, who saw in its far-stretching and level verdure their own loved France.

The whole extent of the Mississippi banks might also with geological propriety be called also the coast; for there is not a continuous strata of rock to be found crossing the river all the long distance of a thousand miles, the first sign being discoverable about twenty miles up the Ohio.

The waves of the ocean have doubtless laved the base of this rock ages ago, and the Mississippi Valley or Delta is but the accumulations of the annual deposits of the innumerable streams pouring their tribute into the vast reservoir.

I could enlarge upon this theory and support it by geological authority, relate some interesting facts and curious statistics, tell of the continual changes of the channel, the taking away from one side and adding to the other, forming here a half-mile wide bar, which, throwing its current to the other side, engulfs in its voracious maw miles in extent of land; of bends and alternate curves continually forming, some of which are thirty miles round, and in places but six hundred feet wide, with a fall of but a foot; of the formation of 'cut-offs,' made by the rushing waters every annual freshet, assisted by some sacrilegious hand, bursting its barriers and seeking some new outlet; the gradual filling up by the subsidence of the waters of the extremities of these bends, the rapid growth of the cotton-wood upon them converting them into inland lakes.

Many a lordly proprietor of a plantation who has gone to his rest at night, exulting in the possession of a more accessible and beautiful frontage to his place than his less fortunate neighbor opposite, has risen up of a morning, after a 'June freshet' or winter flood, and found it gone bodily over to him, and with it a portion of the grove and garden, the growth and work of years.

I could tell more of the mysteries of this mysterious river, whose depths scarce hath plummet yet sounded; of the under being more swift than the surface-current; and discourse all solemnly and pro-

phetically of the probabilities of New-Orleans, at some future time, being converted into an inland town, not only from the perceptible shallowing in and narrowing in of the numerous outlets to the Gulf, which is an alarming and an admitted fact, but more especially from the fatal consequences arising from the general and extensive chain of leveeing being carried on all along the Arkansas low-lands, which nature evidently intended for a reservoir, into which an immense portion of the annual overflow was to be poured. It is probable and palpable to thinking that the more extensive this leveeing becomes above, will the necessity increase for the dwellers below to build also more expensive ones; but I have neither time nor space, nor do I expect your patience, and beside the Mississippi is a theme

‘SUBLIME,
That needs a holier mood and calmer time
Than earth allows me now.’

The coast proper extends some hundred miles or so above the city on each side of the river, and here perhaps is concentrated more wealth than in any other part of the State, a sugar-farm, with its immense ‘succory’ building, requiring more capital to carry it on than a cotton-farm.

Some of the residences are equal in extent and magnificence to, and remind one, with their surroundings, of the villas and palaces of Italy. Linked together by the intervening gardens, redolent of all tropical perfume, the air made vocal by the melody of the mocking-bird, (native here,) and the long line of negro-quarters, embowered in shade, they seem, as reflected in the calm, clear atmosphere, peculiar to this season of the year, like fairy-lands. The phantasmagorical effect is heightened by the singular phenomena of the *land surface being actually lower than the river's surface*, sloping away from it ten to twenty feet, which gives to the bewildered eye the appearance of the boat floating in mid-air, suspended by invisible hands between the skies above and bright waters below.

The approach to the city in mid-winter, in the full tide and zenith of the business season, when representatives of all nations throng its streets, and the wealth of all the teeming West is poured into its capacious maw, is one of the most magnificent and bewildering spectacles ever seen by mortal ken. Stretching out to the left its crescent-shaped levee, of over ten miles, (including Carrollton,) lined with a perfect forest of masts — the vessels sometimes lying four abreast — a part of it devoted to the tow-boats, another to the flat-boats and barges of all sizes and shapes, plethoric with vegetable wealth, and the remainder to the steam-ships and steam-boats hailing from all extremes of the great West and ports in the world. The same levee — made and still making by the annual debris of the mighty river, assisted by art and man's labor — extending in front of the city a quarter of a mile in width, covered with the uncounted millions in value of man's industry, presents a mingled, confused picture in the gross that demands more time, space, and descriptive powers than I possess to describe in detail.

The streets all run at right angles with the river, giving the specta-

tor (as perhaps for the first time he sees the city) glimpses of each street as he floats by, some of limited extent, and some, the termination of which, from their length, cannot be seen, but all ending or bounded by the eternal swamp, which is in width from five to ten miles, from the termination of the streets to Lake Pontchartrain — the city, in fact, geographically speaking, being built upon a peninsula.

On the right, opposite the city, the river, expanding as it wends its way to the Gulf, seems and really is above the level of the land, and curving round, as if it were seeking its mountain-source again, the intervening land is lost to view. Should a mist or fog rise from the lowlands, the ascending and descending ships and steamers upon it appear like phantoms of the imagination.

Long before we made our landing, the change that had come over the city, even since we last saw it, was painfully apparent. The lonely shipping, denuded of sails and rigging, reeking with slushed decks, tarred sides, and covered with tattered, sun-protecting bagging and old sails, lay

‘ WITHOUT nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.’

The flat-boat wharf was deserted too, their skeleton forms rotting and sinking gradually in the pestiferous mud, hardly distinguishable, the refuse vegetables cast upon the beach festering and scenting the air as we boomed by. The tow-boats, with their tall look-out ridge-ladders, reaching to the skies, (there being no vessels to tow up from the Balize now,) lay grouped together like a covey of wild-fowl in some secluded stream in the stillness of noon-day, swinging silently.

The streets were deserted, lonely figures sought the shaded side of the streets, and partaking of the general gloom of the deserted, damp, old warehouses, were lost in the shadow. The levee looked like a desert; grass was literally growing upon it; but vegetation is so rank here, and dampness so prevalent, that that is not an unusual circumstance. The tandem mule-drays wandered wearily over the deserted wharf, no longer urged by their inhuman drivers to that incessant gallop which uses them up invariably in a year. No longer was heard the mingled noises and hum and shock of men that betoken the busy mart and great depot of the West, where

‘ Box and barrels are slung about,
As they were hurled from slings,
And cotton-bales go jumping round,
Like leaping, living things;’

but all seemed dreary and desolate.

Extensive as this levee is, and made so continually, despite of the space made gradually being occupied by the erection of additional squares by the city, who claim the title, yet is it insufficient for the accommodation of the vast fleet of steamers which crowd its wharves in the business season.

The wharf-master (a very important personage here) allows each boat as much space wide as the width of herself, and as much in length as they choose to occupy — the extent of the levee even — till arrested

by some government or tobacco warehouse, lager-bier saloon, or Tim Regan's grocery. Notwithstanding this arrangement, (most strictly enforced,) I have known boats — seventy lying at the wharf at one time in loving embrace — to be compelled to lay idly outside, in anxious expectancy waiting an opening for days. In the terrible conflagration that consumed thirteen boats in two hours, the boat I was attached to then owed her salvation to that fortunate circumstance.

There is a curious tidal arrangement here, which, by a singular alternation of ebb and flow, enables a boat generally to effect a landing and lay in the required position without much difficulty. No need of any such manœuvring now. There were but three boats in sight, half-a-mile apart; and so, proudly circling round the broad waters, the 'Ben' extended her graceful shape, of nearly three hundred feet in length, along the wharf, which, as it came only up to her cabin-deck, brought her wide promenade-guards, ornamental and airy state-rooms, and tall chimneys in full view; and as we lay exactly opposite Common — the principal street leading from the St. Charles Hotel — to a stranger looking toward the river, she seemed, closing up the view, like an Italian villa, suddenly dropped from the skies, or the Venetian State gondola, waiting the adjournment of the 'Council of Ten.'

A cautious and leisurely walk over the hot, blistering levee, made (after crossing the piled wharf of logs) of small sea-shells, powdered into dust by the continual attrition and grinding of the countless drays thundering over it, reducing it to gritty powder, which seemed almost to blaze under the tread, and a quiet observation of the change two weeks only had made, would, I think, modify the faith of the most enthusiastic Creoles as to the health and future prosperity of this city.

I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but it does seem to me, that in addition to the physical and geological causes already briefly alluded to, there are other causes more patent that will retard the future growth of New-Orleans. All the great commercial conventions, and after-dinner resolutions passed thereat, cannot avert her fate. At one of these assemblages, held at Holly Springs, Mississippi, composed of the planters generally, a resolution was offered, rather reflecting on the integrity of the city merchant, proposing the direct transportation of their cotton to an agent at Amsterdam, which received its quietus from a quiet observation of one of its members, to the effect that, as the great house of Hope & Company, of that famous Dutch city, were the principal holders of the repudiated Mississippi Bonds, they might conceive the extravagant idea of securing themselves out of the consignments.

Beside the dangers alluded to, and those incident to all sea-port cities, from the influx of pauperism and disease from emigration, the situation, as I will show, is itself a very unhealthy one.

Let any one cross the wharf, protected by an umbrella or a portable tent, if procurable, and direct his steps up any one of the streets leading straight out; if in the American portion of the city he may walk a mile, or if at either end only a few squares, but whether few or many, he will find his walk will terminate in the same extensive swamp, before-mentioned, which stretches to Lake Pontchartrain. He will see no cellars;

every house, especially the modern American-built ones, being built in such a manner as to have an open space between the damp surface of the ground and the first floor, from three to ten feet high, for the purpose of dryness and ventilation, which is not always secured, for fungus *will* grow there and damp mould cling.

In some portions of the city there are deep ditches running through the very centre of the street, the sluggish water in them flowing (when it does flow) *backward to the everlasting swamp*, which engulfs all. These ditches are crossed at each corner by rickety wooden bridges, and lighted at night by lamps suspended from a rusty iron chain, let down from two high poles at each corner, by a clock-work of intricate arrangement, only understood by the lamp-lighter. All this with the unsightly and tall (some of them reaching to the second story) cisterns to hold rain-water, all the kind they have for drink and domestic use, an expensive and necessary adjunct to every house, reminds one of the old Flemish towns. There are no high-lands in this swamp, save here and there some little rising ground and knolls, on one of which the firemen's burying-ground is situated, and but four roads leading through it; the old Bayou Road, now in partial disuse; the Rail-road to Carrollton, now extended to the lake, which is the upper road; the southern one, from the termination of which the Mobile packets depart; and the middle one, the celebrated Shell Road, so named from the fact that it is raised and built upon the swamp of shells entirely.

At the termini of each of these roads are houses of entertainment, small villages, in fact; bathing-houses extend in white tiers along the shore, the entrances to them being over a piled and railed foot-way.

These places are much resorted to by the pleasure-seeking community, especially on Sunday, after divine service has been attended to, and mass 'did and done,' from the simple reason that there are *no other places to go to*.

The Carrollton Gardens, where are collected the finest and most complete collection of tropical fruits and flowers I ever saw, would be very desirable to visit were it not for the prevalent dampness and gelid mud that prevents one from sitting down anywhere, or even walking with any degree of comfort, and the additional annoyance of myriads of all conceivable-sized and mis-shapen insects, some as large as a butter-nut and similar in smell and color.

But a trip to the Lake-House by the Shell-Road, is the *sumum bonum* of enjoyment to the 'fast 'uns;' and a stranger who comes for the first time to the city, thinks he has not 'done the thing' unless he has added one more name to the list of noodles who pay ten dollars for a fish dinner they could get at a restaurant for a dollar. I could not say this while it was under the administration of George C —, (his modesty would not survive the full name,) who is not only reputed to be the best caterer in the South, but *known* to be

'THE kindest man,
The best-conditioned man, and most unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies,'

of all public entertainers.

The ride or drive in itself is really a delightful one, and it is indebted to its own individual merits as a shell-road for it. I would advise no man to attempt it twice unless for this reason alone. It is very monotonous, there is no varied landscape to exalt your imagination, or local tradition to excite the fancy. Like those mythical personages, Messrs. Jack and Jill, who 'went up the hill and then came down again,' you can ride or drive out, at a cost of five dollars, (regulated by law,) and are allowed then the blessed privilege of riding *in* again, if you choose.

There is nothing to be seen on the way. Two toll-gates, at which you disburse a quarter, (or intrust it to your driver to do so if you want to 'put on airs,') the sleepy-looking keepers of which are up night and day in the 'flush season,' or, mayhap, a slim-legged Frenchman on a forlorn hunt after a slimmer-legged snipe.

To the left is the sluggish canal leading from the lake to the back of the city, an immense undertaking, of which, with their ten or twenty miles of rail-road, the enterprising, public-spirited Orleanians are justly vain. The schooners and other hebdomadal crafts upon it bring in lumber, lime, shells, fish, oysters, and sometimes cotton, and are manned by a primitive race of people, who live 'principally upon what they can get,' and crabs, shrimps, and a species of gympson (Jamestown) weed.

To the right, and on the left also, beyond the canal, stretches the vast fever-engendering swamp, the great cause, as must be apparent to the least unobservant eye, of the unhealthiness of New-Orleans, and which, till drained, will ever prevent the city from being a permanent abiding-place. People will resort to it as a money-making place, as they will to California, Central-America, or that delightfully hot country 'round about' the Amazon, Lieutenant Herndon describes. Put a dollar in any hot place, and it is asserted that some body will follow it; but when it is secured, the adventurer will leave for a warmer latitude. It is an old adage, that 'a man's heart is (or should be) in his home;' if the aphorism is true, it cannot be in two homes at the same time.

The swamp lies far below the surface of the road, and at all times when I have seen it, is covered with water or slimy, slushy mud, ankle, knee, and, in times of the 'crevasse,' waist and neck deep. No word of mine can describe it.

'MADs gloomy by tall firs and cypress dark,
Whose roots look like the very bones of buried men
Pushed through the rotten sod, for fears remark
A hundred horrid stems in hideous fray,
Besides sleek ashes with their withered bark,
Like crafty serpents climbing for a prey:'

and everywhere, and over all, covering every thing beside, lizards, slugs, caterpillars, bloated centipedes, malignant spiders, clinging to decayed stumps, suspended from nasty-looking parasitical vines and creepers; and squirming through the gelid mud were myriads, countless millions of the most horrid eerish-looking insects I ever saw, crawling and crinkling over the road itself, and crackling under one's tread like the crushing of oyster-shells, with legs of steel, a helmeted head and frontlet, from beneath which peered two piercing eyes, jet-black in color, with a gleam of a blood-red wing folded up.

These creatures are not confined to the swamps, but swarm over the gardens, climb the live-oak, defile the whiteness and purity of the magnolia and tulip, contrast their blackness with the red of the pomegranate. They seem sluggish, inert, torpid, care not to get out of your way, seem unconscious of your very presence but for their glittering eye. I know nothing of their habits; they seem to have but one movement, a quick leap, extending a foot. They are called 'grass-hoppers.' I am reminded by them of the plagues of scriptural times more vividly, and the locusts that 'destroyed the land and consumed their substance.' I wish them a 'good time' in 'consuming the substance' I saw.

It will be seen by this time that the out-door resort or places of amusement vouchsafed to the Orleanians are very limited. As to the facilities afforded by the numerous watering-places scattered along the lake shore, Pass Christian, Last Island, Biloxi, and others, I cannot speak of them from personal knowledge, never having crossed it in that direction but once, when going to Mobile.

I once crossed from the lake end, landing on the other side of it, which in that direction was thirty miles wide, and was agreeably surprised by the contrast the sandy beach thrown up by the waves afforded to the swamp and low grounds left behind; vegetation had accumulated in process of years and formed a natural levee, upon which were built little settlements and dwellings, occupied by some of the citizens of New-Orleans as summer-residences. The land was higher back. Here indeed was 'terra-firma,' and here flourished the 'pride of the South,' the China and magnolia, and grander still the glorious old live-oaks, the patriarchs of the woods, stretching their sail-broad vans of arms over the landscape like 'giants to sentinel enchanted lands.' I was still more agreeably surprised when, after cruising three miles along the shore, shadowed by these noble trees, suddenly to enter, apparently through the very foliage, a little river called the Chafunctah, (leaping waters,) whose calm surface and grassed banks reminded me of the 'still waters' of my native stream. The trees here grew so large that, hanging over, they brushed the tops of the chimneys as we passed, and under them grew the green grass and mosses gray, that one *could sit down upon*.

Only a few hundred yards, however, from the banks, the live-oaks ceased, and to them succeeded the 'piney woods,' straight, tall as ship-masts, over-grown firs with a faded bunch of greens at top, and skeleton-looking trunk, bare of foliage; tall as they were and thickly as they were crowded, they staid not the fierce rays of the sun, which seemed to shine perpendicularly down, and fairly igniting the red-looking, withered stuff that had dropped from them and dried, and which the Indians (a miserable remnant of a once powerful tribe of whom live here) gather to sell to sporting-gentlemen and jockeys for beds for horses in training, preferable as it is for softness and dryness, and the additional qualification of its bitter taste preventing the animal from getting out of condition from eating it.

One of these stoics of the woods, the most lithe, agile, graceful human I ever saw, was gathering some of it at the time, and ceasing his labors and striking his breast at the same time, remarked, 'Good man, me,' and immediately added, as I gave him a dime, 'Good man, you.' It is a pleasant and gratifying thing to be thus appreciated.

I was but too glad to escape from the stifling atmosphere, redolent of decayed insects, resin, tar, and turpentine, and essay a bath in one of the numerous bathing-houses which lined the bank of the beautiful river, the approach to which is by a railed pathway on piles, extending out some distance over the water. I 'went down into the water' simultaneously with *another person*, separated from me only by a light open slat-work, whose garniture, I saw at a glance, was somewhat different from mine. I 'stood not upon the order of my going,' but 'departed straightway from that place,' my disappointment somewhat modified by the occasional view I would get of the elegant alligator—Garr! four to six feet long—disporting in the water beneath me, as I walked to shore, and the exhibition, when I reached it, of a 'most delicate monster,' called a 'stingaree,' some fortunate fisherman had just succeeded in catching—another dried skeleton (or rather the 'entire animal,' for Nature does not seem to have provided them with any 'inwards') of which was also nailed up against one of the 'live-oaks.'

These beautiful 'ammiles' have a body the size and shape of the head of a flour-barrel, and about as thin at the edge, which is nicked and serrated like a cross-cut saw. The body, which, broad as it is, is but three or four inches thick in the thickest part, is as tough as that of a sea-horse, and bossed like a Roman buckler; head like a snake; eyes 'nothing to speak of;' and a tail forming part of the body, from which it tapers to the length of two feet, and terminating in a steel-pointed sting, ('hence its name,') which it can whirl round like an ox-whip, inflicting a painful, dangerous, and often fatal wound. Pleasant bathing-places these!

The first paragraph in the city papers the morning of my arrival that arrested the eye, as if by unconscious instinct, was the 'Weekly List of Interments,' under the head of 'Local Affairs,' exhibiting the dreadful total, for the closing week, of four hundred and thirteen interments, showing an increase of one hundred and three over the last. This was the official report, never accused, I believe, of exaggeration.

To return, after so long a digression, to the appearance of the city under the baneful influence of the fell disease: The streets, as I said before, seemed deserted and drear. Every third female encountered seemed clothed in the 'habiliments of woe,' of a blackness of color I never saw so intense in any other place. Pendent strips of white or black crape hung motionless in the 'still and pulseless air' from portico and door. Black-margined notes, the absurd but prevalent custom here of informing the whole public that another has gone to his 'long home,' met your eye at every corner and cross-way. Dismal-looking funeral processions, preceded by still more dismal-looking, dilapidated hearses, with drooping dirty-white plumes, taking the shrived dead, not to repose 'under the daisies,' but to be shovelled in the oven-like cells that are called graves here, or the 'Black Maria,'

'RATTLING over the stones'
With its load of unshrived bones,
From the charity hospital.

I met not less than five of my friends, whom I was glad yet to see in

the 'land of the living,' who answered my inquiries regarding other friends with an ominous shake of the head; and refusing my proffered hand, lest I should be contaminated, as the fever was pronounced contagious. This fear seemed prevalent.

'Up and down the city streets,
Each man that now his neighbor meets
Hurries, shrinking from the place,
Gazing upward in his face,
As if he looked to see him die.'

Thus seemed the aspect of things in the city. The effect of the panic was 'made manifest' to us in the general 'stampede' that took place, and the eagerness to secure state-rooms, and was brought still more home to us by the reception of notes from the friends of those who had secured the means of leaving the city, subsequently informing us, that already had they been taken down by the fell disease. Some of the officers of the boat, as well as passengers we had brought, had already sickened and died.

The fever had increased steadily and daily during our stay in the city; no doubt caused by the fatal unfavorable weather, the night being as intolerable as the day. Instead of the cool, bracing breeze which at other healthy seasons is wafted from the Gulf at five o'clock in the afternoon, enabling the old French *habitués*, after sleeping all through the 'heats' of the noon with shaded windows and closed doors, to make of 'night a most pleasant noon,' we had instead cold, heavy fogs, dense enough to wilt down the legs of one's boots like damp tripe, a tangible mist, which hung like a pall over the earth till eleven or twelve o'clock, when it would be dissipated like a flush, and be succeeded by a 'copper sky and a brazen sun,' whose fiery blaze defies all description — making an entire change of clothing twice a day absolutely necessary.

One more incident, and we will leave behind us all these horrors; noticing among the assemblage that always gathers round the office during the two or three hours preceding the departure of the boat — at which time is concentrated all the business of the time 'laying in port,' and the upward trip, when all manner of bills are to be paid, demands to cancel, hands to settle with, bills of lading to examine and sign, and passengers to award state-rooms to — the 'travelled' and experienced ones of the latter waiting patiently, knowing well their politeness will secure them a cool and airy room, while a smile responsive to the hardly-perceptible one of the 'urbane and gentlemanly clerks' gleams on their faces as they see the impatient one receive a key to one situated in delightful proximity to the chimney or scape-pipe. A group of three waiting in 'anxious expectancy' for rooms, one of whom seemed faint and weak, I requested the others to wait till they were attended to, and received the thanks of the two, who were his brothers, for the courtesy, he being ill, and they being desirous of having him at rest. Fifteen minutes had hardly elapsed, when the case was pronounced by a passenger on board (an eminent physician) to be an aggravated case of the fever; and the same parties returned — this time given a 'wide berth' by the others — to have two passages refunded, as one of the

brothers had decided to remain with his younger brother, and the other to go home. Somewhat saddened by this sudden fronting with death, I resumed my duties with a more subdued and tolerant air, and one by one the crowd diminished. The brother had returned from his melancholy errand, and was seated on the guard opposite my window, gazing mournfully over the 'levee' and the now fast-darkening streets, when a hurried messenger came and told him that *one brother was dying, and the other was attacked with the fatal symptoms!* One more passage to refund, a hurried word of sympathy, and a clasp of the hand I knew would soon stiffen in death's last agonies; but with a hope that his journey to an earthly home would extend to 'an heavenly one.' And we were off, leaving in the 'gloaming,' at which time the city looks most gloomy; the dark streets opened out one by one, as we boomed by, making it resemble, as indeed it was, the 'city of the dead.'

The dreary monotony of the voyage, or trip up, was unrelieved by any incident noteworthy. We had three deaths from the fell disease among the passengers, and two aggravated cases among the officers, which were cured by nursing, and resigned obedience to the remedies prescribed by a member of the 'Howard Association' going home.

At Natchez, the quarantine-ground extended four miles below the city, and consisted of a wharf-boat, converted from a dismantled and denuded steamboat, moored against a sixty-foot bank, overshadowed by the dark woods. Our passengers were all there in waiting. At Vicksburg, the 'quarantine buildings' were instituted in the same way, with this difference, that the waiting passengers were not compelled to come to the wharf, as we could land at Vidalia, which is opposite Vicksburg, and in Louisiana; at neither place were we subject to any detention or stringent exactions — the complaisant physicians taking our word for the healthy condition of our passengers. Their duties did not seem to be very onerous, so far as I could see: consisting principally in smoking very blunt segars, varied by the imbibition of brandy-smashes and gin — something else.

At Memphis we had the unexpected gratification of meeting one of our officers, which seemed almost like a 'rising of the dead,' as, missing him ever since we left Memphis, on the downward trip, we had given him up as lost — drowned. He had 'stopped off,' he said, 'to see a friend he had not seen for *I do n't know how long.*'

We have a motley and miscellaneous assemblage on board, different from any experience before. Conspicuous among them are some foreign officials from Central America and Mexico, and also some of the old Creoles or French residents, never scared out of their many-gabled and tile-roofed houses before. They ignore meat and coffee, (only at three o'clock in the morning,) but the claret and all species of greens suffer. They have a mysterious idea of the North; they want to see 'dis wonderful countree where de ice grow.' Some of them, by dint of asking multifarious questions, are making astonishing progress in the acquisition of our language; one of them remarking to me one morning, astonished at the progress made by the boat during the night: 'Stim-bot valk vera moosh fast last night.'

Among other oddities, originals, and 'characters' we have is a well-

known worthy and wealthy planter, who is moving, with his whole family, 'man and maid-servant,' dogs, guns, carriages, and horse, to some place 'where it is cool;' he will sojourn a while at Cleveland for repose, but will not stop short of Maine, or Iceland if necessary; wishes he had an iceberg near his place; expresses a desire to 'set in his bones.' He weighs two hundred and forty pounds. 'Larding the lean earth as he walks' up and down in a huge flowered dressing-gown, accompanied by two of his servants, who cool him with huge palmetto fans, followed by another, who is under a perpetual injunction to 'keep a fetching of him ice,' of which he has three casks of his own on board.

As a contrast to these loom forth the Tennessee emigrant, leaving behind him the barren lands of his native State, going forth for a new home, anywhere, with a stout heart and strong arm, and a spirit untamable as a bison's. When asked as to their destination, their reply, in a drawling nasal tone, is invariably: 'Wall, to Texas *and* the Arkansas.' 'Well, at what place do you wish to be landed?' 'Ain't at all particular, stra-anger; nearest p'int.' Tall, gaunt, fever-and-aguish looking fellows, almost always blessed with a dozen or more children, most of them boys, and the eldest of whom possesses at least two dogs, and a gun apiece, generally on half-cock, all of which you are respectfully requested to take particular care of.

A steam-boat life is singularly calculated to elicit and eliminate whatsoever of individuality or originality of character a passenger possesses. Exempt as it is from the discomfort of stage or canal travelling, and the irritations and annoyances of 'riding on a rail,' uniting the quiet comfort of home with the luxuries of a hotel, the very necessity of meeting three times a day, at one common table, for one common object, and the dependence of all upon each others' mutual courtesy and amenity, ignoring all conventionalities for their aggregate enjoyment, develops an intimacy which, in my experience, has ripened into friendships lasting as life.

And in this consists its charm and fascination, though many and varied, sudden and strange — some of which I have had sad occasion to describe aforetime in the pages of this very magazine — like life condensed and epitomized, are the aspects and phases seen and experienced by those whose destiny it is to 'go down to the sea (river) in ships, (steamers,) and do business on the great waters.' Brief is the time allowed from the incessant and wearying duties to indulge in reverie or mental liberty and relaxation. Yet, amid all the blaze and excitement, there are some 'oazises' of leisure, *some* intervals of ease, and even I am vouchsafed *some*

'Quiet joys and pensive times :
Though forced to live by 'keeping books,'
I sometimes *live* by writing rhymes :'

endeavoring in some poor measure thus to embalm the memory of the friends 'time-tried and true,' and to preserve the 'enamel of the heart.'

All unconsciously and unceasingly during these intermitted pencilings, have revolved the fleshless arms, and throbbed the iron heart, a

'mock of stories old,' of the mighty power that has borne us onward and onward, past lonely 'bends,' desert 'bars,' beetling bluffs, and dark woods, 'made gloomy from the death of man,' that characterizes the turbid, dreary Mississippi, till now, emerging into the clear, pellucid waters of 'La Belle Rivere,' with its varied scenery, noble trees, moss-grown and gray and picturesque banks, 'fringed to their willowed margin down,' a home-feeling already begins to fall upon me, a revival and more vivid surrender to the influences of the vision with which I commenced this letter, and a more impatient longing for the time when, released from 'carking cares,' wearisome and monotonous duties, I can revel in the luxury of leisure, home felicities, and quiet, varied by long-deferred promised visits to scattered and far-away friends.

Chiefest and most cherished of all of my anticipated pleasure is that to be realized in the acceptance of the verbal and fervent invitation of 'Old Knick' himself, (prefaced by the remark that in the 'deavin din-some town' 'Richard was 'not himself' any more,') to 'spend one night with my beloved family and myself, in my happy home on the beautiful Hudson.' An extension of the visit to other 'near and dear' friends who 'thereabout do dwell' will 'not by no means' diminish the pleasure. Vale!

WM. HENRY ALLEN.

Steam-boat Ben F—, ascending Mississippi River, near Osln, August 25, 1855.

' I N T H E L A N D O ' T H E L E A L . '

A SONG BY THE FRASANT BARD.

WHEN the 'clods of the valley' to me shall be sweet,
And the conflict of Life shall be o'er;
When the friends whom I loved, and delighted to meet,
I shall greet 'in the body' no more:
I borrow no sadness of heart, for I feel
They 'll be mine, o'er the line, in the Land o' the Leal.

When the sorrows of life, like the clouds of the night,
Shut so gloomily down round my way;
When DESPONDENCY visions her phantoms of fright,
And, as lost in the wild, I'm astray:
The thought, like the dawn, o'er my spirit will steal:
Bright for aye is the day in the Land o' the Leal.

When the labors of life, with their wearying weight,
Press me heavily down to the dust;
When I see gilded sloth and the indolent great,
Who have no need to toil as I must:
Away, fickle FORTUNE! unsure is thy wheel!
Give me rest, with the blest, in the Land o' the Leal!

Gill, (Mass.), October 24, 1855.

THE OLD MAN'S WISH.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

My youthful years are sped,
My boon-companions fled,
And I am going fast
The way that they have passed —
To the dead!

The forms I loved are flown,
The lips I kissed are gone,
And naught I see but change
In the streets that I range
Through the town.

I watch my ebbing glass,
And the shadows as they pass;
And I know my life will wend
Very soon to its end —
Soon, alas!

I would rather have it so;
For Life 's a weary show,
And its vanity and lust
Are unknown in the dust
Whence I go.

The boys that pass my door
Look in, but shout no more;
Nor do they stop and laugh,
When they see me with my staff,
As before;

For they know that day by day
I am wearing fast away:
And 't is well it is my lot —
It were strange if it were not —
To decay.

With the yellow leaf and sere,
I hasten to my bier;
For Life 's a twice-told tale,
And me 't will not avail
To be here:

For the World is grown unkind,
And no rest therein I find;
Nor therefore shall I grieve,
When it comes my turn to leave
All behind.

LETTERS TO ELLA: FATHER GREEN.

NUMBER FOUR.

I NOTICE what you say about Father Green's age. It is true that he is not very old. It is likely that the notion of age has attached to him more from the notions of his relations to society around him, than from any other cause. I can, nevertheless, remember when I thought forty to be old age. He is more than forty. Since I have known him, he has been without wife or family. He talks little on that subject; but has sometimes said, rather positively, that to be once married is, in his opinion, and according to his feelings, enough for one life.

Unchanging fidelity to a single pledge—is it not beautiful?

It is not well to lessen the merit of a faithful and patient fulfillment of the duties of life in any relations. There appear to be occasions and situations where second marriages, and even third marriages, signify any thing rather than levity of feeling toward the first. Natural love of offspring, the excellence in itself of the family relation above all other earthly relations, appear sometimes to forbid perpetual solitude. Our SAVIOUR declares that in heaven there will be no conflict between earlier and later marriage ties. The supposition is that the marriage relation and the relation of parent and child are only preparatory to a union more sweet and solemn above; that it is only in our lower existence that these ties are needed; that hereafter hearts will be unvailed, and those who love each other truly will be united to part no more. What higher conception can we gain of heaven, my darling, than to conceive that you and I will love each other more than we do now?

When it does so happen that one's whole life can be dedicated to a single vow, and no duties neglected, is it not fortunate, is it not beautiful, is it not blessed?

When two young souls meet in the prodigality of youthful sympathies, what height and depth and greatness would there be in the assurance that no cloud of separation could pass between them for ever! This thought in itself is a hymn and a benediction. It comes from somewhere. It is an infinite thought, and must be one of those bright glances lent us from an INFINITE BENEFactor, which discloses at once the proof and the glory of our immortality.

This feeling which we call love is not easily analyzed. Let me be excused in this respect from the aid of mental philosophers. They are like the botanists who, in order more fully to explain the character of a flower, pick it to pieces and destroy it. I have no flowers to spare. It may be my misery to look upon their leaves and blossoms strewn and withered, but not with my seeking.

It is enough for me to see the great mountain of light which is reared, august and sublime, in the declaration that GOD IS LOVE. If we may not reverse this saying, and believe that love is GOD, we may feel

assured that love is not an alien sentiment, but kindred to His nature.

I think my love to you, my daughter, is not solely the result of habit. Perhaps it is an abuse of language to say I think about it at all—I feel. My feeling brings to me the sense of inspiration and its safety. I seem to know. If it were to be limited to this life it would be an anxious feeling. There would be danger of losing it, and the joy of its presence would be painfully clouded with the fear of its loss. I rejoice; I become taller and stouter; I have a feeling of grandeur in the belief of its being endless. It may be more bright and pure—I hardly know how—but it is my destiny and my triumph never to see it lessened, and never to be robbed of it. Yes, Ella, you will be mine and I will be yours always.

But how is this! It may, I hope, be your fortune to marry, and become the mother of children. You will thus assume another endless tie with your husband, and will love your children as I love you. Will those new bonds usurp the authority of the older ones and weaken them? Were such to be the case, it would be one source of resignation for those who lose children before they arrive at ripeness. They might believe that death is not a separation, but only a safeguard against it. Rather let us hope that death is the beginning of a larger life, and that the decay of our physical organs is but the unclogging of our faculties. It may be that we shall come to joys that eye hath not seen nor ear heard. It may be that all memories will be revived, that the links of love and relationship will be made bright and beautiful, running through all generations up to their great author.

Let us beware of this immortal memory, and keep clear of thoughts which it will be painful to remember. How dreadful would it be to remember with deathless regret a pledge of affection untruthfully made and lightly broken. I hope there may be waters of cleansing somewhere, in which contrite spirits may bathe and become pure. But, Ella, I believe I shall need no cleansing of a single thought unfaithful to you.

It has happened to me to see death in many forms, from the infant whose life was exhaled upon its mother's bosom, to the culprit who struggled on the scaffold; but in all cases the spirit seemed to have left its last farewell in a happy mood. I am told it is not always so, but have never seen it otherwise. There has always been left upon the forsaken tenement, in the cases I have seen, the impress of an unearthly serenity and repose.

My purpose was to tell you about Father Green. I did not intend to allude to the above topics, but my love for you is of such size, that when uninterrupted by other thoughts, it runs backward and forward indefinitely, and seeks its relations with the infinite.

One of the principal complaints now urged against Father Green is, that he has neglected to impress us with the importance of doctrinal points. Under his ministry, Old-School and New-School, High-Church and Low-Church, Unitarian and Trinitarian, Calvinism and Socinianism, have been permitted to subside into a mixture and jumble. He has hardly kept up the proper line of separation between saints and

sinner. The goats have been allowed to run among the sheep, and the sheep among the goats. He allowed several dissolute young persons to frequent the choir, for no other apparent reason than because they could sing well, and loved to sing. Some of the fast men about town took in their fiddles and flutes. We were all dull and slothful, and did not think to make objections. So we went on singing, fiddling, and fluting 'Mear,' 'Old Hundred,' 'China,' and so forth. It is true that several of these objectionable persons afterwards joined the church, and some of their companions were drawn toward it; but perhaps they ought to have been compelled to do so in the first place, or to have kept out of the choir. It is to be feared they did not become Christians from conviction or from doctrine, but from sympathy. We were drifting along into a spiritual dream-land with all sorts of company.

One day in cherry-time, Father Green came up to Ellasland, and told us he had met some new friends in the city, who appeared to have no means of entertainment there except the theatre and other places of public resort. He did not wish us to receive them, but would like to bring them to see the grounds and the prospect, and, if we had no objections, to eat a few cherries. What was our surprise, afterward, to see him coming with half-a-score of fellows, with big watch-seals, and vests of a most complicated and astonishing figure; in short, a set of gamblers, whom I had passed for years without speaking to them. One only of the company besides himself wore the aspect of a gentleman.

He was a young man with light hair and florid complexion, not apparently above the age of majority, dressed with modest and elegant taste, and having an air of good-breeding. There were in his features the traces of dissipation, and the lurking presence of premature disgust; but, with these exceptions, there was nothing to show his habit of such companionship. He rather sauntered apart from them than belonged among them. He appeared to be conscious of a natural association among different people. I believe the arrival of this company was the first time my confidence in Father Green was ever shaken.

We had intended to receive his friends cordially, invite them into the house, treat them to fruit, and make their visit pleasant. But, seeing who they were, we all retreated out of sight, and, as a sort of emphasis to our disgust, called in the dog.

Martin Luther sat solemnly by the spring, and undertook to speak our sentiments.

'Grea-a-ate, gro-outy! Git out! git out!'

The first effort of the amiable friends of Father Green toward making themselves agreeable, was to pick up pebbles, and try which could first hit the venerable frog, who thus happily pronounced the feelings suitable to the occasion. A shower of stones fell around him, either of which hitting him would have deprived Ellasland of an accustomed voice, and the world of a pattern and model of meditation. Fortunately, none hit him. He threw himself upward, turned a half-somerset, and made a beautiful dive into the spring. Before the mud and bubbles had left the water clear, he found a place where he could lift his head under shelter.

Father Green guided his friends to a black-heart cherry-tree, and it seemed as if there were no end to their capacity for fruit. I am under the impression that some of us thought the cholera, in its proper place, might be a valuable institution. The cherry-tree being, at length, pretty well stripped, Father Green pointed out the beauties of the prospect.

The people of the villages were beginning to light their houses. The steam-boat fires threw a bright glare along the river. Occasionally a cloud of black smoke would be sent up in bold relief against the clear twilight sky, and curling in eddies, whirl away till it lost itself in deepening shadows of night. The young moon rose modestly over the scene, and if we had not been shut up, I think we should have enjoyed the evening. Our visitors probably did enjoy it. They were in no manner of hurry. Father Green appeared to be in his element.

They told stories and laughed and chatted a long time. There was an obvious purpose of spending the evening. They found seats on the brow of the hill, next the river. Conversation after a while subsided into a low hum, and finally into silence.

Father Green rose, and they followed. . We thought at last they were about to go away and let us out. But no! He led the way to some seats under the old elm near the spring. One of them pulled out of his pocket the several joints of a flute, another a flageolet, another a jews-harp, and a fourth unbagged a fiddle. Father Green led off in the song about 'Uncle Ned' and 'the place where the hair ought to gro-o-ow; The place where the hair ought to grow.' They brought out each verse in full chorus, and it really sounded very well. The dog jumped out of the window, and went and laid down near them. Your brother slyly stole out by the back-kitchen door. Martin Luther ventured out again to a conspicuous perch. Father Green told a story about his mother, and several others told stories about mothers, and old family-times, the frolics, alarms, and incidents of childhood. We had kept as well out of sight as possible, but by close listening, could hear every word. Father Green proposed 'The Old Folks at Home.' Your mother said she thought the children would like to go out and hear that, and she had better go with them. I said, if they were all determined to go into such company, it would be my duty to go too. I was their natural protector. So out we all went. 'The Old Folks at Home' was sung with great unction. Toward the conclusion, the words 'There's where the old folks stay,' were pronounced with subdued voices and feeling. There was moisture in eyes that had not known a tear for a long time. The young man I have mentioned turned his back to us, but, I could see, used his handkerchief. They had reached a point where they all felt alike. Whether Father Green felt like a gambler, or the gamblers felt momentarily like Christians, I will not undertake to say, but there could be no mistake but that the feeling, whatever it was, was a common feeling.

'Now, boys,' said Father Green, 'I feel well. I'm happy. I want only one thing more. My mother and your mother have gone, or will go, to heaven. I want to pray.'

Down he went upon his knees, and down went every gay jacket in

the lot. By a sort of magnetic influence, every man went upon his marrow-bones. Your mother went to the spot and knelt among them. Your father — well, I don't mind acknowledging that your father caught the contagion, and did kneel not far off.

The purport of the prayer was, that as children we had been happy, but had wandered and erred and lost our innocence, and become restless and miserable. He confessed a great many violations of the divine law, not distinguishing himself at all from the gamblers. Indeed, his language was broad enough to implicate your mother and me. Then he begged for forgiveness and peace, and restoration to a state of childish purity and trustfulness and affection. He prayed for a place in heaven, and a reunion with lost friends. His faith reached forward with a strong grasp. To tell the truth, we were all a little elated. We made a sort of balloon ascension, and went up together. He closed with an earnest and affecting supplication for rest and peace for us all.

When we rose, he shook hands with us all round, and pointing upward, sung the last couplet of the chorus. The gamblers falling in with their voices, it was repeated :

‘*THERE’s where my heart is turning ever,
There’s where the old folks stay.*’

Your mother wished them to remain a moment, and produced from the house a supply of pie and cheese, after eating which, they departed.

This is an unvarnished statement of the facts in regard to a transaction which has since caused so much talk. It may have been partly my fault to allow them to eat up the cherries, but I am not responsible for the pie and cheese. I do not choose publicly to throw the blame on your mother, but between you and me, I wash my hands of it entirely.

The company went away together. One of them eulogized Father Green by telling him he was a ‘trump.’ Another said he was ‘one of ‘em.’ A third declared he was ‘a hoss and no mistake.’ When they reached the point of separation, they gave their parting salutations very kindly.

‘Good-bye, old fellow ; you’re game every inch.’

After they had passed on some distance from him, he overheard one of them saying to the rest with emphasis :

‘He’s got hair on ‘im. I’ll die if he haint.’

Father Green, unobserved, kept in sight of them, and seeing that the young man I have referred to kept himself partly aloof, and seemed to accompany them with doubtful and divided inclinations, he took a rapid circuit and came back to them by a side path.

‘James,’ said he, addressing the young man.

‘What, Sir ?’

‘Did you ever see a hermitage ?’

‘Of what sort ?’

‘Why, Sir, it bears about the same relation to the hermitages we read of that our young, cheap Gothic architecture bears to the old Gothic. It has all the disadvantages, and none of the poetry. Nevertheless, it is a sort of hermitage where a solitary old fellow like me can

shut himself up and growl or pray, as the humor takes him. And Sir James, I have a crust of bread there, which I sometimes break with a friend. To-night, James, the hermitage in the distance looks solitary. I am afraid there is not a frog to sing near it, nor an owl to hoot over it. Were you ever in a mood when it seems awful to be alone! To-night we have been talking and singing of mothers and of home. Between me and those scenes, there is a great gulf. I am not cautious enough to leap it, yet I must try. I cannot stand on the brink and look over, without an effort to go over. You are, by a great deal, nearer to it in years and in experience. Come and help me across, or I shall fall in — into an abyss of darkness. Come with me, James, to the hermitage, and share my straw and my crust. Strike hands with me, James, and say you'll go!

You will imagine that James's face would shine with a delightful surprise, but you are wrong. You do not understand the effects of vice. His features were clouded with one of the most painful emotions which the ALMIGHTY ever gave the human heart powers to endure — an impulse to confide in proffered affection, mixed with the fear of deception and betrayal. The first step in the path of vice is attended with a consciousness of some body wronged, of gain or pleasure at some body's expense. There is planted a seed of distrust, and nothing is more obvious to a close observer in the growth of vice, than the corresponding growth of distrust and loss of self-respect, until the vicious soul, darkened for ever, and feeling itself unable to confide in any body, goes down step by step from small vices to irretrievable crimes.

That James at that moment felt the need of sympathy, and would gladly have thrown himself upon the bosom of any friend, with a burst of penitence and affection, it is impossible to question; but distrust had begun its baneful growth in his bosom. This genial proffer of companionship might be a trap for some sort of betrayal. It was at any rate out of the common course of events. With a quivering lip and unsettled eye, he assigned an excuse for evading the invitation.

There stood Father Green, in the pale light of moon and stars, but his face beaming with perfect truth. He stretched out his hand, and James could not resist to clasp it. The question was settled. The two went their way together.

The nearest path to Elwood Nathan's house lay through a ravine, and across several knobs or hills. It was prettily checkered by frequent changes of light and shade:

You know that in the old classic fables, when the poets take their heroes down to *Avernus*, they find it easy enough to go there. After having satisfied the objects of their visit, they strive to get out again, and in that lies the difficulty. So it is with bad habits. To regain the paths of virtue, having once lost them, requires not courage only, but constancy; and these qualities are the ones most weakened by irregular and vicious courses. The soul under such circumstances is like a bird in full strength, eager to mount into the upper air, but which has lost from his wings their best feathers by struggling in the fowler's net. How many souls have I seen, striving to breast the air with uneven pinions, now rising, now falling, now raising a cheerful song from an ele-

vated perch, now pleading with low, fearful notes of despair from the level of devouring beasts, to which they had fallen.

The world passes by and says : 'Fly, bird, fly !' It takes credit to itself for good advice. The very thing of all others which he cannot do is to fly. How few, O my dear child ! how few that will take the poor bird in their hands, lift him from peril, and feed him until his feathers be grown !

Father Green and James continued their way for some distance in unbroken silence, sometimes pausing to take in the changing features of the landscape. The first word uttered by either was in passing through a deep ravine, darkened with heavy shadows.

'This is gloomy, very gloomy,' said James. 'I wish I had never been born.'

'But this,' said his companion, rising to the top of the hill above the ravine, 'is not gloomy. Here is any quantity of moon-light ; and if you were Romeo and I were Juliet, we might say things which to us would seem very wise, and to others very foolish.'

The idea of making a Juliet of Father Green, was so unexpected and grotesque, that it brought a smile upon the young man's face, and ended in unembarrassed laughter.

'Might it not be better,' he replied, 'for you to be Polonius to my Hamlet ?'

'*Me* Polonius ! Eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum ! Not yet, James. But then it would not be well for you to play Hamlet to my Polonius. Should you abuse Ophelia as Hamlet did, James, I think I should find marrow in my bones and muscle enough on them to cow-hide you, prince or no prince. My boot, James, would feel a tingling sensation, and I fear I should lose control over it. It might imagine itself to be a trip-hammer, to work horizontally and make itself uncomfortable till you were out of sight. No ; I have a fancy that when I act any character not my own, I would prefer a female character. Perhaps it is because my figure is adapted to it, (glancing humorously at his broad shoulders and massive outlines,) but since you do not fancy me for a Juliet, I will be Meg Merrilies, and will tell your fortune. Here is the situation in which Scott would have placed the real Meg, on this solitary hill-top, her figure standing in bold relief against the sky, which is the only back-ground. Very well, I will be Meg Merrilies, and tell your fortune. Let me see the lines in your palm : there, now, let us begin with what you think at this moment. It runs thus :

"HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my last repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.'

'You will hold a moment. So far, very well : but the story is not yet told :

"FALSEST of woman kind, canst thou declare
All thy fond plighted vows, fleeting as air :
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try,
What peace is there.'

'In the name of GOD! who are you, and how do you know my story? I may say my secret is yet untold,' exclaimed the young man, putting himself in a stage attitude, and seeming to act a part, but failing to conceal an emotion of real surprise.

T H E O L D E N T I M E .

BY SARAH I. G. WHITTEPONT.

L.

THE Olden Time! — there comes a softened drifting
Along the dim aisles of the Inner Fane:
The lattice-drapery silently uplifting,
And lets the sunshine in its halls again.

II.

'Tis sweet though sad to see the sun-spots falling
Down from the zenith of the Olden Time:
To have the silver bells of Thought recalling
Departed glories with their mystic chime.

III.

To look without the Soul's still sanctuary,
O'er scenes that dot the Olden Time's domain:
Sweet scenes we've passed, with march of years so weary,
Ne'er to return and live them o'er again.

IV.

Old scenes, far off: the daisy-dotted meadow
Is where we paddled, bare-foot, in the brook:
And, nestled down within the maple-shadow,
Our childhood's cottage fills a quiet nook.

V.

And, nearer, stands a bright and bloomy bower,
Upon the way-side of our Life's sweet morn,
Where first we grasped Affection's lovely flower,
That faded fast, and left us but a thorn.

VI.

And, yonder, 'neath a dark old drooping willow,
A green grave rises in the purple shade,
Where lies a young head on the coffin-pillow,
That, years ago, all tearfully we laid!

VII.

Oh! thoughts will come, despite the inner striving,
Of things that faded from us ere their prime:
And we must list the Spirit's secret ahriving
Within the Temple of the Olden Time!

S T A N Z A S .

'A LETTER from the Crimea tells the following tale: 'Vultures are very numerous in the Crimea. They smell the powder, and await the coming of the shot, to throw themselves on their victims. After one of the recent combats, an English officer was found who had just expired, pressing in both his arms one of these birds of prey, dead, like himself, and which he had crushed in a last effort of agony.' — DAILY PAPER.

HE left proud Albion's sea-girt shore,
With hopes and bearing high,
To mingle in the battle's roar,
And shout Saint GEORGE'S cry:
He recks not that the Golden Horn
O'erflows with noblest blood,
Or that the rays of coming morn
Will still augment its flood;

For, 'mid the carnage, he must win
A hero's glorious fame,
That he may claim of haughty kin
The fairest of her name.
Upon his heart a raven tress,
A truer shield than steel;
An angel-presence, come to bless
This day, he seems to feel.

And glorious *visions*! — his the lance
To turn the lilies pale!
And with the Working-Bees of France
Can England's Lion fail?
Upon Sebastopol's proud towers
Her blood-red cross must float:
The *glory* of the Allied Powers,
The *hatred* of the Croat.

To drive the Cossack from his lair,
'Unearth him from his den;
To mine and double, like the hare,
Unworthy of brave men:
One desperate, fierce assault must test
The fortunes of the hour:
Saint GEORGE! Saint DENNIS! for the West
To crush the Despot's power!

We cannot paint the dreadful scene,
And weep to think such deeds have been.

The fight is o'er, the day is won:
On Malakoff's stern height,
Exultant in the glowing sun,
Imperial Eagles 'light;
And if the lion couchant seems
Before the Redan's base,
'T is but with rage to lap the streams
Which have no fitting vase.

Low, *too*, the noble form who led
 His comrades to their death;
 But from unnumbered wounds he bled
 Ere he resigned his breath:
 Even then, a vulture on his breast,
 Encircled in his arms, was prest;
 And while in agony he crushed
 The cruel bird, *he too was hushed*.

And *one* who weeps in stately halls,
 Envies that vulture's rest:
 For *her*, Earth's highest glory palls,
 To die with *him* were blest.
 She bears the vulture on her heart,
 PROMETHEUS like, of old,
 And longs for DEATH's reluctant dart
 To shrine her 'neath the mould.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER ONE.

'STRIKE the bewgag! sound the tomjohn!
 Let the loud hosanna ring!
 Beat the buzzy fuzzy! wake the gongong!
 Bumtum! fuzzlebum, dingo blim!

ODE TO KING KANKERSQUAMKEE, OF THE FEGEE ISLANDS.

I NEVER was what you might call *smart*. What *I* call smart is thinking and acting at a snap on the spontaneous percussion principle. Now my brother Mad always was smart. He was in fact the most excessively *simultaneous* man I ever knew.

One day in New-York I saw Mad velocitating down Fifth Avenue in a sulkey, just behind a three-minute trotter. I'm not what you might call smart, myself; but I thought 't Mad might better have cut just as big a swath somewhere else in general, and on the island in particular. Before I could say, 'easy over the stones,' Mad's right wheel went over something—believe it was an Alderman's right foot—and up went my only surviving brother into the air like a brick-bat at election-time, and fell flat as a buckwheat on the side-walk.

Exchequer Harrison, of Milwaukee, and I picked the fraternal up.

'Madison, are you sensible?' said Exchequer.

'What 'll you give for the sulkey *as she runs*, Check?' replied Mad, as he undid his optics. I really believe he'd have gone stunned if he had 'nt first concluded to stick some body.

'Forty dollars,' said Check, looking down the street at the team as it Taconey'd along.

'Done!' says Mad. He had't the word out of his mouth, before a tree-box took part of the sulkey, and annihilation the balance. Exchequer Harrison, of Milwaukee, got *one wheel*, in pretty good order; and the loafers the rest.

We caught the trotter, and *then* Mad became very much laid out, indeed. I said nothing; but reckoned that he was getting no better rather too fast for the good of some body's port-money.

'He can't travel,' said Pres Haynes, who had just called a cab. 'Salubrity's below par!'

'Go you twenty that I can ride her in bare-backed,' muttered Mad, very faintly, with both eyes shut. And he *did*. That twenty and Check's forty, just brought him out on the square.

Such was my brother Mad, a youth both gifted and pious — in the Cincinnati sense of the word — for before he was twenty-three years old he had made one hundred thousand dollars. Still his righteousness had its back-slidings; since previous to his twenty-fourth annual birthday he had spent it all; and his life ever since has been like that of the celebrated old oaken bucket, either up the top of the well, pouring out, or down at the bottom, taking in.

I have begun with my brother Madison, putting him a little out ahead of myself, on the same principle that a young lady at a party takes a beau or a *chaperoon*, to pilot fore-wise along, and ease her own *debut* off a little. Were I one of the smart sort this would be needless. But I have also had my own experiences, *kernickering round*, as they say in good society, having travelled, so to speak, upward of some: at times on my shape, and semi-occasionally on rail-roads, steam-boats, ox-wagons, triumphal chariots, and cellar-doors. But it was with me a juvenile *axiom* that the manner of travel, whatever it be, is greatly helped by the application of *metal* (meaning thereby tin, pewter, brass, dough, brads, ready, heavy, dust, spicuniary, funds, or any other word for money) to the wheels. 'Where the wheels is 'nt *tired* the hosses *is*,' said an old driver to me during the innocent apple-stealing days of infancy.

'Buy an 'ography 'f Barnum?' said a man at my elbow, as I was lunching one morning in the Astor House. I looked around and remembered him as a thrifty, sparing book-peddler: so very sparing, indeed, that he was saving with his nouns, extra-economical with his adjectives, and clipped his words generally as if they had been coin. 'Buy an 'ography 'f Barnum?' said I thoughtfully to self, as I went up-stairs with the book.

'Who comes next?' To judge from the book-seller's *ad's* and the police reports, one might reckon that every man in America has his life taken about twice on an average. All who go through the world pushing the big snow-ball of fortune before them, have *got to find out*, sooner or later, that a time will come when its size, *and nothing else*, will urgently call for a written description of *the roller*.

'Why, I might just as reasonably set down some of my own notions. I aint smart — what of it?' and as Stetson handed over the key of my room, I looked him solemnly in the face and said:

'I WILL!'

'Will *what?*?' answers Stetson.

'Will and bequeath to you my everlasting blessing if you don't move me down at least three stories below that toploftical garret where I'm stowed. Why, it's so high up that I can see the sun rise before sun-down, and I have to start before bed-time to get down-stairs in time for dinner!'

'*It shall be done,*' said S. 'Here, James! move there, some of you! Take this gentleman's baggage to No. —!' And it was accordingly in No. — that this commencement was cogitated and crushed out. From my window I could see Broadway and the Park, the incorrectness of the City-Hall clock, and the imposing front of the Hall itself; which, according to the newspapers, is nothing at all compared to the imposing work which goes on inside. I could see Windust's over the way through the endless ghostly whirls of wind and dust, which the City Fathers (being as they were, no conjurers) had not succeeded in laying. And lastly, I could behold the great TEMPLE OF HUMBUG, with its waving banners and myriad signs, and all the pomp and circumstance of gammon! From time to time as the omnibus wheels and ceaseless tramp of endless promenaders lulled a few, I could hear blasts of something like music from a balcony in front of the Museum, variegated with the occasional squeak of a pig, or of a lady just escaping vehicular death by about a hair's-breadth, on that celebrated crossing which is, according to travellers, (who ought to know,) more dangerous than the crossing of the Isthmus ever was in its worst days.

'*This,*' said I, as I looked out on the world in general, and at a white coat which sloped into the Tribune Buildings; '*this* is the correct spot to win. This is about the centre of the hub of the great wheel of the American world. There is no discount on this town! Foreign activity is like a mill-wheel; it goes round mighty fast when the water's high, but it don't get ahead! *American* movement is like the wheel of a locomotive; the quicker its turn-roundativeness, the greater its get-along! Welcome thou busy scene! for in thy presence shall the Observations of Mace Sloper be begun!'

NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER, like a hopeless maid,
Doth wander all the day;
With veiled face, in mourning robes,
And weep her soul away.

And oh! it grieves me all the night
To hear her sob and moan;
And when the dreary dawn appears,
She utters but a groan.

And even when she strives to smile,
Our hearts are touched with pain;
For ah! we see nor joy nor hope
Can come to her again.

Rutgers College, November, 1855.

Poor broken-hearted! It is well
That she can weep and sigh;
For what is left her but to count
The fallen leaves drift by? —

To vainly pause in barren woods,
The missing birds to hear,
And vainly search for living flowers
Through all the valleys drear?

And soon beside the frozen streams,
To, fainting, drop and die.
While snow and sleet are falling fast
From out a dismal sky?

T H E B L I N D B O Y ' S L O V E .

BY JOHN H. NEW.

List! oh! list! — she is drawing near;
 For her tiny step and brief
 Falls softly on my strained ear,
 As the rain on vernal leaf!

Why beats my heart so wildly now,
 And starts my blood in fiercer flight,
 And crimson neck and cheek and brow,
 As skies, they say, when wings the night?

Why, e'en my tongue forgets its art,
 And croucheth down, oppressed with fear,
 As lilacs when the north winds part,
 Or beasts whose master cometh near.

Ah me! she has passed me like the breeze
 With odors from the autumn plain,
 Or like a ship o'er southern seas,
 When scarce a ripplet scars the main.

But, as a wrecked one on the shore,
 When Night has set her sentries pale,
 Whose low-bowed ear for evermore
 Is filled with rustlings of a sail,

I stand all breathless, hearing yet
 The murmur of her fading flight,
 While every sound is sweetly set
 To the music of her foot-fall light.

But thou, my LILY! shalt never know
 The soul that, like the restless sea,
 To thee shall ever ebb and flow,
 Unceasing as eternity:

For who am I to dream of love —
 Of thee, a twin to Beauty born,
 Whom every songster of the grove
 Greet with his carol, as if the Morn?

No, no; those lake-like eyes of thine
 Should mirror back a face more fair
 Than this poor, dark one, sad, of mine,
 Where moody sits each full-browed Care.

And yet, my GOD! if for an hour
 Thou 'dst grant me in her eyes to gaze,
 How cheerful would I yield the power
 Of life itself through countless days!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE RED EAGLE: A POEM OF THE SOUTH. By A. B. MEEK. In one volume: pp. 108. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, Broadway and Leonard-street.

THAT Mr. MEEK is a true poet, the volume before us affords incontestable proof. For rapid and stirring action, vivid and faithful pictures of nature and character, and for general melody of versification, we scarcely know when we have met the superior, in its kind, of this most spirited Indian poem. We intend to show 'the reason of the faith that is in us' by a few extracts, which we think will be found fully to justify our encomiums. Let us first, however, present the reader with a syllabus of the subject-matter of the volume. The author informs us that the leading incidents of the poem, romantic as they may seem, are all strictly historical. They are drawn from that remarkable and sanguinary chapter in South-Western annals, known as 'The Creek War of 1813,' which has never been depicted in such vivid colors as its interest deserves. The hero of the story is the celebrated chieftain, *Weatherford*, or '*The Red Eagle*,' as he was called by his countrymen. As a warrior and an orator, gifted with all the physical graces that could contribute to preëminence, he never had his superior among our aboriginal tribes. He was the principal leader of the Creek or Muscogee Indians, in the terrific struggle which began, after some preliminary skirmishes, in the bloody massacre at Fort Mimms, sixty miles above Mobile, upon the Tensaw, a branch of Alabama River, on the thirtieth of August, 1813, when near five hundred persons, including all the adjacent white inhabitants of the insulated back-woods settlement, two companies of United States troops, and many friendly Indians, were indiscriminately butchered, through the criminal recklessness of a drunken commander, who, though warned of his danger, would not even close the gates of his fortress. But seven of the number miraculously escaped to tell the bloody story. This brought the speedy invasion of the Creek nation, by the various armies, from Tennessee under General JACKSON, from Georgia under Generals FLOYD and PRICKNEY, and from Mississippi under General CLAIBORNE, resulting in the rapid series of sanguinary battles, which, in a few months, almost depopulated the na-

tion; near five thousand warriors having laid down their lives in the struggle to which they had been incited by religious fanaticism, the wily schemes of TECUMSEH, and their aggravated hatred of the white man, so constantly encroaching upon their primitive hunting-grounds, then extending from the Chattahoochee to the Tombecbee.

The principal events of this war — which, from its commencement to its close, presents a species of epic progress and retributive results seldom found in actual occurrences — have been narrated in a general way by our historians; but all its minor incidents, its local and personal features and characteristics, in which reside its vitality and chief attractiveness, have been suffered to pass unnoticed, and to lapse into perishing tradition. To rescue these in some degree from oblivion, and to preserve them in those hues of poetry to which they seem so eminently adapted, was the object of Mr. MEEK in the poem before us. While he has adhered strictly to historical truth, even in detail, he has so arranged the lights and shadows of his picture as not to mar the grace and beauty, which are the prime objects of all true poetic creation. The character of his hero has greatly aided him in this: 'The love-life of WEATHERFORD, here truthfully narrated; his dauntless gallantry, his marvellous personal adventures and hair-breadth escapes, and, chief of all, his wonderful eloquence, which eventually saved his life, when all other means would have failed, afford as fine a theme for the poet as any in American history. It may be stated that the version given of WEATHERFORD's speech to General JACKSON, after the crushing and conclusive battle of the Horse-Shoe, is as literal as the necessities of verse would permit.'

We commence our extracts with a passage which will at once show what a minute observer and faithful describer of natural scenery is our poet: nor must we omit to note how felicitously the mellifluous aboriginal names of natural objects are introduced:

'FAIR Alabama's forest land,
In its primeval verdure drest,
With waving woods, and rivers grand,
And mountains that like giants stand
To guard its pictured valley's rest!

'FROM morn till eve, that sun has seen
But one unbroken world of green.
From Chattahoochee's yellow wave,
By Tallapoosa's waters clear,
Where Coosa's isle-gemmed currents lave
And young Cahawbe's hills uprear;
To where fair Tuscaloosa glides,
And dark Tombecbee pours his tides;
Incessant wilds, o'er hill and plain,
In virgin loveliness remain,
And scenes as fresh and bright display
As ever met the eye of day:
No lovelier land the PROPHET viewed,
When on the sacred mount he stood,
And saw below transcendent shine
The streams and groves of Palestine!

'All through this lordly realm so wide —
This wilderness of woods and flowers,

This paradise of fragrant bowers —
No human home that sun espied,
Save cone-like cabins, 'mid the trees,
Whose bark-roofs totter in the breeze,
And scarcely serve as shelter rude
For their red tenants of the wood.
Northward, amid his mountains free,
The wigwams of the Cherokee;
And southward, by each winding stream
That veins the earth's enamelled breast,
Muscogee's scattered camp-fires gleam —
The tameless Arab of the West!
These only met his morning eye,
Though far the sun flamed in the sky:
But westward, where he now delays,
The white man's home arrests his rays;
The dauntless pioneer who came
From distant lands, these wilds to tame,
And bid, beneath their genial skies,
His farms extend, his domes arise;
By Alabama's lordly tide,
And Tensaw's dark and turbid stream,
Whose mingling waves now gulfward
glide,
Through forests vast, in golden pride,
Lit by the day's departing beam!

'Few days ago, the song of peace
Was heard amid these woodland homes,
The sounding axe smote forest-trees,
And upward sprang new rustic domes.
Blue, through the groves, the morning
smoke

Curled gently toward the placid sky,
And merry laugh, and shout, and joke,
From busy fields, swept frequent by.
Along the stream the light bark bore
Young Commerce to the opening shore,
And rosy children strolled away,
With bees and birds, through wood-lands
gay.

But now another scene is there!

The field is tenantless and bare;
The song is hushed, the hearth-fire out,
Silent the boatman's frolic shout;
Wild terror hovers o'er the scene,
Where lately all was so serene:
For hark! the Indian's fierce war-cry
Hath pealed along that forest sky,
And all, before the dread report—
The startled sire and trembling maid—
For safety, to yon sheltering Fort,
From leagues around, have wildly fled;
And now, while all the West in radiance
swims,
The sun's last glory lingers on Fort
Mimms!

We commend to the attention of our metropolitan musical composers the sweet and graceful love-song, commencing:

'The blue-bird is whistling in Hillibee grove,
Terra-re! — terra-re!

It almost *sings itself* from the printed page. But we must pass to another and a different theme—the tragedy of Fort Mimms. And we ask the reader to remark the vivid *action* which characterizes the entire sketch:

'The sun is shining brightly
Above Fort Mimms, this morn;
All hearts are beating lightly,
For they have heard, with scorn,
Old BEAZELY's solemn warning,
And his daughter's foolish tale:
'Bright smiles the rosy morning—
Why should the cheek be pale?'
So he, at least, who bore command,
In reckless mood addressed his band—
A soldier old, of well-earned fame,
But maudlin now, and flushed in game:
'If aught the impious foe designed,
We should not know his secret mind.
He thinks—presumptuous hawk! — to
scare
Our dove-cotes, for his gibe and sneer!
Weak tremblers, no! — close not the gate:
With open doors his steps we'll wait.'

'Scarce had his lips the taunting spoke,
When on his ear the war-whoop broke,
Shrill as the cry of 'Fire!' by night.
A rifle-shot! — and now another!
And now a hundred rifles ring.
The sire and son, the maid and mother,
With wild confusion and affright,
From tent and bench and hassock
spring.
'To arms! to arms!' old BEAZELY cries:
'To arms! to arms!' each lip replies.
'Close, close the gate!' — but ah! too late —
The wily foe is at the gate.
With dreadful rush, and shout, and yell,
The combat thickens there:
The Pioneers support it well,
And soon the savages repel,
But many a valiant spirit falls,
Before the gate swings clear,
And by old BEAZELY's arm is closed —
So fiercely, bloodily opposed!

'But now, with terrible report,
The savage rifles, round the Fort,
From every quarter ring;
Death struggles in on leaden wing,
A thousand warriors swell the cry —
The Indian's battle-melody —
And rush to scale the walls.
The inmates to the port-holes fly,
And pour their whole resistance out.
The foe recoils a moment back;
But louder swells the onset shout,
And now, amid the battle-rack,
An Indian warrior is seen,
With hunting-shirt of brightest green,
And crimson plume above his head,
Cheering the tawny warriors on;
'Remember, chieftains, wild BURN'T CORN!
One rush — the palisades they gain —
But many a warrior lies dead
Beneath the battle-rain!

'Now rings below the fearful axe —
They cut the palisades away!
And arrows, lit with flaming flax,
Upon the house-tops play!
The Pioneers their fire relax,
And hark! gives way the palisade:
A chasm through the wall is made,
And inward rush the frantic foes,
With shout and yell,
That heavenward rose,
Like merriment of fiends in hell!

'Ah! then a deadlier strife began!
With gun to gun, and man to man,
They grapple in terrific close.
The rifles clubbed are snapped in twain,
And skulls are cleft beneath their blows:
The war-club falls with plunging sound:
The tomahawk and scalping-knife
Hew down the woodman and his wife:
The infant's brains are scattered round!

'Brave, brave they fought, those forest men,
With overwhelming numbers then !
Not manlier, in his mountain-pass,
Withstood the foe, LEONIDAS !
Nor NELSON, on his slippery deck,
Amid the battle's storm and wreck ! —

And feebler woman, nerved by fear,
In the dread combat bore her share,
With frantic hope to save her child
From this red HEROD of the wild !
But all in vain his strength and hers,
No mercy know the murderers !'

Is not that a stirring picture ? — and said we not well that Mr. MEEK was an admirable descriptive poet ? The foregoing pleased us so well that it irked us to see on the very next page so forced a line as :

'WHERE *yester* dwelt manhood, and beauty, and grace.'

'Yester' is a 'vile phrase' as a substitute for yesterday. But let that pass. There is retribution at hand for the murderers of Fort Mimms :

'RINGS through the woods of Tennessee,
Rings over Georgian hills, that cry,
Down Mississippi to the sea,
And thousands to their standards fly.
Brave armies form, and leaders bold
Pour their dark squadrons through the wold.
From swarming north, and east and west,
Muscógee's borders they invest.
O'er Chattahoochee's silvery stream,
The arms of FLOYD and PINCKNEY beam ;
By dark Tombechee, CLAIBORNE comes,
Frightening the echoes with his drums ;
And, from the North, a bolder yet

Spurs through the forest ; bayonet
And sword and flag the distance fill,
Long-gleaming over Coosa's hill !
Brave Jackson leads his warriors down
By Indian hunting-range and town,
And from their ranks the cry is heard :
'Revenge ! revenge on WEATHERFORD !
No mercy shall the murderers know,
Who crushed Fort Mimms with treacherous blow.'

As a sententious sketch of the horrors of border warfare, and the progress of 'the Avenging Hand,' we cannot resist the inclination to quote the following, albeit our 'inner sense' of a lack of space cries 'Hold !' though not 'Enough :

'Ah ! demon WAR ! — what scenes of woe
Rise ever in thy fearful path !
The green land reddens 'neath thy blow,
And wilts before thy fiery wrath.
The orphan's tears, the widow's wail,
The father's curse denote thy way ;
The plundered town, the smoking vale,
The white bones bleaching in the day.
They call thee glorious ! — yet thy plumes,
Nod as they may, are bathed in blood ;
Thy splendor human hope consumes ;
Thy field of fame, death's solitude !
And though full well deserved the doom
On Alabama's children brought,
Yet who but weeps the woe and gloom,
Demon ! thy twenty battles wrought !

'Through all those fierce and bloody fields,
 One arm terrific vengeance wields;
 He guides the conquerors through the wood,
 To each inviolate solitude;
 Applies the torch with readiest hand,
 To every wigwam in the land;
 Aye foremost in the hottest strife,
 He riots in the loss of life;
 Before his blows the stoutest fall,
 No foe escapes his rifle ball;
 His red eyes gleam with fiendish fire,
 His wrinkled cheeks are pale with ire.
 'Ah! yes,' he cries, 'they long shall rue
 The hellish deed they dared to do,
 And in their graves remember well
 The music of the WHITE WOLF's yell!'

'One touch of NATURE makes the whole world kin,' says the poet. We have no fear, therefore, that the following pen-painting will be lost upon any reader :

'For many a league the broad slopes sweep away,
 O'erhung with groves of hickory, beech, and bay;
 All forest trees that mark the generous soil,
 The gnarled white-oak, and the large vine's coil;
 The sugar-maple and the tulip high,
 Lift their huge branches to the favoring sky.
 When Spring comes smiling over hill and dale,
 What light and fragrance in these woods prevail;
 Then all his banners of far-flushing green,
 O'er every forest monarch's tent are seen.
 The graceful dogwood waves his crown of flowers,
 Diffusing snow-stars through the vistaed bowers.
 The tasseled chinkapin perfumes the hill;
 The luscious honeysuckles, by the rill,
 Faint with a sweetness which by far excels
 All the rich odors of Cathayan dells.
 And oh! what minstrelsy of bee and bird,
 Throughout the greenful paradise is heard!
*The mock-bird, swinging on the locust limb,
 Pours down the forest a perpetual hymn:*
*The whistling partridge in the meadow grass,
 The amorous wild-duck on her swaying glass,
 The chattering blue-jay, and the pine-perched crow,
 And screaming river-crane, with wing of snow,
 Their motley voices through the green aisles fling,
 And keep the anthems of orchestral Spring!*
 'Tis Winter now: but still the land displays
 O'er hill and slope and dell its peerless grace.
 Well had the Red Man chosen here a seat
 For ever sacred from intruders' feet.
*Here through the trees his scattered wigwams rise,
 The blue smoke rippling slowly to the skies:*
 Around each door the naked children play;
 The squaws are at their labor all the day;
*And through the vistas on the stream you view
 The patient fisher in his still canoe.*
 These clustered cabins form a village group,
 Where sounds discordantly the drunken whoop;
 In yonder open space, with circuit wide,
 Behold the Council-House, in bark-built pride;
 Where savage statesmen hold their Congress rude,
 And gravely cogitate 'the nation's good!'
 Here too the Prophets of the Simple Race
 Keep in these druid groves their dwelling-place.
 Rude their religion: yet they deem that death
 Brings to the warrior immortal breath,

And that his spirit, in the Sunset Groves,
By clearer streams and greener prairies roves,
Where, ever bounding with his silver horns,
The white deer glistens through the grassy lawns;
The screaming eagle, with his prismatic plumes,
The forest mountain's solitude illumines;
And timorous turkey and impassive bear,
Await the shadowy braves and hunters there.'

Enough: our object has been, in this too hasty notice, to convey to the reader our instant impressions of this poem upon its first perusal. Many there are who deem an aboriginal panorama like that which this volume unfolds before us, as more 'savage' than real. Not so: we *know* how true it is in its *outward* details, and its historical accuracy there is no reason to doubt. The volume is excellently printed, and is appropriately dedicated to WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, Esq., of South-Carolina.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD. By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, Author of 'Fashion and Famine, Etc. In one volume: pp. 468. New-York: BUNCE AND BROTHER, Ann-street.

MRS. STEPHENS, in the work under notice, has certainly greatly improved upon her 'Fashion and Famine.' There were scenes of power in that book; but as a whole, the *workmanship* was too apparent. The contrasts were too melo-dramatically violent, and not a little of its feeling seemed to be 'pumped up' for the occasion. Not so with the work before us. It is simply written, and the incidents have an air of *raisemblance* which wins at once upon the interest of the reader. The scene of the work is mainly laid in our own Empire City, but is embellished by descriptions of European travel, and ends in the mountain region in the neighborhood of the Kaätskills. The story, to adopt the language of a contemporary, 'turns upon the fortunes of two orphan girls, who pass through the fiery furnace of affliction, in childhood, and have subsequently to undergo that more difficult ordeal of life which commences so soon as a sense of dependence is felt to be irksome. The stumbling-block to the one is her personal beauty: to the other, in some respects, her want of it. In the latter, however, the beauty of holiness is unobtrusively but most forcibly exemplified. Together with these, we have a wily chief-magistrate of New-York, all things to all men; close, cozzening, and devoid of all manhood; his wife, a weak and frivolous woman of fashion, not over-done in the drawing; a judge, kindly and genial, with some knowledge of human nature, well thrown in, but somewhat unmanageable by the author, who drops him too suddenly and for too long a period; a mild reflex of My UNCLE TOBY; an elderly spinster, in whom disappointed affections, and remorse for a wrong committed by herself, have soured and hardened a naturally loving disposition; a youthful hero, generous and impulsive, but nothing more; towns-folk and country-folk, not a few; all or nearly all marked with distinctness, and all or nearly all having the stamp of vitality

upon them. We are not perhaps struck by an air of originality in these personages: but they are grouped with exceeding skill, and have many a touch of individuality about them, quite sufficient to endue them with requisite freshness. But it is rather in composing than in inventing that Mrs. STEPHENS shows herself a writer of unusual force. You take up this volume for the sake of the entertainment that its pleasant title suggests. You find, with slight exceptions, that one-half of it at least carries you into scenes the most repulsive, a report of which, in a daily newspaper, it is ten to one that you would skip. But there's no skipping this lady's descriptions, unless indeed you be very indolent, or possessed with the rose-water nerves that shrink from every thing painful. This enforcement of the unwilling and unpleased attention is not a common gift. It is power of a high order, and Mrs. STEPHENS has much of it. Beside this, there is in her an apparently honest indignation at wrong, as well as a quick recognition of the beautiful and the right. She likes and dislikes heartily, and makes you share her sympathies, while she awakens your emotions. Add to this a clear and comprehensive style, and the skill to weave the webs of a story so that they cannot easily be dropped, and you have an author whom we are now the more ready to commend to public approval, because we spoke of her with some reservation a while ago.'

SCENES IN THE PRACTICE OF A NEW-YORK SURGEON. By EDWARD H. DIXON, M.D. Illustrated by DARLEY. In one volume: pp. 420. New-York: DE WITT AND DAVENPORT, 'Tribune' Buildings.

DR. DIXON has made himself well known, at least to the medical public, by his editorship of '*The Scalpel*' medical and surgical journal, in which, with great plainness of speech, he has 'cried aloud and spared not,' whether a professional friend or foe stood in his way. In the matter of 'calling a spade a spade,' the Doctor can hardly be termed a conservative. It has never been charged against him, by any of his professional brethren, that his 'utterances' have been at all difficult to understand. But the Doctor's medical and surgical journal aside, *here* is matter which must necessarily appeal to a wider circle of readers. We cannot help thinking that Dr. WARREN's now celebrated work, the '*Diary of a London Physician*,' must have suggested to Dr. DIXON at least the plan or scope of the volume before us: they certainly have many features in common; nor are they of less interest—the very contrary, we think—that they are actual occurrences in every-day life, such as happen, or *may* happen, every day, in a great metropolis like ours. Our author describes what he has himself seen in the luxurious homes of the opulent, and at the bed-sides of the poor and needy: for to his honor be it said, he has the enviable reputation of being a benefactor and a friend to 'those who have none to help them.' Several plain, well-written articles on 'Health' close this attractive volume.

THE PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS, THROUGH SUCCESSIVE AGES. By L. MARIA CHILD. In three volumes: pp. 1348. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY; London: S. LOW, SON AND COMPANY.

WE had missed Mrs. CHILD for a long season from the literary field, and these three capacious volumes well explain the reason. The wonderful research and deep thought which they embody must have been the labor of many years; nor has the style in which they are written, simple and natural as it is, been achieved without the watchful care and attention which it so well repays. Mrs. CHILD avows her object in writing the work to have been 'to show that *theology* is not *religion*.' She desired to 'help to break down partition-walls; to ameliorate what the eloquent BUSHNELL calls the 'baptized hatreds of the human race.' She has given a concise and comprehensive account of religions, extending from the most ancient Hindoo records, to the complete establishment of the Catholic Church. She has treated all religions with reverence, and shown no more favor to one than to another: exhibiting each one in the light of its own Sacred Books; and in giving quotations, she claims in every case to have impartially presented the beauties and the blemishes. She adds: 'I have honestly tried never to exaggerate merits, or conceal defects. I have not declared that any system was true, or that any one was false. I have even avoided the use of the word 'heathen;' for although harmless in its original signification, it is used in a way that implies condescension or contempt; and such a tone is inconsistent with the perfect impartiality I have wished to observe. I have tried to place each form of worship in its own light; that is, as it appeared to those who sincerely believed it to be of divine origin. The process has been exceedingly interesting; for the history of the religious sentiment, struggling through theological images, furnishes the most curious chapter in the strange history of mankind.' We believe the work to have been written with the utmost care and candor. The author has sought out facts diligently, and stated them plainly, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions, uninfluenced by any suggestions from herself. She contented herself with 'patiently digging out information from books old and new, and presenting it with all the clearness and honesty of which she was capable;' trampling under her feet, meantime, 'the theological under-brush which always tangles and obstructs the path, when the soul strives to be guided only by the mild, bright star of religious sentiment.'

One thing we think we can foresee, without mounting a pair of prophetic spectacles; and that is, that these volumes will not be over-warmly welcomed by theologians, as a class, of whatever persuasion or denomination they may be. Our author herself says: 'I apprehend that many good and conscientious people will consider it a great risk to treat religious history in the manner I have done. If I could have avoided giving them pain, and at the same time have written with complete impartiality, I would most gladly have done so. For myself, I have firm faith that plain statements of truth can never eventually prove injurious on *any* subject. MILTON has expressed

this conviction with rare eloquence: Though all the winds of doctrine be let loose to play upon the earth, so TRUTH be in the field, we do injuriously to doubt her strength. Let her and FALSEHOOD grapple. Whoever knew TRUTH put to the worse by a free and open encounter?' In the concluding chapter of the work is a vigorous defence of the Jews, which will elicit general approval from the 'ancient covenant people.' It opens thus: 'As a general thing, Christians have manifested very little kindness or candor in their estimate of other religions; but the greatest blot on their history is their treatment of the Jews. This is the more singular, because we have so much in common with them. We worship the same God, under the same name; we reverence their Scriptures; we make pilgrimages to their Holy City. CHRIST and his MOTHER, and his APOSTLES, were Jews.' As to the crucifixion, 'it was the fault of very few of the people. It was not the benevolent and holy JESUS, consecrated to *our* hearts, whom *they* rejected. The Christian Fathers themselves admit that the Jews were not *aware* of persecuting the SON of God, because both CHRIST and his Apostles sedulously *concealed* his divinity.' But after all that may be said or written, by MRS. CHILD or any body else, the prejudice against the Jews will continue. They *did* crucify the SON of God. And every child, of Christian parents, or with a Christian education, will never cease to forget it. Often have we heard a Jewish child in our city sneered at by other urchins as a 'little CHRIST-killer.' Wrong and cruel as this certainly is, it is yet a 'close denotement' of a feeling that TIME has not been able, nor will not suffice, to root out. With no personal prejudice against Jews, as a class — for many most noble, benevolent men have we known among them; such men, for example, as the late Major NOAH — we still appreciate the feeling with which they are regarded by most children, even from their earliest years. The services of the sanctuary, and private home-teachings, all have inculcated the same sentiment. Never shall we forget hearing, when a boy, the Rev. D. C. LANSING read a hymn, of which the two ensuing verses formed a part. The tears were in his eloquent eyes, as he turned over his psalm-book upon its face on the pulpit-cushion, leaned affectionately over the desk, and repeated the lines:

'But knotty whips, and jagged thorns,
In vain do I accuse:
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews:

'Twas *you*, my *sins*, my cruel *Sins*,
His chief tormentors were:
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief, the spear!'

How vivid is the memory of that sunny summer morning in the country, when that hymn took root in our boyish heart! Is it strange, then, that children should remember 'the spiteful Jews?' The volumes before us are well printed; and they are destined, we think, to create a marked sensation in the religious world.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. In one volume: pp. 316. BOSTON: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

IF our readers are desirous of seeing how much exquisite melody there may be in poetry, without the aid of rhyme, we counsel them to secure at once the volume before us, and read it attentively, as in its kind a masterpiece of the divine art. Especially note, also, with what wonderful distinctness Mr. LONGFELLOW has drawn the various pictures of nature which are interspersed throughout his poem. Some of these we have ventured to italicise in the extracts which ensue; not that they require it, but to express our preëminent admiration of the limning. One of our most capable critics remarks, that Mr. LONGFELLOW has ventured upon a dangerous experiment in attempting to throw the charms of curious versification and romantic imagery around the wild and superstitious legends of savage life. HIAWATHA is the name of a celebrated personage in Indian tradition. Possessing miraculous endowments, he was sent to instruct the forest-tribes in the arts of peace. His simple history presents several incidents that appeal to the imagination, and have already suggested favorite themes for poetical embellishments. Mr. LONGFELLOW has aimed to embody these traditions in a connected narrative, interweaving with them various other remains of legendary lore, and adorning the story with numerous descriptions of the sylvan landscape. The subjoined is from the opening of the poem:

'In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer NAWADAHA.
Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Wood the groves of singing pine-trees,
Green in summer, white in winter,
Ever sighing ever singing.
'And the pleasant water-courses,
You could trace them through the valley,
By the rushing in the spring-time,
By the alders in the summer,
By the white fog in the autumn,
By the black line in the winter;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.
'There he sang of HIAWATHA,
Sang the Song of HIAWATHA,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!
'Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,

*And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their aeries;
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of HIAWATHA!*

'Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off,
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and child-like,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken;
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of HIAWATHA!

'Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of HIAWATHA!

'Ye who sometimes in your rambles
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone walls gray with mosses,

Pause by some neglected grave-yard
For awhile to muse, and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter

Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter;
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this Song of HIAWATHA!

Observe this beautiful picture of taking a deer in the depth of the forest. The lines we have intensified are an *exact* description of a deer we once encountered in the middle of the east branch of the Calicoon, in Sullivan county, what time our friends C. M. L., and GEORGE Z——, Jr., and 'ourselves' were 'bringing frequently up' the crimson-spotted trout:

'AND the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
'Do not shoot me, HIAWATHA!'

'But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

'Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,

Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

'Then upon one knee uprising,
HIAWATHA aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

'Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer;
But the heart of HIAWATHA
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And IAGOO and NOKOMIS
Hailed his coming with applause.'

We go early to press, to secure the early transmission of our California edition, and have little time, and less space, to do justice to this beautiful poem. The subjoined must close our extracts for the present. We hope to be able to revert again to the volume. In the mean time, read this description of a famine, which brings desolation upon the home of HIAWATHA:

'Oh! the long and dreary winter!
Oh! the cold and cruel winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

'Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

'O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!

O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!

'All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

'Into HIAWATHA's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy;
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of LAUGHING WATER;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of LAUGHING WATER.

'And the foremost said: 'Behold me!
I am Famine, BUKADAWN!
And the other said: 'Behold me!
I am Fever, ARKOSEWIN!'

'And the lovely MINNEHAHA
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

'Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened HIAWATHA;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face of stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.

'Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, MINNEKAHWA,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

'GIRCHE MANITO, the Mighty!
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish.
'Give your children food, O FATHER!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for MINNEHAHA,
For my dying MINNEHAHA!'

'Through the far-responding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant,
Rang the cry of desolation;
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
'MINNEHAHA! MINNEHAHA!'

'All day long roved HIAWATHA
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dakotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely LAUGHING WATER
Said with voice that did not tremble,
'I will follow you, my husband!'

'In the wigwam with NOKOMIS,
With these gloomy guests that watched
her,
With the Famine and the Fever
She was lying, the beloved,
She the dying MINNEHAHA.

'Hark!' she said; 'I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance.'
'No, my child,' said old NOKOMIS,
'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!'

'Look!' she said; 'I see my father
Standing lonely at his door-way,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam,
In the land of the Dakotahs!
'No, my child,' said old NOKOMIS,
'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons.'

'Ah!' she said, 'The eyes of PAUGUX
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
HIAWATHA! HIAWATHA!'

'And the desolate HIAWATHA,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away amid the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the cry of MINNEHAHA
Calling to him in the darkness,
'HIAWATHA! HIAWATHA!'

'Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried HIAWATHA,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard NOKOMIS moaning, wailing,
'WAHONOMIN! WAHONOMIN!
Would that I had perished for you.
Would that I were dead as you are!
WAHONOMIN! WAHONOMIN!'

'And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old NOKOMIS slowly
Rocking to-and-fro, and moaning,
Saw his lovely MINNEHAHA
Lying dead and cold before him;
And his burning heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

'Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of MINNEHAHA,
At the feet of LAUGHING WATER,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

'With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.'

It is scarcely necessary to say, of a work from the press of Messrs. TICK-
NOR AND FIELDS, that its typographical execution is all that could be desired
by the most fastidious reader.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A GLANCE A HUNDRED YEARS AHEAD. — Our friend General MORRIS, of the '*Home Journal*,' has been delving among the old newspapers of England, as far back as 1648, and has quoted from a London '*History of Newspapers*' a very amusing collection of advertisements of that remote period. Suppose we reverse this order, and quote from a London newspaper a *hundred years hence*? We can do it: for there lies on our table a copy of the London *Times* for 'January 6, 1950,' a perfect *fac simile*, in every respect, in type, paper, print, and arrangement, of that world-renowned newspaper. We extract a few of the advertisements: commencing with those which indicate the great advances that are to be made in locomotion. And after all, are these *much* more wonderful than the prediction, a hundred years since, of steam-boats, rail-roads, and the electric telegraph, would have been? 'Onward!' is the great watchword of the age:

FOR BOMBAY DIRECT. — The Original NASSAU BALLOON leaves Vauxhall New Town, (the once royal property,) Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, returning every Thursday, Saturday, and Tuesday. Fares: — Car, an Albert; Bird-cage, a Victoria-and-a-half; on the Wings, Half-an-Albert. The Director of this highly popular and much patronized conveyance, begs to assure the public that he still continues to soar higher than any aerial machinist whatever, performing the whole distance in the quickest possible time and with the least motion. For the safety of his passengers, he hereby warns all persons against flying kites, letting off rockets, or holding umbrellas, at more than one mile from the earth, as it is his intention to drop down upon all offenders. No smoking allowed in the Bird-cage.

RAPID COMMUNICATION WITH INDIA. — The *Ærial Ship*, the '*Highflyer*,' Capt. Bolt, takes wing positively on Monday next, from the Terminus at Old Nelson Column, Trafalgar Square. The '*Highflyer*' is a safety ship, but guaranteed by its owners to perform the journey almost as quick as the Mails. For freight or passage, apply to the Captain on board.

EMIGRATION to the ANTIPODES. — For CANDAHAR GULF, and PORT PROSERPINE. — Regular tubes descend through the earth to these celebrated places every Tuesday. These very superior tubes are fitted up expressly for the comfort and accommodation of levellers, with separate mouths for families and married people. There is a library in the leather, and the passage is thoroughly lighted and ventilated. For descent or plunge, apply to R. R. Boreham, Great Tower Street.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL HEREBY GIVES NOTICE, That Tenders will be received for the Supply of Balloons for the conveyance of the Royal

Mails to and from the East-Indies : each of the said balloons to be provided with six parachutes for sending down bags of letters and passengers, severally, at the West-Indian Islands, St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, Madagascar, Mauritius Islands, and Ceylon, the final destination being Bombay : and security will be required for the due performance of the voyage to and from the several places, once in every twenty-four hours.

Improvements in locomotion have increased to such a degree, that the *horæ* has become obsolete, and a rare curiosity :

SINGULAR CURIOSITY. — To be seen alive, at 229 New Regent Street, a remarkably fine specimen of that noble animal, the Horse. It is perfectly tame and docile, and is supposed to be the last of that species which formerly drew the cabs, broughams, etc., of the metropolis. As this extraordinary animal will not long remain in London, an early visit is suggested, it being the Proprietor's intention to exhibit the horse in the Provinces. Admission — Front Seats, 2s. Back ditto, 1s. Visitors are allowed to mount, as a real saddle has been borrowed for the occasion, from the British Museum.

It might have been hoped that a hundred years would have made a great difference between the kind of treatment that governesses now receive in London, and that which *ought* to 'obtain' at a more enlightened and liberal period. But it would seem that 'progress' in this respect must still be 'behind the age,' no matter how distant :

WANTED, AN ACCOMPLISHED INSTRUCTRESS, to take the entire charge of the moral, physical, and mental powers of Two Young Ladies, ages nine months and twenty months. She must be competent to instil into the young mind all the fashionable attainments, viz., Greek, Latin, German, Italian, (French, now vulgar, will not be desirable.) Chinese, and Nepaulese, will be amongst the requisites. It will be absolutely necessary that the applicant be well versed in the classics, metaphysics, gymnastics, acoustics, geometry, astrology, philosophy, mental, natural, and revealed ; trigonometry, topography, theology, cosmography, astronomy, etc. Algebra, mathematics, with mental arithmetic, according to Cocker. Amongst her accomplishments, she will be required to give instruction on the concertina, kettle-drums, cornet-a-dames, and organ, with vocal accompaniment. Painting in Eau de Cologne, galvanic-electro-steam, and atmospheric high pressure, with all the recent improvements in gutta percha flower making. She must be of an amiable disposition, agreeable manners, and an attractive person. (No one with large feet or red hands need apply.) Direct, Mrs. Forceps, High-Pressure Terrace, Greenwich. Salary paid in silver, or copper if preferred.

We have thought our own establishment to be somewhat extensive, and our means of multiplying printed sheets by no means limited ; but the distant *Times* outstrips us, at least for the present.

It is worthy of remark, and will not fail to be remarked, 'that the *style* of 'The Thunderer,' especially when speaking of itself, its influence, and its circulation, is imitated to perfection :

'In these days of progress let us sneer at nothing because it is new ; we may smile and doubt, but still let us — think ! Nearly two centuries have passed since our journal first started into existence ; and, during that brief period, we have chronicled changes, and improvements, which have shaken the earth to its very centre. We now print off more than one million copies of the *Times* newspaper per day, and are enabled to effect this great desideratum by means of air-pressure, which has completely superseded the use and power of steam. We now *blow* off fifty times the number of impressions we were formerly enabled to do by the then all-powerful use of steam. But even this is nothing, compared to what we are preparing to effect for our readers in future. Within one little week from the present date we shall despatch our broad-sheet to the remotest corner of the habitable world, within fifteen minutes from the time of its leaving Printing-House-Square. The number of impressions required to be worked for the supply of all the earth, will be, as our readers are aware, almost incalculable ; but we have entered into an arrangement for the construction of a cylinder, which is to throw

off 5,000,000 copies per hour. The sceptical may perhaps deem this an exaggerated statement. Let them do so. We say that we are about to achieve this miracle; and what the *Times* promises it always performs. But it may be said that the thing is impossible. The same observation has been made from time to time upon any advance in art or science. Little progress is made without perseverance. The man who invented printing was burned for a wizard: the first *applier* of gas was neglected, and starved on a dunghill; and the first English maker of a steam-packet was treated as a mere visionary, although he happily lived to see his model cross the Atlantic! Again, we say, Readers, smile, if you will, and *doubt* — but think. As sure as the sun rises in the east, and sinks in the west, we will perform what we promise. Every day is suggestive of some important improvement in our present wonderful machinery; and we will not rest upon our oars until we have annihilated both time and space.'

By-and-by, 'when a hundred years are gone,' some *then* 'old New-Yorker' may be turning over the leaves of an ancient Magazine known in its day as 'THE KNICKERBOCKER,' and may wonder why any one could ever have doubted that all this should have been true!

INTERESTING AND PEPPERY CORRESPONDENCE. — The following correspondence will speak for itself. It is the first time Mr. PEPPER has lately appeared before the public without the intervention of Mr. POOD. We think we can see that appreciative gentleman's eyes glisten, as he reads the glowing epistle of his revered relative and friend:

'Philadelphia, Nov. 8, 1855.

'DEAR MR. PEPPER: For so your woes have made you to every feeling heart. Your last letter in the KNICK apprises me that you are very near me, even in New-York, and so may hear the whisper that I am going to pop into your ear. Will you be angry? Pray do not; remember 'tis the penalty of genius to attract interest, and forgive me, won't you, when I ask you if you won't write an auto-biography of your dear self for the KNICK! I mean up to the time when you met that 'destroying angel' of your peace, namely, 'HANAH GANE;' and give us a pen-and-ink daguerre of the said angel and of yourself. Now don't be modest — modesty is so *outré* now-a-days. Why, bless you, no body's modest at all except MODESTY herself. So, darling Mr. PEPPER, give us your life. I'm curious — always was — am sure I always expect to be; and all my sisters are: so are my brothers. But they're more 'cute, and go round and round till, if you're not sharp, you can't tell what they're driving at. Now I know some that forget it themselves. I am not generally 'onhappy' like poor Miss 'TOOTY,' for I laugh all day long; and I'm very well pleased with life and things around me; so I'm afraid you'll think I'm unappreciative, but indeed I'm not. I feel very sorry for you: but how funny it was to keep a puff-comb for a *gage d'amour*. I'm sure if *some body* should keep one of mine I'd be vexed. By-the-by, *some body* is so nice, and has the very darlinest moustache. Have you a moustache? I suppose so, for all lions are generally abundant in hair, 'specially about the head. You must not think I don't appreciate you; I am most as sorry as I was the other day when I got the KNICKERBOCKER, and saw that elegant-looking gentleman, Mr. CLARK (I could have kissed him, if he had complied with my request) had not put any of *my* contributions in. Brother HARRY said I *cried*. I don't remember that, but I remember laughing at your letter, with its amusing descriptions of New-York. Oh! I'm wandering from the

point, and I've almost forgotten what that was. Oh! yes, now I know. Please, Mr. PEPPER, give us your auto-biography, just a sketch of it. Pray do; we'll all love you if you do; and if you'll come to Philadelphia, we'll crown you, us girls, poet-laureate, to Miss —, our reigning queen.

'Good-by, dear Mr. PEPPER, and mind you do as I tell you, or dread the vengeance of

SALLIE RHATURN'

'New-York, Nov. 26th.

'DERE SALLIE: wot a swete naim youv got, hevent you, purtickeler with the te: that is. wos you naim after 2 your ant? i reli thinc ef mi naim wosent PEPPER ide want it RHATURN. ov coars you wot never chaing it, even ef youm gest as hansum your oan self, wich i supoge you air.

'wot a lyveli creter you mus be; a-bopin aroun the hous, peraps a-runin out to clim a tre, and a-ftin of roosters. . alas, HANAH did al that, onct. wot is her oapashun now? a-moarnink, a-washink ov dishes, a-maikin ov faisais at ber crule faither. it semes as ef the oald fool wos a-goin to liv furever. i wish sumboddy wood convins him that sooisygge wos a morl dooty; or the bes think he cood doe to preven indigeschin wos not to ete eny think fur a fornite — wich i thinc i se him a doink. HANAH ses he etes lyke a norse & drincs lyke a fish — wich wood maik him rayther amfbbias, cus him! but oald WALTERS cant las furever; & thats the prinsipel diferens atwene him, & mine & HANAHS lov. i got a leter frum her the uthar day — wich ef you doant find enclosed in this ples fur to infur that it aint thair.

'O she is swete,
& nete:
She is completa.

(the individooal referd to is HANAH GANE WALTERS.)

'You say you ken fele fur me. wot! a Beink so hapy, & as is perpetooaly a-lafin at sumthink, fele Wo! o yes; *wen the son goes out and furgits to cum bac! wen the man in the moon turns blac into the fais!* Ketch you a-cryin cos Nickerbocker thought hede sene you a-4! want to kis a sertin individooal too wot hes got a wyfe & famili ov infans! cum to looc at him, wot is he, eny way? not ha-a-af as good a-lookin feler as i am — not haf. But WO hes maid awfie werc with mi fechers. thaym wers than thay was. wen i was a litel Boy i was Bufie. i kep a-groin han-sum daly. i wos so good lookin, a good meny sed as how i didnt no nothink, (wich wos a clym ax, you no, becos you coodent git no funder without bein ov a Aa.) but ov coars suferink hes dun its werc. no boddy ken be a troo pote lyke i am without felin bad moren haf the tyme, & hevin ov his you'fle Buty spilet. & then wot shoood up and maik bad wers but the vizzion of HANAH!

'i hevent no dout youve got a pirty warm hart, but ime afrade you cant fele lyke miss TOOTY. se wot Sorrow was in her leter, & wot Gay in youm! youm a hapy & innocent Parot, and shes a sad mellancoly Oul. sech is the Hewman Hart. who cood a thunk it without a-noink ov the facs?

'As to mustashis, i hevent l; & i doant thinc much ov them as hes. wats a hansum mouth wen its al cuvered with har? wats har but vanity? Bald Hed is a subgeck wich i doant inclood. its a-caryin ov the goak rayther 2 fur. har is good into its plaia. i lyke har wen it aint into the way. sum potes hes lonk har becos no boddy wood taik em fur sech ef thay hedent. Genus, onto the contrairy, bobe his.

'i thinc to plesse you ile do wot you say about auto. but ime verry bizzy ges now. youll hev to wate til i git moar tyme. mi lyfe hes ben checkerd enuf to

maik aperna ov it fur lital Bois. i doant beleve youd ever smil agin after readink the account ov it. peraps i hadent beter be your Distroyin Aingle. be happy wile you ken, is the wish ov

'the onhappy 1, your devotid fren

'K. N. PEPPER.

'n. b. i lyke you, SALLY, and ime plesse at the shyne you hev tooc to me. ef HANAH shoood onfortinatli up & di, i no youd be mi fren. youd fele *then* fur the broken Hart ov

K. N. P.'

PATIENCE: A SHORT 'DOG'S TALE.'—There is a good moral in the 'tale' of '*The Dog Patience*,' as related below by our versatile and faithful correspondent, 'H. P. L.' We have just been reading it, this very evening, to our beautiful fawn-colored grey-hound, the constant companion. His graceful head lies in our lap as we write, and if ever eyes spoke eloquent gratitude, his do at this moment. 'PHILO-CARLO,' he says, in his best 'caninity,' 'did our class a good turn in your last number. We are '*not* mad,' half the time, when we are murdered, not in cold but in '*hot* blood,' for a disease which only a supposition that we *were*, and a corresponding treatment, could create. They have no bow-wow —' Here 'TURK' (a 'salvage' name for the gentlest and most affectionate dumb creature that ever lived) was slightly troubled in his speech, but presently continued — 'no bow-ow-els of compassion for a poor, harried, worried dog, who is only ill and suffering!' Here 'TURK's emotion overcame him: he lifted up his head, turned around, and finding the 'eftest way' and place to lie down upon the hearth-rug, he 'sought repose' before the cheerful grate:

'Get out, you cur!'

'It was a wet November night: tired out after a long walk, I was scraping my boots, preparatory to mounting the marble door-steps — those Sisyphus stones for Philadelphia servants, eternally rolled and rubbed — when casting my eyes to the top step, there I saw *couchant* a poor, miserable, houseless, outcast of a dog.

'Get out, you cur!' This time I said it, shouted it out energetically, and waved my umbrella over his head as an intimidator. He never moved, but broke out into a

'*Whoo-hoo-hoo-woo-oo-uu!*' that sounded, as it drew to a close, like a long wail over a dissipated life, sung, however, by a middle-aged gentleman whose lungs were yet strong as leather. I believe that cur — if there's any thing in metempsychosis — had the soul of a defunct house-carpenter inhabiting him, for he had chosen his lying-down spot, now changed into a sitting-up position, right under the front-door handle, and had I used the dead-latch key, he would instantly have darted into the house. The gas-light from the street-lamp shone directly on him, and as I raised my umbrella for the second time to give him a 'whack,' he turned his head side-ways, and looked at me in such a human, comical manner, that my wrath gave way. 'Poo-oor fel-low!' I said this in a soothing voice, thinking, 'I'll give him kind words, if he can't get bones.' They acted like magic. From a sitting-up-on-end, loafer-in-a-bar-room position, he jumped into four-legged life. What a figure! He looked like one of those long, low foot-stools you find in church-pews, set in motion by a galvanic battery. In a spirit of waggerly, some

brother loafer had tied round his neck a couple of old window-blind tassels, which hung like cow-bells, and at every motion of his body swung responsive to his movements. I burst out into a roar of laughter. He jumped round frantically with about as much grace in his movements as a playful cow might show, stopping every now and then to turn his head up side-ways, and witness the effect his dancing produced on 'the man with the umbrella, who told him to get out!'

'I opened the front-door. Contrary to my expectations, he made no rush or scramble to get in first. He stood out on the step with his head cocked side-ways, looking up in my eyes, the big tassels waving in time to the wagging of his tail.

'Come in, PATIENCE!' said I, and in he came. As I opened the vestibule door, he required a second invitation, looking for all the world like a bashful Irishman (?) on whom I was about to bestow an old suit of clothes, and as he followed me through the entry, and I saw him as it were counting his steps, I felt sure he held in one of his fore-paws an invisible hat.

'DOROTHY!' said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, 'give this dog a good washing, something to eat, and then bring him up stairs.' And turning round to my friend, I said to him: 'Go in, PATIENCE.' In he went. As I closed the door after him, and walked up stairs, I could hear the peals of laughter that greeted his appearance. It's a good thing, thought I, to bring sun-light into a house, 'specially of a stormy November night; for what is joy, laughter, good-natured gayety but the very best kind of sun-light—that of the heart?

'That evening, as we all sat reading, sewing, chatting round the table, the parlor-door opened, and in walked PATIENCE. With a keen appreciation of the ludicrous, DOROTHY, in washing the dog, had washed the tassels; for she knew the one could n't be separated from the other, and thus he entered with them re-hung about his neck, and an extra sparkle in his eye, resulting from a good supper.

'Oh! *what* a looking dog!' exclaimed KATE, and then burst into a hearty, ringing laugh, joined by MARTHA, SALLY, and cousin DICK in full chorus. 'Where did you get him?'

'He's built like a crocodile!' said DICK.

'He's only one story high!' said KATE.

'A perfect picture!' said MARTHA.

'And cord and tassels to hang him with!' chimed in DICK.

'He's my friend,' said I, 'and his name is PATIENCE.' Whereupon I waved my hand over his head with great delight, as he stood there modestly waiting a recognition. At the wave of my hand, he stood up on his hind legs, walked forward a few steps, rolled his head around, and stood like a sentry on guard. This unexpected performance filled my heart with joy. Louder laughed the merry party. I grew bold, adventurous. I stooped down, held out my arm, and said: 'Jump, PATIENCE!' Over he went! I threw down my handkerchief: he picked it up and brought it to me.

'He's a perfect treasure!' said KATE: 'make him talk, now!'

'Could n't think of it,' I answered: 'not words but deeds with him.' And as PATIENCE lay down at my feet, and watched me with his large eyes, I told them all, the way I found him. Then were we all glad that the outcast had found a home, and smiling faces were turned on poor PATIENCE, as he lay at my feet and wagged his tail.

'Are there no other outcasts standing at night out over the thresholds of our hearts: and if we take them in and treat them kindly, will they not gladden us?'

THE MURDERERS OF RICHARD DOWNIE.—Reader!—do *you* know '*Who Murdered Richard Downie?*' It is a fearful question to answer: but *some* say it *MUST* be answered: not by *one* of the guilty parties merely, but by *all* of them. The story is entirely authentic, and recorded in the archives of the Scottish seat of learning mentioned below:

'About the end of the eighteenth century, whenever any student of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, Scotland, incurred the displeasure of the humbler citizens, he was assailed with the question, '*Who murdered Downie?*' Reply and rejoinder generally brought on a collision between '*Town and Gown,*' although the young gentlemen were accused of what was chronologically impossible. People have a right to be angry at being stigmatized as murderers, when their accusers have probability on their side; but the '*taking off*' of DOWNIE occurred when the gownsmen, so maligned, were in swaddling-clothes.

'But there was a time when to be branded as an accomplice in the slaughter of RICHARD DOWNIE, made his blood run to the cheek of many a youth, and sent him home to his books, thoughtful and subdued.

'DOWNIE was sacrist or janitor at Marischal College. One of his duties consisted in securing the gate by a certain hour, previous to which all the students had to assemble in the common hall, where a Latin prayer was delivered by the principal. Whether in discharging this function, DOWNIE was more rigid than his predecessor in office, or whether he became stricter in the performance of it at one time than another, cannot now be ascertained; but there can be no doubt that he closed the gate with austere punctuality, and that those who were not in the common hall within a minute of the prescribed time were shut out, and were afterward reprimanded and fined by the principal and professors. The students became irritated at this strictness, and took every petty means of annoying the sacrist; he, in his turn, applied the screw at other points of academic routine, and a fierce war soon began to rage between the collegians and the humble functionary. DOWNIE took care that in all his proceedings he kept within the strict letter of the law; but his opponents were not so careful, and the decisions of the rulers were uniformly against them, and in favor of DOWNIE. Reprimands and fines having failed in producing due subordination, rustication, suspension, and even the extreme sentence of expulsion had to be put in force; and, in the end, law and order prevailed. But a secret and deadly grudge continued to be entertained against DOWNIE. Various schemes of revenge were thought of.

'DOWNIE was, in common with the teachers and the taught, enjoying the leisure of the short New-Year's vacation: the pleasure being no doubt greatly enhanced by the annoyances to which he had been subjected during the recent bickerings: when, as he was one evening seated with his family in his official residence at the gate, a messenger informed him that a gentleman at a neighboring hotel wished to speak with him. DOWNIE obeyed the summons, and was ushered from one room into another, till at length he found himself in a large apartment hung with black, and lighted by a solitary candle. After waiting for some time in this strange place, about fifty figures, also dressed in black, and with black masks on their faces, presented themselves. They arranged themselves in the form of a court; and DOWNIE was given to understand that he was about to be put upon his trial.

'A judge took his seat on the bench: a clerk and public prosecutor sat below: a jury was empanelled: and witnesses and spectators stood around. DOWNIE at first set down the whole affair as a joke: but the proceedings were conducted with such persistent gravity, that, in spite of himself, he began to believe in the genuine mission of the awful tribunal. The clerk read an indictment, charging him with conspiring against

the liberties of the students: witnesses were examined in due form: the public prosecutor addressed the jury; and the judge summed up.

"Gentlemen," said DOWNIE, "the joke has been carried far enough: it is getting late: and my wife and family will be anxious about me. If I have been too strict with you in time past, I am sorry for it; and I assure you I will take more care in future."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, without paying the slightest attention to this appeal, "consider your verdict: if you wish to retire, do so."

"The jury retired. During their absence the most profound silence was observed: and except renewing the solitary candle that burnt beside the judge, there was not the slightest movement.

"The jury returned and recorded a verdict of 'GUILTY!'

"The judge solemnly assumed a large black cap, and addressed the prisoner:

"**RICHARD DOWNIE!** The jury have unanimously found you guilty of conspiring against the just liberty and immunities of the students of Marischal College. You have wantonly provoked and insulted those inoffensive lieges for some months, and your punishment will assuredly be condign. You must prepare for death! In fifteen minutes the sentence of the court will be carried into effect."

"The judge placed his watch on the bench. A block, an axe, and a bag of saw-dust were brought into the centre of the room. A figure more terrible than any that had yet appeared, came forward, and prepared to act the part of doomsman.

"It was now past midnight. There was no sound audible save the ominous ticking of the judge's watch. DOWNIE became more and more alarmed.

"For God's sake! gentlemen," said the terrified man, "let me go home. I promise that you never again shall have cause for complaint."

"**RICHARD DOWNIE,**" remarked the judge, "you are vainly wasting the few moments that are left you on earth. You are in the hands of those who demand your life. No human power can save you. Attempt to utter one cry, you are seized, and your doom is completed before you can utter another! Every one here present has sworn a solemn oath never to reveal the proceedings of this night: they are known to none but ourselves; and when the object for which we have met is accomplished, we shall disperse, unknown to any one. Prepare, then, for death: other five minutes will be allowed you — but no more!"

"The unfortunate man, in an agony of deadly terror, raved and shrieked for mercy: but the avengers paid no heed to his cries. His fevered, trembling lips then moved as if in silent prayer: for he felt that the brief space between him and eternity was but a few more tickings of that ominous watch.

"*Now!*" exclaimed the judge.

"Four persons stepped forward and seized DOWNIE, on whose features a cold, clammy sweat had burst forth. They bared his neck, and made him kneel before the block.

"*Strike!*" exclaimed the judge.

"The executioner struck the axe on the floor: an assistant on the opposite side lifted at the same moment a wet towel, and struck it violently across the neck of the recumbent criminal. A loud laugh announced that the joke had at last come to an end.

"But DOWNIE responded not to the uproarious merriment.

"They laughed again: but still he moved not. They lifted him, and DOWNIE was dead!

"Fright had killed him as effectually as if the axe of a real headsman had severed his head from his body.

"It was a tragedy to all. The medical students tried to open a vein, but all was over; and the conspirators had now to bethink *themselves* of safety. They now *in reality* swore an oath among themselves: and the affrighted young men, carrying their disguises with them, left the body of DOWNIE lying in the hotel.

"One of their number told the landlord that their entertainment was not yet quite over, and that they did not wish the individual who was left in the room to be disturbed for some hours. This was to give them all time to escape.

'Next morning, the body was found. Judicial inquiry was instituted, but no satisfactory result could be arrived at. The corpse of poor DOWNIE exhibited no marks of violence internal or external. The ill-will between him and the students was known: it was also known that the students had hired apartments in the hotel for a theatrical representation: DOWNIE had been sent for by them: but beyond this, nothing was known. No noise had been heard, and no proof of murder could be adduced. Of two hundred students of the college, who could point out the guilty or suspected fifty? Moreover, the students scattered over the city, and the magistrates themselves had many of their own families among the number, and it was not desirable to go into the affair too minutely.

'DOWNIE's widow and family were provided for, and his slaughter remained a mystery: until about fifteen years after its occurrence, a gentleman on his death-bed disclosed the whole particulars, and avowed himself to have belonged to the obnoxious class of students who murdered DOWNIE.'

We have reason to doubt the last part of this closing paragraph. We are assured, on the *best* authority, that, *so far as is known in America*, there is but one person who is really cognizant of the facts in the case: and that man is — *our Informant*.

PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO MR. JAMES GRANT. — We are right well pleased to observe, that our old friend and fellow-townsmen, Mr. JAMES GRANT, now of San-Francisco, and late Recorder of that great and growing city, has had a costly service of silver plate, of six massive pieces, presented to him, on behalf of his friends and admirers. In making the presentation, Mr. WAINWRIGHT, who had been deputed to address Mr. GRANT, among other equally well-deserved words of honor, remarked as follows:

'SIR: This testimonial should satisfy you that although you are now no more the Recorder of the county, your faithful performance of the duties of the office held by you, is fully appreciated by the public. I am not invited here to eulogize you, or I might refer to your many public acts since you have been a resident of this city, all of which I, in common with the whole community, knew were performed with an eye single to the public interest; therefore, I will leave that untouched.

'In a community in which so much has been charged (at least) against public officers, it should be to you a source of gratification to know that toward you the finger of suspicion has never been pointed — that you leave your office with clean hands and an approving conscience. What can be more pleasing to any one than to know that he has not only done his duty, but that those from whom he received his position, acknowledge it?

'Then, my dear Sir, receive from your friends this memento of their regard for you, and when, after many years, you may look upon it, think and be satisfied that your worth and that alone procured it for you.'

In a brief reply, Mr. GRANT, who was doubtless more accustomed to public action than to public speaking, said, with equal modesty and good taste:

'MR. WAINWRIGHT AND GENTLEMEN: To say that I am taken by surprise by this token of your esteem and indorsement of my course as a public officer, you know is the truth, as I knew nothing of your intention until this moment.

'The consequence is, that I am much embarrassed, and know not what properly to say in reply: but I thank you, gentlemen, and shall, to the latest day of my life, cherish this memento of your esteem, as the most valuable of my possessions.'

Mr. GRANT was one among the earliest of our townsmen who left the Great Metropolis for the 'Land of Gold': and it will gratify his numerous friends to learn that he has, in seven years, amassed an ample fortune.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Now it is December! How soon has the last month of another year come upon us again! 'TIME! thou relentless mower of Earth's withered flowers; thou that extinguishest, unsparing and unpitying, alike the pale blue violets that peep out in early spring from among ephemeral snow-banks, like soft blue eyes from beneath the white brow of Woman; the tender apple-blossoms that render the breath of May a fragrance; the blushing roses that make the path of June a triumph; and the unnumbered flowers that Summer receives from the warm embraces of the Sun — now hast thou come to gather, in the resistless sweep of thy scythe, thy last pale victims; the sere and yellow leaf — the unfragrant, withered grass — the fallow, sickly flower — *all* that remains of Earth's departed glory — to entwine in thy wreath of triumph! December is the stern minister of wrath in Time's duodecimal cabinet. *He* it is that holdeth in his hand the fierce winds that engulf argosies and navies. He it is that walketh over the plains, shaking from his white beard the blighting frost, and stretching forth his hand to enchain the mighty rivers. The enduring year, that had seen his spring flowers, his summer glories, and his autumn treasures, fade, decay, and waste away before Time's other instruments of destruction, yieldeth up his spirit, dying in December's frosty arms! Bear him to his rest, and with him the load of cares that pressed upon his bosom! Farewell, then, to the dying year! And when old Time goeth forth again to mow, may we be there to turn a winnow for him in the fields of nature, and inhale the fragrance of the crushed withered flowers that he streweth around him in his giant march! Meanwhile, let us suggest a thought or two to our readers, 'appropriate to the season.' Lament not that Winter is upon us. It can not always be Summer. Let the 'rain rain cold;' let 'frost and snow be on every hill;' you will but think, amidst the howling, whistling winds, and the drifting snow, of the delights of the warm and cheerful fireside. Now is the time, too, for the enjoyment of *books*, those 'silent but eloquent companions' — of periodicals and newspapers. May we be so happy as to contribute to the enjoyment of thousands of winter-readers in these our varied pages! - - - THOSE of our city readers who had the good fortune to visit SATTLER'S Cosmorama, when it was in this country, and on exhibition at the corner of Thirteenth-street and Broadway, will call to mind a splendid and peculiar view of *The North Cape*, so forcibly and graphically described below. Well do we remember how the mysterious,

weird-looking ocean, and the 'awful cape' were wont to impress all beholders. The picture was a wonderful piece of art, and as impressive as any one in all the superb collection. Two travellers, as we learn from a late English journal, recently strolled to the very extremity of the Cape. What a grand, what a glorious, what an amazing prospect met the sight! It was now just midnight, the evening of the Fourth of July (yet they had been amusing themselves with snow-balling each other) and the sun poured a flood of ruddy light on the Cape. Far, far away stretched the dread, mysterious Arctic Ocean, and at a vast distance a sail or two, looking like the white wing of a sea-gull, might be seen on its bosom. Beneath, the broad clouds gleamed red as blood; and over-head, high up in the clear, cold sky, great sea-birds hovered and screamed:

'LORD SILVERTON approached the Cape, and looked steadily downward. He drew a long breath, and in hushed accents, said:

'This reminds me of SHAKESPEARE's description of the chalk cliffs of Dover, in King LEAR. But *what* are the cliffs of Dover? But what are the cliffs of Dover to this North Cape of Lapland! This is awful—tremendous—sublime! The whole world has not its equal. What would not SHAKESPEARE have written, had he stood on this North Cape! A sight like this would make even a common man a poet; but the poet-born would be etherealized—transported beyond himself—inspired!

'Give me your hand, my Lord,' said Herr KLINGMAGE, 'for I think you have iron nerves, like myself, and we may venture to approach nearer the brink of the precipice.'

'They did so; and Lord SILVERTON, accustomed as he had been to ascend to the royal yards of a three-decker, involuntarily shrank and shuddered, as he gazed down the blue Gulf of air, and saw the apparently miniature waves break at the foot of the mighty Cape, and heard the faint echo of their roar.

'Tis terrible—astounding—almost horrible!' murmured he.

'From our standing-point to the surface of the sea below is sheer one thousand feet,' coolly remarked Herr KLINGMAGE. 'See the gulls and the great *auks* flying half-way down. They look no larger than sparrows! Only endeavor to conceive the scene here in mid-winter, when all is storm and darkness, and when the ocean, driven in huge waves from the icy Arctic regions, bursts against this sentinel of nature—this defiant Cape—and casts up solid masses of water in tens of thousands of tons, hundreds of feet high, against the rock, and the foamy spray flies a hundred feet above the summit where we stand!

'Listen a moment,' he continued; 'you feel the cutting wind, and you hear its shrill whistle as it rushes against us; but do you *also* hear a different and most peculiar sound?'

'Tis the boom of the ocean at our feet, is it not?'

'Yes; we hear the sound of the waves beating heavily—as they have beaten without rest or pause, for thousands of years—against the base of the Cape; and the sound is so faint at this immense elevation, that one might fancy he was standing on a spot long miles from the sea. But it is *not* the echo of the waves that I wish you to notice. Bend your head and again listen.'

'Lord SILVERTON did so; and now he distinctly heard a sound, or a variety of sounds blended together, so as to produce a species of wild, unearthly symphony. There were wailing sounds, vibratory sounds, hissing sounds, moaning sounds, rumbling sounds, sighing sounds, quivering sounds, rushing sounds, sharp, soft, and mingled sounds—all heard faintly yet clearly, and impressing the hearer with a pleasing sensation, not unlike the imaginary distant concerts we sometimes listen to in a dream.

'What fresh marvel and mystery is this?'

'It is *no* mystery, my Lord, but a very natural and simple phenomenon. The singular and undecipherable sounds are produced by the very same wind that blows against us, and they are caused by the resistance offered to the wind, on its passage, by the head or front of the Cape beneath our feet; and it is, as you would observe when sailing around it, not a plain surface like a wall or bastion, built by hands, as it at first sight seems, but grooved, and rifled, and full of hollows and protuberances, of all sizes and shapes; hence the singular variety of sounds, all of which reach us here in an undertone; but were we suspended half-way down the front of the Cape, we should doubtless be astonished at their loudness!'

'To what a depth must the solid foundations descend!'

'Perhaps they begin miles below our feet!'

This fragment is a fine description of a sublime scene, and for the thousands in this country who have seen SATTLER's view of it — and his pencil is 'as faithful as a daguerrotype,' to use the language of WASHINGTON IRVING, in speaking of his picture of Burgos, in Old Spain — it will have an unwonted interest; while first readers will not regret the space it occupies in our pages. It is a very striking picture. - - - Our readers, we are sure, will bear us abundant witness, that *Old Maids* have always had the kindest treatment in the KNICKERBOCKER: in its pages they have never either been left 'unhonored or unsung;' while not a syllable has ever been permitted to transpire against them. Bless their old hearts! we never would do '*any thing else*' to them: but here is a sketch of a 'conversation' between two elderly spinsters at a sewing-party, which, 'hit or miss,' we *must* publish: for little as there is in it, it is exceedingly graphic, and we have n't a doubt most authentically rendered: 'I have an office (where I *pursue* the *practice* of the law — which is my *profession* — without as yet having overtaken the former) in the rear-part of what is called the 'sessions-room' of a Congregational church, in the pleasant village of —. There is n't much litigation, and some how or other, the citizens can't be 'put up to it.' There is a 'committee-room' in this basement, or sub-church, and there, the other day, the ladies of the 'institution' held a sewing-society for the benefit of the poor of the parish. I saw most of the proceedings, and heard a part of them. What *most* I heard, I will tell you. It was a smart *Dialogue between Two Old Maids*. They sat close by the door that opened into my 'office,' which I suppose they imagined to be a closet. The 'conversation' was interesting. It was evident that some body had been doing something that was n't right. The two speakers sat close together, and as they stitched away, their tongues kept up a perpetual wagging accompaniment. The taller of the two had

— 'a little round head, but not very much hair,
So little, in fact, that a wig she must wear,
Ei-tu-di-nu-di-na!'

together with a long, wrinkled, superfluous neck, like a turkey's. The second was like unto the first, only *less* so. My attention was first called to the 'pretty, precious pair' by an exclamation which caused me to peep in at the slightly-ajar door. The taller damsel — who, although 'a leetle oldish neŵw, had *seen* the time when she was as good as *ever* she was' — was looking straight into the eyes of her companion; her mouth an elongated 'O!' and her eyes protruding like a chameleon's. And this was the language that was spoken: remembering always that 'says I,' and 'says she,' are elliptical in what follows: 'Oh-h-h! — *ho!* that *accounts* for it! — *that* tells the whole story! Yes, *yes!* — oh, *yes!*' — 'Yes:' *szi*, to *Miss Zopkinzi*, 'tizontzo.' Szshetiz: *szi'tcan'tbepossib:* 'szshe'tiz-*so!*' Szi, 'Who-told-you, 'szi.' 'ABBY,' sezshe, 'Been payin' 'tention for weeks and weeks! Who'd ha' thunk it? — 'spected to be married in less'n tew months!' Szi, 'did Miss ZOPKINS *see* it?' Szshe, 'she *did*, with her own eyes.' Szi, 'I never heer'd the beat on it, in all my born days!' Szshe, 'Nor I, too! What

will Deacon M — say when *he* comes to hear on it! — and our minister!! Oh, my, my! 'Szi, 'They *must* hear on it soon — but *you* must 'nt say any thing abe'ut it to any body, and for massy-sakes, don't say that I tell'd you of it. I don't 'sactly b'lieve it, *myself*; and I don't want to mix and meddle with no other folks' concerns!' And thus the good benevolent old 'cree'turs' ran on, their hands busy in making garments for 'the poor, and they that had none to help them,' while their tongues were 'swift to do evil' to the reputation of some village girl, whose probable crime it was, to be pretty and young.' - - - Guess there is some satire in the following, if our wisdom could but find it out: .

A Bit of Bitter Irony.

OCCURRING IN A POEM OF GREAT POWER.

BY JACQUES MAURION.

WILD was the night, (I have known tamer ones,)
The winds so hoarse, made fretful-noted music:
Darkness alone was visible. I knew
By perfumes not so rare as some I've smelt,
A ditch was near. My little all (two dimes)
Rested confidingly in my clenched hand,
(Lest haply from my pocket it were ta'en by stealth.)
An envious stone (so fate would have it) struck
The extended foot I rightly call my own:
(Or was 't the stone was stricken by the foot?)
And I, well knowing of my inches, loth
My length anew to measure on the ground,
Did save my balance: but I lost five cents.
'Twas naught. Oh! yes, 'twas naught, for I
Had fifteen left. I ran against a being,
A living, breathing being, while searching for 't,
And fearing lest the villain seize my pelf,
I chucked him in the ditch — and that was naughty.

We know not whom to credit with the subjoined '*Thoughts on the Loss of a Wife*,' but they strike us as very tender and touching:

'In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifling. The wife — she who busied herself so unweariedly for the precious ones around her — bitter the tears that fall upon her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin, and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone on beautiful flowers, or the stars glittered overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered, save perhaps those your own hands have planted. Her noble, tender heart is open to your utmost sight. You think of her *now* as all gentleness, all beauty, all purity and truth.

'But she is dead! The dear head that has so often lain upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly, are folded white and cold beneath the gloomy portal. The breast whose every beat measured an eternity of affection, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend down above her in tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

'There is a strange hush, a 'breathing silence,' in every room: no light footstep is moving around. No smile greets the poor mourner at night-fall. The old clock ticks — strikes, and ticks: it was music when *she* could hear it; but *now* it seems the knell of the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gather upon her sweet face.

'And every day that old clock repeats the story. Many another tale it telleth, too, of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above. You feel — ah! how often! — that the grave cannot keep her!'

To us this seems very touching. - - - A LITTLE scene, reader, 'an' it please you.' The day is an early November one — bland and balmy with fading-wood odors; and over every distant object there spreads a soft, scarcely-perceptible haze, like a half-silvery veil of faint mist. *Very enjoyable!* We had been 'fetching a walk,' along a dry and yet half-moist roadside path, which yielded beneath the elastic step — imparting, *of itself*, a curiously pleasurable sensation — when we paused upon a bridge near the 'Old Dutch Church,' close by 'Old Tappaan Town,' and surveyed this pleasant scene: In the immediate fore-ground, was a long mill-pond, smooth as glass, and over the green moss-covered d — m in front, poured a wide unbroken sheet of silver-water, which swept under the bridge in a broad rushing brook, which wound musically on its way, between banks of living green, and under groups of weeping willows and clumps of alder-bushes, till it passed beneath the protecting trees that bend over the venerable time-worn edifice where the great and good WASHINGTON held his 'Head-Quarters.' The mill-wheel was noisily turning, and the white miller flitted occasionally to-and-fro in the semi-shadow of the interior. Below the bridge, on a green grass plat, were piles of green, red, and yellow apples: near by a fat, sleek bay mare was revolving around a cider-mill: there came on the ear the true 'crunching' sound of the olden time: men with clean straw, were 'putting their work to press:' children, with long straw-tubes, were imbibing the luscious 'fluid' from the vat. We joined them with a kindred instrument, and with a heart as light as theirs — for *we* too were 'a boy again' — and sucked our fill. Close by, was an old grave-yard — the last November leaves dropping upon the autumnal green grass below, and upon sombre tombstones, wholly illegible from moss and age, underneath which human dust had slept for an hundred and fifty or two hundred years. Afar in the north, 'Rockland-Tower,' from its lofty mountain height, dominated over all the brown and green contented fields, and blue mountain ranges which slept below. - - - The 'new reading' of LEAR, in the awful 'cussing-scene,' as poor GEORGE HILL used to call it, as recorded in our last number, has reminded a Philadelphia friend of a similar diversion of the deep interest of an audience, which he once witnessed in that very large and flourishing village. MACREADY, who is as nervous as a kitten, was playing MACBETH, in his most impressive manner. The audience held their breath, and were as silent almost as the grave, during the awe-inspiring witch-scene: and when the cauldron, with its multifarious 'Scotch-stew,' sank slowly through the stage, the feeling was at its height: but while MACBETH was saying, ('or words to that effect,') 'Why disappears the cauldron from my sight?' through some defect in the diabolical machinery, *up it came*, through the trap-door, with an old greasy carpenter's coat, a hand-saw, and an old hat, which had suddenly been laid upon a board, across the top! The audience burst into a roar, the wizard sisters shrieked from 'the wings,' and from behind the scenes; the carpenters swore audibly, and as 'terribly' as if they had belonged to the 'regular army' in Flanders. But MACREADY! — what a face was his! His triumph over his audience had been complete: when, in a moment, the whole grand SHAKSPEAREAN scene was turned into a broad bur-

lesque! Should he go on, with *such* a feeling in the audience? 'He did-ah-indeed-ah *try* to ah-do-so, but he could ah-not *ah-do-it*!'—and the curtain dropped 'for a time, times, or half a time:' for, 'in point of fact,' as well as time, no audience ever yet came within fifteen minutes of the time that a certain *is* really down in an existing play. Howbeit, the play was soon resumed, and admirably finished. - - - THE 'uncertainty of the law' is amusingly exemplified in the following lines, which have just reached us from an old friend and favorite contributor. Would a 'sasherarar' have 'held,' in case the jury had rendered a verdict of '*Not Guilty, if they'll leave the State?*'—or would it have been necessary to put the parties in *ecero*, and then issue a writ of Habeas Corpus on the original *Fi. Fa?* NOKES (C. J.) in PHENIX, SNODGRASS AND DUSENBURY v. SMILAX AND GILES P. SCROGGINS, p. 4894, charged with the relator. (See also, 'OLD KNICK' v. 'THE PEOPLE,' in the celebrated Alleghany County 'Tit' case.)

'EPI. CAST.

'CUIUS PARS FUL.'—VIRGIL.

'THERE went twelve men into a box,
And one onto a bench;
To try an issue joined 'twixt Fox
And the defendant FRENCH.

'The charge was this—when clarified
From technical word-fog—
That FRENCH's son tin-pan had tied
To tail of Fox's dog:

'Who thereupon (the cur I mean)
In frenzy to aoint,
Had run his legs off 'slick and clean,'
Up to the second joint!

'Whereby said dog, to all intents
Of use, no matter what,
Was not worth—no, not worth three cents,
And bogus ones at that.

'Then sundry witnesses were heard
Defendant's side upon,
Who all upon their oath averred
He never had a son!

'And said, they wished they might be stoned
Each from his home and wife,
If plaintiff ever yet had owned
A dog in all his life!

'Then Fox his witnesses deploys
Before the legal camp,
Who swore said FRENCH *had* twenty boys,
And each a precious scamp:

'And then, in plaintiff's canine praise,
They all did thus agree:
That ACTON, in his proudest days,
Had n't half the pack that he!

'*Oldy Hall, New-York.*

'Then rose defendant's counsel wise,
Alert for legal fight;
And plump in court's and jury's eyes
Threw dust from morn till night:

'And tore, at times, his hapless hair,
As wrath inspired his strains;
Till scalp, without, of locks was bare,
As skull, within, of brains.

'Next day, rose plaintiff's 'learned' trust,
'Squire RICHAROLD McTHOD,*
And killed nine hours in throwing dust,
Diversified with mud.

'As he was bald, he could not doff
His thatch—yet 'suffered some';
For in his frenzy he tore off
Three fingers and a thumb.

'Then rose the Court with awful grace,
And to the four times three
Said, Gentlemen, you 've heard the case,
From A to and *per se*.

'The law is clear, the facts you know,
The doubts we 'll not discuss:
If you think thus and thus, why—so;
If so and so, why—thus!

'The patient jury thereupon
Were quod-locked for the night;
And on the morrow found, *nem. con.*,
True verdict: 'Served 'em right!'

'And when, at last, they had achieved
A task so deeply thrilling;
Each for his four whole days received,
All told, just one short shilling!

W. P. F.

A FRIEND in Ohio sends us the following amusing occurrence, (which actually took place as described,) as illustrating a novel method of 'Preserving the Purity of Elections':

'In the north-west portion of the State of Ohio, in the county of Auglaize, there is a township, the citizens of which are principally German, and notwithstanding their 'sweet accent,' they are all Democrats of the regular 'unterrified' stripe. From the time of the erection of the county up to the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two, there had never been a Whig vote cast in the township spoken of, although there were over six hundred voters; but at the fall election of that year, upon counting the ballots, it appeared that there was *one* Whig amongst them. There was the proof, a regular *straight-out* Whig ticket, and they dare not pass it by. This caused great commotion; their escutcheon was dimmed; there was a *Whig* amongst them; that blot must be wiped out, and with their courage (Dutch of course) up to fever heat in the shade, they went to work slyly to find the man who had dared to vote the 'Vig Dicket;' but their labors were unsuccessful. In the mean time another year rolled round, and the good 'beeples' were again assembled at the election precinct. It had not been forgotten, however, that at the last election some one had voted the 'Vig Dicket;' and it was now the subject of open remark and wonder.

'While they were having an out-door discussion of the subject, SAM STARRETT, a late immigrant from the eastern shore of Maryland, came along, and demanded the cause of the commotion.

'Well, we vas a vondering who it vas wat voted de Vig dicket at da last election, said an old Dutchman.

'It was me,' SAM said, 'and it wa 'nt no body else!'

'I dinks not,' said the old Dutchman, and the balance shook their heads incredulously.

'I tell you it was though,' said SAM, pulling out a Whig ticket, 'and may I be chawed up if I aint going to do it again. I am going to vote *that*, (holding out the ticket,) and vote it open, too. I'll let you know that I'm an *independent American Citizen*, and I'll vote just as I please, and you can't help it, by JEMIMA!'

'So in he went to deposit his ballot. There sat the three old Dutch judges of election, 'calm as a summer morning;' and true to his word, SAM handed over his ticket, open. One of the old judges took it, and scanning it a few seconds, handed it back toward the independent voter, and said:

'Yaw, dat ish a Vig dicket.'

'Well, put it in the box,' said SAM.

'Vat you say?' said the old Dutchman, his eyes big with surprise; 'put him in de box?'

'Yes-sir-ee, put it in the box! I am goin' to vote it!'

'Oh! no! nix goot, nix goot! dat ish a Vig dicket,' said the old Dutchman, shaking his head.

'Well, I reckon I know it's a Whig ticket,' said SAM, 'and I want you to put it in the box, darnation quick, too.'

'No, no! dat ish not goot; dat ish a Vig dicket; we not take 'em any more, said the old judge, turning to receive 'goot dickets' from some of his German friends.

'SAM went out and cursed till all was blue — said he had come thar to vote, and he 'd be flamborgasted if want goin' to vote in spite of all the Dutch in the township.

So, after cooling off a little, he again went in and tendered his ticket, very neatly rolled up. The old judge took it again, and notwithstanding SAM's demurring, unrolled it and looked it over; then turning to SAM in a manner and tone not to be misunderstood, said:

'I tells you *dat ish a Vig dickeet; dat it ish nix goot; and dat we not take 'em any more!*'

'SAM again retired, cursing all Democrats generally, and the Dutch particularly, and assigning them the hottest corners of the brimstone region; and was going on to curse every body that did 'nt curse them, when he was interrupted by an old Dutchman in the crowd, with:

'SAM SDARRETT, I tells you *vat it ish*, if you will vote der Dimergrat dickeet, and leef der gounty, we gifs you so much monish as dakes you *vero you cum 'd vrom.*'

'SAM scratched his head, studied awhile, and then said that as he had come thar to vote, and want goin' away without votin', he guessed he'd do it.

'Again SAM made his appearance before the judges, and tendered his vote. The same old judge took it, and looking it over quietly, turned to SAM and said:

'Yaw, *dat ish goot; dat ish a Dimergratic dickeet!*' and dropped it into the box.

'It is only further necessary to say that SAM went back to the eastern shore at the expense of the township; and that, at *that* election, and ever since, that German township has been O.K.

'That is what I call 'preserving the purity of elections.'

D. T.'

Certainly '*one way of doing it!*' THAT was a singular expression of a correspondent of the *Tribune*' daily journal, writing the other day of Indian border-wars, in our far-western settlements: namely, that 'Colonel —, riding out on government service, had a narrow escape from death, having *come in contact* with a flash of lightning!' That lightning *must* have been rather 'slow.' In its *kind*, the word '*contact*,' as here used, seems like another, which was even more ludicrously employed by a Buffalo editor, or reporter, some years ago. A loaded boat in Buffalo-creek had been sunk by some miscreant; and according to the report, 'the act was undoubtedly committed by an *incendiary!*' - - - We welcome a '*A Cosmopolitan*' to our pages, as will all those of our readers who may read his '*Physiology and the Occult Science:*'

'DURING a sojourn of a few days in one of the quiet towns on the banks of the beautiful Alleghany, the following notice met my eye:

An Interesting lecture on
satterday evening
at 7 o'Clock in the school house upon
Psychology and the Ocult Science.
whare their will be Performed some deep,
interesting and Laughable experiments
boath phisical and spiritual.

Ladys are particulary invited to attend. Admittance 12½ cents.

'Being always ready for fun of any kind in a proper form, I made up my mind to go. At the appointed hour I found myself wading through the mud toward the school-house; not being deterred either by the furious rain or the Egyptian darkness of the night.

'The performance was just commencing. The audience assembled consisted of six men, four women, six boys, two babies, and a black dog; beside some eight or nine on the front bench, who were to be operated on. The windows were crowded on the outside with 'dead-heads,' who seemed not to mind the storm as long as they saw the fun.

'After a few introductory remarks about the deep wonders of the 'occult' science, the operator wished the audience to keep silent for ten minutes. Taking a huge piece of tobacco in his mouth as a preliminary step, he proceeded to put his victims to sleep. Twenty minutes elapsed, and eyes still would open in spite of repeated exhortations to 'Shut your eyes,' 'You cannot open your eyes to save your life.' Finally he succeeded in getting two youngsters pretty well under his control. As for the others, he announced that the experiment had failed. With the two he had obtained, he went through the usual long course of experiments in the physical line: the spiritual would 'nt work any how. The youngsters could 'nt make the stove look like NOAH'S Ark, and absolutely denied that there was the slightest shade of similitude between the dipped tallow candles and rainbows. One, however, did see a likeness between the dog and a bear, and attacked him with a stick and we were treated to quite an exhibition of *cane-line* ferocity.

'He entertained the company with the two for about an hour, much to the amazement of the honest backwoodsmen. I have seen SOL SMITH, in his palmist days, at the St. Charles, DAN MARBLE, BARNEY WILLIAMS, WARREN, and the whole host of comedians, but I never enjoyed any entertainment one half as well as I did this one. The admirable *sang froid* of the operator when his experiments failed was worth more of itself than the 'levy' charged for admittance. The most celebrated in the business of mesmerizing, etc., could not have given more satisfaction than he did. 'Ladys,' and all others came away entirely confounded with the mysteries of Psychology; and I have no doubt that his next lecture, on the Wednesday evening following, 'at early candle-light,' was well attended: and it deserved to be.

Almost equal to 'HERR VON DULLBRAINZ.' - - - A LUDICROUS idea of mistakes in 'keeping,' as the artists term it, sometimes made in historical pictures, may be gathered from the following. It is almost equal to the pictures of modern heroes, in some of our earlier illustrated papers, where the hero or the *celebrité* of the hour, whoever he might be, or however unlike in personal appearance, was made to figure before the public in the same wood-cut portrait:

'In a college-chapel at Paris was a picture of NAPOLEON and his aid-de-camps visiting a plague-hospital. When the Bourbons came back, this was altered to CHRIST and his Apostles; but the CHRIST has on NAPOLEON'S boots to this day! A statue of CHARLES the Second, erected at the old Stock-Market, (the present site of the Mansion-House,) had been originally made for SOBIESKI, with a Turk under the horse. The Turk was changed into OLIVER CROMWELL, only his turban was forgotten!'

Curious idea of great men and great periods *such* 'historical' paintings afford—do they not? - - - We think it but an act of simple justice, and on our part it is a matter of gratitude as well, to speak of the *Great Printing Establishment* of Mr. GRAY, the printer of this Magazine. For general custom-work it has not its superior in the United States, and its immense business is constantly increasing. Mr. GRAY is unquestionably

one among the most skilful, prompt, and tasteful printers in our great city. - - - SIMPLE as BURNS' lines to the poor little mouse, turned out by a plough-share from his cozy nest, and replete with 'humanity' are the subjoined verses by J. HONEYWELL :

'WHAT time the wheat was in the ear
And all the flax was bolled,
Within the breasts of ROBIN's friends
Funereal bells were tolled.

'Faint, silver bells — unseen, unheard,
Except by those alone
Whose hearts the pensive cadence drank,
And echoed back its tone.

'And who is ROBIN, that young hearts
Are thus disturbed for him?
For whom unwonted lips are pale,
And sparkling eyes are dim?

'Alas! he was their favorite Horse —
The loved, the true, the tried:
The horse that never ran away,
And never, never shied!

'Then pause and listen, FANNY dear, —
While I the tale rehearse,
And here embalm his memory
In horsepitable verse.

'He was indeed a noble steed:
Of honored stock was he,
Who up the stream of time could trace
His ancient pedigree.

'On regimental training days
He was a goodly sight,
As with a trampling hoof he rushed
Into the thickest fight.

'The stirring music of the drum,
The shout of soldiers grim,
The clash of arms, the cannon's roar,
Were a delight to him.

'But this was ROBIN's patriot side,
His holiday address:

'*Hartford, August, 1855.*'

'Behold him at his daily tasks,
And love him not the less.

'With conscious look and lively pace,
As if his work were play,
Sagacious ROBIN, true as steel,
Pursued his even way.

If Reason blends with Instinct's powers,
Let learned doctors tell;
But this is true, that ROBIN knew
Each gentle playmate well.

'And when around his littered stall
The noisy children ran,
His voice proclaimed his happiness,
As plain as whinny can.

'And every day their love for him
Still strong and stronger grew,
While he returned each fond caress
With horse-affection true.

'But these delights are over now,
And love alone abides;
For all his warrior-work is done,
And all his peaceful rides.

'Ah! never more his answering neigh
The listening ear shall fill;
He sleeps in peace beside the brook —
That washes Copper Hill.

'And I, who've known him long and well,
His gentleness and worth,
Who oft have heard his praises sung
Beside his master's hearth,

'I act the Minnesinger's part,
The mourning harper play,
And from my sympathetic heart
Pour this elegiac lay.

WE are sorry: but the 'Little People' can't come to the 'Table' *this* time. We have too much company. Next time, little darlings!

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC: OPERA OF THE PROPHET. — The production of this grand opera at the Academy of Music, has been looked for with great interest by the lovers of music in our city and we are pleased to say that all their anticipations have been more than realized. The music, the acting, and the scenery, have never been surpassed in any opera ever given in this city. We heartily indorse the following, from the competent critic of the '*Musical World*':

'The first chorus electrified the house — such was the wonderful power and unanimity on the part of the singers. The chorus-master, or whoever had the drilling of this department, deserves

the highest praise for producing the most effective chorus-singing, throughout, we have yet had on the New-York stage.

'MADAME LAGRANGE and Miss HENSLEY so charmingly performed their supplicating duet in the scene with the COUNT, that we thought him an uncommonly hard-hearted fellow when he so deliberately turned his back upon them. Miss HENSLEY is certainly a very sweet girl, and a very sweet singer. It is so unusual to hear in Italian opera, as given in America, any but voices that are somewhat worn, that her quite fresh and purely musical organ, is exceedingly grateful to the ear. Her costume in this opera is exceedingly becoming to her, with its fringe of scalloped shells. The acting of MADAME LAGRANGE in this scene was also unusually effective.

'As a whole, nevertheless, the production of *'The Prophet'* at the Academy is an era in the history of operatic art in this country: and the musical public, if not powerfully moved by this extraordinary spectacle, and responsive to its just demands upon their attention, will prove itself wholly unworthy of opera, in its highest and grandest form. As a means of marking a veritable historical episode in the world's history, and bringing forth from the shadowy past an extraordinary phase of human fanaticism, this opera is well worthy the most liberal support of New-Yorkers.'

Farmers' Department.

At 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' the present season has been auspicious for crops — cereal, tubular, and roots. We guarded against the 'heated terms,' before 'E. M.'s *wires*' had predicted that they had been with us. Our PEAS were luscious and long-continuous — green and soft to the last. We had the 'Sugar-Pea,' the 'Prince-ALBERT,' the 'VICTORIA,' the 'Early Marrow-fat,' and the 'Mummy Pea;' the latter a rare variety, which even Mr. SPARROWGRASS, who lives in the country, confessed he had never seen, and was not even aware that there *could* be such an antiquated thing. The Indian maize or green-corn flourished abundantly. The 'Iowa-white' reached fifteen feet four inches; only two inches short of the famous stalks which we sent to our agricultural contemporary, 'H. GREELEY,' although the ears were not so long, nor so full-rowed. Some few nubbins, too. Of beets, we report an ample abundance, and of the very best kinds, red and white. But what *we* call a beet, is a red beet. How would it sound to say, 'White as a beet?' Ah-ha! — *that* settles the question! Lima-beans, flaunting from forty poles, astonished every beholder by their profusion and their hold-on-ative-ness until late in the season. Tomatoes 'strewed the ground with crimson' and yellow, long after they had outlived their usefulness. Pompions, twenty-two, planted amidst the corn. 'Some punkins,' only, therefore, must be the extent of our claim; although they were round, yellow, and sweet as a nut. Potatoes (white 'Mercers') exceeded all expectations. One well-supported double-and-twisted specimen — However: there'll be *more* of that kind, we are inclined to think, if there is any such thing as re-production in vegetable 'roots.' If the increase turns out right, we shall show some of them at the next 'Fair.' The cucumbers, melons, (in every variety,) cabbages, red and white, and cauliflowers, were thrifty, well-developed — *figs* and cauliflowers — *splendid!*

FLORICULTURE. — Nothing could exceed our 'show' of flowers in their season. One morning, in the time of roses, we counted six hundred and eighty, red and white, on the bushes that covered all the trellis in front of our little cottage. Of pinks, monthly roses, geraniums, salvias, petunias, verbenas, and the gorgeous dahlia, we had a vast variety, in the greatest possible perfection. Every day we had a fresh bouquet in our Sevres-vase on the mantel-piece and basket on the table. Thank God for the flowers!

New Publications, Art-Notices, &c.

'EPHEMERON': A POEM BY HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL. — This handsome *petite 'booklet,'* from the press of Messrs. APPLETON, has more merit than its unpretending form might seem to indicate. It is, indeed, extremely creditable to the author, as we fortunately have space to show, by two brief extracts. The first is a passage from the '*Ephemeron* :'

'HAST thou not, in pure elation
Born of Nature grand and free,
Felt the glow of inspiration
Shedding glimpses, e'en to thee,
Of the glory of creation,
And the joy that yet shall be ?

'And the troubled heart is firmer,
And the sighing lips are dumb ;
At the deep, prophetic murmur
Of the wondrous age to come.

'Hear, with solemn, hushed emotion,
Where, in distant thunder, beat
Waves of the advancing Ocean
Soon to lave our very feet.

'Through these early mists of morning,
Thrilling from the unseen shore,
Voices of august forewarning
Mingle with its endless roar ;

And a mighty day is dawning,
Such as never shone before !

'Lo, the long unopened portal
On its threshold trembling stands !
Through the ancient shadow curial,
Yet dividing these our lands,
They that once, like us, were mortal,
Reach their dear remembered hands.

'Hopes undreamed shall those inherit,
That are faithful to the end :
Death with life, and clay with spirit,
Shall converse, as friend with friend.

'Souls that erst, forlorn and lowly,
Sat in darkness and dismay,
Shall admire their melancholy :
Seeing every doubt decay
In the light, serene and holy,
Of the everlasting day.'

Among the shorter pieces, which follow the longer and main poem, are two which impressed us as worthy of liberal commendation. We should be glad to quote the first, '*Even This will Pass Away*,' but must rest content with the lines, '*Long Ago* :'

'WHEN I sit at eve alone,
Thinking on the past and gone :
While the clock, with drowsy finger,
Marks how long the minutes linger ;
And the embers, dimly burning,
Tell of life to dust returning ;
Then my lonely chair around,
With a quiet mournful sound —
With a murmur soft and low,
Come the ghosts of long ago.

'One by one, I count them o'er,
Voices that are heard no more ;
Tears, that loving cheeks have wet,
Words, whose mellow lingers yet ;
Holy faces, pale and fair,

Shadowy locks of waving hair ;
Happy sighs and whispers dear,
Songs forgotten many a year ;
Lips of dewy fragrance : eyes
Brighter, bluer than the skies —
Odors breathed from Paradise.

'And the gentle shadows glide
Softly murmuring at my side,
Till the long unfriended day,
All forgotten, fades away.

'Thus, when I am all alone,
Dreaming o'er the past and gone,
All around me, sad and slow,
Come the ghosts of long ago.'

FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE. — This popular exposition having proved more attractive than was anticipated, was not finally closed until the 18th ult. It would seem, from these repeated postponements, that the somewhat venturesome experiment of holding a fair in the Crystal Palace has been a successful one. If so, we are heartily glad ; and no well-wisher to his country, upon witnessing (as did we) so interesting and encouraging a display, could help rejoicing that the inventive skill and taste of our countrymen have received so signal an encouragement.

Having but an hour to spare, we could only pass rapidly through the building, pausing here and there as aught beautiful or strange or wonderful appeared, and often hurrying too soon away. The machinery first attracted us, and with 'careful step and slow,' we threaded the maze of wheels and bands, a coat-tail in either hand, lost in admiration of the inventive genius of 'the Yankee.'

In the Floral Department, the whole air smelt of flowers, and so did we. Though somewhat faded now, a lively imagination assured us that a day or two earlier they must have pleased the most fastidious by their beauty of tint and form. Several of our Brooklyn florists have certainly distinguished themselves in this pleasing culture. Pomology was also fully represented : and had

we been 'a boy again,' we should have been strongly tempted to — ask some body for an apple or a pear.

'Up-stairs' we passed rapidly through a wilderness of 'curiosities,' but paused only before a beautiful floral wreath, in worsted work, (done with one hand tied behind, by MARY LOUISA FRANCIS, a little Miss, aged thirteen,) and a wonderful bureau and book-case, which, after nearly a dozen transformations, was about changing into a four-story house as we turned away. Hastening down, we had only time to examine several beautiful statuary marble mantles, some of which were exquisite, both in design and execution. Upon one, in particular, the figures, in *alto-relievo*, were as beautiful in shape and finish as any piece of statuary in the Palace. Mr. JOHN KENNEDY, the exhibitor, has an extensive establishment at 73 and 75 West Thirty-fifth-street, in which, as we learn, are employed some of the best French and Italian workmen, in their peculiar line, in the country. He received gold medals both at the Fair of the American Institute, in 1852, and the World's Fair, in 1853, for the chaste and exquisite design and superior finish of his mantles. We believe the one particularly alluded to above is valued at \$2500.

Leaving these, we glanced at the splendid fire-engines and hose-carts in another part of the room, listened once more to the hum of the machinery, contemplated for a moment the *total ensemble* of the scene, and then reluctantly departed.

'BAYARD TAYLOR'S VISIT TO INDIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN,' from the popular publicatory 'Park-Place' of PUTNAM, is a work in one volume, which has already 'won its meed.' The greater portion of the volume has heretofore been published as a part of the extensive correspondence of 'The Tribune' daily journal. The public will be glad that it has been placed in a permanent book-form, because Mr. TAYLOR's letters are always too good to be lost. Here is the conclusion of about twenty-eight months' extensive travel, including the greater part of Europe, Central Africa, Palestine, and Asia Minor, with India, China, and Japan. The extent actually traversed was fifty thousand miles. The tour through India takes us over a route already described by several writers. The visits to China, a country far less known, are full of interest, and give glimpses of men and manners there which have the merit of accuracy and the charm of novelty. The portion of the work devoted to Japan and Loo-Choo (which Mr. TAYLOR visited as one of Commodore PERRY's naval officials) is somewhat brief, his journals having been given up to the Navy Department, to be used in the compilation of the Government account of the Japan Expedition, and not yet restored to him.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. — Mr. T. B. PETERSON, publisher, of Philadelphia, has issued, in twelve well-printed volumes, a uniform edition of all the works of our great modern novelist. 'The immortal Captain CUTTLE,' says our contemporary of 'The Afton,' 'wondered how in the world so much information could be crammed into JACK BUXSER's knowledge-box. So wonder we, that into twelve octavo volumes can be crammed this prodigious fund of entertainment; a fund so vast and so expansive, that it seems absolutely to have pervaded the reading public, during a score or so of past years. All the works of CHARLES DICKENS! What visions of favorites rise to the mind's eye at the mere mention of them! How many happily credulous persons cannot divest themselves of the idea that they shall some day, and in their actual walk through life, encounter the rare originals! But the theme is trite. The critic has long ago exhausted it; and it only remains for the publisher to supply the demand. Mr. PETERSON is endeavoring to do this, with his present edition, double columned, and profusely though irregularly illustrated, many of GILBERT's and of ALFRED CROWQUILL's drawings being preserved. So large an amount of popular reading is seldom offered, in a form at once convenient and so cheap.'

'A GRAMMAR OF COMPOSITION: OR, GRADUAL EXERCISES IN WRITING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.' — Such is the expressive and comprehensive title of a book, the contents of which do in no sense belie its character. To judge from a cursory examination of its pages, it is literally what it purports to be; and we regard it as supplying a very important desideratum in our school-literature. 'It needs all we know,' says DRYDEN, 'to make things plain; and this work, while in a simple manner it *instructs*, in an undiscerned but not the less effective manner, it at the same time *entertains*. It is destined, we think, to occupy a distinct and separate position among modern school-books, and is prepared on an entirely original plan. The author, who has been pronounced 'one of the most successful teachers in the country,' is at the head of the Boston High-School. There never was a truer thing said in the world — if *truth* is capable of any degree — than is to be found in this remark, in the preface: 'When the principles of grammatical construction have been applied until the habit is formed, and we write correctly without reference to the rule, we then, and not until then, experience the beneficial result of the study of grammar.'

PROFESSOR SPARKS' ANALYSIS OF THE FRENCH VERBS. — This is a large lithographic chart, exhibiting a complete '*Analysis of the Conjugations of the Regular and all the Irregular Verbs of the French Language*,' by a systematic classification of the *Roots and Endings*. The *changeable roots* of the irregular verbs are classified and so arranged in groups and classes on the chart, that the formation of any irregular verb, in all its variations, is seen at a glance. This classification of the irregular verbs in contrast with the regular conjugations, enables the learner to institute comparisons, and trace analogies between the regular and irregular verbs, and to become familiar with every feature of irregularity in the conjugation of French verbs, without the perplexity and confusion which are unavoidable in committing them to memory by rote, as laid down in French grammars. The verbs and the pronunciation are the only serious difficulties to be met with, in learning the French language. The chart affords the means of successfully overcoming the former, and a careful analysis of the French elementary sounds simplifies very much the latter. The key which accompanies the chart contains full explanation of the work, and a classified list of all the irregular verbs, a French pronouncing-table, and selections for translating from the best French writers, in which all the irregular verbs are numbered according to their classification, to enable the learner to begin translating from original French, after the first few days' study. If any doubt should be entertained in relation to the merits of this ingenious and most labor-saving chart, it would surely be dispelled by the testimony of the perfect 'cloud of witnesses' which the author appends to his circular, embracing every professor of every foreign language spoken or taught in our metropolises, with many from the better class of colleges in our sister cities.

'MEISTER KARL'S SKETCH-BOOK.' — There will be published early in December, by PERCY AND McMILLAN, Philadelphia, a volume under the above title. Our readers know well what it is, and that its author is our correspondent, CHARLES G. LELAND, Esq., of Philadelphia. Dr. GRISWOLD, in his '*Poets and Poetry of America*,' says: '*The Sketch-Book of Meister KARL*,' first given to the public through the pages of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, is an extraordinary production, full of natural sentiment, wit, amiable humor, incidents of foreign travel, description, moralizing, original poetry, odd extracts, and curious learning, all combined so as to display effectively the author's information, vivacity, and independence, and to illustrate the life of a student of the most catholic temper and ambition, who thinks it worth his while occasionally to indulge in studies from nature as well as from books, and enjoys a life of action quite as well as one of speculation.'

DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION. — Messrs. CHILDS AND PETERSON, of Philadelphia, have concluded a contract with Dr. KANE for the publication of his personal narrative of the recent Arctic expedition. It will include a variety of scientific papers, and be illustrated with maps and several hundred engravings, from daguerreotypes of Arctic scenery, taken on the spot, and also from original sketches made by the author. The work will comprise two large octavo volumes. The manuscript is in a very forward state, the greatest portion having been prepared while hemmed in by the ice, and during the voyage home. The subjects for the engravings will first be painted by an eminent artist of Philadelphia. This work will command an extensive sale.

'THE LITTLE PILGRIM.' — We are delighted to hear that this most entertaining, instructive, and beautiful little journal is about to enter upon a new volume with enlarged prospects of ample success, and with improvements even upon its present excellence. GRACE GREENWOOD (Mrs. LIPFINOOTT) and her 'partner' have labored industriously and with excellent taste, in the establishment of this pleasant little journal. Their correspondence has been extensive and of the best, and their own writings have not been behind their contributions in interest. The 'little people' have a prize in the '*Little Pilgrim*.'

'KLOSTERHEIM.' — Two large editions of this work, recently published by Messrs. WHITTEMORE, NILES AND HALL, Boston, have already been published. We are not at all surprised at its success, for it is a work of marked interest and power. The same publishers have lately issued a new edition of the '*Life of FRANKLIN*,' in one volume octavo, handsomely bound in cloth, at the low price of \$1.50, to match LITTLE AND BROWN'S edition of the '*Life of WASHINGTON*.' A very cheap and very valuable work.

NEW WORK BY MADAME GEORGE SAND. — '*Teverino, a Romance*,' by GEORGE SAND, has been translated by an American lady, and issued from the house of Messrs. W. P. FETTERIDGE AND COMPANY, Franklin Square. The work was pronounced by the late lamented MARGARET FULLER (Countess D'Ossoli) to be 'as original as masterly in truth, and as free in invention as any thing

she had done.' This, from its source, with the known candor and capability of the critic, must certainly be considered high praise. The book is accompanied by a sketch of the distinguished authoress, from the pen of a gentleman of well-known bibliographical research.

'THE JEALOUS WIFE; OR, CONFESSIONS OF A PRETTY WOMAN,' from the press of FETTERIDGE AND COMPANY, is by Miss PARSON. The heroine, a beautiful woman of six and twenty, sacrifices wealth, station, and her father's love, in order to marry the man of her choice, who is six years her junior, and from first to last devotedly attached to her. Soon after marriage the lady becomes jealous, and without a cause. The end is, the wreck of wedded love, a separation, and the wife's return to her father's princely establishment. It has been intimated that Miss PARSON intends writing a sequel in which man and wife shall be reunited. Literally based upon one idea, this romance of real life is written with great artistical skill, and the interest never flags.

THE 'LIME-KILN MAN' AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM. — Of *Domestic Dramas and Melo-Dramas*, we have had, within the last twenty-five years, in our goodly metropolis, not a few. Some have been good — many indifferent. The latest, '*The Lime-Kiln Man*,' as performed at Mr. BAENUM'S 'American Museum,' is decidedly of the former class. In the first place, we *knew* the 'hero' of the piece. He was '*among us*,' if not *of us*: often and often had we seen him — conversed with him — given him big apples. The personation of him, by Mr. CLARK, was a *miracle* of resemblance, in dress, manner, walk — every thing. Not a better portrait of actual, living, moving *personal presence*, has for a long time been represented upon our metropolitan stage. The whole play, considering its character, is remarkable for the avoidance of fustian and studied effects. A capital, self-possessed actor was the volatile, versatile *valet*; and very touching and natural were the personations of the heroine, and those of the wag HALIDAY, and his 'POLLY': an affectionate, rollicking, graceful, and sweet-voiced 'damsel,' who is not only a clever dramatic, but an equally clever vocal artist. Go and see '*The Lime-Kiln Man*.'

'CONVERSATION: ITS FAULTS AND ITS GRACES.' — This is a small volume, compiled by Mr. ANDREW P. FRABODY, of Boston, concerning which it is our purpose to have 'our say' hereafter. We have neither the requisite leisure nor space for this at present. Meanwhile, we present the author's purpose, as gathered from his preface. He has aimed to bring together in a small compass the principles which should govern conversation among persons of true refinement of mind and character, and to point out some of the most common and easily-besetting vulgarisms, occurring in the colloquial English of our country and time. These involve 'Hints on the Current Improperities of Writing and Speaking,' 'Mistakes of Daily Occurrence in Speaking, Writing, and Pronunciation,' etc. Publishers: Messrs. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston.

We would call the attention of our readers to the catalogue of the COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION in the last number of our Magazine. We have before spoken of this institution, and the advantages it offers, all which are fully set forth in the catalogue. They will this year distribute a much larger number of paintings than last year. The payment of subscription for the coming year will entitle every one to membership, and beside, subscriptions are taken in connection with the COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION for all the magazines, by our publisher, Mr. S. HUMSTON, 343 Broadway. Please see notice on page next the contents.

THE present number closes the FORTY-SIXTH VOLUME OF THE KNICKERBOCKER. We desire to call the attention of every reader to the notice of the publisher himself on the page following the contents. It will be seen that the cash principle is to be strictly adhered to, and that all subscribers who desire it will be entitled to membership in the COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION. The catalogue of this institution, which sets forth in full its advantages to subscribers, can be had on application at this office.

*. NOTICES of 'The Widow BEDOTT Papers,' 'The Prisons of Weltevreden,' 'Walkna,' etc., with several other new publications, and *personal* acknowledgments (to generous 'T.' of Boston, 'chief among them,') are crowded out by the Index, Title-Page, etc., of the volume which is concluded with the present number.

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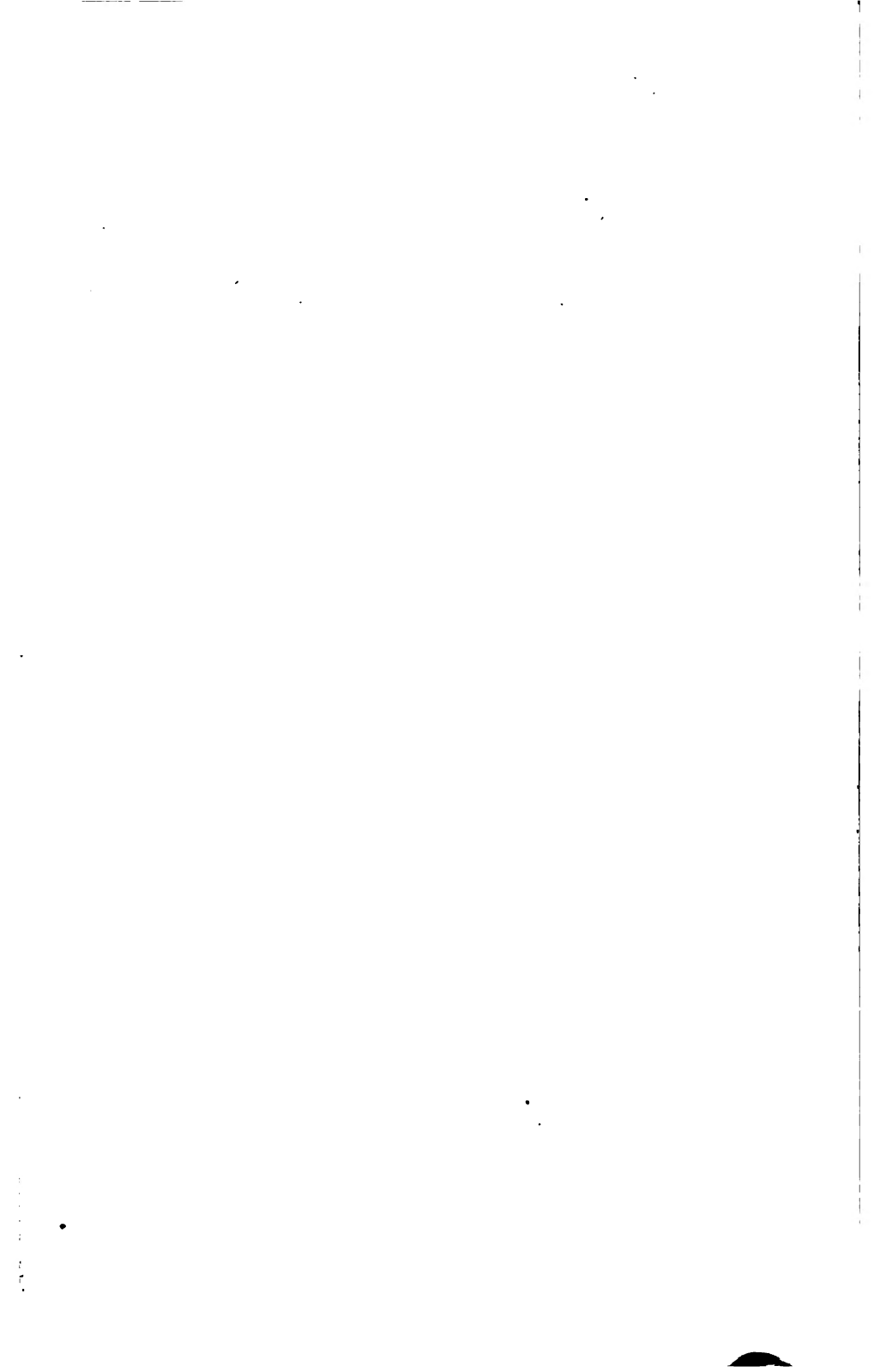
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